

### ARMY WORM OCCUPIES MILITARY CAMP GROUND

#### Devours Fields of Rye, Oats and Barley

#### Is Now in Niagara District, Despite Many Watercourses—Also in Peterborough, Hastings and Durham—16 Years Since Last in Essex.

(Special Despatch to The Globe.)  
St. Catharines, July 24.—Notwithstanding the belief that the numerous watercourses in the Niagara district would keep this section immune from the army worm, the pest has arrived. It has become evident in large numbers in the vicinity of Niagara-on-the-Lake, and is now holding sway on the military camp grounds. In Louth township it has so far done the greatest amount of damage, a field of rye being wiped out in a short time. Its operations in Louth are being conducted chiefly on the farms of Odysseus Tufford, Edwin Brett and Walter Laidman.

Belleville, July 24.—The army worm has made its appearance in many parts of Hastings county. Reports from different sections show that its operations are very extensive. Considerable damage has already been done, but some are hoping that this is the end of the pest which has come upon this community. The main object of attack is corn, the leaves of which it strips with great rapidity. The worm has also invaded a number of barley fields. The pest has been discovered as far north as Madoc. Reports have been received here from Sidney, Thos. Tyndal, Hastings townships and the vicinity of Shannonville and the neighborhood of Belleville.

Durham Now Has It.  
Newcastle, July 24.—Durham county, it is now announced, is also infested by the army worm, the pest having been located there by the County Department of Agriculture.

Sixteen Years Since Last Visit.  
Comber, July 24.—The army worm has made big inroads in the field crops of this district, especially on the farms of Mr. J. S. Annale, a mile north of the village of Comber. The largest in the Comber district, and what is true of Mr. Annale's farm is true of many other farms in the same neighborhood. It is about sixteen years since the last visitation of the army worm in this district.

Owen Sound, July 24.—Millions of army worms in Derby township and spreading rapidly in the latest from the farms in the vicinity of Kildonnan where they have already devastated several oat fields. The original body on Thompson's farm divided into three separate bodies, one going north, one east and the other west, and the invasion of all the neighboring farms is now under way. The farmers are using lye and Paris green to check the inroads of the hordes. Vast numbers have been destroyed, but there seems to be no visible diminution.

### EUROPE AGAIN QUAKES OVER POWDER-BARREL

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 4.)

to retire from Belgrade into the interior, probably to Nisch or Cskub. According to Berlin reports, Germany will not interfere by force with any third party in the event of Austro-Serbian hostilities. It is reported that President Poincare of France will abandon his proposed Balkan league four on account of the trouble. Montenegro With Serbia.

Trieste, Austria, July 24.—The President of the Council of Ministers of Montenegro, in a dispatch to a local newspaper, says that his country will support Serbia in the controversy with Austria-Hungary.

Ultimatum a Sensation.  
Belgrade, July 24.—The contents of the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia became known here to-night in an Austrian newspaper report and caused a great sensation. The Cabinet Ministers met to-day and will convene again to-morrow morning. It is expected that they will decide to make an evasive reply to Austria.

Minister Ready to Leave.  
Vienna, July 24.—Baron Von Giesl de Gieslingen, the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Belgrade, has been instructed to leave Serbia with the entire Legation staff if by 6 o'clock Saturday evening the Serbian Government has not notified him that it agrees without delay to comply with the demands of Austria's note.

GEO. ROBERTSON KILLED.  
Both Legs Cut Off When Foot Caught In a Frog.  
(Special Despatch to The Globe.)  
St. Catharines, July 24.—George Robertson, an Englishman, twenty-one years of age, who had been in the country but a short time, was killed while employed on No. 3 section of the Welland Ship Canal. He had uncoupled a group of cars when his foot caught in a frog of the construction railway and he was run over by the locomotive, both legs being cut off. He died later in the Government Hospital at Homer.

WM. FRASER LOST.  
In All Probability He Was Drowned While Canoeing.  
(Special Despatch to The Globe.)  
Owen Sound, July 24.—Last evening Mr. Wm. Fraser, an employee of the Bell Telephone Company, left Owen Sound in a canoe bound for the Beach. This morning the canoe was found floating half full of water off the Domic cement plant. No trace has been found of Fraser, and it is believed he has been drowned. The only search parties have searched the bay but without result. That it was a drowning there is no ground for doubt.

### ALBERTA'S HARVEST; SOUTH BAD; NORTH GOOD

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 7.)

to 15 bushels of winter wheat per acre.

#### One Promising Region.

The foregoing summary gives a comprehensive idea of the crop of last year for purposes of comparison with that of the present season. The district which seems to show the best average crop in Southern Alberta this summer extends along the Aldersyde branch of the C. P. R. towards Lethbridge, including Vulcan, Champion, Calgary, Barrons and Nobleford. There are some very fair crops throughout this district, and it is estimated that one-half of an average crop is present at the present time from the territory tributary to those towns which have been enumerated. Northeast of the city of Lethbridge, on the irrigated tract of land, the crops are fair, but in the unirrigated areas they are in a very much better condition than the crops in the adjoining territory. Also from Brooks, which is some seventy miles west of Lethbridge, to Calgary, another irrigated district, the conditions are more favorable perhaps than in the country farther east and south. Even immediately west of Calgary, in the irrigated section, however, the crop is far from being satisfactory. A correspondent writing from Gleichen to a business concern in this city, said: "The condition of Gleichen, for a radius of five miles, there seems to be not more than 25 per cent of a crop, in fact not enough to pay to cut."

Referring to other districts near Gleichen, the same correspondent says: "To the east, in and around Cluny, the situation is very bad. There are few crops that will pay to harvest, and, in fact, only a few crops are expected to fall this year. To the north there has been a great deal of hail, and people are badly discouraged."

One-third of a Crop.

Going south from Calgary to Macleod some fairly good crops are to be seen around Okotoks and High River and north of Claresholm, but there are also some very poor crops here and there. A special correspondent writes from Macleod that the crops in the west are better than in the east, and that it is estimated that this part of the country will yield more than one-third of an average crop. West of Macleod, however, there is a heavy hail storm which struck the Fishburn district, near Pincher Creek, a week ago yesterday, have left the grain areas in bad shape. At Magrath and Cardston the estimate is that between one-third and one-half of an average crop. At the Mormon town of Raymond the sugar beet crop has been seriously affected. East of Cardston, in the vicinity of the same conditions prevail as are found westward towards Pincher Creek.

An Unfortunate Bel.  
The most seriously damaged district of all, however, is east of a line which extends south from Lethbridge through Strling and Milk River to the international boundary, and northeast from Lethbridge up to the town of Tilley. All the territory east of that line, stretching far into Saskatchewan, the southwestern part of which Province was separated by a treaty of 1871, is in an irreparable condition, with the exception of the small irrigated area near Lethbridge, which was referred to in a previous paragraph. In the majority of places throughout this unfortunate district it is reported from reliable sources that there will not be even anything left for feed. Fine Crops in the North.

North of Calgary, on all lines of railway running towards Edmonton, the crops are good. From Red Deer south to Crossfield, which is about 30 miles north of this city, there are a fair average crop of all grains and of hay. On the Grand Trunk Pacific south of Tofield and extending to within 50 miles of Calgary, the crops are very good indeed, and if the remainder of the season is favorable, the farmers in that more northerly part of the Province will enjoy a splendid harvest. Farther north, immediately touching Edmonton, and extending eastward from that city along the main line of the C. P. R. towards Vermilion, there has been an abundance of rain, and the need is now for any amount of warm weather, so that the crops may be saved from frost.

### THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Note: This was the Prize Historical Poem published in The Christmas Globe of 1908. It will be read to-day at the celebration of the centenary of the battle in Niagara Falls:

RUFUS GALE SPEAKS—1852.

Yes—in the Lincoln Mills—in the day of eighteen-twelve—Many's the day I've and again, then to wit, and I've—But—these are the years I remember as the brightest years of my life—  
When we left the plow in the furrow to follow the bugle's call,  
When our men were not Aher wanted to fight with the foe,  
"Don't you go, d'y hear, sir!"—I was angry with him then,  
"Stay with your mother!" I said, and he looked so old and so grim.  
He was just sixteen that April—I couldn't believe it was him;  
But I didn't think—I was off—and we met the foe again,  
Five thousand strong and ready, at the hill by Lundy's Lane,  
There as the night came on we fought them from six to nine,  
Whenever they broke our line we broke their line,  
They're our guns and we won them again, and around the Jordan.  
Where the hill sloped up—with the Eighty-ninth—we fought  
Like a rock; and on they came and we drove them back,  
Until with its very fierceness the fight grew slack.  
It was then about nine and dark as a miser's pocket,  
When up came Hercules Scott's brigade swift as a rocket,  
And charged—and the flashes sprang in the dark like a comet.  
The night was full of fire—groans, and cheers, and cries,  
Then through the sound and the fury another sound broke in—  
The roar of a great, old duck-gun shattered the rest of the din.  
It took two minutes to charge it, and another to set it free—  
Every man a minute I heard it, I felt the strangest tide,  
Flow in my veins like lightning, as if, there, by my side,  
Was the very spirit of Valor. But 'twas dark—you couldn't see—  
And the one who was firing the duck-gun fell against me  
And slid down to the bottom of the hill—  
Somehow he went through me—piercing—with a strange, swift  
thrust!  
The noise fell away into silence, and I heard as clear as  
thunder.  
The long, slow roar of Niagara: O the wonder  
of that deep sound. But again the battle broke  
And the foe driven before us desperately—struck upon  
our ranks.  
Left the field to his master, and sullenly down the road  
Sounded the boom of his guns, trailing the heavy lead.  
Of his wounded men and his shattered flags, sullen and slow,  
Setting fire in his rage to Bridgewater mills, and the glow  
of a remembrance of the brilliant night, and the pierce through  
And for a while I slept in the dark of a maple wood;  
But when the clouds in the east were red all over,  
I came back to the place where we made the stand in  
the "lover's"  
For my heart was heavy then with a strange, deep pain,  
As I thought of the glorious night, and again  
I remembered the vibrant spirit and the pierce through  
But I knew it all when I reached the top of the hill—  
For there, there, with the blood on his face, brave head,  
There on the hill in the clover lay our Aher—dead!

No—thank you—no, I don't need it; I'm solid as granite  
But every time I tell it I feel the old, cold shock.

I'm eighty-one my next birthday—do you breed such fellows  
There he lay with the dawn cooling his broad fair brow,  
That was no dawn for him; and there was the old duck-gun  
But many a many's the time—just for the fancy—  
We together alone would take to the hickory rise,  
And bring home more wild pigeons than ever you saw with  
your eyes.  
You remember Scott's brigade, just as it came on night—  
He was the angel beside me in the thickest of the fight—  
Wrote a note to his mother—He said, "I've got the letter  
Mother: what would home be to me—the feel of the foe!"  
Oh! she never slept a wink, she would rise and walk the  
floor!  
She'd talk over and over, "I knew it all before!"  
I'd try to speak of the glory to give her a little joy,  
"What is the glory to me when I want my boy, my boy  
She'd say, and she'd wring her hands; her hair grew white  
as snow—  
And I'd argue with her up and down, to and fro,  
Of how she had mothered a hero, and his was a glorious fate.  
Better than years of grubbing to gather an estate.  
Sometimes I'd put it this way: "If God was to say to me  
now,  
'Take 'em back as he once was helping you with the plow,'  
I'd say, 'No, God, thank You kindly: 'twas You that he  
obeyed.'  
You told him to fight and he fought, and he wasn't afraid;  
You wanted to prove him in battle, You sent him to Lundy's  
Lane.  
'This was it, But she only would answer over and over again,  
'Give me back my Aher—give me back my son!'  
It was so all through the winter until the snow had begun,  
And the crows was up in the doctord, and the drift by the  
fence was thinned,  
And the sap drip-dropped from the branches wounded by  
the winter night,  
And the whole earth smelled like a flower—then she came to  
me one night—  
"Rufus!" she said, with a sob in her throat—"Rufus, you're  
fighting."  
I hadn't cried till then, not a tear—but then I was torn in  
two.  
There, it's all right—my eyes don't see as they used to do!  
But O the joy of that battle—it was worth the whole of life,  
You felt immortal in action with the rapture of the strife,  
Burning and crashing along, there in the dark, and the roar  
Of the guns, and the shrilling cheers, and the knowledge that  
filled your heart  
That there was a victory making, and you must do your part.  
But—there's his grave in the orchard where the headstone  
glimmers white.  
We could see it, we thought, from our window even on the  
darkest night.  
It is set there for a sign that what our lad could do  
Would be done by a hundred hundred lads whose hearts  
were stout.  
And when in the time of trial you hear the recreant say,  
Shooting his coward lips at us, "You shall have had your day;  
For all your state and glory shall pass like a cloudy crack  
And I'll be none the wiser for it,"  
Why tell him a hundred thousand men would spring from  
your those sleep  
To tie that flag in its ancient place with the sinews of their  
arms.  
And I don't doubt you and put you to scorn, why you can  
make it plain,  
With the tale of the gallant Lincoln men and the fight at  
Lundy's Lane.

stocks of goods with the fear of civil war overhead. A large proportion of the commercial world would endorse a settlement of the controversy on a compromise basis, but, realizing that popular sentiment is against them, they dare not insist on anything less than Sir Edward Carson's original demand.

An "Armed Demonstration."

The Ulster Provisional Government awaits orders from Sir Edward and Captain Craig, who still are in London. It is believed here the next step will be a general mobilization of the volunteer force as a kind of "armed demonstration," which may impress the Government. If the Government still is unyielding it appears certain, according to declarations by prominent Ulstermen, that the Provisional Government will be set up before the home rule bill is passed.

Minority and a Republic.

The belligerent minority has determined to seize the postoffice and custom house and conduct a kind of armed republic under martial law, but the conservative element in Ulster has overruled them. The present policy is to continue all the public services as they now are, not intending to bring any kind of a telegraphic so that if the Government does not adopt coercive measures the ordinary life of Ulster will continue.

The "Town Guard."

Belfast probably will be policed by volunteers drawn from four local regiments, who will be known as the "town guard." The same regiments also will furnish a quota of 10,000 men, fully armed, for the second line fighting force.

The Flying Column.

A so-called special service corps, consisting of about 40,000 men, most of them old soldiers, to be offered by former regulars and machine-gun sections, will comprise the first line of a "flying column." This force will be ready to rush to any part of the Ulster Provisional Government by rioting and reinforcing local citizen troops. It is understood the police in Belfast lately a Provisional Government is set up, thus leaving everything in the hands of the volunteers.

THE DUKE AND PARTY VISIT TWIN CITIES  
PRESENTED WITH ADDRESSES AND BOUQUETS AT BOTH PLACES.  
(Canadian Press Despatch.)  
Port Arthur, July 24.—Stopping in Port Arthur as the first point touched on their farewell tour of western Canada, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia were given an enthusiastic and official welcome this evening. The special train on which the Royal party is travelling remained only thirty minutes, so that the ceremonies were necessarily brief.

An address of welcome was read by Mayor Oliver on behalf of the citizens, and handed to the Duke by President King of the Board of Trade, and beautiful bouquets of cut flowers handed to the Duchess and Princess. The Duke reviewed the School Cadets, the Boy Scouts and the guard of honor, and afterwards members of the City Council with officials of the Board of Trade and their ladies were presented to the Royal party.

A half-hour stop was also made at Port William, where the Royal party was met at the train by Mayor Young and C. W. Jarvis, M.P.P.

The Mayor read a civic address of welcome, which was replied to by the Governor-General, who was presented to the Duchess and Princess Patricia.

On their departure the whole assembly sang "God Save the King." In reply to the addresses of welcome it was noted that the Duke and Duchess would take home to England nothing but pleasant memories, and would always follow the progress of the country with greatest interest.

The Royal party will be at Kenora to-morrow.

ARMS BROKEN IN RUNAWAY.  
Cobourg, July 24.—(Special.)—Miss Edna Elliott, daughter of Mr. Robert Elliott, formerly of Cobourg, now of Strling, met with an unfortunate accident while driving at the latter place. The horse became unmanageable and she was thrown out, breaking both arms and spraining her ankle.

### Sale of Simpson's Footwear

Women's \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 Oxfords, button and laced styles, in tan calf, gummetal, vici kid and patent colt, with high, medium and low heels and medium and light soles. Sizes 2½ to 6. Stock-taking Sale Price .....\$1.45

Men's "Minto," Tetrault, "Maximum" and "Bostonian," \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 Shoes. Button or laced. Every pair is Goodyear welted (better than hand-sewn). All sizes, from 5 to 11. Monday Stock-taking Sale .....\$2.45

Boys' Oxfords, tan calf, Goodyear stitched; smooth inside, low orthopedic heels.

Boys' Boots, in tan, patent, kid and box kip, some have Goodyear welted soles, all sizes from 1 to 5½. Regularly \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50. Monday Stock-taking Sale .....\$1.99

**Linens, Fourth Floor**

Bed Spreads, Half-price—White Fringed Honeycomb, White Hemmed Crochet, Hemmed Alhambra, in blue and white or red and white, balances of lines. Regularly \$2.25 and \$2.50 each. Monday .....\$1.25 (No mail or phone orders.)

Extra Large Sheets, Reduced for Quick Selling.

Bleached Sheets, a good heavy twilled cotton, size 80 x 100 inches. Hemmed ready for use. Regularly \$2.25. Sale price, Monday .....\$1.65 pair (Cannot accept phone or mail orders for cotton.)

Hemmed Linen Huckaback Towels, size 19 x 38 inches. Sale price, Monday .....33c pair

**Monday's Silk List**

The balance of two lines in dollar and a half qualities. Colored Duchesse Mousselines, fine and medium weights, 38 to 40 inches wide. On bargain .....\$1.24

Colored Messalines, Paillettes and Satins de Chine—a good range in the combined weaves. Formerly \$1.10 to \$1.19. On sale .....93c

Three Black Satins reduced—limited quantities in each:

I. Black Satin Paillette. Regularly \$1.00, for .....84c

II. Black Satin Duchesse. Regularly \$1.28, for .....\$1.24

III. Black Suting Satin. Regularly \$1.75, for .....\$1.43

Thirty pieces of extra fine Shantung Pongee—free from dressing, in natural colors. 34 inches wide. An 85c line, for, yard .....67c

Japanese Wash Silks, in Ivory, 36 inches wide. Very special .....48c

### Wash Goods on Sale

28-inch Plain Ratinés, in shades of linen, tan, gray, navy, purple. Monday, clearing at .....12½c

28-inch Brocaded Ratinés, in shades of navy and yellow. Monday, clearing at .....25c

40-inch Plain and Check Ratinés, in a good range of shades. Monday, clearing .....39c

40-inch Nub Ratinés, in shades of Nell rose, tan, navy, sky, pink, linen and Copon. Monday .....58c

40-inch Novelty Ratine, in merle and black and white effects, lovely fabrics, in the height of fashion. Monday, clearing .....77c

**From Stock-taking Sales of Women's Wear**

Samples in Cotton Frocks, \$4.50, \$6.50 to \$12.50, at \$2.98.

200 samples, all new and different. These dresses are designed in the latest models. Materials of ratinés, crepes, voiles, ducks, for outing occasions or in fancy afternoon styles. Two-piece suits are included. Monday .....\$2.98

**Silk Dresses, Priced \$7.95.**

Excellent values offered in these attractive silk dresses, designed in the new long tunic styles, with girdles of colored silks. Waists show frilled or novelty collars. Shades in Copenhagen, brown, black and navy. Monday .....\$7.95

**Wash Skirts, 98c.**

Special sale of Wash Skirts, made from good quality cordelina, repp, mercerized linen and Indian Head. The styles are plain gored, some buttoning down left side of front panel. A good assortment of sizes. Special value ..... 98c

## The SIMPSON Company Limited

### "On the Doorstep of Desire"

THE merchant of to-day is not satisfied to merely let his advertising invite people to his store. The right kind of an advertisement virtually takes the merchant's goods to the home—places them on the doorstep of the reader's desire and says—

"Mrs. Housewife, won't you take me in?"

Thus good advertising for a retail store does especially important work in bad weather—the advertisement talks on days too bad for Mrs. Housewife to go "down town."

Most merchants recognize this, and depend on their advertising to make sales when the store window, by reason of adverse weather, doesn't get a chance to talk.

And just as there are winter days so stormy that the daily newspaper is the only real point of contact between Mrs. Housewife and the shopping district, so are there summer days so sultry that "down town" is out of the question.

But is it ever too hot for the daily newspaper to get a hearing? Is there a single day in the whole summer that the merchant could not, with the proper kind of advertisement, place his goods on the doorstep of Mrs. Housewife's desire?

Put your goods there every day—hot or not. They will be taken in, all right.

You can obtain helpful advice on advertising free of cost and without obligation by consulting the Advertising Department of The Globe.

**SOLOMON HILL IS DEAD.**

One of the Pioneers of Markdale Passes Peacefully Away.  
(Special Despatch to The Globe.)  
Markdale, July 24.—One of the honored pioneers of this town passed away yesterday in the person of Mr. Solomon Hill, who for over forty years conducted a general merchandise business here. Mr. Hill had business interests in a number of other points throughout Ontario, as well as in the west.

Deceased is survived by his wife and four sons: F. T. Hill, Harold Hill, W. Hill, all of Markdale, and J. G. Hill of Saskatoon; also three daughters: Amelia, wife of Dr. D. B. Neely, M.P.A. of Humboldt, Sask.; Gene, wife of W. A. Westwood of the same place, and Miss Nina Hill of Markdale.

**PULMOTOR SAVED HIM.**

Sarnia, July 24.—Joseph Fair had a close call from death at Imperial Oil Company's refinery day, when he was overcome by fumes. Only the prompt use of pulmotor saved his life.