

THE EQUITY.

No. 14, 33RD YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, SEPT. 23, 1915.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874

Head Office: - Ottawa, Canada.

Capital Paid Up . . . \$ 4,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits . . . 4,978,299
Total Assets over . . . 50,000,000

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On your vacation take a kodak with you. Brownie Cameras from \$1.00 up. Eastman films and supplies. Mail orders promptly attended to.
H. IMISON, King St.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—Having disposed of my millinery business in Shawville to Miss Lena Caldwell, I desire to express my sincere thanks to all those who favored me with their esteemed patronage and trust that my successor, Miss Caldwell, may also be favored in like measure with their support.
Mrs. W. J. BOLAND,
Quyon, Sept. 11, 1915.

Cableton Wainman, another Shawville boy, enlisted with the 7th Battalion last week, which brings the number up to four from here, who have joined that organization. The others are: Clifton Woodley, John Landry and Melvin Shoultice, who resigned his position with the bank here to serve his country. We learn also that Joe Erlam and Ira McKnight of Radford and Emerson Paul of Bryson, passed the examination last week for enlistment with the Canadian Field Engineers. It is probable that others from this neighborhood will join the colors before long. Those who imagine that Pontiac is sending no volunteers to aid in the colossal Empire struggle that is going on will have to revise their estimates of the county's loyalty.

Hall Dedication

Wednesday night, Sept. 15, marked a red letter event in the annals of Freemasonry in Pontiac, the auspicious occasion being the dedication of the Masonic Hall, a building erected some years ago, and one of a very few of like character in the province that is the property of the members of the craft who assemble within its walls.

The ancient, impressive ceremonial of the dedication was performed by the M. W. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, assisted by present and past G. L. officers, as follows:—

G. Master—Ed. A. Evans, Quebec;
Act. D. G. M.—T. A. Howard, Aylmer;
G. Secretary—W. H. Whyte, Montreal;
D. D. G. M.—S. H. Ferris, Aylmer;
G. Chaplain—Rev. Seaman, Shawville;
Act. G. Sr. Warden—J. F. Taylor, Hull;
G. Jr. W.—W. G. Rogers, Lacute;
Act. G. Sr. Dea.—S. H. Edey, Aylmer;
Act. G. Jr. Dea.—Fred Pelen, Hull;
Act. G. Pur.—J. H. Shaw, Shawville;
Grand Tyler—J. A. Turner, Montreal.

As the membership of Pontiac Lodge reaches out to points both diverse and distant, it was hardly possible for a number of the brethren so located to be present, yet the attendance for some cause was somewhat under expectations, considering the important nature of the gathering. Representatives from neighboring lodges—Beachburg, Aylmer and Hull—however, made up in a measure for local discrepancies in that regard.

The ceremony was concluded shortly before ten o'clock, and then the brethren preceded to the Pontiac House, where subsequently they sat down to a sumptuous banquet, which was heartily partaken of and much enjoyed by all. W. Bro. P. E. Smiley, W. M., presided, and when the tables were cleared off, he gave out the following list of toasts, which were responded to by the brethren whose names are coupled thereto, in a series of interesting speeches, on matters pertaining to the principles and objects of the Order.

THE TOASTS.

King and Craft—Grand Master Evans.

G. Lodge of Quebec—Dist Deputy Ferris, Grand Secretary Whyte, Jr. Warden Rogers, D. D. G. Chaplain Seaman.

Visiting Brethren—Bros. Howard, Aylmer; Taylor, Hull; Edey, Aylmer; Pelen, Hull.

W. M. of Pontiac Lodge—Proposed by the G. Master. Responded to by W. Bro. P. E. Smiley.

The Junior Warden's toast, followed by the National Anthem closed a pleasing and harmonious function.

Look for Dover's Ad next week; it will pay you.

The annual Thanksgiving Services at St. Paul's Church will be held on Sunday next—Sept. 26. The Rev. A. T. Phillips, of Aylwin, will preach at both services—morning and evening.

Large congregations attended the closing meetings of the Holiness Movement camp meeting on Sunday last. Rev. R. C. Horner and a number of other ministers and workers were present.

As usual, a large number of people of this village and neighborhood attended the Ottawa Fair last week—especially on Thursday last—Shawville's annual civic holiday.

Rev. J. J. S. Seaman has decided to remove from Shawville, and expects to be located in Montreal. His removal from here is on the advice of a specialist, who advises that he must give up driving as much as possible.

Personal.

Mr. Archie Dover was in Montreal last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Manson, of Cornwall, visited Mr. and Mrs. Shadel last week.

Miss M. K. Thomson, who has been summering at Portage du Fort, arrived in town this week.

Dr. G. G. Stewart, who spent the past week at Elmside, left for Ottawa on Friday en route for Smith's Falls.

Corp. W. S. Grant, son of Mrs. Jas. Grant of Elmside, who is in training at Calgary with the 50th Battalion, returned to Calgary on Monday after enjoying a short visit at Elmside.

An Appeal on behalf of the National Canadian Patriotic Fund.

We have now entered upon the second year of the war, and the end seems as far off as ever. No one imagined, a year ago, that by September of 1915, Canada would have sent across the Atlantic nearly one hundred thousand men with as many more to follow if necessary. This magnificent enlistment, while primarily due to the loyalty of our people, has been, in a large measure, made possible by the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

This greatest of all the national benefactions is now assisting twenty thousand families of men who have enlisted for overseas service. These men have gone forward with the full assurance that the people of Canada will see to it that during their absence, their wives, widowed mothers and little children shall be maintained in comfort. We hear that the drain upon the Fund is assuming large proportions, that to meet the needs of July and August \$700,000 was expended, that the reserves are being materially decreased and that the national Executive Committee now finds it necessary to make a further appeal to the Canadian Public.

There are many funds, most of them worthy, but of them all the Patriotic Fund is the one we cannot allow to fail. It is the duty of the Government to arm, equip and maintain the troops. Not a dollar do the Federal authorities give to the Patriotic Fund. This work depends solely on the patriotism and generosity of our own people. Thousands of brave men are fighting our battles, believing that we meant what we said when we told them as they went forward:—"Go and we will care for the wife and kiddies." It would be to our everlasting disgrace if our pledge were broken.

The national organization, with headquarters at Ottawa and branch affiliated associations in every part of the Dominion, is worthy of our most generous support in the tremendous and ever-growing task that it has undertaken.

The Merchants Bank of Canada

Established 1864

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT . . . SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN.
VICE-PRESIDENT . . . K. W. BLACKWELL.
GEN. MANAGER . . . E. F. HEDDEN.

Paid up Capital . . . \$7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits . . 7,245,140
Total Assets . . . 86,190,400

239 Branches and Agencies in Canada.

A SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT

Of One Dollar and upwards draws interest at best current rates.

Branches at Shawville and Quyon.

W. F. DRUM . . . Acting Manager, Shawville
A. A. REID . . . Acting Manager, Quyon.

"Business as Usual"

has made the attendance at the

BOWLING Business College.
OTTAWA, ONT.

the best in the history. Why not take advantage of the dull times and prepare for the wave of prosperity that is bound to sweep over the Great Country when the war is over?

Write for Free Catalogue.

H. G. W. BRAITHWAITE, W. E. GOWLING,
Prin. Prin.

A Box Social in aid of St. John's Church, Clarke's, will be held on Thursday evening, Sept. 30th, at the home of Mr. James Connelly, 6th concession, Clarendon. Ladies are requested to bring boxes.

Articles Lost at Shawville Fair

The following articles could not be found by the owners when looking up their exhibits at the close of Shawville Fair:—

One pair embroidered towels
One cushion
One small glass dish, which had contained eggs.
One dozen button holes.
Parties having any of the above are requested to leave them with the undersigned.

Found by the Secretary at the close of Shawville Fair, one lady's parasol. The owner is requested to call for same at the Secretary's office.

R. W. HODGINS.

Deaths.

The death occurred, suddenly, at an early hour Friday morning last, at his home in Bristol, of Mr. Gardner Cone, at the age of 70 years. Death was due to heart failure. It is reported that the deceased worked hard all day previous, repairing some machinery, and that on Thursday night when the thunder storm came on, he got up and closed the windows of the house. Shortly after this he took a weak turn, and Mrs. Cone went for something to relieve him. When she returned the spark of life had flown.

The late Mr. Cone, who was a blacksmith by trade, was well known throughout this district. He was a skilled workman and a recognized expert in repairing steam engines and machinery, and his services were frequently sought by parties who knew him when they had work of this nature to do. He is survived by a widow and grown-up family, of whom Mrs. Thomas Sheppard, of this village is a member.

The funeral took place on Sunday morning to North Clarendon Methodist Church and cemetery.

The death occurred at Fort William on Wednesday morning, Sept. 8th, of Mr. Archibald Angus, sr., aged 82 years and nine months. The deceased had been in splendid health all summer having only been sick two weeks.

The late Mr. Angus was born in Paisley, Scotland, and came to Canada over forty years ago and first resided at Bristol Corners, Que. Later he moved to Charteris, Que., where he started the Post Office and kept a store. He was respected by all who knew him, having been there over thirty years when he moved to Fort William four years ago.

The funeral, which was largely attended was held on Friday morning from the family residence to Mountain View cemetery. Rev. Henry Irvine conducted the service.

Mrs. Angus predeceased him three years ago. He leaves to mourn his loss, five sons, namely: David, of Charteris, Que.; John, of Ottawa; George, of Coronation, Alta.; and Archie and Nelson of Ft. William.—Com.

HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Ottawa, Ont.

Since January, 1913, more than 235 students have come to us from other local business colleges.

Our Civil Service record of FIRST, SECOND, and FOURTH places for all Canada has never been equaled.

Do not these facts indicate undoubted superiority?

Our instruction being individual, you may begin at any time.

D. E. HENRY, PRESIDENT.
Cor. Bank and Sparks Sts.

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The School of Efficiency for those who demand the best. Catalogue on request.

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OTTAWA, ONT.

Make your kodak story autographic. Date and title every negative at time of exposure. Autographic kodaks from \$7.00 up. H. Imison, King St.

LOST—Small horse collar with pad: somewhere on road between Shawville and Arthur Caldwell's, a couple of days before the Fair. Finder will much oblige by leaving at J. L. HODGINS.

MONEY LOST—Lost on the grounds during Fair week, a small purse containing twelve dollars—one \$10 and either one \$2 or two \$1 bills. Finder will oblige by leaving at this office, or returning to Mrs. THOS PALMER, Yarm.

FOR SALE—A Two-Speed Big Twin "Indian" Motor Cycle, and Side Car, in first-class running order. An excellent machine for speed. Owner desirous of obtaining a car. Apply to Mr. R. E. NICOLLS, Starks Corners, or P. O. address Shawville, R. R. No. 2.

WANTED—A girl to do general house work. Apply to Mrs. DRUM, Bank, Shawville.

FOR SALE—A number of young horses and colts. Would sell on time or take cattle in payment. FRANK ARMSTRONG, Shawville.

WANTED TO RENT—A small farm with comfortable house thereon, 25 to 50 acres will do, or even 100 acres, if rent is any way reasonable. Ordinary soil will suit. Property required for a poultry farm. Applications to suit these requirements received at THE EQUITY Office.

FOR SALE—Single buggy—practically new. Rubber tires, electric lights; a first-class stylish rig; cost \$130.—will take \$110. Also set single harness. Apply to J. H. SHAW.

CONCRETE CULVERTS, PIPES AND curbs for wells sold at Works Contracts made with Municipalities to manufacture Pipes in their own localities. H. T. McDOWELL & SON, Shawville, Que.

If you want a picture of the Academy and pupils secure one now while the price is low. An 8x10 picture for 50c. H. IMISON.

Registered Rams to be Sold at School Fair

A number of registered Shropshire, Oxford, Leicester and Cheviot rams, have been obtained for public sale to the farmers of Pontiac. The sale will be held in connection with the School Fair, Sept. 24th, on the Exhibition Grounds at Shawville.

All members of the Pontiac Wool Growers Association, having pure bred rams for sale, may bring them in for public auction.

Kindly spread the word to interested parties in your district to bring their children to the school fair and take advantage of the sale.

THE HARDWARE STORE

The Sporting Season is now in

So is our Stock of

Guns, Rifles, and Ammunition.

Anything Special, not carried in Stock, procured promptly.

Let us have your orders please.

J. H. SHAW.

P. S.—Send in your Old Razors for the Boys at the front.

W. A. HODGINS SHAWVILLE

Men's Underwear

We have been fortunate in securing a limited stock of Men's Wool Underwear at last year's prices.

\$2.00 per Suit.

We advise our friends to secure their requirements soon as values of this kind will not be had again.

We have a large supply of old reliable Fleece Lined Garments. \$1.00 Suits.

Boys' Fleece Goods in all sizes
25 to 45c. a garment.

Splendid range of Sweaters, Men's and Boys', up to \$5.00. See our lines and values.

W. A. HODGINS

Spread the Bread

with 'Crown Brand' Corn Syrup and the children's craving for sweets will be completely satisfied. Bread and 'Crown Brand' form a perfectly balanced food—rich in the elements that go to build up sturdy, healthy children.

Edwardsburg 'Crown Brand' Corn Syrup

is so economical and so good, that it is little wonder that millions of pounds are eaten every year in the homes of Canada.

'Crown Brand'—the children's favorite—is equally good for all cooking purposes and candy making.

'LILY WHITE' is a pure white Corn Syrup, not so pronounced in flavor as 'Crown Brand'. You may prefer it.

ASK YOUR GROCER—IN 2, 5, 10 AND 20 LB. TINS

The Canada Starch Co. Limited, Montreal
Manufacturers of the famous Edwardsburg Brands



Woman Against Woman or A Terrible Accusation.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd).

"I don't intend to, dear," he answered, hastily. "I would not have you think that for the world. Do you think I blame you for what I know was impossible for you to help? Ailsa, don't sob like that, child! There—there! I have never brought anything but sorrow into your life—I, who would have sacrificed my very soul to bring you one ray of sunshine. I will go, dear. Tell Doctor Paxton—"

"No—no!" she sobbed. "Don't go! Ethel may come at any moment, and—I can't rob you of each other again. It would break my heart. Surely I have brought sorrow enough to this family. Good-bye, Mr. Ogden, and forgive me if you can."

The tears were breaking through her voice in spite of her. She could scarcely speak the words. She turned as if to fly from the room, and then—the great love of her life arose in her heart, filling it almost to bursting. She turned back for just a moment—put out her arms as if to throw them about him. His handkerchief had dropped from his hand to the floor. She picked it up, and kneeling there upon the floor at his feet, kissed it again and again, with a passion she had never felt in her life before. It was her eternal farewell to him, she was telling herself; but before she could rise, she heard a little half-exultant cry from his lips—heard an exclamation that set her blood on fire—and felt herself lifted in his strong arms.

"Ailsa," he whispered, "my darling, what does it mean? Those kisses upon that inanimate rag were not the kisses of regret or sorrow. They were the expression of love. For Heaven's sake, tell me that it is true! Do you love me, Ailsa? Don't let there be any mistake between us now! Don't let me believe that your heart is mine because of a misplaced sympathy, but, don't send me away from you if it has turned to me at last. Ailsa, speak!"

But what necessity was there for words? Her arms were about his neck, clinging there with a bewildering devotion, her lips were upon his. And yet he was not satisfied until he had heard her murmur:

"There was never any one but you, Lloyd—never. I call Heaven to witness. There was a hideous mistake once, of which I was an innocent victim, but my love never for a moment was given to any one but you. Ah, my punishment has been great, but my reward is ten thousand times greater!"

He lifted the shield from his eyes and flung it across the room.

"I have been forbidden to go without it for a month, yet, but I must look into the face of my wife!" he murmured, gazing at her fondly. "Oh, Ailsa, Ailsa mine, at last! Mine in heart and soul—my own!"

"Not blind!" she cried, lifting herself and gazing rapturously into his eyes. "Oh, Lloyd, God is too good! I have not deserved it all!"

But he silenced her lips with kisses while he held her to his throbbing heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

All that happened more than a year ago.

Muriel's grave is in Greenwood, cared for as carefully as if she had lived the life of a saint. A beautiful shaft of pure white marble marks her resting-place and bears her name. There is not an indication of the tragedy in which her life ended, nor of the sin which came so near wrecking other lives. Those who read the story in the papers, incorrect and perverted as it was, perhaps not even remember it, as the world remembers but for nine days, to forget on the tenth.

No one knows where Nathan Simonson is buried. He died by his own hand in the Tomba Prison, knowing the electric chair awaited a victim. There were many inquiries as to how he obtained the means to commit suicide, but no one ever discovered how it was accomplished.

Dowd Valworth is a free man—old before his time, it is true, but loosed from the chains that bound him. Ailsa and Lloyd Ogden would have taken him with them when they left for a year abroad, but he shook his head and smiled.

"I'm not fit for travel yet," he answered. "Some day, when I can come to you without being a burden upon you, I may do so, but under any cir-

cumstances you would want this first year to yourselves. I shall be much better left at home."

And so it was arranged that he should go upon a pretty farm that Lloyd owned in the South, and take charge of that, "far from the madding crowd" of his old associates, away from the voice of temptation, if temptation were to assail him again. If it ever has, he has not yielded to it, for not one drop of strong drink has passed his lips.

He hears from, and writes to, his daughter and son-in-law each month, and Lloyd tells Ailsa that the farm is making him rich under her father's excellent management. She smiles at the ridiculous assertion, but it pleases her just the same.

Lloyd has long since discarded the green shield from his eyes. True, he wears glasses still, and will always do so, but Ailsa insists that they are decidedly becoming to him, and that they give him an intellectual look which is infinitely pleasing to her.

In Rome last winter, while stopping at the Quirinal, they unexpectedly encountered Leslie Dunraven and Ethel, and there was a happy reunion.

Their letters had gone astray in their travels, and they had lost trace of each other for more than two months, so that the meeting was a great surprise to all.

They decided to visit Monaco together, and made quite a sensation in that gay resort, called, as they were, the quartet of handsome Americans. For Leslie is still handsome, in spite of the white hair that seems to lie in loving clusters about his temples.

"You are perfectly happy now, are you not, Leslie?" Ailsa asked him, wistfully, as they stood alone together.

He looked down upon her without a shadow of regret in his eyes.

"I am happy!" he answered, gently. "No man could ask for more in a wife than I possess in mine. I feel as if I could never make up to her for the years of the past. Ah, Ailsa, I wonder what the result would have been if you had never entered our lives? I do not forget what we owe to you."

"Owe to me!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, I brought more suffering to you—"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, putting up his hand to command silence. "It is only through suffering that God cleanses the soul; but it was not that! It was you who believed in Ethel; you who discovered the truth; you, without whom she would now have been dead, and another influence crowded into my life that would have sent me to destruction, and my soul to perdition. You knew what was wisest and best for all, and you did not waver in your duty."

"Ah, you give me credit which I do not deserve," she cried passionately. "I came into your lives, and—"

"I will hear nothing against you! We know what we owe you, Ethel and I, and she quite agrees with me."

"You have told her—"

"Everything!"

"Oh, Leslie, was that wise?"

"I could not conceal a secret behind her truth and fidelity. Besides, Ailsa, I could not believe that the past was dead without being able to speak of it to her without passion."

"And she forgave me?"

"There is no question of forgiveness, dear. She loves you, as—I do."

And almost at the same instant Ethel stood clasping her brother's arm with both her hands.

"And you are happy, Lloyd?" she was asking him, as she looked searchingly into his face. "There is no shadow upon your heart?"

"Not the slightest!" he answered, lovingly. "No man could love his wife more than I, or be more sure of her love in return. I sometimes fear that we are too happy. My confidence is boundless as my devotion. And you, dear? How is it with you?"

"Ah, the old days have come again for us!" she answered. "I can say nothing more. Leslie trusts me. All the distrust has disappeared. The unrest of those bitter days when the hideous curse was upon me. I sometimes think that Leslie was little less than a god to have stood it all as he did."

Lloyd did not speak, but stood staring into space.

"Lloyd," she whispered, after a moment of silence, "what took you away

just after my going, and what brought you back?"

He started slightly. "A foolish mistake that is better not referred to," he answered tenderly.

She looked up in his face and smiled.

"I know," she said softly. "Leslie has told me everything. There is perfect confidence between us."

"Ailsa was innocent!" her husband cried, passionately.

Ethel pressed his arm and touched his shoulder with her lips.

"Do you think I doubt her?" she asked, reproachfully. "Do you think I do not realize what we all owe her? And do you think I do not see how purely happy she is now? She is my sister, Lloyd, and I love her as such."

He bent his head and kissed her almost gratefully.

There was a thought in his heart which he did not voice. If he had, it would have sounded something like this:

"There are few women so generous as you, dear heart!"

He looked into Ailsa's eyes with loving interest when she came to him. She seated herself at his feet and leaned her head against his knee, looking into his eyes with steadfast truth.

"I have been talking with Leslie, Lloyd," she said, tenderly.

"Yes," he said, gently.

"He is very happy."

He smoothed her hair for a moment in silence. Should he tell her that he had seen in his brother's eyes an expression of sadness that belied his words? Should he tell her that even though Leslie had put the old love behind him forever there was the ghost still stalking in his heart, as it would to the day of his death, and even after?

No! He would have died before he would have uttered those words to her! He would never put that shadow upon her happiness. He leaned downward and kissed her upon the mouth.

"And I have been talking to Ethel. She, too, is very happy," he said, softly.

"Darling wife, look into my eyes just a moment and let me see away down into your heart. I want you to know that there has never come into my life even the shadow of a doubt of your love, but I should like to hear you say once that you have never regretted your choice."

She flung her arms around his neck with a world of devotion, and looked into his eyes after she had kissed him passionately.

"Look until you are tired, and read every thought and feeling!" she cried, with unrestrained delight. "There is nothing to which you are not welcome. I have never loved but you. I can never love but you. There is nothing in my life, nor heart, nor soul that is not yours!"

He strained her to him with eager joy, and kissed her with a depth of devotion that would have satisfied the most exacting.

A letter came for him that afternoon, and the four read it together with expressions of surprise and delight.

"My Dear children," it began—"You will be surprised to learn that your old friend is going to take a holiday for the first time in five years, and will take a run across the water to join you for a little spree. Wait for me in Monaco, and engage a suite of rooms suitable for a bride and bridegroom in the first flush of boyish passion. Yes, it's true! The old man has become a boy, and has persuaded a maiden to have pity upon his loneliness. I believe I'm mixing it all a trifle, but you won't mind the over-exuberance of a newly engaged man, will you?"

"To tell you the truth, dears, it is an old romance done over to suit the times, and will interest you when we reach Monaco and tell you all. We were engaged in our youth, when I was a youngster of twenty-six and she a girl of seventeen. She has a few white hairs in her raven locks now, and my hair is like snow, but neither of us seem to mind that, and we are as happy—well, as happy as you four are, and I hope to Heaven that I could make no better comparison."

"We are due in Havre, on the 'Toulon,' February 26, and will be with you as fast as the train can take us from there."

"With love to you all from the future Mrs. Paxton and believe me, 'Your happy old friend, Arundel Paxton.'"

There was a celebration in Monaco that night, and the details of it were sent by cable to Doctor and Mrs. Paxton in New York.

THE END.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFERS SUGGESTIONS FOR FRUIT PRESERVING.

In an advice circulated throughout Canada, the Fruit Branch Dept. at Ottawa suggests as being best for preserving purposes, certain brands of peaches: St. Johns, Elbertas, Crawfords and Smocks, and for plums Bradshaws, Gages, Lombards, Reine Claude.

The advice is timely and to it may be added that many of the most successful makers of preserves have for years insisted on securing from their grocers the St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar (Pure Cane).

It is well known that the slightest organic impurity in sugar will start fermentation in the jam, and St. Lawrence Sugar which tests over 90% pure has never failed the housewife. Grocers everywhere can fill orders for this sugar. The best way to buy it is in the original refinery sealed packages 2 or 5 lbs. cartons, 10, 20, 25, and 100 lbs. bags.

Had One Attack.

Insurance Examiner—Have you ever had palpitation of the heart. Young Man (coloring a little)—Well, I'm engaged to be married.

"Does the course of true love never run smooth?" "Only when neither party has enough to marry anybody else, or both have so much they've got to marry each other."



POULTRY

By A. P. Marshall, Niagara Falls, Canada.

Perhaps it is most unusual to point out the faults in any article we wish to exploit or show to be superior in every sense but experience has shown that the most success comes to he who is able fully to grasp the out-cropping faults and being always alert to recognize them and their evident cause is best able to keep them corrected to a large extent. Only by knowing the recurring faults can the breeder expect to make progress or even keep up to the high standard now existing.

In our standard only perfection is depicted having the result very frequently to the inexperienced of causing slight faults that are not particularly serious to condemn specimens for breeding because they do not measure up to some point that is particularly noticeable. Generally speaking it may be safe to say that faults common in good flocks are the hardest to combat, although as points of quality they are usually not as serious as other points.

If anyone should ask us what we considered the worst fault to have in a White Wyandotte, we would immediately say poor shape. This if we are careless will cause the flock in a remarkably short time to become anything but wyandotte and if we wish all the good the breed possesses no better plan can be followed than to keep it true to the wyandotte shape that has proven such a valuable asset.

When we notice males going high on the legs or females getting long and angular with narrow illshaped breasts, a halt must be called on the methods followed or our flock will lose all the good qualities of the breed. A start with good stock of the best breeding lines and even selection of the most vigorous will not bring best results. It is absolutely necessary to keep standard shape in mind and make selections accordingly. While the closest records are a very big help, excellent record can be made mentally by the watchful breeder that will enable him to observe cause and effect in very many cases in a very definite way.

Many breeders fail because they seem unable to be guided by their own good judgement, following oftentimes instead the advice on experience of another instead of what personal observation shows conclusively to be right for them. It is a poor man who cannot learn from others but the man who gets furthest can supplement this with self-obtained knowledge and aggressive persistence. Wyandotte as pointed out have an inclination to get high on legs particularly in the males and females will lengthen out and lose their depth rapidly with careless breeding. Straight lines will become general instead of rounded lines and most watchful observance should be given the matings to prevent the loss

of what has made the wyandotte foremost in the poultry field.

Next on account of its hidden difficulties to the novice, we would place in a general way the matter of color. Here we have a side of breeding White Wyandottes that has discouraged many an enthusiast because of the recurring tendency to revert to faults existing in earlier generations. Brassiness has become almost a thing of the past consequently giving the impression to many that color troubles are practically eliminated. On the contrary some of the very whitest birds will go to black specks and marks in the plumage, especially in the hackle and saddle and since these birds invariably are absolutely stay-white there has been a tendency to reproduce the fault. That a good deal of small black specks can get by without its being noticed is well known to all good breeders and if mating up, if this is to be eliminated, the very closest attention must be given it. No doubt a great many birds are made to pass the judge and win out by pulling a few of these feathers but to fix the strain so as to measure up without such trimming is the larger accomplishment.

Vigorous specimens frequently are snappy in the quill of the feather until these dry out when they settle into a real white. A few birds will always come through as white as snow at all times. These are the most valuable and when right in all other ways will be the biggest help in fixing the proper color.

There seems to be no difficulty in securing good yellow legs and beak, although exceptionally white birds sometimes have a tendency to have slightly paler legs. Extra heavy layers, or after laying for some time, will usually pale in the color of legs and beak but with the moult and return to condition usually they will have a good strong color again. Grass run and improved conditions will always help here.

Combs are always first to be noticed and particularly so with the novice. A good head takes the fancy of nine out of ten regardless of other qualifications. Perhaps the most glaring fault is the tendency in some specimens to throw single combs. In the best strains this occurs very very seldom and yet we have seen matings that were predominant in single combs. Hollowness in the crown of the comb is, however, much more common fault, and if not watched will become more marked. Absence of

spike, side sprigs, and spikes sunken into the comb occur to the annoyance of the breeder, for many a time such a marked fault will show up on a specimen otherwise of very exceptional merit, to make it fit only as breeder, and then care must be taken to guide the matings so as to avoid recurrence or intensifying of the same trouble.

Even yet, stubs or baby feathers will appear between the toes occasionally, and once in a while run up on the shank of the leg. Until the breeder stops using birds that have this fault will it continue to show itself, but it is not so easy to remove a little down between the toes that the fault is inclined not to seem serious and excellent specimens are continued to be used with this fault. Continuance to discard birds showing it is sure to overcome the trouble.

In spite of the many suggestions above of difficulties in the breeding of White Wyandottes, the progress in the hands of most intelligent breeders has been very marked so that the breed is conceded to be one of those bred nearest to perfection of the standard. With such a start the number of good specimens obtained and the all-round market value they have afforded something that explains the present exceptional popularity of the White Wyandotte.

Singing by the Choir.

Two men were discussing the service as they made their way home from church.

"What was that sentence the choir repeated so often?" asked one.

"As nearly as I could make out it was, 'We are all miserable sinners,'" replied his companion.



PRESIDENT SUSPENDER
NONE SO EASY
MADE IN CANADA

Canada's Favorite Sugar
since the days
of the
Pioneer



CANADA'S pioneer
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John Redpath, who in
1854 produced "Ye Olde
Sugar Loafe"—the first
sugar "made in Canada".

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Redpath Sugar has been growing better and more popular ever since. When there seemed no further room for improvement in the sugar itself, we made a decided advance by introducing the *Redpath* Sealed Cartons.

These completed a series of individual packages—2 and 5 lb. Cartons and 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Cloth Bags—which protect the sugar from Refinery to Pantry, and ensure your getting the genuine *Redpath*.

Get Canada's favorite Sugar in Original Packages.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF RHEUMATISM

The Great Suffering of a Calgary Lady Before Relief Was Found

There is still a very prevalent belief that rheumatism is due to cold or wet weather. This belief is probably due to the fact that when the blood is thin and watery there is an acute sensitivity to atmospheric conditions and a change to wet weather often means a return of the excruciating pains. Rheumatism, however, is rooted in the blood, and it can only be driven from the system by building up and enriching the blood. Hot baths and outward applications of liniment may give temporary relief, but cannot cure. If the disease is not attacked through the blood, it simply fastens itself more firmly on the system, and the sufferer ultimately becomes hopelessly crippled. The truth of this is proved by the case of Mrs. Frank Ford, of Calgary, Alta. Mrs. Ford says: "I was an almost helpless cripple from rheumatism. It seemed to have settled in every joint. My arms and hands had to be bandaged. My ankles were so swollen that I had to use crutches. After doctoring for a long time and growing steadily worse, the doctor advised me to go to Banff Springs. I stayed there for eight weeks taking daily baths and returned home poorer in pocket by about \$150 and not one bit improved in health. I then entered a local hospital, but did not derive any benefit. I was in such constant pain that I almost wished to die, and I felt sure I would be a lifelong cripple. It was at this stage that a friend who had been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills urged me to try them. I began the use of the Pills and after taking them a few weeks the swelling in the joints began to go down and the pain was relieved. This greatly encouraged me and I continued the treatment until in the course of three months the cure was complete. I had thrown away the crutches, could walk anywhere and do my own housework, and I never felt better in my life than I do at present time, and all this is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have also given the Pills to my daughter who suffered from anaemia and she has gained in flesh and become a strong, healthy girl."

If you are suffering from rheumatism or any weakness of the blood give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and they will speedily restore you to health and strength. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BULLET-PROOF GARMENTS.

Steel Head and Chest Guards Save Soldiers.

The military chiefs of the great nations entered the war a year ago with the settled conviction that any form of protection for the soldier's body against the missiles of destruction would be vain and valueless. It was not long, however, before the German soldiers had received a forage cap to do his fighting in, was clamoring for his patent leather helmet, spike and all. The very practical French soldier began wearing at times any lightweight metal vessel that would fit his head. On both sides, but chiefly on that of the Germans, special chest protectors were being worn.

In European countries where military conscription is in force inventors for years have been working on bullet-proof garments. While in America a certain type of inventor devotes his time to producing a perpetual motion device, in Europe the same type works on an impenetrable waistcoat and becomes the butt of all the jokesmiths.

In the early days of the war it was found that soldiers received an exceptionally high percentage of head wounds and the French war authorities took official cognizance of the fact. But while they were studying the matter the French soldier was quick to see a remedy. He improvised a head covering with tin cans, saucepans, anything that would fit. Finally the lid of his canteen was requisitioned. This was worn, not, of course, in the charge, but in the watchful waiting of the trench.

It served to weaken the blow of projectiles, and was even quite efficient against those shrapnel bullets and high explosive fragments which came over the trench parapet almost spent or weakened in force by ricocheting.

The French war department, impressed by the utility even of a canteen lid, gave an order for the immediate manufacture of 700,000 light metal head protectors. These cost only 7 cents each, but they allowed the canteen lid to go back to its pristine employment and they served for a valuable experiment. A record was kept, and it was found that this new headgear was successful in sixty cases out of one hundred.

Recent photographs from the front of soldiers in action have showed some French soldiers with breast protectors. The Germans also are wearing them to a considerable extent, and it is understood that the hostility of the authorities to them does not now exist.

"I see that somebody says many a man is a poet without knowing it." "Well, that's something we've got to be thankful for."



COALS OF FIRE
—From The New York Evening Telegram

LIFE AT THE DARDANELLES.

Scotch Soldier Gives Wonderful Pen Picture of Fighting.

The following description of trench life at the Dardanelles was written by a soldier, aged 21, to his mother in Scotland:—

The chatter of the trenches is wonderfully cheerful; a mail from home, football, racing, reminiscences of festive occasions, and little happenings of the fight are all occasions for cheery banter. Then, of course, there is the grousing—not bitter, but all as a part of the day's work. For the eye, all around the blue-grey muddy trench bank, sun-dried and parched, occasional glimpses of dusty plane trees, old Achi Baba's wicked top. And the men, some on lookout duty at periscopes and rifles ready for every offering target; others cleaning their rifles, mending their clothes, reading books, cooking, smoking, or eating. A queer, narrow life, but full of quiet interests. The sun blazes overhead, the guns boom, the shells scream and burst, the rifles crackle and the bullets whistle, and the silly drama of war goes on while good men die. Stretcher parties make their way along the narrow path with their sorry burdens, voices are hushed, for a pal is badly hit. Oh! the pity of it all.

All but the lookouts asleep, sprawling in the dust in attitudes of deep fatigue. Very little smoking, hushed voices, queer shadows, and the red flash of rifles. Such is the night picture. Officers and working parties move stealthily about, picking their way among the sleeping figures, as considerate as possible, but sometimes evoking from somnolent humanity an outburst of unexpected trenchese. Suddenly up goes a flare, and all the queer picture becomes more queer in the varied chiaroscuro of intense localized light.

SLUGS HARD.

Tea and Coffee Are Sure and Powerful.

Let the tea or coffee slave be denied his cup at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue, etc. — "Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in the use of coffee," says a Western man.

He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system. (Tea produces about the same effects as coffee, because they both contain the drugs, caffeine and tannin.)

"Finally, I quit coffee and the conditions slowly disappeared, but one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the nefarious beverage.

"Later I found my breath coming hard, had frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever.

"Common sense came to me and I quit coffee for good and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness, or vertigo.

"I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism and the blues.

"My brother quit coffee because of its effect on his health and now uses Postum. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

"LADY KITTY" IS TURK'S BRIDE.

Daughter of Lord Beresford Married Edward Blaque Bey.

The romantic marriage of Miss Kathleen Beresford, the daughter of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, took place more than a year ago, but is just becoming generally known. Shortly before the war broke out, Miss Kathleen, married Edward Blaque Bey, a young Turkish diplomat who was born in the United States, when his father was Turkish Ambassador in Washington. He is the brother of Richard Blaque Pasha, Councillor of the Turkish Ambassador in Vienna, also born in America, who married in the summer of 1911, Miss Josephine Kahlmann, the daughter of Arnold Kahlmann, a millionaire of St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Kathleen Beresford, known among her own circle as "Lady Kitty," came over from London to act as Miss Kahlmann's bridesmaid at St. Paul, and she afterwards spent considerable time with Dr. and Mrs. Blaque in Berlin and Vienna. Her own marriage took place very quietly, it is stated, as the war was looming near, and shortly afterward the bride and bridegroom left England through fear of encountering the misfortunes of the "aliens." Miss Kathleen had, of course, become a subject of the Sultan upon her marriage, and her husband, an officer in the army of his country, was liable to arrest and detention in a concentration camp.

They are now in Vienna, and Miss Kathleen is outspoken in her denunciation of the war, blaming all the diplomats indiscriminately for her exile from Great Britain. She is much attached to her father, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and was his companion for yachting parties and various kinds of sport. She is a petite, pretty brunette, with the typical charm and wit of the Irish maiden and at Waterford, in Ireland, the seat of her father's family, at whose head is the Marquis of Waterford, "Lady Kitty" is much beloved.

Edward Blaque, like his brother, Dr. Richard Blaque, was educated in England and France. Their mother was an English lady and their father a man of great distinction in his generation.

TROLLOPE, THE HUNTSMAN.

Sometimes Got Into Difficulties When Out With the Hounds.

In the recently published biography of Anthony Trollope, by Mr. T. H. S. Escott, there appears a characteristic anecdote of the novelist. Trollope was always an enthusiastic huntsman, but since he had a rather heavy seat, and was obliged to wear glasses, he sometimes got into difficulties when out with the hounds. "His popularity in the field," writes Mr. Escott, "generally brought him timely relief in answer to his call.

"On one occasion he had been making up lost ground after a fall in the middle of a ploughed field. The fellow sportsman who answered to his cry was no less a personage than the present field marshal, Sir Evelyn Wood. 'For heaven's sake,' exclaimed Trollope, 'be careful! I am afraid to move lest I should trample on my spectacles, which have just fallen off my nose!'

"Quick as thought the future field marshal alighted from his horse and retrieved the glasses. Having fitted them to his nose, Trollope rejoined the hunt with as much serenity as if the little accident had never occurred."

Of course the average man is above the average. If you doubt it, ask him.

Wonder where the men who talk to themselves get the idea that they are brilliant conversationalists?

Father—There, now, look pleasant, boys; here's a penny for each of you! (After the picture is taken) Finely done; now give me the pennies back again.

Smoothest Regulator of Them All Is Hamilton's Pills

NO HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, OR SOUR STOMACH WHERE THEY ARE USED.

A Perfect Constipation Cure

They Cleanse the Liver and Move the Bowels While You Sleep.

Like a ship in the night your constipated headache and digestive troubles will disappear after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure the worst cases, act quietly at night while you sleep, and give you next morning the freshest, briskest, happiest feeling you have known in many a day. Hamilton's Pills will cheer up the most despondent sufferer. They will make tired old folks feel like kids at play. They overcome back-ache, side-ache, liver-ache and stomach-ache, and kidney ills. If they fail to do this you can have your money refunded. Fair enough, eh? Don't stay sick or ailing, use this grand family medicine at once. It will give you energy, spirits, ambition, appetite, good blood, better nerves—in short good health. You can get all this in a 25c. box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which are sold by all good dealers in medicine.

Tommy Set Right.

Corporal (to soldier reporting sick)—What's the matter with you?
Tommy Atkins—Pain in my abdomen.
Corporal—Haddemon be 'anged! Stomick, you mean. It's honly hofferers as 'as haddemons.

St. Joseph, Levis, July 14, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES.
Commercial Traveller.

Looking for a Room.

"I hope you find your bedroom comfortable?" said the boarding-house proprietor. "The room is most comfortable," said the tactful guest; "but the walls are so thin that I don't think the gentleman in the next room can have quite the privacy he would wish for his snoring."

LOW FARES TO THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS VIA CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

Four splendid equipped daily trains from the New Passenger Terminal—Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Choice of scenic and direct routes through the best of the West. Something to see all the way. Double track, automatic electric safety signals all the way. Let us plan your trip and furnish folders and full particulars. Ask for free booklet "Itineraries of some of the Forty Ways and More to the California Expositions." It will save you time and money. B. H. Bennett, G.A., 46 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Weight of a Grain of Wheat.

The grain, as a measure of weight, has its name from being originally the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute passed in England in 1266 ordained that thirty-two grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear and well dried, should make a pennyweight, twenty of which should make an ounce, while 12 ounces were to make a pound. The pound, therefore, consisted then of 7,680 grains. But several centuries later the pennyweight was divided into twenty-four grains, which made the troy pound 5,760 grains. The pennyweight was the exact weight of a silver penny. The standard grain was prescribed by act of parliament in the reign of George IV.

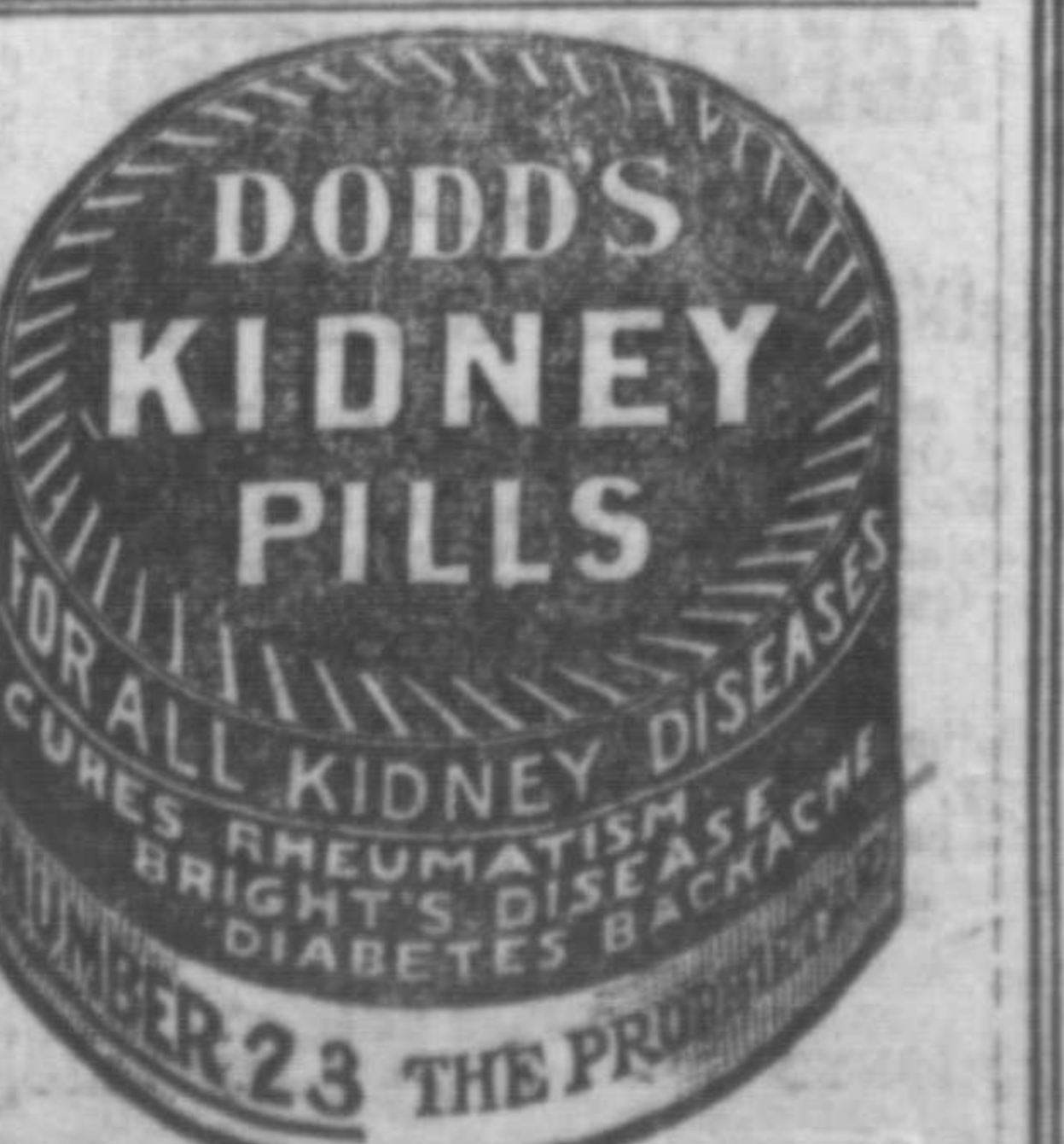
Fifty years ago Florence was the capital of Italy.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

It was at an evening party and a gentleman at the gay gathering asked a friend in a whisper—"How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Oh, between the bars, of course!" was the reply.

The teacher was holding up a picture of a zebra. "Now, children, what is this?" "It looks to me like a horse in a bathing-suit," answered little Arthur.

"Sir, I admit being a poor man, but I am determined to marry your daughter in spite of her wealth." "Oh, well, if that's the case I'll just remove the obstacle."



ED. 6. ISSUE 38-15.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

Self-respect is, next to religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices.—Lord Bacon.

The great ogre, War, devours as much when he is asleep as when he is awake.—Bastiat.

Happy are they who hear their detractions, and can put them to mending.—Shakespeare.

Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—Spurgeon.

You seldom find people ungrateful so long as you are in a condition to serve them.—La Rochefoucauld.

Silver and gold are not the only current coin; virtue passes current all over the world.—Euripides.

Man would contend that two and two did not make four if his interest were affected by this position.—Hobbs.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without in himself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Music is both sunshine and irrigation to the mind; but when it occupies it and covers it too long it debilitates and corrupts.—W. Savage Landor.

It makes the mind very free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us and doing what is given us to do.—George Eliot.

No More Cures
Never known to fail; acts without pain in 24 hours. Is soothing, healing; takes the sting right out. No remedy so quick, safe and sure as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold everywhere—25c. per bottle.

Rubber Sheets for Ships.

The loss of the Lusitania, draws attention once again to the possibility of rubber as a sheathing or lining for the hulls of ships to avert or minimize a catastrophe such as that which then occurred. A good deal of research is understood to have taken place more or less on these lines, and the granting of patents for apparently hopeful devices has been mentioned from time to time. Experiments have shown conclusively that rubber is almost invulnerable to explosive attacks, and the application of the principle to shipping does not seem to present insurmountable difficulty.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

It doesn't pay to defy nature's laws. We all need peace of mind, rest, out-of-door exercise, and eight hours sleep to keep well. We must not over-eat, nor drink much, unless it be milk or water. These are both good and should be freely used.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Many a girl, when she marries, loses a good friend and gets a boarder—who grumbles.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for GINSENG

We are the largest buyers of Ginseng in America and have the greatest demand for it. We can therefore pay you the highest cash prices. If you have any wild or cultivated Ginseng, write for our latest price list, or ship what you have and we will submit our highest offer.

David Blustein & Bro.
162 W. 27th St., New York, U.S.A.

ANY CHRISTIAN

Man or Woman in need of employment should get our plan of distributing religious literature.

Even those with occasional leisure hours can undertake the work and be assured of receiving adequate compensation. Previous experience is not essential and there is no expense to you. Let us give you particulars.

The International Bible Press Co.

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"Overstern" V Bottom Motor Boat \$55.00

Freight Prepaid to any Railway Station in Ontario. Length 15-Ft., Beam 3 Ft. 6 In., Depth 1 Ft. 6 In. ANY MOTOR FITS.

Specification No. 23 giving engine prices on request. Get our quotations on—"The Penetang Line" Commercial and Pleasure Launches, Row boats and Canoes.

THE GIDLEY BOAT CO., LIMITED, PENETANG, CAN.

NO ALUM



MADE IN CANADA

Preserving Conscience.

"They tell me you have signed the pledge?"
"Yes," replied Uncle Billy Bottle-top. "And I'm goin' to keep on signin' it. Whatever happens, no one ain't goin' to be able to say my intentions wasn't good."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Few stoves are used in Wales. Brazil uses little except steam coal. Salvarian is a Government monopoly in Japan. Prince Rupert, B.C., has 7,000 people. Nova Scotia may adopt Torrens title system. All Japanese shipyards are rushed with work. China will hereafter make its own postage stamps. Louisiana shows the greatest percentage of illiteracy of all States.

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It cures the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores.

Zam-Buk

FARMS FOR SALE.

IF LOOKING FOR A FARM, CONSULT me. I have over Two Hundred on my list, located in the best sections of Ontario. All sizes. H. W. Dawson, Brampton.

AGENTS WANTED.

2 DAY ALSO COMMISSION FOR Local Representative. Either Sex. Experience unnecessary. Spare time accepted. Nichols, Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

PROFIT-MAKING NEWS AND JOB Offices for sale in good Ontario towns. The most useful and interesting of all businesses. Full information on application to Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC. Internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.



ONTARIO'S BEST BUSINESS SCHOOL.

ELLIOTT Business College
Yonge and Charles Sts., TORONTO. We place many graduates in positions. Write to-day for College Calendar. W. J. Elliott, Principal, 734 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, SEPT. 23, 1915.

Over seven thousand dollars were netted for the Red Cross and Patriotic Funds as the result of Winnipeg's patriotic carnival week. In addition, four thousand five hundred dollars have been sent in from the small towns as the result of sports and entertainments held in various centres.

Bulgaria has removed all restrictions on the passage of merchandise through that country to Turkey, according to a despatch from Sofia received in London on Monday. This means, according to observers of the Balkan situation, that Bulgaria has definitely allied herself with Austria and Germany. If this view should prove correct, Greece and Romania are pretty certain to join the Allies, reports a Rome despatch.

Stefansson, the intrepid arctic explorer, who headed an expedition north a couple of years ago for the Dominion Government, and who, not having been heard from for many months, was believed to have perished among the ice fields of that inhospitable region, has at last been heard from with cheery intelligence. The explorer reports the discovery of a tract of land up there and plans to learn more about it before he directs his course southward.

The Conservative Government of P. E. Island, which appealed to the electors of that province last week, came through the fight with a greatly reduced majority, owing chiefly to the farmers of the Island favoring the anti-automobile policy of the Liberal party. Having a special policy for each province—in some instances narrowed down, as circumstances suggest, to parochial dimensions—seems to be working out profitably for the Liberals these days.

Minutes Clarendon Schools.

Board of School Commissioners met Sept. 4th, 1915. Present: Chairman Palmer; Commissioners Carson, Harris, Draper and Wallace.

Minutes of last meeting read. A delegation of several ratepayers attended the meeting, objecting to the present located site of new school in No. 12 District.

A discussion took place in which the placing of the proposed new school on N. E. corner of Lot 3 on range 11, was urged.

Moved by com. Harris, seconded by com. Wallace, that the minutes be approved with the exception of the motion re. proposed new school site as located, and that the site be picketed out on N. E. corner Lot 3, 11th range, so that by so doing we centre the school for the seven ratepayers in question, if all seven are satisfied with the change.—Carried.

Tenders for building proposed new school opened.

Moved by com. Draper, seconded by com. Wallace that the tender of John B. Judd at \$650.00 be accepted.—Carried.

Moved by com. Carson, seconded by com. Harris that the tender of Miss Ramsay for caretaking No. 14 be accepted. Also that of Mrs. J. A. Dean for No. 3 and John Emmerson for No. 12; also that the tender for fencing No. 10 School grounds by James Howard at \$35.00 be accepted.—Carried.

Moved by com. Draper, seconded by com. Carson that the Asst. Sec.-Treas. notify Hervey Caldwell that if there are any shade trees on No. 10 School grounds that they be not injured in the clearing of the grounds for fencing.—Carried.

Moved by com. Harris, seconded by com. Draper that tenders for the building of a woodshed in No. 14 School District be called for; also the bill of J. A. Dean for fixing windows and door No. 3 School—\$1.00—be paid.—Carried.

Moved by com. Carson, seconded by com. Harris that any person or persons found trespassing with school property, either inside or outside, be dealt with according to law.—Carried.

Moved by com. Draper, seconded by com. Carson that the school holidays, in addition to those named in School Journal be Labor Day, one day Shawville Fair, Shawville School Fair, Thanksgiving, Easter Monday and King's birthday.—Carried.

Motion—Couns. Harris and Draper—That Messrs. Joseph McNeill, Henderson A. Harris and Thos. Kelley be appointed Building Committee for new school in No. 12 District.—Carried.

Next meeting 2 o'clock, p. m., October 2nd, 1915.

M. A. McKINLEY,
Asst. Sec.-Treas.

The government of Bulgaria appears to have made up its mind that there is no likelihood of profit for it in entering the war, and will maintain a neutral attitude, with, seemingly, a leaning towards its old enemy, Turkey. The Balkan country's politics justify the outside world in expecting anything from the peoples they concern. It may even be that when the hard fighting allies make their way to Constantinople they will find a Bulgarian garrison there.—Montreal Gazette.

SHAWVILLE FAIR.

The Prize-Winners.

SHEEP

Directors: W. W. Young and J. M. Clarke.

Grade

Ewe lamb—E J Barber 1, H T Argue 2, Jno A Sturgeon 3.
Ewe, one shear—J M. Hodgins 1, R J Wilson 2, Jno A Sturgeon 3.

Hampshiredown

Ewe—R J Wilson 1, Rexford Wilson 2, Ed Young 3.
Pen of sheep—J M. Hodgins 1, H T Argue 2, Rexford Wilson 3.

Leicester

Ram aged, ram lamb, ewe lamb, ewe, ewe one shear, and pen of sheep—J M. Hodgins 1.

Oxforddown

Ram aged—Thos McDowell 1, David McDowell 2, H T Argue 3.
Ram yr-old—Rexford Wilson 1.

Swine

Ram lamb—Jno A Armstrong 1, H T Argue 2.
Ewe lamb—Jno A Armstrong 1, H T Argue 2.
Ewe, one shear—H T Argue 1.
Pen of sheep—H T Argue 1.

SWINE

Directors in charge: W C Young and J M Clarke.

Grade

Breeding sow, 6 mos and over—Geo E Palmer 1.
Breeding sow under 6 months—W T Barber 1, Geo E Palmer 2, Rexford Wilson 3.

Berkshire

Bacon hog 160 to 220 lbs—Alex Bean 1, W T Barber 2, Geo E Palmer 3.

Chester White

Boar aged—D McDowell 1.
Sow aged—H T McDowell 1, D McDowell 2.

Swine Specials

Sow of season—Rexford Wilson 1, H T McDowell 2, D McDowell 3.
Boar of season—Rexford Wilson 1, H T McDowell 2.

Sheep and Swine Specials

Pair registered yearling ewes, 1 shear—J M Hodgins 1, H T Argue 2.
Pair registered brood sows, 1 year—Alex Bean 1.

POULTRY

Directors in charge: John Stanton and M Kavanagh.

White Wyandotte

Cock—Milton Russell 1, R G Hodgins 2, Nelson McLellan 3.
Hen—Nelson McLellan 1, Milton Russell 2, Jas Carswell 3.

Cochin

Cock—Nelson McLellan 1, Jas Carswell 2, Elgin Hodgins 3.
Pullet—Nelson McLellan 1, Jas Carswell 2, Elgin Hodgins 3.

Plymouth Rocks, Barred

Cock—Wm E Hodgins, jr. 1, Milton Russell 2, Nelson McLellan 3.
Hen—Milton Russell 1, Wm E H. 2, Earl Dagg 3.

Cochin

Cock—Wm E Hodgins, jr. 1, Armen Dagg 2, Earl Dagg 3.
Pullet—Wm E Hodgins, jr. 1, Wilfrid Bean 2, Earl Dagg 3.

Rocks, any other variety

Cock—R G Hodgins 1, W E Shaw 2.
Hen—R G Hodgins 1, W E Shaw 2.
Cockerel—R G Hodgins 1, R G Little 2.

Rhode Island Reds

Cock—Armen Hodgins 1, Mrs. Peter Dumas 2, Sam Woods 3.
Hen—Armen Hodgins 1, Sam Woods 2, Mrs. Peter Dumas 3.

Cochin

Cock—Armen Hodgins 1.
Pullet—Armen Hodgins 1.

White Leghorns

Cock—N R Brownlee 1.
Hen—N R Brownlee 1.

Cochin

Cockerel—Chester Brownlee 1, N R Brownlee 2, Elgin Hodgins 3.
Pullet—N R Brownlee 1, Elgin Hodgins 2, Chester Brownlee 3.

Leghorns, any other variety

Cock—Thos Findlay 1, Harper Renick 2.
Hen—Wilfrid Bean 1, Harper Renick 2, Thos Findlay 3.

Cochin

Cockerel—Elgin Hodgins 1, Wilfrid Bean 2, Percy Dagg 3.
Pullet—Elgin Hodgins 1, Percy Dagg 2.

Fowls, any other variety

Cock—Edward Brownlee 1, Chester Brownlee 2.
Hen—Wilfrid Bean 1, Chester Brownlee 2, N R Brownlee 3.

Cochin

Cockerel—Wilfrid Bean 1, Armen Dagg 2.
Pullet—Wilfrid Bean 1, Armen Dagg 2.

Ducks

Pair, any variety, old—Harry Millar 1, W J Thomson 2.
Pair, any variety, young—Thos Palmer 1.

Geese

Pair Toulouse, old—T Graham 1, R McDowell 2.
Pair Toulouse, young—T Graham 1, R McDowell 2.

RABBITS

Pair—R G Hodgins 1.

Poultry Specials

Pair of White Wyandotte chicks—Nelson McLellan 1.
Pen of Barred Rock chicks—Wm Ed Hodgins, jr.

DAIRY

Directors in charge: Thos McDowell and Wm Graham.

Box honey in comb—Wellington Smart

Display pickles—Mrs Wm T Barber 1, Miss M Ballantyne 2, Mrs Percy Dagg 3.

Display garden fruit, grown and preserved by exhibitor—Mrs Wm T Barber 1, Edith Hynes 2, Mrs Wm Palmer 3.

Display maple syrup—Mrs E J Barber 1.

Display marmalade—Mrs W T Barber 1, Edith Hynes 2, Mrs R A Hodgins 3.

Hard soap—Mrs W T Barber 1, Mrs Wm Hodgins 2, Mrs Peter Dumas 3.

Doz. hens' eggs, brown shell—Mrs R Hobbs 1, M Ballantyne 2, Roy Duff 3.

Doz. hen's eggs, white shell—W G McDowell 1, Mrs R Hobbs 2, Wm Palmer 3.

Specials.

Exhibitor taking highest number of prizes in Class 40—W T Barber.

Best dozen special eggs—Wilder Davis, W G McDowell.

Best dozen extra eggs—Geo E Palmer 1, Armen Dagg 2.

Homemade bread—W J Murray 1, R Hobbs 2, N McLellan 3.

Graham bread—N McLellan 1, John Cunningham 2, R G Little 3.

1 doz. buns—R Hobbs 1, R G Little 2.

Jelly cake—H T McDowell 1, Wm Welch 2, M Ballantyne 3.

Cheese, colored—H Villeneuve 1, Armen Dagg 2.

Cheese, uncolored—Armen Dagg 1.

Butter—10-lb crock—R McDowell 1, Roy Duff 2, F Hutchison 3.

Butter, 30-lb tub—R McDowell 1, Roy Duff 2, Wm Palmer 3.

Butter, prints—Mrs P. Dumas 1, Rob McDowell 2, Roy Duff 3.

Butter, display—Roy Duff 1, Mrs P Dumas 2.

Specials.

Colored cheese—Hy Villeneuve 1, Armen Dagg 2.

Butter, 30-lb tub—Roy Duff 1, Mrs P Dumas 2.

Butter, 10-lb crock—Mrs J V Findlay 1.

GRAIN.

Wheat, White Russian—Robert McDowell 1.

Wheat, Red Fife or Scotch—George E Palmer 1, D McDowell 2, R J Wilson 3.

White oats—Walter Hodgins 1, R J Wilson 2, John J Hodgins 3.

Peas, common—John J Hodgins 3.

Barley, 6-rowed—R McDowell 1.

Beans, dark and bright—H T McDowell 1.

Flaxseed—H T Argue 2.

Timothy seed—John J Hodgins 1.

Red Clover, ear'y—Wyman McKeechie 1.

D. z cobs Corn—Thos Findlay 1, Thos McDowell 2, Alex Bean 3.

Ensilage Corn—Thos McDowell 1, M Russell 2, Wilder Davis 3.

Specials.

Milling Oats—Walter Hodgins 1.

Scotch Wheat for milling purposes—David McDowell.

VEGETABLES, Etc.

Sugar beets—E T Hodgins 1, J B Kilgour 2.

Blood beets—J B Kilgour 1, R A Hodgins 2.

Turnip beets—Thos Findlay 1.

Mangolds, long—R J Wilson 1, J B Kilgour 2.

Mangolds, short—R J Wilson 1, Thos Findlay 2.

Swede turnips, purple top—J B Kilgour 1, Thos Palmer 2.

Swede turnips, yellow top—Thomas Palmer 1.

Carrots, white Belgian, long—Alex Bean 1.

Carrots, white Belgian, short—Thomas Findlay 1, R J Wilson 2.

Parsnips—Thos Findlay 1, W G McDowell 2.

Potatoes, white—Wellington Smart 1, N R Brownlee 2.

Potatoes, pink—Ira Hanna 1, David McDowell 2.

Onions, multiplying—W G McDowell.

Onions, red—Thos Findlay 1, Wm G McDowell 2.

Onions, top—Mrs Gibson 1, E T Hodgins 2.

Onions top, long—Alex Bean 1, W D Hodgins 2.

Potato onions—Thos Findlay 1, R A Hodgins 2.

Special—Exhibitor taking largest number of prizes in Class 47—Thos Findlay.

Oxheart cabbage—Thos Findlay 1, W G McDowell 2.

Flat Dutch cabbage—W G McDowell 1, Thos Findlay 2.

Drumhead cabbage—Ed Young 1, R A Dale 2.

Largest pumpkin—R A Hodgins 1, Thos Findlay 2.

Display of apples—W T Barber 1, W Smart 2, H T McDowell 3.

Largest sunflower—Wilfrid Bean 1, Armen Dagg 2.

Bunch of celery—Thos McDowell 1, Thos Findlay 2.

Cauliflowers—Thos Findlay 1, Mrs Gibson 2.

(Continued next week)

AGENTS WANTED

—TO SELL—

McINTOSH RED APPLE TREES

and other specialties in general Fruit and Ornamental Nursery Stock.

We offer for the season of 1915 and 1916 a splendid list of hardy varieties suitable for Quebec planting.

Liberal commissions. Exclusive territory. Handsome free outfit. Write for full particulars.

STONE AND WELLINGTON,

Fonthill Nurseries,

(Established 1897).

TORONTO ONTARIO.

ROMANCE OF BERMUDAS.

Sergeant Mansfield Saved Life of Kitchener's Niece.

Fit as a fiddle despite the severity of his experiences at the time, Sergeant Henry J. Mansfield, the man who saved Lord Kitchener's niece from drowning, is at present with the second Canadian contingent at Shorncliffe. The young man is a gymnastic instructor. Though not, in true story book style, made a colonel on the spot, the sergeant will find his bravery far from detrimental in his career in the army.

The exploit, of which Mansfield was the hero, happened in the Bermudas several years ago. General Kitchener, the War Secretary's brother, is in command of troops on those coral islands.

Attracted by a commotion as he was strolling along the causeway one day, Mansfield hurried over to see the cause. There, he beheld a crowd gazing down on the channel below, where someone was drowning. A little boat containing three ladies had been caught in the strong tide-way. The fragile craft dashed against a coral reef, had thrown its occupants into the water. The crowd looked helplessly on as the unfortunate ladies shouted for help. But Mansfield did not hang back. In a trice he was on the parapet. Next he dived straight down the one hundred and twenty feet to the water.

Meanwhile, two of the young ladies—strong swimmers—had succeeded in reaching the rocky shores, a good one hundred and fifty yards away. Their companion, however, was still struggling vainly in the strong current, and to her aid Mansfield hurried, presently contriving to get her ashore. Then the rescuer tried to scramble on to the rocks himself, but an arm, fractured in the dive, although he had been unaware of the mishap at the time, proved useless, and after several abortive attempts he slipped back into the water.

Swept into the Government Channel, he was carried away by the strong tide, out to sea. It was just 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the brave rescue took place. Yet, marvellous to relate, at seven o'clock that evening—five hours later—a pilot boat picked Mansfield up out in the ocean, unconscious, but still alive.

Hurried to a hospital, the half-drowned man lay insensible for 24 days. Nothing short of a marvellous constitution pulled him through. On regaining his senses, Mansfield learned that he had saved Miss Madge Kitchener.

A month later when the young man had sufficiently convalesced, an invitation arrived for him. General Kitchener requested the pleasure of his company at an "At Home" at that commander's residence. Here, in the presence of many prominent people, the General presented him with a gold medal and a purse of gold, on behalf of himself and the British residents in Bermuda.

Sergeant Mansfield, now busy hardening the muscles of Canada's soldier sons, has rescued many lives from the water. He is an expert swimmer and has won many regimental and several Canadian championships.

SHAWVILLE SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

R. G. HODGINS, Prop.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Doors, Sash, Dressed Lumber, etc.

Custom Sawing.

SHAWVILLE MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

T. SHORE - PROPRIETOR.

MONUMENTS

I have on hand the finest stock of Marble and Granite Monuments ever placed before the public

of this district. Prices are such that it will be to intending purchasers' interest to consult me before placing their order elsewhere. Nothing too large—nothing too small.

FENCING AND CEMETERY WORK A SPECIALITY

All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.

Fall Suitings

With a choice lot of

NEW FALL TWEEDS

in stock

we are able to fit you with a Dressy Suit.

Call and see them.

Sweaters, Rain Coats and Ready-Made Suits.

MURRAY BROS., SHAWVILLE.



The Time of Your Life Arrives with the Purchase of a Ford

The average fellow and his wife learn to operate a Ford with skill in an hour and a half.

That's the beauty of the Ford—aside from its inexpensiveness—any member of the family can operate it.

As an investment the Ford is as good as the grain. A year from now it will sell for slightly less than it cost, or it will give satisfactory service for five years to come. And 900,000 Ford owners will tell you that the operating cost of the Ford is ridiculously low.

A Ford means more time, greater earnings, more happiness, and no more monotonous sitting about the front porch of evenings. There will be rides to Bristol, Quyon, Portage, Bryson and Campbells Bay—fishing and hunting trips to the north country, etc.

In the day time the head of the house will accomplish three times the work. In business the Ford takes you where business is—there is no waiting for business to come to you.

Henry Ford has reduced the price of his cars once again. Today a big, roomy five passenger car costs but \$530, f. o. b. You can buy one of those stylish turtle back runabouts for \$480.

At the new Ford prices no family of thrift and average income need be tied at home without a car.

Come in and see the new models. Let's talk over the proposition.

G. A. HOWARD - SHAWVILLE
Dealer for the County of Pontiac.

Ford Motor Company
of Canada, Limited

About the Household

Seasonable Dishes.

Peach Salad.—Scald and peel large, ripe fruit. Cool and remove stones, and fill with blanched almonds, or stick full of shredded almonds. Cover with French dressing made with lemon, then with whipped cream or cream mayonnaise.

Steamed Blueberry Pudding.—One cupful milk, two eggs, one cupful blueberries, rolled crackers or sifted graham bread, one teaspoonful salt, one-half cupful sugar, two table-spoonfuls melted butter. Beat eggs and add milk, with salt and sugar. Stir in berries and enough crumbs for drop batter. Steam one hour. Serve with pudding sauce. About one pound of bread crumbs will be needed.

Celery and Onion Salad.—Dice crisp stalks of celery and mix with same amount of diced Spanish onion (or less, depending on which you prefer uppermost, celery or onion), and toss lightly in cooked salad dressing, after seasoning with salt and paprika. Dispose salad portions on crisp lettuce leaves, tuck a radish rose or two to one side of celery and onion mixture, and serve.

Peach Fritters.—Skin three or four small peaches and cut into small pieces. Mix and sift one cup flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, three table-spoonfuls powdered sugar and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Add one-third cup milk gradually, stirring constantly, and one egg well beaten; then stir in prepared peaches. Drop by spoonfuls into hot deep fat and fry a delicate brown. Drain on brown paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve on napkin with lemon or vanilla sauce.

Scalloped Tongue.—One cup chopped cold tongue, one and one-half cups cream sauce, three hard-boiled eggs, one-half cup boiled rice, one table-spoonful melted butter. Butter baking dish, put in alternate layers of tongue mixed with cream sauce, chopped eggs and a little rice, seasoning to taste. Sprinkle bread crumbs and grated cheese on top and bake until light brown. Ham may be used to advantage this way.

Bean Soup.—Wash, pick over and put beans on to cook over a slow fire in about twice as much cold water as beans. Change water after first five minutes' boiling, using hot water for second cooking; add pinch of baking soda as large as bean and one-half teaspoon finely chopped onion, and cook two hours slowly. Add one-fourth pound sliced bacon to soup and cook until beans are tender. Skim bacon out, crisp it in frying pan and fry one-half cup stale bread cut into cubes in hot bacon fat, browning them well. Keep them dry and hot in oven until time to serve soup, then place a few in each soup plate.

Mutton Stew with Salt Pork.—Buy one or one and one-half pounds of diced salt pork to every four pounds of shoulder of mutton. Have mutton cut in small pieces for stewing, and roll pieces in flour. Remove fat from mutton, put salt pork on to fry, add mutton and saute until slightly brown. Have ready one onion, peeled and diced, one green pepper with seeds removed and diced, two peeled carrots, sliced lengthwise, and peeled potatoes, enough for family's needs. Add onion, pepper, carrots and one potato, diced, to contents of pot, season, cover with boiling water and let cook slowly until mutton is almost done; add remaining potatoes and cook until potatoes are done, adding more boiling water if necessary. Serve with mutton heaped in middle of dish, surrounded by potatoes, carrots and rim of parsley, and pass gravy in separate bowl. Those who do not like mutton will find this way of making the stew gives new turn to an old dish.

Useful Hints.

The best iron-cleaner is a piece of wire gauze.

Tinned and bottled fruits should be kept in the dark.

Fine cotton is better than silk for mending gloves.

Artificial flowers can be restored by being held in steam.

Tussore silk should be washed in bran water, and no soap used.

Suede shoes can be freshened by being rubbed with sandpaper.

Brown boot polish is excellent for polishing dark varnished doors.

Blue will not streak linen if a little soda is mixed in the blueing water.

A paste of chloride of lime and water will remove ink-stains from silver.

A pan of charcoal in the larder keeps everything sweet and wholesome.

A pinch of carbonate of soda added to soup will keep it from turning sour.

A warmed knifeboard polishes knives quicker, better, and with less labor.

Powdered alum added to ordinary stove-polish increases the latter's brilliancy.

To remove fat from soup, pour the soup through a cloth saturated with cold water.

A little piece of cotton-wool in glove-tips prevents holes being rubbed by the finger-nails.

New tinware will never rust if rubbed with fresh lard and baked in the oven before use.

All white garments should be hung in the sunlight; all colored articles in the shade.

Herbs for drying should be picked

early in the morning, and just before the buds open.

Cedarwood scattered on the range gives a pleasant odor, and nullifies cooking smells.

For Mothers.

Tea is poison to a baby.

No meat should be given to a child under four years of age.

Pieces of raw potatoes clean an infant's feeding-bottle better than anything else.

An insect in the ear may be floated out by putting in a few drops of warm olive-oil.

No child should sleep on the floor, as all heavy, impure air sinks to the floor level.

Feeding-bottles with long tubes are so dangerous that in France they may not be sold or used.

Children should not be hotter than adults—the temperature should be from 98.6 to 99 degrees.

Swedish mothers put money into their child's first bath, believing that this brings future wealth.

Mothers in Greece, before putting their children in the cradle, turn round three times. This is to ward off evil spirits.

Green wallpapers should never be used in a nursery, as some contain arsenic. If a piece, on being burnt, smells of garlic, arsenic is present.

FALL FASHIONS HAVE MANY DELIGHTFUL NOVELTIES.

Many have been the fashion changes this season. Some have been good, some bad; some permanent, some ephemeral; some beautiful and some ugly. A feature of the Autumn frocks that will be seen largely in silks and chiffons is a novel distinguishing armcye. Ladies' Home Journal Pattern, No. 9042, above not only has this delightful feature, but it has a very smart new skirt opening in front, and a deep hip yoke in girle style. The lower part of the skirt is extended in cascade effect. It cuts in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, requiring in size 36, 5½ yards of 36-inch material, with 1½ yards of 36-



No. 9042.

inch chiffon for sleeves, and 1½ yard 24-inch net.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be purchased at your local Ladies' Home Journal Pattern dealer or from The Home Pattern Company, 183-a George Street, Toronto.

GERMANY'S NEW CARE.

Teutons Now Instructed to Be Careful of Pens and Paper.

A series of orders have just been issued by the Berlin municipality to its employees regarding the necessity of economy in writing materials.

Beginning with writing paper, the order says: "The instruction already given that in petty cash notes and suchlike communications which can be put up in single page only half-sheets of paper are to be used is still often disregarded. The cases, however, in which a half, or even a quarter sheet of paper will suffice can be considerably increased, for example, notices of meetings. Of course, for taking notes, making calculations, and so on, only scraps of paper are to be used."

Next comes pencils, regarding which the order reads: "In future, however, pencil holders are to be given out for holding short stumps, in which way the life of pencils can be considerably prolonged."

Regarding envelopes, the order says: "Envelopes, if carefully opened, can be used again and again. In suitable cases also they can be turned inside out and the paper used again. Sealing wax is only to be used on communications for outside addresses."

Care is also enjoined with respect to ink, which is to be properly protected against dust and evaporation. Inkpots are always to be covered over after use, even if only with a sheet of thick paper.

Special attention is given to steel pens, which the municipality declares should be made to last at least a week.

The Man in Grey

The big warder and the little convict walked side by side along the top of Hurdle Newtake, chatting amiably as they went.

They say that, deep in every prisoner's heart, lies the desire for escape. If this is so, Jim Button was the exception that proves the rule. Twenty-seven of his sixty years he had spent as his Majesty's guest in one prison or another; but most of them at Moorlands, the big, granite pen on top of the moor.

This last term had been a long one, and by perfect conduct he had risen to the dignity of the grey dress and all the privileges pertaining to it.

He earned real money nowadays, and was allowed to spend a shilling or two monthly on small luxuries from the prison canteen. He had a special job as shepherd, and far more personal liberty than is the lot of many so-called free men.

At the present moment he was enlarging on his pet grievance to his companion, big Sam Pender.

"I don't see for why they should drive me out," he was saying in his quick, jerky way. "See what it costs the country. First I got to crack a crib so as to come back, then there's the trial, then sends me to do my separates, arter that I got to come back here, and start all over as a intermediate. 'Tisn't right, I tell you, sir. They ought to let a bloke stay on if he's a mind to."

"Don't you worry, Button," answered Pender kindly. "They'll may be send you to Camp Hill this time. There you'll have your 'baccy and your own garden."

"Will I have my sheep? That's what I want to know."

Pender did not answer. His attention had been attracted by a small car which whirled in a cloud of dust along the road that ran at the top of the Newtake.

"Dr. Styles, ain't it?" he said.

"Wonder where he's been to?"

"He's a-coming back from Vale Royal," answered Button promptly.

"Caunter, the blacksmith, was took sick."

Pender looked at him with a certain wonder.

"How the mischief do you know that?" he asked.

Button's small, brown face wrinkled in a grin.

"He's Principal-warder Brennan's uncle, sir. That's how I came to hear."

"Seems to me, there isn't much you don't hear," retorted Pender. "Now, you go out over, and fetch them ewes. I've got to see how much hay's left in the sheep pen in the next field."

He walked away towards the opposite wall, and Button started down hill, whistling as he went in a queer, sing-song fashion.

The sheep lifted their heads, and began to move slowly towards him. They knew the call, and Button himself was not a little proud of the fact that he needed no dog to drive them.

A sound broke on the stillness of the quiet afternoon. A loud clatter of horses' hoofs, a rattle of wheels. Button looked round sharply.

The first thing he saw was Pender sprinting for all he was worth towards the low wall which bordered the road; the second, a two-wheeled farmer's gig, with a big, ugly bay horse in the shafts, coming down the slope from the direction of Moorlands at a terrific pace.

The horse was running away. He had the bit in his teeth, and the only occupant of the gig, a girl, was quite unable to hold him.

The setting sun was full on her face, and Button saw it, white and set, yet with no sign of panic. Her feet were firmly planted against the dash-board, she had a rein in each hand, and she was pulling with all her might. It needed no more than one glance, however, to see that she might as well have tried to stop a locomotive as the hard-mouthed, terrified brute.

Button's heart stood still. For a moment he was unable to move. Then he, too, started running.

He saw Pender gain the wall and take it in his stride. The galloping

horse was almost opposite. Button saw the warder's arm outstretched, saw him snatch at the reins.

The horse swerved, at the same time throwing up its head. Pender stumbled. As Button hurled himself frantically over the wall, bruising his shins, and bringing down half a dozen chunks of the loose stone, Pender went down.

But still he had hold of the reins, and his weight threw the mad brute right off the far side. The off-wheel of the cart lifted. There followed a splintering crash, as the cart turned right over, flinging the girl many feet away.

The horse, too, went down, and lay struggling on top of a smashed shaft, with the harness in a tangle all around it, and Pender somewhere under its beating hoofs.

Button reached the spot before it could rise, and flung himself on its head.

But the mischief was done. Pender was flat on his back, with his left leg twisted under him in an ugly fashion, and his face white with pain. The girl lay motionless on the hard turf under the wall.

"Is she hurt bad? Is Issie hurt?" demanded Pender.

He tried to rise as he spoke, but fell back with a groan.

"It's Issie Bowden, my sister Kate's daughter," he explained. "I always telled Joe Bowden he never ought to let her drive that vicious brute."

"I'll see in a minute," panted Button, struggling with the harness. "Be you much hurt, sir?"

"Broke my leg. Both bones, I reckon. Feels all loose like."

Button had managed to get the traces unfastened. Keeping tight hold of the reins, he cleverly extricated the horse from the ruins of the cart, and leading him across to the wall, made him fast to the biggest stone he could see.

"There, you brute, run away with that if ye can!" he growled.

Then Button went across to the girl.

She lay on her face, with arms spread out, and so quiet that for the moment the little convict was horribly afraid she was dead. He lifted her gently, and, to his great relief, saw that she was still breathing.

"Is she bad hurt?" came Pender's voice from the road.

"Knocked silly, she be," answered Button. "And a great, nasty cut on her head."

Pender groaned.

"And I can't do nothing to help her," he said.

"Don't you worry, sir. I'll go along and fetch the doctor."

"It's a mile back to the prison. Likely he'll be too late."

"No, he won't. I'll have him along in two two's," answered Button confidently. "I'm a-going to ride this 'ere horse back and fetch him."

As he spoke he was unfastening the reins.

There were no stirrups, so he had to climb on the wall in order to mount but luckily the horse stood still.

"Come up!" said Button, digging his heels in, and hauling the animal's head round.

He had never been a rider, and it was years since he had been on a horse at all. Without saddle or stirrups, he felt horribly insecure; but pretending a confidence he did not feel, he kicked the horse hard in the ribs and forced him to a canter.

But Button was in a hurry. So, raising the loose end of the rein, he slashed wildly at the horse.

Next moment it had bolted again.

"Run if ye wants to, then!" cried Button recklessly, and cut it again.

Run it did. The air rushed past his ears as, crouched low on its back, with one hand knotted in its mane, he tore onwards. He met no one, but from somewhere over the wall came a loud shout.

He could not even see who it was, and a moment later he was within sight of the prison gates. He lay back, and tugged with all his might, but this made no earthly difference to the speed of his mount.

"Whoa, ye brute! Whoa!" he shouted.

But the horse paid no more attention than to the strain on the bit.

Button had a glimpse of the horrid face of the sentry at the gate;

then he was past and in the village street.

Right in front was a street-cleaning party in charge of three or four warders. The lags scattered wildly at Button's mad charge, but the warders, rifles in hand, ran out into the middle of the road.

"Stop!" shouted one, in a peremptory tone.

"Crikey," muttered Button, suddenly realizing the situation, "they thinks I'm doin' a bunk."

"Stop 'im yourself!" he shouted back.

But the clatter of the horse's hoofs drowned his voice, and, as the warder challenged a second time, Button saw him fling his rifle up to his shoulder.

"Don't shoot!" he yelled.

And, as the words passed his lips, there came the crack of the first discharge fired over his head.

"Stop! It's Button!" cried another warder, an older man, suddenly recognizing the flying figure.

It was too late. A second charge of buckshot ripped the air, and the little lag, without word or cry, toppled off the horse and fell in a heap at the side of the road.

"You fool! Couldn't you see it was Button?" roared the elder warder, as he dashed forward, and flung himself on his knees beside Button.

"Are you much hurt, Button?" he asked, anxiously.

Button's eyes opened. He forced himself to speak, but his voice was so low that the warder had to bend close to his mouth to catch the words.

"Pender hurt?" repeated the warder quickly. "Where?"

"Up by Urdle Newtake. Him and Issie Bowden. Send the doctor. I—come—for—help! The hoss be run off!"

His voice died away, his eyes closed, and he lay very still.

"Back, all of you!" ordered the warder sharply, addressing the convicts, who were crowding round.

"Stand back, you gaping idiots! Mr. Warne, you go for the doctor, and tell him Mr. Pender's badly hurt up by Hurdle Newtake, and Issie Bowden, too. And send an ambulance here as quick as you can. Though I doubt it's too late," he added regretfully, as he glanced at the small, crumpled figure lying so still in the dust at his feet.

So, too, thought keen-faced Dr. Styles when, after attending to Pender and his niece, he hurried back to the prison infirmary, where his assistant was busy over Button.

"A pity," he murmured—"a sad pity. But we'll do our best to pull him through."

Pull him through they did, and in two months' time Button was a sound man again.

Then one morning a visitor appeared in the infirmary, a tall, military-looking man, with a grey moustache and a pair of keen, blue eyes. He was Colonel Peyton, the Governor of Moorlands Prison.

He halted by Button's bed.

"Well, Button," he said, and there was a glint of a smile in those usually stern eyes, "the doctor tells me you are nearly well again."

"I reckon he's right, sir," answered Button.

"I have a little surprise for you. In consideration of your prompt action and its unfortunate result, the Home Office have granted your release."

Button's face, no longer brown, fell dimly.

"Do I have to go out, sir?"

Colonel Peyton gave him a quick glance.

"Don't you want to?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the energetic answer. "Not now I don't. If they wants to do something for me, they better let me bide and look arter them sheep."

"But suppose you had some sheep—outside, I mean?"

"What's the good o' supposing, sir?" replied Button bluntly. "Who'd go for to trust me with sheep?"

"I know of someone who would. He is outside now. Shall I bring him in?" Button only stared.

"Come in, Mr. Bowden!" said the colonel, turning towards the door.

A big, red-faced, jolly-looking man tiptoed awkwardly in.

"Be this the chap what saved my Issie, sir?" he asked.

The colonel nodded.

FROM OLD SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

Some 6,000 Scottish teachers have volunteered to spend their holidays on war work.

The roll of honor of the Edinburgh University on active service now contains 4,007 names.

There are now 570 women acting as conductors on Glasgow Corporation tramway cars or training for the duties.

An appeal for men for the army by Archbishop Maguire, was read in the Roman Catholic Church in the Archdiocese of Glasgow.

The Ayr Parish Council has invested \$1,500 in the War Loan, and are trying to get the sanction of the sheriff to allow them to invest a further \$5,000 belonging to a bequest.

The King's Scottish Borderers are the only regiments privileged to march through Edinburgh with fixed bayonets. Other regiments are applying for the right to be equally favored.

The receipts from the flag day held in Paisley, in connection with the hospital, Saturday, amounted to over \$2,800, leaving a balance after all expenses had been paid, of over \$2,645.

Proposals to establish canteens in shipyards and engineering shops and docks in the Clyde area were under discussion at a conference of the Central Board of Control, and representatives of the employers and workmen in Glasgow.

BATTLEFIELD TERMS.

Many Military Terms Are Not Generally Understood.

Although used every day in the descriptions of happenings at the front, many military terms are not generally understood. Here is a selection from the lesser-known military terms:

Beaten zone.—The belt of ground beaten by a cone of fire.

Enfilade fire.—Fire which sweeps a target from a flank.

Grazing fire.—Fire which is parallel, or nearly so, to the surface of the ground.

Dead ground.—Ground which cannot be covered by fire.

Abatis.—An obstacle formed of trees or branches of trees picketed to the ground, with their points towards the enemy.

Banquette.—The place upon which the men stand to fire over a parapet.

Counterscarp.—The slope of the ditch of a work farthest from the parapet.

Donga.—A channel or gully formed by the action of water.

Embrasure.—A channel through the parapet of a work through which a gun is fired.

Fascine.—A long bundle of brushwood, tied up tightly, used for road-making, etc.

Fold in the ground.—A slight hollow caused by the regular lie of the ground being broken by a rise or depression.

Gabion.—An open cylinder of brushwood, sheet iron, etc., used for revetting.

Revetment.—Any method of making earth stand at a steeper slope than the natural one.

Sap.—A trench formed by men working from the bottom of the trench and constantly extending the end towards the enemy.

Spitlock.—To mark out a line on the ground with the point of a pick.

BURIED TREASURE IS SAFE.

Valuables Worth \$250,000 Escaped Hun's Thieving.

A refugee Belgian professor, who buried his entire fortune consisting of \$250,000 worth of stocks, bonds, jewels, gold, and plate, in his garden at Malines, before he fled from that city, has just received word from the United States Consul at Malines that his property is safe and has been taken under the guardianship of the United States Government. The house was bombarded and later burned to the ground, but the buried treasure in the garden was not disturbed.

Some time after he reached London the professor went to the American Embassy, gave them a detailed plan of his house and garden, and told them where his treasure was hidden. The search was successfully carried out by the American Consul at Malines, and the property is now registered in his name, pending its release from German trusteeship when the war is over.

"Say, Subbuss, I understand you have Wombat's rake." "I have."

"If you'll lend it me occasionally I'll let you use Dingbat's lawnmower whenever you like."

"He thinks that no one will trust him," he said, with a smile.

"Well, I will, sir." He turned to Button. "Will you take on with me as shepherd?" he asked.

FIVE THOUSAND MILES OF KHAKI

A UNIFORM AT THE FRONT
LASTS ABOUT A MONTH.

Difficult Task of Clothing Great
Britain's Vast New
Armies.

On the outbreak of war a statistician at the War Office estimated that five thousand miles of khaki would be required to provide the new British armies with uniforms and overcoats, and this estimate was probably, roughly speaking, correct, says London Answers.

By the middle of August every available mill in the North of England was turning out the khaki lengths as fast as the machines could do the work.

A story was told to the writer of two manufacturers who set out on a race to see who would first produce one hundred miles of khaki, the loser to subscribe five hundred pounds to the National Relief Fund.

For many days and nights the mills of the two manufacturers vibrated to the dull whirring of machines, for the work proceeded without an instant's stop. One night the two manufacturers met at their club at eleven p.m. They had each instructed their manager to telephone to the club directly the hundredth mile of khaki came off the machines, which it was anticipated would be done some time before midnight.

Lost Through a Breakdown.

So far, the two mills had been racing almost neck and neck, and it was difficult to say which would turn out the complete hundred miles of khaki first. At about a quarter to twelve the telephone-bell of the club rang, and the waiter informed one of the manufacturers that he was wanted. He rushed to the 'phone, and his friend and competitor went with him. After a few minutes the manufacturer rang off, and then, turning to his friend, said: "A piston-shaft snapped when they had done all but six yards of the hundred miles."

Almost immediately afterwards the telephone-bell rang again, and the other manufacturer received the news that the hundred miles of khaki had been run off the machines.

The loser at once sat down at the writing-table and drew a cheque for five hundred pounds for the Relief Fund, and the winner did the same, for he said that, but for the accident at his friend's factory, he would have lost.

Made in Stock Sizes.

And while the mills were producing khaki-lengths as fast as machines could make them, the Army Clothing Department were busy making arrangements for converting the khaki into uniforms and coats for the men at the front, and for the uniformless armies training in different parts of the country at home. It was a titanic undertaking; this, of clothing millions of men, and whatever criticism may be levelled at the Army Clothing Factory, the road fact remains that it accomplished, in face of unparalleled difficulties, the immense task set it with almost incredible rapidity.

The uniforms are made in different sizes, according to the standard measurements for each military unit, and a certain number are made in excess of these measurements, to meet the needs of such cases as exceptionally tall guardsmen, etc.

In a couple of months a quarter of a million of khaki uniforms had been turned out of the Army factory, as against a normal output of about twenty thousand of ordinary uniforms in peace time. But this, of course, sufficed but to meet a fraction of the immediate requirements. Eighty per cent. of the uniforms turned out of the Army Clothing Factory in the early months of the war had to be sent to our Army in France.

Lasting a Month Only.

The average life of a uniform at the front is not much more than a month. In the trenches it is usually shorter. A soldier, after he has taken a couple of spells in the trenches of, say, three days at a time, with an interval of two days between, frequently finds his uniform in rags, held together mainly by cakes of mud and pins. The next spell he gets in the trenches, he gets a new uniform, and the old one is burnt.

Over four million uniforms have been sent to the front since the outbreak of war. A regular delivery of uniforms is now made to the troops in France, but in the early days of the war it was impossible to guarantee a regular supply.

A story is told of a company of a certain regiment who, on coming out of the trenches, went to indulge in the highly-prized luxury of a good wash-down. They were informed by a quartermaster that new uniforms had arrived for them from the base, and that their old ones would be burnt.

The men gladly got rid of their ragged, mud-caked uniforms, which were gathered up and taken off to be burnt by the quartermaster's patrol; but, unluckily, the uniforms that had arrived had been taken possession of by another company a few hours previously, and no more were available for a couple of days. During that time, the unlucky company in question had to live in their overcoats and

shirts, and strange garments fashioned out of blankets.

It was, of course, some months before uniforms were available for the troops at home, except in quite small quantities.

The writer heard of one irritable regimental quartermaster who was constantly worrying the clothing factory for uniforms for his regiment.

"You might, at least, send us our share of any uniforms that are available," he wrote; "whereupon the reply came back: 'All right; as matters stand at present, your share is one button, which is enclosed herewith.'"

And when one considers that at that time there were probably not more than a few thousand uniforms to divide among the armies at home, the button was probably not much under the share that could be fairly allotted to one regiment.

Boots by the Million.

But uniforms are not, of course, the only articles of a soldier's outfit. There are such things as overcoats, putties, socks, shirts, and boots, and all these articles, after the outbreak of war, were wanted by the millions.

Something like five million pairs of boots were provided from the various boot factories in the incredibly short space of time of four months. The armies at the front, of course, have the first call on the available supply. The quality of the Army boots is about what would cost you 27s. 6d. per pair retail, and they last a soldier in the trenches about a month.

The indifference of Tommy, by the way, to the manner in which he is clothed makes it sometimes rather difficult for the authorities to provide him with a proper kit. Every soldier who is ordered from home to the front is entitled to an entirely new rig-out from head to foot.

A couple of days before a soldier is ordered from home to the front he is instructed to attend at the quartermaster-sergeant's office to receive a new kit, but he frequently neglects to attend to this instruction, and goes on active service in a kit he may have had for months. The new kit may be sent after him, but, in any case, it is generally some time before it reaches him, and it may be appropriated by someone else.

T. A. Must Have His Joke.

One company of a certain regiment received the kits they ought to have taken with them, when leaving home, two months after they had arrived in Flanders. By this time the company were in rags. And so, unhappily, were the new kits. What happened was that the new kits had been appropriated by another company of the same regiment, badly in want of a new rig-out themselves. After the garments had been worn for some time the company got a fresh rig-out, and, for a joke, repacked the old things, and sent them to the base for the company they were originally intended for.

One most important article of the soldier's active-service outfit is his identification-plate, upon which is stamped his name, number, and the company to which he belongs. It is from these plates that the lists of killed and missing have often to be compiled, and hence mistakes occasionally arise.

An Irish soldier once lost his identification plate, and was reported as missing. As a matter of fact, he was wounded, and invalided home. In the hospital at home he read, to his surprise, in a daily paper his name among the missing.

MAKING WINTER GARMENTS.

German Textile Factories Are Working Day and Night.

All the textile factories along the Rhine, and also those around Prague, Budapest and Vienna, are said to be working day and night turning out winter garments for the armies. Large orders have been placed with Swiss manufacturers of heating appliances for the German army. A Berlin automobile manufacturer is said to have discovered a system of curtain for motor cars which not only protects from the rain but also from the cold, and permits a ready change of the color to accord with the foliage of the country.

The winter campaign seems to be looked forward to without much apprehension in Germany, as the measures taken to economize food supplies have been so effective that no lack of provisions is feared. In Austria, however, according to reliable reports, the situation will be more serious, as the same precautions were not taken and their application is not so easy as in Germany.

Weeding Out Graft.

The French Government, which has been running down and prosecuting vigorously cases of corruption in the purchase of army supplies, has caused the arrest of two technical agents, one in the Marine and the other in the War Department. These agents were detailed to inspect shells manufactured at the works of Saut-Du-Tarn. M. Leblond, Director of Works, also has been arrested. He was accused of having paid monthly subsidies to the technical agents, in return for which the agents are said to have been less than rigid in their inspection.



"Good-Bye, Good Luck to You."

THERE isn't much we haven't shared since Kruger cut and run. The same old work, the same old skoff, the same old dust and sun; The same old chance that laid us out, or waked an' let us through; The same old Life, the same old Death. Good-bye, good luck to you.

— Kipling.

DANGER OF DISEASE.

Hon. Mr. Burrell Expects Need of Vigilance After War.

In his annual report of the work of the Department of Agriculture, Hon. Martin Burrell calls attention to the fact that the quarantine service of his department will probably be called on to exercise much greater vigilance when the soldiers begin to come back after the war, and a new tide of European immigration sets in. "History tells us," says Mr. Burrell, "that war is ever accompanied and followed by pestilence. The present war, with its carnage quite unprecedented in the history of the world, and its enormous aggregations of troops, is already proving the truth of this, in spite of the advances of modern sanitary science. Cholera, plague and typhus fever are reported to be spreading steadily. There is for this country the immediate danger of disease being brought by invalided or other soldiers returning from the war zone. There is also to be apprehended the danger from the return of our forces at large when the war is over and demobilization takes place, and from the large immigration that will follow after the war."

Mr. Burrell points out that during the past year Canada was saved by watchfulness at ports of entry from the inroads of any epidemic disease from abroad. At the various quarantine stations 253,608 persons were inspected, and a total of 543 persons were quarantined. Asiatic cholera is reported in extraordinary violent form among the troops in southern Austria and northern Hungary, while typhus fever is stated to be raging in Serbia and Austria. The deaths from it amongst the soldiers, says Mr. Burrell, are already said to exceed 50,000.

Reference is made in the report to the fact that there are in the Lepor Lazaretto, at Tracadie, N.B., sixteen patients—seven male and nine female. This is the smallest number in years. Amelioration of symptoms and sufferings is claimed to be following the system of treatment now being carried out at the Lazaretto, and two former inmates discharged in 1912 still remain "cured."

It's the easiest thing in the world to convince the average man that he is smart.

THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

Smile Despite War's Horrors, Says Rudyard Kipling.

The Paris Temps publishes two private letters written from Paris by Rudyard Kipling. In his first letter the author says:

"For the first time I see and really understand the face of Paris. One knew its soul, but the outward aspect was always masked. I was much struck by a certain look in women's eyes, a look not of dreams, but of realization, as if they already were regarding greater distances. What courageous vivacity and determination they possess to smile despite everything. I bow before a manifestation of courage whose touch is so light. One strange thing I heard, a laugh which methinks never sounded since the revolution. It was the guttural laugh of a woman of the people telling a story about Germans killed. The laugh came after mentioning the number."

"What a wondrous day in honor of the dead France and England will celebrate together every year to come. I foresee special ships laden with pilgrims to attend the ceremony. Nothing is more interesting to me than to see our soldiers in France and the real solidarity between them. I hope soon we will extend our front. They speak of doing it by detachments. I was greatly struck by the healthy appearance of the French soldiers, but the new vision of Paris will remain in my soul until death. I fancied my admiration for France couldn't grow. I was wrong and begin only just to understand what she is."

In the second letter Kipling says: "I just have time to thank you and try to write something of my impressions. It was a revelation, an experience surpassing all words I can say, and of which I am extremely proud. Yet I maintain that a year ago France herself did not know what she was."

Twelve Brothers Killed.

Josef Plotzer, a Tyrolean (Austria) farmer, has lost twelve sons since the beginning of the war. Five of the brothers were killed in Galicia and seven on the Italian front. The oldest one was forty and the youngest 18 years old.

Aspen-leaves were once considered a great remedy for ague.

To "The Day."

Some day fresh green will creep along the Belgian lanes,
And wayside flowers will open to the May,
And on the grave of my dear son grass grow again
But not to-day.

Some day the birds will build again round Lille,
And on the Dunes will little children play,
Some day kind Time will stay the aching of my heart,
But not to-day.

Some day the widows of Louvain will cease to weep,
And from the ashes of those ruins grey
Will rise a city fashioned by the whole world's love,
But not to-day.

Some day the soldiers will come back from France
And Canada be decked with banners gay,
And I may see them marching comrades of my boy,
But not to-day.

But on that Golden Someday which the future holds,
When trumpets blow and angels line the way,
My boy shall come to meet me down the glittering ranks
And he will say:

Welcome, brave mother heart, The Day at last has dawned,
The parting and the pain have passed away,
And I shall see, my ears shall hear, my heart again grow young
Upon that day.

— F. CAMPBELL, Belfast.

Here's a Free Treat for Your Canary



Brock's Bird Seed and a Cake of Brock's Bird Treat

Give Dick this special treat. The attached coupon mailed to us will bring a generous sample—a week's supply—of Brock's Bird Seed and a cake of Brock's famous Bird Treat—FREE.

Brock's contains nothing but clean, fully ripened seeds and grain, rightly proportioned. Also every package contains a cake of Brock's Bird Treat—a splendid tonic and a dainty dessert for your pet.

If you prize your bird, and want its plumage to be bright—its song clear and sweet—ask for Brock's Bird Seed. Send for this free sample and Dick will sing his thanks.

BROCK'S BIRD SEED

Nicholson & Brock, 30 Francis St., Toronto, Ont.

Please forward free package of Brock's Bird Seed, with cake of Brock's Bird Treat.

Name

Address

THE REBUILDING OF EUROPE

AREA LARGER THAN BRITAIN LIES IN RUINS.

What Germany Will Have to Face in the Way of Builders' Bills.

The great war is not over yet. Indeed, according to one of our greatest authorities, it has only just begun. No one can ever venture to prophesy what the damage will be before it is finished, says London Answers.

Up to date an area larger than the whole of the British Isles lies in ruins. Four-fifths of Belgium, ten departments of France, three-quarters of Poland, nearly the whole of Galicia, a slice of East Prussia, part of the Baltic provinces of Russia, as well as a rapidly-growing portion of the Trentino and South-Western Austria, are practically destroyed.

Besides these, the Serbian capital and three hundred square miles behind it are laid waste, while the Gallipoli Peninsula has not a town or village intact.

Some months ago a well-known Belgian lawyer set himself to estimate the actual losses inflicted on his country by the brutal and unprovoked inroads of the German hordes. His name is Monsieur Henri Masson, and we give some of his figures in round numbers.

Running Into Many Millions.

Liege and Louvain have, he says, suffered to the extent of seven millions each, Namur five millions, Dinant three millions. At Charleroi not only the town but all the fine factories in the neighborhood were destroyed. He puts the damage there at over twenty millions.

Antwerp has suffered to a similar extent, while the damage to rural districts amounts to fifty-six millions.

Railways and other State property have been destroyed to a value of nearly fifty millions. The total of the damage to this one little country is probably two hundred and twenty-five millions.

Later, a paper was read before the Royal Statistical Society in London by Mr. Cramond on "The Cost of the War." In this he estimated the destruction of property by the Germans in France at one hundred and sixty millions.

In round numbers he gave the damage done to property in Galicia by the fighting at one hundred millions, but this figure must by this time be quite doubled. Germany confesses to a loss of fifty millions by the Russian invasion of East Prussia, and she herself has done double that amount of harm in Russian Poland.

Making an Early Start.

As for the damage done in Russia herself, in Serbia, and in the Trentino, we have no figures. Put it as low as fifty millions—an absurdly small estimate—and we find that at the present moment nearly eight hundred million pounds' worth of property has been wasted and destroyed.

France, with characteristic pluck, has already set to work to repair damages, and the Northern Railway alone has contracted with a British firm for a hundred steel bridges, for rolling stock, rails, sleepers, etc.

But the fact is that all the steel works in the world will not be able to cope with the railway reconstruction alone; while, as for the rebuilding of houses, every mason and carpenter in Europe will find his hands full.

Then take the roads. Thousands of miles of highways have been absolutely destroyed by the haulage over them of huge guns and great trolleys carrying stores. There is no question of remodelling. They will have to be remade.

An Aid to Peace.

This country has, so far, happily, escaped being an actual area of war. With the exception of comparatively trivial damage done by raiding cruisers and Zeppelins, our homes and factories are intact. This is very good for us, for immediately after peace is declared we shall be swamped with orders for all sorts of material for making good war's damage. The United States also and Canada will find their hands full.

All this will make for future peace. Men all over the world will be so busy with the reconstruction of houses, roads, railways, and the like that they will not have time for casting cannon and shells. And, as Germany will no longer remain as a threat to the world's peace, it is not impossible to hope that this is the last of the great wars.

GRAND DUKE'S VOICE.

Deep, Clear Tones Seem to Thrill Czar's Soldiers.

"The Grand Duke's voice is one of the striking things in his personality," says Rt. Rev. Herbert Burry, Anglican Bishop of Northern Europe, in describing a recent interview which he had with the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies.

"His voice is not only very deep, strong, and clear, but it has a peculiar sound and satisfying effect upon the ear," explains the Bishop, "and it seems to me that his soldiers listened as though they loved just to hear him speak."

"The Grand Duke is a tall man, standing far above everyone else, and he has a very serious, almost sad, expression."

"There are three qualities which I have observed him to possess. He is a man of quick decision in emergencies; he has the faculty of gathering round him the best and strongest men in the country; and he has the modesty and humility which is the mark of real greatness. He has no desire for popularity or applause; he does not care who gets the credit so long as the thing is done."

EXPLAINS WAR TO CHINESE.

Former Head of Peking University Gives British Side of Case.

Britishers in China, whose interests have been seriously affected by the publicity campaign of their German adversaries there, are endeavoring to counteract the effect. The Rev. W. E. Soothill, formerly the head of the Tai Yuan Fu University, has written a paper in the Chinese language (in which he has a reputation as a scholar) explaining the war from the British point of view.

In the document, which is being circulated throughout China, he says that hitherto Germany has possessed a distinct advantage there, because of the Chinese name for that country—"Ta Te Kuo," or Great Virtue Nation. The name conveys the idea to the ordinary man, the writer states, that Germany is distinguished above all other nations for its Te (virtue). The names applying to England and France are respectively Ta Ying Kuo (Great Brave Nation) and Ta Fa Kuo (Great Law Nation); and it is interesting to note that applying to America is Ta Mei Kuo (Great Beautiful Nation).

To tell the difference between diamonds or crystals and glass or paste touch them with your tongue. Diamonds and crystals feel very much the colder.

The Shawville Boot and Shoe Store

**Our Shoes
are all British Make**

... with ...

**Aviation Quality
Sub-Marine Prices.**

In our fall line-up we have embodied all the latest ideas and styles of a sufficiently staple nature to prove suitable.

We have everything you require in

Men's, Women's and Children's Footwear.

In spite of recent advances in raw materials, we are still able to sell most of our goods at last season's prices.

You save money by buying here.

P. E. SMILEY.

The simple gift that lends the touch of friendship without the embarrassment of an obligation—your photograph. Various styles of folders and mountings. H. LUTSON, Artist, King St.

County Convention for Prohibition.

At a meeting of the Pontiac County Council held in Bryson on Sept. 8th, a petition largely signed by the citizens, and municipal voters of the County was presented, praying the Council to adopt a by-law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the granting of licenses for the same; and that this by-law be submitted to the municipal voters of the County for their approval, or non-approval.

A more reasonable petition could hardly be conceived; but some of our County Fathers, whether influenced by the empty eloquence of the Attorney engaged for the occasion by the Liquor Interests of the County, or by something more potent, saw fit to ignore the petitioners, and voted down the resolution by a vote of 7-11. Such action on their part has served but to strengthen the forces for prohibition, and make them more determined than ever that the citizens of the County of Pontiac shall have the opportunity to decide whether the sale of intoxicating liquors shall cease within its borders, or not.

A Convention in the interest of Prohibition, has, therefore, been called to meet in the Town Hall of Fort Coulonge, on Wednesday, October 6th, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., to organize a campaign to further this end. It is hoped that the citizens of the County will try and make this convention an even greater success than the one held in Shawville on Aug. 3rd, and that every municipality and locality in the County will be fully represented.

The Clergy of the County, and temperance organizations in general, are respectfully requested to announce the Convention in their several congregations, and localities, and to prevail upon the citizens generally to attend the Convention.

The citizens of Fort Coulonge have generously offered hospitality to visiting delegates who will be unable to return to their respective homes that evening.

J. J. S. SEAMAN,
Pres. Pontiac County Alliance.

EDITOR EQUITY.

Dear Sir,—As a rumor has got afloat that the Clarendon Councillors did not hold their monthly meeting on the first Monday in September, and as it has been said they did not want to pass a resolution on the temperance petition, I wish to deny the truth of any such statement; first, because that date fell on a national holiday. Secondly, the Mayor was asked to postpone it for a week owing to the harvest and the Shawville Fair coming off.

Now, sir, I must say that the Clarendon councillors never were asked to pass any such resolution. Nor was the petition ever presented to the board, which I think, to give the board justice, should have been done.

People should not be so quick a finding fault when the board is innocent. Thanking you for the space,

Yours truly,

ONE OF THE BOARD.
September 17, 1915.

HELP PROTECT THE DEER.

And other Game during Close Season by reporting at once to the undersigned any violation of the Game Law you become aware of. Liberal compensation paid for convicting evidence. All correspondence strictly private and confidential.

N. McCUAIC

Prov. Game Warden.
Bryson, January 1913.

Two Log Thieves Given Suspended Sentences

The last of the log stealing cases brought by the Upper Ottawa Improvement Commission against certain men living near the Rampeaux rapids were disposed of in the police court at Ottawa. Wm. Joannisse and Felix Robillard both pleading guilty to taking about ten dollars worth of Booth's logs from the river.

Mr. Sinclair appearing for the prosecution said that his clients desired that the defendants be given a severe reprimand as this was the first prosecution in this district and the defendants' first offence. Magistrate O'Keefe imposed a suspended sentence of a fifty dollar fine or three months at hard labor.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our many friends and acquaintances for their kindness and sympathy shown us in our late bereavement.

Mrs. D. B. STEVENSON
AND FAMILY.

Campbells Bay, Sept. 20, 1915.

McKEE

Sept. 11.—Mr. Robert Sheppard, who has been confined to his bed with typhoid fever, is able to be up again.

Mr. John McKee, of Ironsides Falls, is visiting his brother Frank, at present, Miss Olive Knox, Ottawa, and Miss Essie O'Flaherty, of Annesley, were guests of Misses Emma and Margaret Knox last week.

Mrs. Dave Brown of Manotick, who has been visiting friends in this vicinity, returned home on Friday, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Thos. Shore.

Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. McVeigh of Portage du Fort visited at Mrs. M. J. Stanton's recently.

Mr. Bert Sheppard, Ottawa, is visiting his parents.

Mr. Mack Sullivan left for the West on August 30.

Mr. Sam Knox, jr., is erecting a house on his farm in Bristol.

Rumor says one of our young ladies is removing to another township shortly.

TEDDY.

Murrells

Sept. 11.—The wet season has kept the farmers considerably behind in this district.

We are glad to report that Miss Verna Cameron is feeling better again.

Mr. Albert Hynes spent Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dale.

Miss Gladys Hodgins, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. McGuire, has returned to her home in Yarm.

We are sorry to report the illness of Mrs. A. Pirie.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smiley spent Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart's.

Mrs. John Pirie visited her sister, Mrs. Wm. Tugman, last week.

Miss Edna Stark is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Cameron.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Helmer spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Pirie.

Mr. Jim Stewart, accompanied by Miss McClure, motored to Wyman Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Cameron have gone to Webbwood to visit relatives.

We are sorry to say Miss Mabel Chapman has left the corner.

Mr. Claude Fulford, Starks Corners, spent the week-end the guest of his sister, Mrs. Jas. Allan.

What is the attraction at Yarm for the two Murrell boys?

Doctor.

Insolvent Notice

SALE BY TENDER in the matter of: FRED & MARK BOWIE, doing business under the name and style of the "Campbells Bay Clothing Company," at Campbells Bay, Pontiac County, Province of Quebec, Insolvents.

Scaled tenders addressed to the undersigned liquidator and marked "Re. Campbells Bay Clothing Company," will be received until 3 o'clock, p. m., on Thursday, the 30th instant, for all the assets of the said Estate, as follows:

Stock of Boots & Shoes, Gents' Furnishings, Men's Clothing, Rubbers, etc. \$6,438.92
Store Fixtures, etc. 418.80
Book Debts, approximately... 350.23
Lease of the store from Oct. 1st, 1915, to April 1st, 1916, at \$40.00 per month.

The above to be sold in one lot. Terms cash on taking possession. An accepted cheque for 10% of the amount of the tender must accompany each tender.

The store can be seen on the 23rd and 24th instant by applying to Mr. Harry Bolam, Campbells Bay. A copy of the inventory is deposited with Mr. Harry Bolam, John M. Garland & Sons, Ottawa, and the undersigned liquidator.

For further details, apply to LORENZO BELANGER, Liquidator.

Office: The Canadian Credit Men's Trust Ass., Ltd., 402 Coristine Building, Montreal.

MANY CONVALESCENT HOMES ARE OFFERED

The following private homes, out of the large number which have been offered, have been accepted as military convalescent homes, and are in operation or will be in a few days: The home of Mrs. J. K. L. Ross, Sydney, N.S.; the home of Mrs. R. B. Dobell, Quebec; the Khaki League Home, Montreal; a home furnished by the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, Winnipeg; the home of Mrs. J. P. Ross, Toronto; the home of Mr. Hugh Macpherson, Kingston, and a home lent by Mrs. Parks at St. John, N.B. The commission anticipates receiving considerable assistance in the operation of the convalescent homes from those who are anxious to render some service at this juncture. Voluntary aid committees have been established in the divisional area and military districts, and will organize crops of local workers.

DEAD FINGERS.

Curious Conditions That Come With Raynaud's Disease.

Raynaud's disease is a singular affliction in which the circulation in the extremities—in the fingers or toes generally—becomes for a time entirely obstructed. It occurs in persons of nervous temperament, and often follows an exposure to severe cold; it may occur alone, as a purely neurotic symptom, or it may be associated with some other disease, such as epilepsy, Bright's disease, neurasthenia, hysteria or anaemia. It is most often met with in early adult life, and women are more often affected than men. It is, however, occasionally seen even in children, and in old people as well.

The simplest form of the disease is sometimes called "dead fingers." In such a case the fingers of the patient become dead white or a bluish white, and actually look as if they belonged to a dead person. The local circulation may be so completely obstructed that the fingers will not bleed even if they are cut. Sometimes the condition lasts only a few minutes, but it may go on for several hours, or even days. Raynaud called it "local syncope," because the affected finger or toe acts as if it had really fainted from loss of blood, although the circulation is normal in the rest of the body. The condition is believed to be caused by spasms in some of the small arteries.

In the more severe form of Raynaud's disease the affected part turns purple instead of white and becomes swollen and tingling, just as it would if the circulation were impeded by a string tied tightly round the finger.

In the most severe form of all—which is happily not frequent—gangrene occurs; that happens only when the attacks have been so frequent that the circulation is cut off most of the time. In an ordinary attack of "dead fingers" massage is helpful, although it should not be roughly or ignorantly applied, since the skin is drained of its life for the time being, and can be easily broken. Avoid exposure to cold and protect the extremities carefully by warm clothing. Those who are subject to these attacks are generally better off in a warm climate.—Youth's Companion.

GIRLS AFTER THE WAR

WHAT WILL BE THE EFFECT ON CANADIAN YOUNG WOMEN?

Miss E. M. Knox of Havergal Discusses the Part Which the Great Conflict Will Play in Their Affairs—New Professions Must Be Found—First Aid Unions Suggested as an Outlet.

MISS E. M. KNOX, of Havergal Ladies' College, has written a thoughtful little booklet concerning the effect of the war upon Canadian girls. She realizes as others have realized that in some respects this war will be the most important event in a thousand years; that when it is over we shall be looking out upon a new world. Just what that world will be we know not, but Miss Knox points to certain tendencies which appear likely to continue, and recommends that the education of women in Canada should be modified to comply with the conditions that are likely to exist for some years after peace is declared. She remarks, for instance, that as a result of the death and disablement of so many young Canadians, girls now in their teens can no longer look upon marriage with the certainty of former times. War has snatched their prospective husbands from them by the tens of thousands.

There must be, therefore, more women than ever crowding the professions, but the war will have made it more difficult than ever for young girls to obtain a foothold in some of them. In nursing, for instance, "their elder sisters are crowding the hospitals to take the place of those who are leaving for the front, and younger girls will find, as soon as the war is over and nurses on military duty return, that the profession is practically closed for four or five years, at any rate." Equally unpromising is the teaching outlook. Miss Knox says that this year for the first time teachers are finding it difficult to obtain employment. In the West rural schools are closing, and married teachers through lack of means are crowding back upon the profession. She does not believe that more than ten per cent. of the candidates training this year is the Faculty of Education will be able to secure positions. Stenographers, housekeepers and governesses are far more numerous than the vacancies for them. Domestic servants alone continue at a premium.

These unfavorable conditions are likely to be accentuated after the war for Miss Knox expects to see a great immigration of women later on. English women who have been called upon to fill the places of men sent to the front will not easily reconcile themselves to return to their old drudgery. Their thoughts will turn naturally to newer countries, and Canada is likely to receive many thousands of them. Because of the hardship of pioneer life upon women-kind these immigrants will not in large numbers go West, but will remain in the East to compete with Canadian girls in every calling that is open to them. It is plain, then, that if opportunities for marriage and for employment are to be decreased as a result of the war it will be necessary for women to open up some new fields for themselves. Miss Knox points out that it was after the Crimean War, and partly as a result of that struggle, that the modern woman was evolved, or rather that women began to occupy fields that had previously been the exclusive domain of men.

If strong leaders were at hand, what new lines of occupation could be created? she asks. In the first place, girls could learn, in addition to ordinary domestic service, first aid in carpentering, plumbing, and gardening, so that they might be not only capable managers in their own home upon small means, but also form a new society among themselves. A First Aid Union, under a capable House Mother, would consist of girls in uniform, who, as telephoned for, would be ready to help in emergencies, take care of children during the mother's sudden illness, nurse a convalescent child, read aloud, cook or wait at a dinner party, do the small repairs of the house, the week's mending, and be at hand for a hundred and one unexpected difficulties. A Norland Institution for infant nurses, a training centre for governesses, social workers, factory inspectors, market gardeners, chicken farmers, and the like might be established, and from centres of this kind girls could be drafted to the West, leaving city posts to those who come after them.

The writer believes that as a result of the war the moral training of young girls will be changed. She says: "The mother whose husband is fighting in the trenches looks for the same soldierly qualities in her children as in their father; for swift obedience, endurance, and power of self-sacrifice. In the school, instead of excusing and sheltering her children, she will insist upon a conscientious fulfilment of their duty." On the physical side there will also be new standards. More hardihood will be demanded, and in order that girls shall attain the maximum of physical health and strength their nerves must be sheltered during their growing years. This means less dissipation in parties and less nervous strain in the form of excessive music and other accomplishments. There will be a greater piety, a fuller realization of the basic truths of Christianity, a new conception of service and self-sacrifice. It will be a finer womanhood that will emerge from the chaos of war.

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