

THE EQUITY.

No. 16, 33RD YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 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

Board of Directors:

HON. GEORGE BRYSON, President.
JOHN B. FRASER, Vice-President.
SIR HENRY N. BATE, DAVID MACLAREN,
RUSSELL BLACKBURN, DENIS MURPHY,
SIR HENRY K. EGAN, HON. SIR GEORGE H. PERLEY,
R. C. WHITNEY.
GEORGE BURN, General Manager.
D. M. FINNIE, Asst-General Manager.
W. DUTHIE, Chief Inspector.

Fort Coulonge Branch - B. F. CHILTON, Manager.
Campbells Bay Branch - R. LEGER, Manager.
Portage du Fort Branch - A. H. MULHERN, Manager.

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

209 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.

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 require-
ments 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

"Business as Usual"

has made the attendance at the

GOWLING
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.

Bargains that you will not get again
this year when wool is soaring higher
daily. Come to Dover's Sale and save
money.

Personal.

The Rev. Mr. Seaman went to
Montreal on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Osin of
Ogdensburg, N. Y., are visiting
Mr. Wm Brown and other friends
in this vicinity.

Dr. and Mrs. Hardman, of Bry-
son, motored to Eardley on Tues-
day last, returning on Wednesday
accompanied by Mrs. R. McC.
Ritchie.

Mr. Frank Scully, of Leslie, has
been paying a visit to his daugh-
ters in this section.—Mrs. R. A.
Dale, Mrs. W. H. Corrigan and
Mrs. Wm Sheppard of Bristol.

Mr. L. J. Westbrook, asst demon-
strator at the Shawville branch of
Macdonald College, left on Friday
to visit his home in Morganville,
N. Y. He will be absent about a
month.

Mrs. Ernest Parr, left for her
home in Edmonton this week,
after an extended visit to her par-
ents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGuire,
and other relatives in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Ellis, Miss
Alice Carruth, Miss Eva Splane
and Mr. Robt Ellis, of Renfrew,
motored here Sunday and were
guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Black.

Dr. T. C. Gaboury, ex M. L. A.
for Pontiac, and now a Govern-
ment officer in Montreal, was in
town on Saturday last, accom-
panied by Dr. D. A. Forest,
dentist, also of Montreal, who is in
quest of a desirable point to locate,
and may decide on Shawville.

Are you going? Well I guess
Where! To Dover's Sale, Oct. 8th to
16th.

Births.

At Port Arthur, on Sept. 28th,
to Mr. and Mrs. Thos L. Brownlee,
a son.

Deaths.

News was received last week by
Mr. Emerson Spinks, of Litchfield,
of the death of his father, Mr.
Alex Spinks, in the Northwest.

Rev. Charles George Wintle, re-
cently appointed rector of the
parish of Galesburg, is dead. His
funeral took place on Sunday,
Sept. 23, the remains being con-
veyed to Ottawa for interment.

Many will learn with regret of
the death of Mr. William Lothian,
which occurred at Ottawa on Mon-
day morning after a long illness
from heart disease with other
complications. For years the late
Mr. Lothian was the efficient and
trusted clerk of U. O. D. Associa-
tion, having his office and home at
Bryson; relinquishing the post
only when impaired health re-
quired him to cease work. A widow
and three children survive. The
remains were conveyed to Norway
Bay, via Sand Point, on Wednes-
day, when interment took place in
the Presbyterian cemetery.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE.—
It is knocking now, so don't fail to
answer and attend Dover's Sale, Oct.,
8th to 16th.

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

His Lordship Bishop Farthing
will hold a confirmation service at
St. Paul's Church on Monday even-
ing next—Oct. 11.

Monday next being Thanks-
giving Day, the stores in Shaw-
ville will be closed. Keep in mind
this information and do your
shopping on Saturday.

Good progress is now being made
by Messrs. Howard & Elliott, in
the work of erecting the post
office building which Mr. Brabaz-
on succeeded in having put up in
this village. The contractors were
held up for several weeks by the
non-delivery of a quantity of
artificial stone, of which the front
of the imposing structure is chiefly
constructed. This, however, ar-
rived some days ago, and has
mostly been placed in position.
The design of the building is on
lines so entirely different from any
other structure in existence here,
that it is bound to be an object of
interest to visitors generally
when they come to town.

Our Band, although it is not
supposed to be in a very vigorous
condition just now, fulfilled an
engagement, nevertheless, to fur-
nish music at the Fitzroy Agr.
Society Show, held at Mohr's Cor-
ners on Wednesday last. The
boys journeyed from here to the
Ontario hamlet named in three
autos, crossing the noble Ottawa
at Quyon village. The last of the
three cars to cross on the scow,
(with Cy at the helm) was the first
to reach the objective point, the
others somehow losing their bear-
ings a short distance from the
Harbor, and anon blowing into
Kinburn, which they mistook to
be Galesburg, until they read the
sign over the hotel door. When the
mistake was discovered, it can be
readily imagined how speedily the
road to Mohr's Corners was gobbled
up! Things were just beginning
to move nicely when at last they
reached the Fair grounds and so
no interest suffered, so far as they
were concerned, by their delayed
arrival. A good program was
given during the afternoon, and
the boys returned home feeling
that they had been well treated
and also with the assurance that
they had given satisfaction.

The public of Pontiac will learn
with considerable disappointment
that the C. P. R. has decided to
take off what is commonly called
the "mixed" train, starting from
Ottawa in the morning and return-
ing in the afternoon. This service,
we understand, is to be cancelled
entirely, and the people of the dis-
trict tributary to the line from
Waltham to the Capital will have
to content themselves with a one-
train-a-day passenger, mail and
express service henceforward. The
reason for taking off the "mixed"
is of course, not given, but it may
be presumed that it is with a view
to retrenchment, in keeping with
the general policy of all railway
companies this year. It need
scarcely be noted that the chief
object of railway corporations is
to make money, and if the inter-
ests of the public should, unfortu-
nately, run counter to that aim,
they are sacrificed without scruple,
and there is apparently no re-
course. In Canada, at all events,
the people are entitled to more
consideration. In many instances
the people's money has been the
prime factor in creating Canadian
railways, and it looks reasonable
that their needs should be consult-
ed in the management and opera-
tion of those enterprises, and when
a community receives a set back
from restricted service, it seems
reasonable that the Railway Com-
mission, if they have not the
power to rectify the evil should be
invested with it at once.

A Sale that is a real sale, and then
some, at Dovers, Oct. 8th to 16th.

All amounts due this office for
job printing or transient advertise-
ments should be paid at once. We
need the "toadskins" in our busi-
ness now; that is, without any
further delay.

Mr. Austin McDowell is the
latest victim of the Ford fever in
this section. Austin just caught
the infection in time to be in line
for the Beachburg Fair.

Next Thursday afternoon and
evening a harvest home gathering
will be held at Yarm Methodist
Church. Rev. J. A. McNeil, of
Cobden, a former pastor, will
preach at the afternoon service.

Chapeau, Cobden and Beachburg
enjoyed fine weather for their ex-
hibitions last week. Quite a
number from this section attended
the Beachburg event, and a few
were at Cobden and Chapeau also.

Saturday was Teachers' Con-
vention day at the Academy, and
quite a number of teachers from
the district schools were present,
despite the disagreeable nature of
the weather. Elementary School
Inspector Honeyman was present.

Miss L. Carmichael, of Portage
du Fort, who taught in the Aca-
demy here about 8 or 9 years ago,
was among those who attended
the Teachers' Convention on Sat-
urday, and took occasion to visit
some of her former-day acquaint-
ances.

The Elmside Homemakers' Club
will meet at the home of Mrs. Wm
Graham, Elmside, Wednesday,
Oct. 13th at 2 o'clock p. m. Sub-
jects: Home nursing—Mrs. Jas
Grant; Demonstration on Bed-
making—Miss E. Meldrum; Roll
call: Remedies.

The knitting and sewing circle
of the Homemakers' Club will
meet at the home of Mrs. D. A.
Baker, Thursday evening, of this
week at seven o'clock. All ladies
interested in soldiers' comforts are
welcome.

Some of our local hunters are
becoming apprehensive lest next
thing they will be politely asked
to get off the earth. No occasion
for alarm, boys. Just take an old
hunter's advice, and direct your
steps northward to some point
beyond the pale of civilization,
where the croak of the bull-frog
mingles with the dismal note of
the owl, and the cowbell tinkles
not.

A School Fair, under the auspices
of the local demonstration branch
of Macdonald College (Mr. W.
Sutton) was held at Chapeau on
Sept. 29, the second day of the
regular Society No. 2 Fair. The
pupils of most of the schools of
the adjacent townships partici-
pated, and brought out a very cred-
itable exhibit in many respects.
The articles on display were con-
tained in a large tent on the ex-
hibition ground. While the young-
sters divided their attention pretty
much with what was transpiring
outside, the elder people manifest-
ed quite an interest in the juvenile
display. The Society gave the
youthful exhibitors free entry to
the grounds, and furnished the
prize money also.

Seasonable Imaginary Incident

First Farmer—"Hello, Sam; you
seem to be in a hurry. What's
up?"

Second Farmer—"Oh, I am just
on the way to THE EQUITY office,
to pay a couple of dollars I owe
there before I forget it again."

F. F.—"Glad you mentioned it.
I'm ashamed to say I owe three or
four dollars there, too, which
should have been paid, so I guess
I'll go along with you and square
up."

S. F.—"That's right. Between
you and me, that Equity chap
must have a hard time of it trying
to get what is due him, from so
many people."

F. F.—"Sure thing!"

About the Household

Selected Dishes.

Current Jelly Sauce.—Make sauce of three tablespoons browned butter, four tablespoons flour, one cup milk or brown stock, and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Add one-half cup current jelly and one teaspoon lemon juice.

Toasted Corn.—After boiling new corn six minutes to insure partial cooking, remove to bread toaster and toast over hot coals or in broiler of gas oven until evenly browned. The delicious flavor imparted this way is worth the extra trouble.

Pineapple Pie.—Cream one-third cup butter with half a cup of sugar, add two cups grated pineapple which has been heated to the boiling point. Then add two beaten egg yolks mixed with half a cup of rich milk and one tablespoonful lemon juice and the grated peel of a lemon. Fill pie, bake and cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs.

Vegetable Jardiniere.—For this dish use cauliflower, green string beans and carrots. Cook vegetables separately, seasoning each with butter, pepper and salt. Arrange on serving dish, with cauliflower in centre, carrot tubes at each end and beans at either side of cauliflower. Pass platter, allowing each person to help himself to vegetables desired.

Duck Stuffed With Potato.—Choose young, fat duck, with webbing of feet soft. Dress, stuff and truss for roasting, as chicken. For potato stuffing, have ready two cups hot mashed potato, one-half cup salt pork cubes, two tablespoons onion, one teaspoon poultry seasoning, salt and pepper. Cook onion in pork until yellow; add remaining ingredients.

Apple Soup.—Wash, quarter and remove cores of six tart apples, but do not peel. Put into saucepan with two quarts water, one teaspoon salt and one-half cup rice. Cook until tender, rub through sieve and return to fire, with one-half teaspoon ground cinnamon and one-half cup finely chopped citron added and sugar to taste. May be served hot or ice cold.

Cornmeal Muffins.—Sift together a cup of cornmeal and a half cup of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt; into a pint of milk whip three beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Make a hole in the meal mixture and gradually pour the liquid into this, beating steadily. Beat hard for about five minutes, pour into greased and heated muffin rings and bake in a good oven.

Bread Sauce.—Put crumbs from a stale loaf into a saucepan containing one pint of water. Tie in a cloth a few peppercorns and one small onion and a blade of mace. Boil a few moments and then remove them. The sauce must be very smooth. Add a piece of butter and a little salt. Add before taking from the fire a spoonful of milk; this will give it a nice color. The sauce must not be too thick. Serve in a sauce boat.

Baked Omelet.—Heat 6 tablespoonfuls of milk and melt a small piece of butter in it. Do not let it boil. Take 5 eggs, beat the yolks with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a tablespoonful of flour. Stir into the hot milk, adding lastly the stiffly beaten whites and a little parsley. Pour into a well-buttered frying pan. Put into a hot oven. In a few minutes it will have risen, delicate brown. Slip on a platter, folding it in the middle.

Corn Omelet.—To 2 eggs, the yolks and whites of which have been beaten light and separately as usual, add the pulp from 2 ears of corn grated. Season with salt and pepper and add a little parsley if liked. Mix with 2 tablespoonfuls of water. Cook in a hot skillet in the usual way, fold, and serve on a buttered platter. Many variations may be played on this theme, just as with other omelets, using tomatoes, cheese, etc., if desired.

Hints for the Home.

Canned fruits make excellent puddings in winter.

To keep suet fresh, chop roughly and sprinkle with a little granulated sugar.

Salt water, applied with a brush, is the best method for cleaning willow ware.

Add a little ammonia to the water in which you wash silver and glassware. It brightens both of them wonderfully.

Before baking apples make a small slit all the way round each with a knife. This will prevent their splitting when cooking.

When preparing rhubarb dip each stalk into boiling water. This will not injure it, and it will require less sugar in cooking.

To prevent blue from streaking clothes, mix one dessertspoonful of soda in the bluing water. Baking soda, of course.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it and scrubbing with a brush. Rinse in clear water.

To get onion juice, slice off the root end and proceed to put half of the onion as you would half a lemon in the juice extractor.

If the stains on a dirty mackintosh will not come off with brushing take a raw potato, cut it in two, and rub the soiled parts with it.

Washing fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water to set the color before washing in suds.

To remove paint and varnish stains from woodwork, apply Javelle water by means of a brush. Repeat if necessary and rub with a cloth.

When grease is spilt on the kitchen table or floor pour cold water on it at once to prevent it soaking into the wood. It will quickly harden and can be lifted with a knife.

To prevent the juice running out of a fruit pie make a roll of clean paper, hold it upright, and insert it through the crust. The steam then escapes, and the juice remains in the pie.

The flavor of an apple pie may be improved by sprinkling the fruit with lemon juice after it is filled into the crust. Then cover with tiny pieces of butter, and add sugar and nutmeg or cinnamon.

For white spots on furniture hold a hot stove lid over the spots and they will soon disappear. They can also be removed by applying spirits of camphor or ammonia.

Always scrub the way of the grain of the wood. Have plenty of clean warm water. Only scrub so far as the arm can reach at a time, then wash and dry that part. Change the water as soon as it is dirty. Do not use more water than is necessary to clean the boards. When scrubbed clean rub the boards well with a clean flannel wrung out of clean water, and then dry with a dry cloth, rubbing the way of the grain. After scrubbing wash the brush immediately and hang up to dry, so as to harden the fibres.

TIPS TO BACHELORS.

English Professor Gives Advice to Six Hundred Students.

Six hundred bachelors, some young and some pretty old, spent their luncheon hour the other day receiving "fatherly" advice from Prof. Winfield S. Hall, of North-Western University Medical School, England, on "Choosing a Wife."

"I don't see any bald heads in the audience," said Dr. Hall, "so I take it for granted you are all good candidates for marriage. By that I mean you have sound health, are morally clean, and can support a wife if you can win one."

"Imagine the girls of your acquaintanceship lined up before you. Out of the possible six to twenty girls you are to choose a wife. Which one will you choose?"

"Four things must be considered—her health, her hereditary qualities, her education, and her age. Exclude from the ranks the girl of poor health. It's a calamity for a man to marry such a girl. Some of you may say the girl might get well. Let her get better before you marry her."

"Let her go into the woods for a year or so and develop the ability to walk fifteen or twenty miles and return without fatigue and with Dame Nature's priceless rouge upon her cheeks. Then you may marry her, knowing she is of good health."

"Don't marry a girl just because she has a pretty figure and large, lustrous eyes, and is a beautiful dancer, if at twenty she has only the mind of a girl twelve years old."

Among the other suggestions he gave to the man considering choosing a wife were:

Don't marry an heiress. You may become unhappy with her and her money.

Don't marry into a family where there are traces of insanity or feeble-mindedness.

Look up the health record of her parents and grandparents.

Avoid the daughter of a confirmed alcoholic.

When he came to the part of his lecture referring to the ages for marriage he turned to the blackboard, wrote some figures, and said:

"According to the best scientific research the figures on the board show the relative ages at which men and women should marry."

Here is the table as he wrote it:—

A man of 21 should marry a girl between 19 and 23 years.

At 25—one between 21 and 27.

At 30—one between 23 and 28.

At 35—one between 23 and 30.

At 40—one between 25 and 33.

At 45—one between 25 and 35.

At 50—one between 40 and 50.

At 60—one between 45 and 60.

At 70—one between 50 and 60.

At 80—one between 60 and 70.

"When a man gets to be 50 years old," he continued, "he should not expect to rear a family. I advise such a man to marry a widow with several children."

"When a man of 60 or more marries it is only for the purpose of having a nurse during his declining years. It is unfair for him to marry anyone younger than himself. He should marry a childless widow or an old maid."

Children may not be seen in the streets of Bergen, Norway, after a certain hour, which varies with the season. The church bells of the town peal a signal for them to return home and the police see to it that they obey.

Germany's secret police are furnished with "police eye-glasses." These have tiny concave mirrors on the side next the face, which may be extended sideways or folded back so as not to show, and give the wearer, if he has normal sight, an image of what is going on directly behind him.

Humors of the Pulpit

The advice given by a famous parson that the three essentials of a good preacher were that he should "Stand up, speak up, and shut up" has become axiomatic. Failure to act according to that advice had led to many humorous incidents, but for all that it is far from easy to follow such excellent counsel. There is not much difficulty in standing up, but many preachers, particularly at first, find that speaking up requires a considerable amount not only of assurance but of knowledge of the subject. As for shutting up—well, that is a sheer impossibility to that rather large class of preachers who are either so earnest that they lose all sense of time and proportion, or are "inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity."

One of the classical stories concerning the long-winded type is that of the preacher who was holding forth at interminable length on the major and minor prophets. "And now, brethren," he said, after an hour and a half or so. "We come to Habakkuk. What place shall we give to Habakkuk?"

"Habakkuk can have my place," called out a man at the back, as he rose and left the church.

We have mentioned the self-assurance which is necessary to the man who wants to speak up. Lack of that quality, it has been alleged, was the secret of the ill-success of the local preacher who tried to begin a sermon on Zaccheus, who, it will be remembered, climbed a tree to see Jesus pass. Vain was the preacher's efforts to collect his scattered thoughts, but out of his confusion came an epigram. "Zaccheus," he said, "was little of stature, but he wasn't as small as I feel myself to be now; he was up a tree, and so am I; and he made haste and came down, which is just what I shall do myself." The preacher suited the deed to the words forthwith.

Pulpit and pew have a humor all their own, and often enough it is at each other's expense that the jokes are made. In the sense of a famous prize-fighter turned evangelist the pulpit had the best of it. The former boxing friends of the revivalist were unnecessarily annoyed because he had cast off his old-time habits, and one day they decided to spoil his meeting. So a row of them took their seats immediately below his rostrum, which was quite a small affair, bearing a particularly heavy Bible. From the outset they interrupted frequently, despite their quondam boxer's earnest appeals for better treatment. At last the old Adam rose in the preacher, and he issued not an appeal, but a warning. "If the men just below the pulpit did not behave themselves he would have to make them do so," he said. The interruption proceeded. Then something happened. "If the brethren will not hear the Word," said the preacher, "they shall feel it." And

lifting the big Bible in that powerful right hand which laid many opponents low, he leaned over his rostrum and swept three of his hearers out of their seats. Thereafter the sermon went on in quietness.

In Disagreement.

The story that used to be told about Bishop Bloomfield is one illustrating a "score" by the pew against the pulpit. When he was a rector Bloomfield went to preach at a neighboring village, and forgot to take his sermon with him. It was too late to return, and so, for the first and only time in his life, he preached extempore, taking for his text the words, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Anxious to know how he succeeded, he asked one of the congregation on coming out how he liked the sermon. "Well, Mr. Bloomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough. But I can't say that I agree with you. I believe there is a God."

Of witty sayings attributed to gentlemen of the cloth the list is endless. Possibly some of them are too good to be true, and others too bad. A High Church clergyman, writing to the famous Dr. James Freeman Clarke, dated his letter "Candlemas Day," whereupon Dr. Clarke, with a rare sense of fitness of things, dated his reply "Washing Day."

Dr. South was a witty divine of the time of Charles II. A young curate once complained to him that he had received only £5 for preaching a sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" exclaimed the doctor, "why, I wouldn't have preached that sermon for £50!" It is not said whether the curate appreciated the keen satire.

A Shrewd Reproof.

The people of a certain parish were not less shrewdly reproved by the clergyman who, at the close of the sermon one day, announced to his congregation that in the course of the coming week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. His parishioners crowded round him, reproaching him for having kept his intended departure a secret till the last minute, begging him not to go, and asking him what they should do when he had gone abroad.

"Oh," said he, "you will see as much of me as ever; I don't expect it will be necessary for me to go beyond the boundaries of the parish."

We have already mentioned the cutting wit of Dr. South, and another story of that cleric, who must have been capital company, comes to mind. On one occasion when South was preaching before Charles II. and his profligate Court he soon perceived that his reluctant congregation was asleep. He stopped short in his harangue, and, changing his tone, he called out to Lord Lauderdale three times. His lordship stood up.

"My lord," said South with imitable dignity, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you that you will not snore quite so loudly lest you awake His Majesty."

Sidney Smith.

Many are the good stories of the

wit of Sidney Smith, and one of its particularly bright examples was on the occasion when the dean and chapter of a certain cathedral were discussing the propriety of making a wooden pavement round the cathedral. "Well, brethren," said Smith, "you have only to lay your heads together and it will be done."

John Berridge, who was vicar of Everton at the time of the great revival, in which he was one of the leaders, had critics who thought that he should jog along decorously and lazily as vicars used to do in the bad old days which he helped to displace. His enemies called him "an old devil."

"Do you know Berridge?" asked a stranger of the man himself.

"Yes."

"They tell me he is a troublesome, meddlesome fellow."

"I know him," answered Berridge, "and I can assure you half his wickedness has never been told."

They walked on to the church, where Berridge preached. When the stranger saw him ascend the pulpit he was stupefied.

Once when pointing out to a guest at Everton the pictures on the wall he ran through them thus:—"That is Calvin, that is Luther, and that," pointing to a frame over the fireplace, "is the devil." The guest looked, and saw his own face in the mirror.

Following Suit.

A certain Nonconformist preacher of some years ago had certain peculiarities in his appearance. His hair was red, he wore blue glasses, and these features, coupled with his white tie, led the young people of his church irreverently to call him, "Red, White and Blue." One Sunday, when he was preaching at Bradford, he looked round the church and saw that a good many of the people were asleep. With a smile, he remarked, "If only a few more go to sleep I think I may have a nap, too."

John Wesley had a gift of repartee and wit, as well as of eloquence in preaching. On one occasion, when about to dine, in company with one of his preachers, with a rich Methodist, Wesley caustically snubbed both his colleague and their ostentatious host. The table was spread with more than luxury, and Wesley's colleague exclaimed, with more zeal than politeness, "O, sir, what a sumptuous dinner! Things are very different to what they were formerly. There is now but little self-denial among the Methodists."

"My brother," said Wesley, pointing to the table, "there is a fine opportunity for self-denial now."

Wesley's Brotherly Love.

On another occasion he was at one of the early conferences, when a preacher rose up and, with irrefragable emotion, began to relate his religious experience.

Wesley's brother, Charles, could not tolerate this, and cried out:—"Stop that man from speaking. Let us attend to business." But still the good man proceeded. "Unless he stops I'll leave the conference," cried Charles Wesley.

John looked up with a dry smile. "Will one of the brethren reach my brother his hat?" he said. Charles subsided.

It is inevitable that reference should be made to Peter Mackenzie, who was so popular an evangelist amongst the Wesleyans some few years ago. He was noted for his pulpit humor, and on one occasion remarked, "It's a mercy Jacob didn't keep a refreshment room, for he charged so much for his porridge." Speaking once of a man with a very wide mouth, he remarked, "I should think a man with a mouth like that could sing a duet all by himself."

MORE PAY FOR SERVANTS.

Problem of Finding English Help Grows Daily.

Domestic servants can demand, and are obtaining more wages than before the war, as they are becoming increasingly difficult to find in London, England.

So many opportunities exist now for women to obtain work previously given to men that young women who were, or would have become, domestic servants, now seek less monotonous employment, with more free hours and more spare cash to spend.

The large majority of housewives, therefore, who were accustomed to have one or two servants, have now to pay wages of from \$100 to \$125, it is said at a West End registry office, in order to attract to their service girls who before the war would work for \$80 or \$100 a year.

Many curious advertisements appear in different journals which publish demands for women workers.

The old question, "What to do with our girls?" is quite dead, even with reference to the girls who have to turn out and earn a living without having any experience.

Any woman nowadays can get some kind of work if she wishes.

The war has effectively killed snobbery, and the girl who now cuts up the bacon in the provision shop may have received a better education and be of better birth than many of the customers she serves.

"Wanted, a vegetable maid, \$2.50 weekly and all found," is one advertisement recently noticed.

In this case the vegetable maid would be infinitely better off than many girls in the City on a \$6.25 a week salary, with omnibus fares to pay and lunches out.

Birds go on singing at the Front, unperturbed by the heaviest shell-fire.

Rejoined!

[One of the most striking features in many ruined parts of Flanders is the number of wild cats and dogs running about in the woods.]

The beast stopped dead in the middle of the village street, frozen in a flash to the rigidity of marble. Crouched, belly flat, wicked ears pressed down, lips curled back to show the grinning teeth, yellow, malignant eyes, staring intently; it was not a pretty sight.

You would never have believed that a year before that beast had been a domestic pet cat, with a blue ribbon round its neck. It looked—and was—a wild thing of the woods.

Enemies of Old.

It was the sound of a shod footfall that had frozen it, and the next instant sent it sliding behind a wall, whence it—or he, rather—glared from between a smother of weeds at the man, who stumbled and cursed his course along, dripping blood by the way.

A dog, as wild as the cat, shot, snarling, from some foul thing it had been at business with across the road, and the cat streaked to the wall. But it was too late. The dog launched at him with almost a roar. She was starving, that dog.

It was a matter of ten yards for the cat, of many more for the dog, but she fairly ate up the distance. When the cat jumped he could feel the breath from the slaving mouth on his back.

Followed a wild and furious scrapping, a little cloud of dust, and down came that cat again, right on to the foe. For once he had missed his jump, and there was no time for a second.

Possibly that cat touched the ground, but he rebounded again, like a great rubber ball, all hair sticking out, and even as the dog's jaws shut—snap!—on the place where he should have been, he landed upon the dog's back.

Seeking Human Aid.

His ride on that strange steed was brief and grisly, because the dog rolled, foaming with fury, and the cat bolted, blindly spitting, and, instinctively, to the man. In that supreme moment that beast, which had been wild in a blackened, stricken land for twelve months, went to the man.

It was a close shave, and nothing on earth could have saved puss except one thing—and it came. True to a hair, the heavy, mailed boot of the man landed just abaft the canine's shoulder dropping the brute as if she had been pole-axed—a clean kick over the heart. And in the same instant the cat leapt for the man's back, and the man laughed.

The laugh echoed hollowly up the shell-pitted, deserted street. Then the man's hand slid up to the cat stroking him, and he purred.

And then, very quietly, almost thoughtfully, the man slid to the ground and was still. He had fainted from loss of blood and from starvation.

It was very still in that desolate street. The moon threw squat shadows of the houses athwart the road, and made a little inky blot of a single gigantic rat, his wicked little eyes shining like gimlet-holes in a green lamplshade, squatting, hunched, in the middle of the road.

Saved by the Cat.

These things the man saw as he regained consciousness, and he could hear other rats in the inky pools of black where the open doors of the houses gaped. He shuddered, and wondered dimly how long it would be before they got him.

And then, suddenly, as if a hand had come down and wiped them out, they were gone—utterly!

The man lifted his head, listening, and in the silence that followed he distinctly heard a deep and comforting purring at his elbow. Very slowly he turned, very slowly put out his hand, stroked, and started. He had touched feathers as well as fur! It was the cat, come back, and with a dead fowl between his jaws.

And that is how a "missing" got strength to regain his regiment, and if ever in your career you come across a regiment with a tabby-and-white cat as its mascot, just bow down to that cat and respect it. Next to their colors, he is their most holy possession.—London Answers.*

It is usually the man with the least to say that talks the most.

Type-writing machines that print syllables of two and three letters by a single pressure of the key have been put on the market.

During the first three centuries of the English Parliament, all who served in it were paid. In the fifteenth century the amount was two shillings a day.

A motor-car fitted with a horn, which warned pedestrians of its approach by playing, "We won't go home till morning," was heard in London not long ago.

If multiplied by 2, 3, 4, or any other integer less than 9, the number 1,176,470,588,235,294 will probably produce the same digits in the same order, simply beginning at a different place in the set.



SMART SIMPLICITY FOR SCHOOL.

With the opening school days, the young ladies will all have to be provided with suitable clothes for the Fall semester. The Ladies' Home Journal patterns shown herewith are excellent for the purpose. Pattern No. 8804 is a Ladies' and Misses' Single-breasted Box-coat, having a notch collar, full-length sleeves with turn-back cuffs, and is made with or without patch pockets. Sizes 32 to 42, 36 requiring 2½ yards of 42-inch material. The Skirt to go with it, No. 8808, is made in three gores, opening in front and having slightly raised waistline and with or without the

pockets and cuffs at lower edge. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20, size 18 requiring 3½ yards 42-inch material.

The other pattern, No. 8899, is a Misses' Dress opening in the front and consisting of a blouse in shallow yoke effect, standing collar, which may be worn high or turned down, full-length sleeve, with shaped trimming bands, and a three-piece circular skirt. Sizes 16, 17, 18, size 18 requiring 5½ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting goods.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be obtained at your local Ladies' Home Journal dealer, or from the Home Pattern Company, 183-A George St., Toronto, Ontario.

BIBLE PROPHETS AND THE WAR

PROPHECIES BEING FULFILLED
BEFORE OUR EYES.

Arresting Predictions About the Great
Conflict Culled From Holy
Writ.

An awful, whirling Armageddon of the nations; the rise of an anti-Christ; or, as is the correct and vastly more significant rendering, "A Man of Lawlessness" (Thess. II. Chap. 2); his aim at supreme personal power and world dominion; his claim to be God; his use in the world-combat of "power and signs and lying wonders" (deeds which create astonishment and fear); his overthrow; the coming of Christ, and then the end of the world!

Such seems to be the purport of Scriptural prophecies. But immense difficulties surround the subject, and the difficulties are not lessened by the fact that many prophecies which seem to point directly to the present time were fulfilled by the Fall of Jerusalem, says a writer in London Answers.

Taken From the Gospels.

There remain some, however, which, without a forced or fanciful interpretation, are surely being fulfilled before our eyes.

The Scriptural books in which these prophecies occur are Daniel, three of the Gospels, Thessalonians, and the Book of Revelation. Daniel may be excluded, because his prophecies are practically repeated in Revelation.

The Gospel prophecies by Christ are found in St. Luke, 21; St. Mark, 13; and St. Matthew, 24. They differ but in detail, and St. Luke may be quoted:

"Nation shall rise against nation; and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilences, and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven." (Verses 10, etc.)

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory." (Verses 25, etc.)

Armageddon Is With Us.

Even in this awesome discourse of Christ, of which the above are short extracts, the vision changes from that which is close at hand to that which lies in the far future, and disentanglement is difficult.

But Armageddon is with us; there is famine in Belgium; pestilence in Serbia; and, without doubt, men's hearts are failing them for fear. What the next year may hold, or even the next month, is best unthought of. We may pass from horror to horror.

But it is in the Epistle to the Thessalonians that prophecy seems to find its fulfillment to-day. The language is very difficult, and the English translation fails to get the full force of the original Greek; but there, as in Revelation, the "Man of Lawlessness," the one who is responsible for the fearful and horrible world-cataclysm, is plainly indicated.

Here is the passage (Thess. II. Chap. 2), with explanatory notes following:

Full of Significance.

"Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day (i.e., the last day) shall not come except there come a falling-away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God. For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that wicked one be revealed; even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders."

A difficult passage, but full of significance, especially when studied with the prophecies in Revelation.

A dread personality is indicated. Back in history he was taken to be Nero, and then Napoleon. But when we learn that the "Wicked One," if the words were rendered literally, is really "The Man of Lawlessness," who, as indicated in Revelation, will convulse the earth and drench it in blood, and set himself up above all law, then we know to whom prophecy has pointed—the Kaiser.

In his bid for world-power, he has broken every law of God, men and nations. He is the anti-Christ; the Man of Sin; the Lawless one. And it is within the memory of us all how he has blasphemously claimed to be Divine.

"I am your God!" he told his Guards. The point need not be labored; we know it.

Again, the passage which shows him in action using "powers and signs and lying wonders" is fearfully significant. The Greek word which we translate "wonders" really denotes the effect of inhuman methods, and the astonishment or fear they create. "Power" is a reference to the agency behind the deeds—in this case, Satan. "Signs" denotes the significance of the deeds.

We have only to think of poisonous gas, liquid fire, and other inhuman barbarities to see that prophecy is being fulfilled in this war.

Further, when we are puzzled as to the long years when the Kaiser seemed to be the one who kept the peace of Europe, we can turn to the prophecy and see that such a period is indicated. "He who now letteth" means "he who now restrains," and the reference is clear enough. Bismarck held the Kaiser back, until "the pilot was dropped," and war preparations, hidden under a fearful cloak of hypocrisy, began.

The pregnant passage in Thessalonians (verse 8, chapter 2) indicates in mysterious language the destruction of the "Lawless One." His end may be awful!

"The Lord shall consume him with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming."

A Man of Many Religions.

Let us remember that the Kaiser, if he poses to-day for a Christian, has posed as Mohammedan to the Turks, and it would surprise no one if he openly flung away Christianity, and proclaimed himself as the new God. It is but a step, and the prophecy will be complete.

The prophecies in Revelation as to the great world-combat are clothed in mystical language, and are full of puzzling allegory. But chapter 13 is significant. The reference there is to a "beast" which shall make war!

"And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given to him to continue forty and two months. And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name, and His tabernacle."

Chapters 17 and 18 continue the allegorical prophecies, and in chapter 16 we come to the reference to Armageddon, when the kings of the earth do battle with those which have the "spirits of devils."

One feels that we are living in the times pointed out, and watching the awful drama being unfolded, even if the greatest of scholars cannot unravel the strange and tangled threads of the world-war prophecies in that wonderfully prophetic Book of Revelation.

FISH AND COST OF LIVING.

As a Substitute for Meat Fish Should
Be More Used.

"Eat fish" should prove a valuable slogan for combatting the high cost of living. Meat has risen in price steadily within recent years, and, strangely enough, the available supply is becoming less competent to meet the demand. It is not surprising, therefore, that fish should be looked to as a substitute. As a food it is excellent, comparing not unfavorably with meat, although the proportions of nutritive elements such as protein, albumen and fat differ considerably.

Heretofore, fish has not been a popular article of diet in Canada. The reasons for this are various and some of them must be removed before fish eating can become a national habit. In the first place, fresh sea fish in prime condition has been almost unobtainable even at points not far removed from the coasts. This has been due frequently to inefficient handling of the fish by the fishermen and by the distributing agencies. It has also been due to unsatisfactory transportation and retail market conditions. These difficulties are not insurmountable, and some of them are already being overcome. Education of fishermen and others who handle fish is a necessity that cannot be much longer overlooked. Traditional methods of handling must give way to more scientific and efficient practices. Such changes would mean increased profits for the fishermen, and, at the same time, by making available large quantities of food which have hitherto been wasted, would improve the quality and lower the price to the consumer. Transportation is already being improved and, in time, when the inland demands for fish warrant it, fast train services should, and probably will, be established from the fishing ports to the larger inland centres. The present offers splendid opportunities to the fishery industry. A demand for fish is already half created by the high price and comparative scarcity of meat. But if Canadians are to be taught to eat fish, there must be more enlightened methods of producing and handling it.

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WAR AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

The Military Aeroplane Frequently
Carries One.

When the military aeroplane is scouting it usually carries two men. One is the pilot, who runs and steers the craft; the other is the observer, who marks the placing of the hostile troops, the position of their guns, the movement of trains, etc. The observer also makes many sketches of the ground over which he is flying—work that often interferes with his writing notes and memoranda. In certain conditions of flight, too, it is often hard for him to use a pencil and paper.

To obviate that difficulty the military aeroplane now frequently carries a phonograph, with a speaking tube running to the mouth of the observer, so that by talking into the machine at any time during the flight he can record his observations and still have his hands free for his field glass or his sketching pencil.

THOUSANDS OF WOUNDED HAVE BEEN MOVED IN THIS MANNER



In the picture we see one of the British soldiers who is convalescing from wounds in the arms, unable to help himself, go down the ladder to the hospital launch. For such as he a chair has been rigged up, and he is seated in it while the crane from which the chair is suspended is being swung out to the launch. Thousands of wounded British soldiers returned from the Dardanelles and other zones of war, are removed from the hospital ships on their arrival in ports in such manner as this before being transferred to the hospitals ashore.

THE BRIDE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

NO FEAR OF A GERMAN "FRAU"
FOR H.R.H. NOW.

Marriage of the Heir Apparent to an
English Lady Would Be
Popular.

As a result of the war a serious problem has arisen in regard to the marriage of the Heir Apparent of the British Throne.

It is quite certain that there can be no alliance between the English Royal House and that of any branch of the German Royal Family for many a long year to come, if ever, indeed, such an alliance becomes again possible. But the hard fact remains that, outside German Royalities, there are serious difficulties in the way of finding a suitable bride for the soldier son of our Sovereign who is one day destined, if he lives, to reign over the British Empire, says London Answers.

It would be out of place to discuss just now the special character of these difficulties; but it may at least be stated that it is the earnest desire—indeed, one might say that it was the settled intention—of the King and Queen that the Prince of Wales shall not marry anyone who has not been brought up in the Protestant faith.

Someone of Royal Blood.

A way out of the difficulties that have arisen in connection with the marriage of the Prince of Wales has been recently suggested in quarters closely in touch with the Royal entourage: that the Royal Marriage Act should be repealed, or, at all events, suspended. Under this Act the sons of the Sovereign must wed someone of Royal blood, otherwise the marriage is a morganatic union.

If the Act were repealed or suspended, the heir to the Throne could marry the daughter of an English peer, or even a commoner, and the marriage would be valid.

Were the Prince of Wales to marry the daughter of a great English aristocratic house, there is not the least doubt that such a marriage would be vastly more popular in the country than would any foreign alliance, and it is at least possible that, after the war, this may happen.

The daughters of the English sovereigns have ere this married the sons of peers; and nothing really stands in the way of the future Princess of Wales being a lady of pure English descent, except an Act of Parliament that can very easily be altered. Alliances by marriage between Royal Houses of different countries in days gone by were often made with the idea of preserving peace between them. But in later days it has become quite obvious that peace cannot be preserved by Royal alliances.

Of Long Descent.

At one time there was talk of a marriage between the Prince of Wales and the daughter of the Kaiser, and if such an alliance had been arranged—no doubt it was never seriously con-

templated—no one for an instant thinks it would have had the least effect upon Germany's long-conceived ambition of smashing us at the first good opportunity.

There are several families among the English aristocracy whose descent is as ancient and honorable as that of our Royal House. What more natural and fitting than that the future Queen of England should be chosen from among these ancient families of the purest English descent?

The suspension or repeal of the Royal Marriage Act would, of course, be bound to influence profoundly the future destinies of the English Royal House.

There are some who fear that it would weaken the Monarchy, or possibly give rise later to conflicting claims to the Throne, such as in ancient days led to civil war; but there is no real justification for such fears. The war has tended to deepen the affection of all classes for the Monarchy, and it is more firmly established than ever in the affections of the English people.

An alliance between the Heir Apparent with the daughter of a great English aristocratic house would tend to strengthen this affection further, and would be vastly more popular than a foreign alliance.

Pleased in One Thing.

A story has been told of the Prince of Wales that on the night when the news reached Buckingham Palace that war was certain, the Prince rushed off to his sister's boudoir, where he found her Royal Highness writing some letters before retiring.

"Mary," exclaimed the Prince, "we are going to war with Germany, and now I shall not have to marry a German princess, thank goodness!"

GOD'S LAND.

The Story of Why Canada Was Called
a Dominion.

Canadians are accustomed to take the expression of the "Dominion" of Canada for granted; but the origin of that somewhat unusual term is known to very few.

When the great scheme of the Fathers of Confederation was finally realized, and the nine provinces grouped themselves together into one great confederation, a serious difficulty was presented by the choice of a suitable name. For a time almost a deadlock ensued.

At length one old member of Parliament rose from his seat and told his colleagues that he had read in his Bible that very morning the words: "His dominion shall be from the one sea to the other." Accordingly, he suggested that Canada should be known as the Dominion, or God's Land. The suggestion seized upon the hearts and imaginations of those present, and it was promptly acted upon.

"I once knew a fellow who gave a girl an engagement ring of opals." "Gracious! Wasn't it unlucky?" "You bet it was! She married him."

Bix—"Getting in debt is as easy as falling out of an airship." Dix—"Yes; and getting out of debt is about as easy as falling up to it again."

National Duty in War

From The Round Table.

London, Sept. 22.—The events of the past three months make it unnecessary to demonstrate further how great is the effort which lies before us, if liberty is to be saved in Europe. Now that Russia has been forced to evacuate not only Galicia, but Poland, every citizen of the Empire must be able to see for himself that the war is likely to be a very long business indeed, and that the cause of Liberty will triumph only if we put forth our whole strength. Germany has produced no Napoleon. But in the forty years that her General Staff has spent in working out the theory of the conquest of Europe she has created a military system and a national organization unequalled by those of any of the Allies. By comparison we are all somewhat amateur. It will, therefore, be by our endurance, our courage and our numbers rather than by any superiority in generalship that we must reckon to win the war.

Till recently nobody fully realized these facts. In consequence as a nation and as an Empire we have so far failed to approach the problem of organization for war in the spirit of absolute subordination of the conditions and controversies of peace to the supreme necessities of war. It is this failure which is the root cause of the dissatisfaction and unrest which have manifested themselves in the body politic in the last few months. In one sense we have nothing to be ashamed of. The spirit and bravery of the individual have been beyond all praise. The figures for voluntary enlistment, the endurance and courage of officers and men by land and sea, the long hours spent by workers, male and female, in factory and workshop producing munitions of war, are an answer, final and conclusive, to the charge of degeneration in the national stock. Nor have our actual performances in the field fallen short of what either we ourselves or our Allies had good reason to expect. It would probably have been impossible by any other method to have produced a larger army, better trained and better equipped, and of better material, in so short a time. The task of the fleet has been discharged with such silent efficiency that people are inclined to forget that it may yet be the most decisive achievement of the whole war. Yet there has been some national failure of method or purpose in the war, though it is difficult to see exactly where it lies. It cannot be ascribed to delay in achieving military success, or to a shortage of munitions. Both of these might have induced disappointment, but not the uneasy conscience which afflicts us to-day.

The general nature of the trouble is well indicated in a letter written from the trenches in Gallipoli and received a few weeks ago:

"I write to voice that which I think many of us are feeling now, and more will be before we get much nearer the end of these times, and that is the wonder whether there are to be found anywhere the men who will at last rise to the required greatness and take hold of our poor blind-eyed country and lead it, when its eyes are opened at last. I think many regard, as I do, this change of government as a pity, while fully recognizing that it was necessitated by our system. What we want is not a change of government, but a change of system, and this last move smacks very strongly of an attempt to pour the new wine, which is already running (for those who have the eyes to see it) from this great treading of the wine press, into the old skins, and they patched at that. Out here our view, both physically and mentally, is apt to be bounded by the sea and the summit of Achi Baba, but we do not altogether forget there is something beyond. If there is any possible influence which could be exerted to show the nation at last what it is really fighting for, there might be more hope of a near

end, and at least something would be done. If the nation could only realize that it is not fighting so much against militarism, or for Belgium, or for anything else, but just against itself, against all that which has kept us where we are, instead of the living Empire we ought to be, there would be more hope. Unless we first cast the beam out of our own eye it is no use shrieking at the size of the mote in the eye of another nation, and until we do it our struggles and the heavy price of manhood we are paying will really be as vain as they sometimes appear. Our light at present is a peculiarly thick darkness, and great because so few seem to know that it is darkness and has been darkness even when we thought it light."

We propose to consider this diagnosis in two parts. First, as it concerns our conduct of the war, and second as it concerns our national mode of life. In substance the criticism of our conduct of the war amounts to this, that as a nation we have not yet risen to the full level of our duty in this supreme crisis of the world, that we have spent much time in abusing the sins of Germany, while we have dealt lightly with our own, that we have criticized our own Government unmercifully, and have changed it, but that we have not yet begun to make the sacrifices and incur the discipline that are necessary if we are to support our own brothers and our Allies at the front to the utmost of our power. That individuals and an immense multitude of them, have sacrificed their all, but that as a community we have not pulled ourselves together, nor abandoned absolutely the shibboleths of peace, nor accomplished fully the three things which really matter in war: the organization and disciplining of the whole population for the purpose of the war, the absolute suspension of every hindrance, however dear to capital or labor, which impedes the work of national supply, the husbanding of the resources of the nation by a rigid enforcement of public and private economy. That people are still left to serve only if they choose and when they choose, that industrial service is rendered by many employers only if they are handsomely paid for it, that trade union regulations restrictive of output are still enforced, that strikes occur, and that, throughout, money is squandered lavishly as if nobody could be expected to do his duty without being paid for it, and paid extravagantly at that. In consequence that, while one section of the nation is enduring hardships and making sacrifices greater than any in English history for the sake of their fellows, the rest are still living at their ease, seeking pleasure and enjoyment as usual, and wasting resources which are vital if we are to make certain of victory for our cause.

It is easy to lose sight of the immense amount of hard and efficient labor which is being put forth amid the confusion and turmoil incidental to the sudden transformation of the industrial, social and political life of a democratic and unwarlike State. When all has been said and done our effort has been prodigious considering our unpreparedness for war. But still in this charge there is fundamental truth. We are now fighting the war with only half our national strength. One half of the nation and that the smaller half, are submitting themselves to discipline and to separation from relatives and friends, are suffering untold hardship, pain, and, in great numbers, are giving up their lives for their friends, while the other half are making no equivalent contribution to the common cause. That is broadly true, and, inasmuch as it is true, it must be changed. We owe it to ourselves, to our brothers at the front, and to our Allies to put our whole national strength into this war.

(To be continued.)

CARS FOR FIRE FIGHTING.

Railways Are Being Equipped for
Forest Protection Work.

The management of the Government railways has made material progress in fire protection in Quebec since taking over the line of the National Transcontinental for operation. A tank car, for fire-fighting purposes, has been equipped and will be stationed at some convenient point between Edmundston and Quebec. This car has a capacity of ten thousand gallons and is equipped with hose to reach a fire five hundred feet from the track. The question of placing two similar cars at convenient points between the City of Quebec and the Ontario boundary is under consideration. Special fire patrols will also be necessary, and the details are being considered. Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways and Canals, has announced that the same measures for fire protection will be taken on Government railways as are required by the Railway Commission of lines under private ownership. The measures referred to above constitute an excellent beginning. The Government railways are not under the jurisdiction of the Railway Commission.

Special tank cars for fire-fighting purposes constitute efficient means of conserving forest resources along railway lines. The Canadian Pacific rail-

way has two such cars stationed at Brownville Junction, Maine, where serious fires had previously occurred. The Grand Trunk Railway also has equipped a tank car during the present season, placing it at Algonquin Park station, to be used in extinguishing fires along the railway line between Ottawa and Depot Harbor. Excellent results have been secured by both the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways from the use of these cars for fire-fighting work.—C. L. in Conservation.

Played the Same Game.

George—"You seem devoted to that old lady you were with. Is she a near relative?" Gus—"Hill! I'll tell you how it is. She is the mother of Miss Beattie, and I've always heard that the nearest way to a girl's heart is through her mother's. That's why I'm so sweet on the old lady. See?" "Humph! Yes, I see. I played that game, too, when I was young." "Yes, and you married the girl, didn't you?" "True. But the old lady took such a fancy to me that she has been living with me ever since."

There is an average of about 350 births and seventy deaths a day in London.

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, OCT. 7, 1915.

Hon. Arthur Meighen, the brilliant young solicitor-general of Canada, has been raised to the rank of a cabinet minister without portfolio, which entitles him to attend and participate in the meetings of the Privy Council.

Up to September 28, the total number of Prussian losses in the war are placed at over one million nine hundred and sixteen thousand. This does not include the Bavarian, Saxon or Wurttemberg lists of casualties, which are known to have been appalling.

The last returns in connection with Canadian prisoners of war in all parts of Germany up to ten days ago are 1,305. Of these 636 are at Giessen, 168 at Hanover, 157 at Munster, 53 at Senelager, 87 at Meschede, 48 at Paderborn, 46 at Osnabruck and 14 at Oberhausen. The remainder are distributed in Belgium and north west Germany.

The report is again current that Hon. Louis Coderre will resign his office as Secretary of State and his seat in the Commons, and will succeed Judge Teller on the Superior Court bench at Montreal. He is likely to be succeeded by Hon. P. E. Blondin, minister of inland revenue. E. L. Padenaude, M. L. A. for Laprairie, is spoken of as most likely to enter the Dominion cabinet to become minister of inland revenue.

German intrigue seems to have succeeded in inducing the king and government of Bulgaria to array their country on the side of the central powers and convert it into a channel through which a German army may march to the relief of their traditional enemy the Turk, upon whom the British and French allied forces are daily tightening the strangle hold. The Bulgarian people are far from unanimous in support of the decision their government has arrived at, and noted authorities on Balkan affairs express the opinion that it will likely lead to rebellion. A general survey of the situation would seem to indicate that Bulgaria's government has made a mess of a bad business. If an attack is made upon Serbia, the Bulgars will at once have to face strong opposition from Greece, and may also count on the invasion of a big allied army; and when all is over and done, a further partition of a hapless country, made desolate by the ravages of war!

Clarendon Council Minutes

A regular session of Clarendon Council was held this 13th day of September, 1915, at ten o'clock, a.m., in Hynes' hall, Shawville.

Present: Mayor W. H. Barr, and couns. Bert Hodgins, Alex Bean, W. T. Barber and Geo. T. Dagg.

Minutes of last meeting read and adopted.

Motion: Couns. Bean and Barber—That Mayor Barr interview Maffes Cowley and arrange matters in dispute, if possible.

Motion: Couns. Dagg and Barber—That as Manson McDowell has made a suitable reduction for broken tile, we pay the balance of his account up to date of \$10.—Carried.

Motion: Couns. Bean and Dagg—That coun. Bert Hodgins have the necessary repairs on the Pickanock road near the 10th concession.—Carried.

Motion: Couns. Dagg and Hodgins—That the work under the following road foremen be passed and payment made:

E. J. Barber,	\$205.98
Simon Barber,	77.25
W. A. Hodgins,	90.25
W. T. McDowell,	132.00
James Belscher,	124.96
J. A. Wall,	78.48

—Carried.

Motion: Couns. Bean and Barber—That we memorialize the Quebec Government to have the amount of licenses collected for automobiles applied to the road improvement in the municipalities in which said fees are collected; that the Secretary be authorized to draw the attention of the authorities at Quebec to the fact that the amount of license fees now collected on auto-cars in this municipality almost equals the amount of grant paid to our municipality for road improvement.—Carried.

Motion: Couns. Barber and Hodgins—That we accept Rural Inspector E. Dagg's report re. the Schneaux road.—Carried.

Motion: Couns. Bean and Hodgins—That Mayor Barr procure two split log drags, 10 feet long, 2 1/2 or three inches wide, and 10 inches deep.—Carried.

Motion: Couns. Hodgins and Dagg—That the following bills be paid:

James Belscher, bill,	\$ 1.25
James Hope & Co., stationery,	18.50
W. J. Tubman, fixing washout,	4.00
A. S. Elliott, " "	5.00
Thos. Morrison, " "	5.50
Joseph Sly,	1.50

Wilfred Bean, bridge, \$12; drawing cedars, \$1; siding cedars \$5 16.50
Stewart Leitch, cedars, 3.00

—Carried.
Motion: Couns. Bean and Barber—That we do now adjourn to meet at the call of the Secretary.—Carried.
E. T. HODGINS,
Sec. Treas.

COPPER COUNTRY.

At 6.30, p.m., the gong rings in the twenty million dollar depot in Chicago and the Copper Country Express pulls out and rushes into the fertile fields of Illinois along the shore of Lake Michigan. Then the vestal virgins draw the curtains of night about us and pin them with a star. The genial porter introduces us to our cozy corner, which is like the guest chamber in a modern mansion. The hours of dreamland are spent in Wisconsin, and as the fire breathing monster dashes through the darkness, but "One Eye" knows how near we often run to the rim of eternity. The morning bells of the eastern sun wake us as the train skirts the shore of a series of beautiful lakes and winds through moor and meadow, cutting its curving way through poplar bluffs, balsam groves and tamarac lowlands, dispensing a drug that seems as a morning tonic suggesting the hunger of a hunter, the appetite of a country boy and the stomach of an ostrich.

Next we greet the first vision of the great Lake Superior, the mother of continental waters and the head waters of a thousand miles of lakes and a thousand miles of rivers that bound and bind together the two and yet one great people of North America.

At Houghton we enter the gateway of the copper country. The altitude is so marked that besides a Mogul engine pulling, a monster is pushing our train up the heights, and now we are slowing up in the city of Calumet—the centre of all the mining activities of the greatest copper mines in the world. Calumet is not a shack town. It has magnificent churches, representing all classes and creeds in the catalogue. It has avenues and boulevards, throbbing business departments, palatial homes, schools and colosseums, automobiles and Fords. Forty thousand people in the city and community are absolutely dependent on the one product of which the patriarch Job taught in the first literature of any language when he wrote: "Iron is taken out of the earth and copper is smelted out of the stone." There is a tradition that this fountain of wealth was discovered by the animal from which we get the classic "root hog or die," as he foraged for food. It must magnify his bliss in the "paradise of pigs" to see the progress of his discovery.

Then came the great Agassiz, who was at home in the deep sea soundings of the ocean, and the classic halls of Harvard. He was one of the first promoters of this great industry and his family still holds a major interest in the \$125,000,000 dividends that have been the output for stockholders since the beginning.

The more one sees of the working of this stupendous system, the more the conviction is burned into the mind that the capitalist is not the only sinner; a the awful present day conflict between the employer and the employed.

Ten thousand men are engaged by the Calumet and Hecla company. They have eight-hour shifts and may earn from \$2 to \$5 per day. The company owns all the houses and keep them in splendid condition, also gardens, and every modern comfort, for which they pay a rental of from six dollars and upwards per month. The company provides free pasture for one cow for each family. They have a company hospital equipped with the most modern surgical and medical staff. All the employees are treated without cost and also their families. The miners have access to a large free library, the gift of the Senior Agassiz. They are also provided with free baths, swimming pools and athletic grounds. The majority of the underground laborers are foreigners and Cornishmen. The management, from the general manager with all the superintendents and heads of departments, is largely made up of Canadians.

Snatching some time from the busy ministry of Evangelism, we have gotten a glimpse of this marvellous industry from the time the ore leaves the vaulted deep, a mile below the surface, till it is ready for its important place in the mechanical spheres of this electrical age. It is like a visit to the wonderland of mysteries to spend hours in the stamping and melting departments. First, we enter the sacred chamber of the assayer, and watch the blowpipe process, and follow the magician about, with uncovered head, as he leads us into the microscopic world and weighs with scales so delicate that they can define accurately the mark of a pencil on a piece of paper.

A special pass admits us to the electrolytic department, where the large masses of copper are suspended in vats of nitric acid and the analytic eye and magnetic finger of this agent succors the silver and other valuable bi-products and the ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent pure copper is ready for what the professor calls conductivity for all forms of electric service. Purity in metal as in religion is an economic asset, for the purer the copper wire the larger the volume of lighting and locomoting power it can transmit.

For half a century the sandlike waste has been poured out into Lake Linden till about ten acres of lake area, about twenty feet deep, have been displaced. Recently the "secret service" of the sciences has detected a profitable percentage of copper and silver in this heap of waste, and a huge plant full of mas-

ive machinery has been installed to rescue millions of money and press it into the currency of this commercial age.

Apart from the few men who will always be doing the cheap service and sweating under the pressure of toil, one thing emphatically impressed us that the great majority of highest-priced workmen stood or sat restfully touching a button or pressing a lever and watched gigantic machinery doing the work without straining a muscle or tiring a nerve, and were translated to the observatory in which sat the ecstatic psalmist, looking through the telescope of inspiration in admiring wonder at the solar, lunar and stellar creation of God, and with him find ourselves exclaiming: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him!"

WALTER RUSSELL,
Calumet, Mich.

Interesting Letter from Principal Harrison.

Macdonald College,
Thursday, Sept. 23rd, 1915.

My dear Mr. King:—
For the reasons already mentioned in my last letter, I regret that I will not be able to attend the School Fair on the 24th., but I should like to send a message to the children who have given the County of Pontiac a wider outlook on the possibilities of rural life.

The rural school more than any other factor of our daily life controls the food supply of the nation. The foundation of our physical life, and the distinguishing mark of efficient citizenship in the community is skill in the production of food. The school may so organize the life of the people it serves as to increase their social well being and bring to them the latest achievements in science and art. As evidence of these truths, the presence of large numbers at the school fair, and the introduction of pure bred fowl and pure bred seeds and the interest in sewing and domestic arts may be instanced.

We realize, however, that only a beginning has been made, but year by year will add to our progress. Thus, there are improvements this year in our text books, an arithmetic that meets the needs of the rural school, and others. Nature study and elementary agriculture have become important subjects in the course of study, and instruction in these branches has been imparted to teachers by the institution of short courses at Macdonald College.

We have appointed a demonstrator to rural schools, whose duty will be to link the school with Macdonald College, and who will give advice and help to teachers and pupils in Nature Study, and who will supervise the planning and planting of the school grounds, so that children may be brought up in beautiful surroundings.

We are all glad at the College to hear of the great interest the parents take in the work of the children, and this is matter for congratulation.

With best wishes for future success for your schools, and for the agricultural work you have undertaken, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
F. C. HARRISON.

THE MARKETS.

SEAWVILLE

Flour per barrel \$6.50
Wheat, per bushel, standard —
Oats, per bushel, 32c.
Butter tubs, prints and rolls 22c.
Potatoes per bag, 50c.
Eggs per dozen 25c.
Pork per 100 lbs. 7.50 to 8.00
Hides per 100 lbs. 10.00
Pelts 25 to 75 each
Horse Hides each 2.50
Calfskins each 65 to 75
Veal Skins, each 90c
Wool washed per lb. 32c to 38c
Hay per ton \$16.50

OTTAWA.

The following are last Saturdays quotations:
Butter, in prints 30c to 31c
Butter in pails 28 to 30c
Eggs, fresh, per dozen 25 to 30c
Potatoes per bag 65 to 70c.
Pork, per 100 lbs. \$10.00 to 13.50
Beef, per 100 lbs., \$6.00 to 8.00
Oats per bushel 45c
Hay per ton 18.00 to 21.00

PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec,
Municipality of Shawville.
Public notice is hereby given to owners of real estate and resident householders of the Municipality of Shawville that the Collection Roll for the Corporation School Board is now made and completed and will remain in my possession for inspection during the next thirty days. During such delay any ratepayer may complain of said roll. Said thirty days having expired, the School Board will meet on Monday, the 1st day of November, at 8 o'clock, p.m., and shall proceed to homologate said Roll, with or without amendment. During the next twenty days following said delay of thirty days all persons whose names appear on the Collection Roll are hereby notified to pay into the hands of the Secretary-Treasurer, at his office, such taxes as are levied upon his or her property, without further notice.

Given at Shawville this 1st day of October, 1915.
E. T. HODGINS,
Sec. Treas.

Hunger and Thirst.

While many men of science have contended that the sensation of hunger has its seat in the stomach and that of thirst in the throat, the Italian Valenti holds the view that the seat of both sensations is situated in the gullet. He found that a cocaine injection in the esophagus (the channel from the mouth to the stomach) resulted in immediate suppression of the sensations of both hunger and thirst.

Savages have long known that the chewing of coca leaves renders the gullet insensitive and destroys any desire for food or drink. — New York Tribune.

ALFALFA IN B. C.

Importance of Crop Is Not Fully Realized As Yet.

Local soil and climatic conditions in the Northern Okanagan, around Ashcroft, and in sections of the British Columbia dry belt, are perfect for alfalfa. The crop is extensively grown, but not to the extent it will be when its importance is more fully realized. At Enderby, a district formerly heavily wooded and still in an early stage of development, two thousand tons were grown last year, and this season, it is estimated, the crop will be fully thirty-three per cent. larger. Three crops are cut and an average exceeding three tons to the acre secured. Further down the valley, at Vernon, there is one ranch owned by a Belgian syndicate, which has 500 acres in the crop.

The big ranch alluded to feeds a large percentage of the crop to sheep, which have proved extremely profitable. Except during the few weeks of snow in winter, they are kept on open range. When foraging is difficult alfalfa is fed out at the rate of three pounds per head a day. In an average year the producing cost of the alfalfa used does not exceed \$1 per head. Inasmuch as the market for both wool and mutton is splendid, while losses from sheep and predatory animals and disease are almost infinitesimal, the profits are large. The present strength of the flock is about 2,000.

Operating in the dry belt this firm finds irrigation advisable for the alfalfa. The first application is made at such time before the first cutting as will allow the water to saturate the ground preliminary to giving impetus to the second crop. Getting a catch in this section has never been difficult. When offered for sale the alfalfa brings varying prices according to conditions; this year the range was \$10 to \$15.

Alfalfa is a more conspicuous crop at Enderby than the figures given of total production would indicate. Acreages on individual farms are not large, but nearly every farm has its reliable alfalfa patch.

An alfalfa mill was established at this place last fall and turned out around 100 tons, selling it to stock-raisers in the interior from \$20 to \$25 a ton. In feeding value alfalfa meal closely approaches bran and farmers effected a great saving by feeding the former. The past winter of course bran has been selling for around \$40 a ton. On one farm where there was a big bunch of hogs, the meal was used in combination with barley chop with success.

It is quite easy to predict great increases in the British Columbia alfalfa acreage. Studying agricultural economics in the past, it is apparent why alfalfa, though a flourishing crop, was not more extensively seeded. The interior farmers kept little live stock, because hay farming was much more profitable. When hay commands \$18 to \$25 a ton in the open market, it is rather difficult to make more out of it by feeding to stock. Timothy hay was in most demand and so alfalfa was almost neglected. These conditions have passed now and the trend is back to live stock.—J. V. B.

CANADA'S WAR BILL.

The Struggle Is Costing Roundly \$300,000 a Day.

A year of war has cost Canada \$90,000,000. The great struggle in which many Canadians have already laid down their lives is also calling for great financial sacrifices. It is costing Canada, in fact, \$300,000 a day.

Figuring this out even more finely, it will be apparent that Canadians are going down into their pockets to pay the expenses of the present struggle at the rate of nearly \$13,000 an hour or about \$225 a minute. And the statistician who cares to reduce his calculations to the ultimate unit will discover, of course, that the Canadian financial war clock is ticking at the rate of about \$4 per second.

The total war expenditure up to July 31, or practically twelve months after the war was declared on August 4 last year, was \$81,750,000. Adding to this the expenditures since that date it will be seen, as stated, that so far Canadians have paid the best part of \$90,000,000 for their convictions. The ratio of expense, of course, is going up all the time as the Dominion places more and more troops in the field.

Almost the whole expenditure is military in character, Canada's navy, especially now that German cruisers have been driven from the sea, costing her comparatively very little. The navy items are in the equipment and upkeep of men at home, in England, and at the front. The pay of the troops alone costs little less than \$100,000 per day.

Of the \$90,000,000 which constitutes the total expense of the war so far \$50,000,000 was voted at the special August session of Parliament last year and \$40,000,000 comes out of the war appropriation of \$100,000,000 made at the last session and which is being borrowed in England.

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.

We are ready for Your

.. Spring and Summer Trade

Roofing, Troughing, Sheetting
And any Tinwork required in building.

Carload of Sheet Iron just placed in stock.

PRICES REASONABLE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

G. W. DALE PRACTICAL TINSMITH
Shawville, Que.

—SEE—

G. A. HOWARD'S Warerooms

FOR A FEW BARGAINS

3 New Munro McIntosh Buggies

1 New Munro McIntosh two seat Express

1 No. 4 Maxwell Churn

2 Bluebell Washers

3 Connor Washers

Maxwell and Connor 3 and 5 year Wringers

Double and Single Harness

2 Second Hand Square Pianos

1 Second Hand Carn Organ, good condition

3 Pair Farm Sloops, slightly used

1 Pair Heavy Horses, will exchange for pair of drivers

2 New Waggon Gears.

All kinds of repairs and accessories for Ford Cars kept in stock; also Gasoline and Oil.

These goods are all bought for cash, hence I can give a close deal on any terms.

Give us a call.

G. A. HOWARD.

THE EQUITY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to Local Interests.
Published every Thursday
At Shawville, County Pontiac, Que.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
All arrears must be paid up before any paper is discontinued.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Legal advertising, 10 cents per line for 1st insertion and 5 cents per line or each subsequent insertion.
Business cards not exceeding one inch inserted at \$5.00 per year.

Local announcements inserted at the rate of 8 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents for subsequent insertions.

Commercial advertising by the month or for longer periods inserted at low rates which will be given on application.

Advertisements received without instructions accompanying them will be inserted until forbidden and charged for accordingly.

Birth, marriage and death notices published free of charge. Obituary poetry declined.

JOB PRINTING.

All kinds of Job Printing neatly and cheaply executed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

JOHN A. COWAN,
Publisher

Professional Cards.

DENTAL.

DR. A. H. BEERS

SURGEON DENTIST
CAMPBELLS BAY - QUE.
Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery
McGill University.
Doctor of Dental Surgery, University of Pennsylvania.
Licentiate of Dental Surgery, Quebec.

LEGAL.

S. A. MACKAY

NOTARY PUBLIC
Shawville, - - - Que.

R. MILLAR, L.L.L.

ADVOCATE,
Bryson - - - Que.
Will visit Shawville every Saturday.

D. R. BARRY, K.C.

BARRISTER, ADVOCATE, & C.
Office and Residence
Campbells Bay, Que.
Visits Shawville every Saturday.

GEO. C. WRIGHT, K.C.

ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, & C.
198 Main St. - Hull.

PHONE BELL

J. ERNEST GABOURY, LL. B.

ADVOCATE
BARRISTER & SOLICITOR
CAMPBELLS BAY, QUE.
Will be in Fort Coulonge every Wednesday and Shawville every Saturday.

GEORGE HYNES

UNDERTAKER
Embalmer and Funeral Director
Main Street, Shawville.
Personal attention. Open all hours.

UNDERTAKING

HAYES & FINDLAY
MAIN STREET - SHAWVILLE
(opposite J. H. Shaw's.)
All calls will receive prompt personal attention.
W. J. HAYES. J. V. FINDLAY

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

Round Trip
Excursion Fares
Thanksgiving Day

Monday, October 11, 1915.
Lowest one-way first-class fare for round trip, good going and returning Monday, Oct. 11th only.
Lowest one-way first-class fare and one third, good going Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th. Return limit, Tuesday, Oct. 12th.

For further particulars apply to any Can. Pac. Ry. Agent.
E. J. HEBERT,
1st Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
Montreal, Que.

Are there New Rugs,
New Curtains, or any other
New House Furnishings
To provide this fall?

Then you cannot spend an hour more profitably
than looking over these lines with us.

Rugs for Everybody

Price and selection in Tapestry and Velvet Squares are the pride of our House Furnishing section. From Small Mats to the Large Seamless Squares there is a wide choice of color and design. While prices are low.

Window Shades

Window Shades at 30, 40 and 50 cents each. These shades are 3 ft. wide and 6 ft. long; are mounted on good rollers and complete with brackets. Colors green and cream, in plain or with lace.

Durable Linoleum

The two important features of pattern and quality are the two points which we keep in mind when ordering. So our Linoleums are of splendid thickness and finish, and designs for anywhere in the house.

Pickling Season

is now here and we are prepared to supply you with the Finest Vinegars and Pure Spices, without which your pickles cannot be a success.

G. F. HODGINS CO.

Just Received!

A carload of Corrugated Iron Roofing
—which will be supplied at about old price.

Roofing and Sheeting of all kinds

Supplied as customers may require. Estimates furnished.

Furnaces and Bathroom Outfits

Always on hand.

GEO. E. WAINMAN : SHAWVILLE.

I am now in a position to handle

HAY and OATS

at the highest Market Prices.

Call or telephone and I will handle your output promptly and efficiently.

G. A. HOWARD, Dealer,
Shawville - - - Que.

Shawville's New Music Store.

RALLY E. HORNER

announces the opening of his New Music Store
on the Corner, opposite the New Post Office.

Everything up-to-date in

Music, Pianos, Organs and Victrolas.

All the Latest Records kept in stock.

We would be pleased to have a call.

RALLY E. HORNER.

NOTICE

CAUTION TO HUNTERS

Any person or persons found hunting or trespassing with firearms on the following properties shall be dealt with according to law:—

GEORGE C. HODGINS, JOHN CARSON,
ROBERT WILSON, WM. BARBER,
ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, J. C. HAYES.
Clarendon, Sept. 27, 1915.

Caution to Hunters

Any person or persons found hunting or trespassing with firearms on the rear half of Lots 35, 36; all of Lots 37, 38 and 39 in the 3rd range of Thorne shall be dealt with according to law.

FRED W. SCHWARTZ,
Greymount.

Hunting Forbidden

Parties carrying firearms or hunting are hereby forbidden to trespass upon Lots 11 and 12 on the 8th range of Clarendon. Having lost a valuable animal last year through the reckless use of a rifle, I wish to avoid the risk of losing any more of my stock in a similar manner, hence this notice.

H. T. ARGUE.
Shawville, Oct. 4, 1915.

Trespass Notice

We, the undersigned property-holders in the township of Bristol hereby forbid all parties from hunting, trapping or trespassing in any manner whatsoever on the several Lots hereinafter mentioned opposite our names. Anyone found so doing after this notice will be dealt with as the law directs:—

James McNally,	Lot 11, Range 7	"	"
Neil Doherty,	" F 10, " 8	"	"
Thomas Telford,	" 9, " 7	"	"
Richard McCaffrey,	" 6, " 7	"	"
"	" 10, " 7	"	"
M. B. Drummond,	" R 11, " 6	"	"
Robt. W. Lucas,	" 7, " 7	"	"
"	" part 5, " 6	"	"
James McCaffrey,	" 12, " 7	"	"
James Alexander,	" 12, " 7	"	"
Sam Smiley,	" S W 12, " 8	"	"
"	" S E 11, " 7	"	"
Rich. A. McCaffrey,	" 10, " 7	"	"
Thos. Walsh,	" 8, " 7	"	"
William McCaffrey,	" pt. 13, " 7	"	"

Bristol, October 1, 1915.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec,
Municipality of Clarendon.
Public notice is hereby given by E. T. Hodgins, the undersigned Secretary-Treasurer of the aforesaid municipality that the list of persons who according to the Valuation Roll of the said municipality now in force, have a right to vote at an election for a Member of the Legislative Assembly of this Province has been prepared according to law. That a duplicate of said list has been deposited in my office at the disposition and for the information of all persons interested, and that on Monday, November 1st, at 10 o'clock, a.m., in Hynes' Hall, the Municipal Council will proceed with the revision and correction of said list.

Given at Shawville this 1st day of October, 1915.
E. T. HODGINS,
Sec.-Treas.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec,
Municipality of Shawville.
Public notice is hereby given by the undersigned Sec.-Treasurer of the Municipality of Shawville, in the County of Pontiac, that the Collection Roll of the said municipality is now made and complete for the current year, 1915. The said Collection Roll is deposited in the office of the undersigned Sec.-Treasurer. All parties whose names appear therein as liable for the payment of any assessment are required to pay the amount thereof to me, the undersigned, at my office, within the twenty days following the date of this notice.

Given at Shawville this 4th day of October, 1915.
S. E. HODGINS,
Sec.-Treas.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec
School Municipality of Clarendon.
Public Notice is hereby given to all proprietors of real estate and resident householders of this Municipality that the Collection Roll of School Taxes, as established by the School Commissioners of this Municipality, has been made and completed and that it now is and will remain in my possession for inspection by parties interested during thirty days from this notice, during which time it may be amended. Any ratepayer may, during the said delay, complain of such roll, which shall be taken into consideration and homologated, with or without amendment, at the meeting of the Commissioners to take place on Saturday the 16th day of October 1915, in the office of the Asst. Secretary Treasurer, in the village of Shawville, at the hour of ten in the forenoon; but such delay expired, it shall come into force, and every person interested after having taken cognizance thereof, if he so desired, shall pay the amount of his taxes to the undersigned at her office within the twenty days following the said delay of thirty days, without further notice.

Given at Shawville this 15th day of September 1915.
M. A. MCKINLEY,
Asst. Secty.-Treas.

TRICKS OF LIGHTNING.

A Favorite Prank Seems to Be to Strip Its Victim Naked.

The antics played by lightning are sometimes almost beyond belief. A common trick is that of undressing its victims. In 1898 two girls and an elderly woman were standing by a reaping machine during a storm. A lightning flash struck the woman and killed her on the spot, while the two girls were stripped to the skin, even their boots being torn from their feet; otherwise they were safe and sound, but astonished.

In 1855 a man was struck by lightning near Valleriois, in France, and stripped naked. All that could be found afterward of his clothes was a shirt sleeve, a few other shreds and some pieces of his hobnailed boots. Ten minutes after he was struck he regained consciousness, opened his eyes, complained of the cold and inquired how he happened to be naked.

Such instances have been recorded again and again. In one case a man and two oxen were struck simultaneously, and all three killed. The man was found stripped to the skin, and his boots had been carried thirty yards away.

"In other cases," says Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, "lightning has been known to split men in half, almost as with a huge ax. On June 20, 1868, this happened to a miller's assistant at a windmill near Croix. The lightning struck him and split him from his head downward in two."—Pearson's Weekly.

Eyeglass Insurance.

At the club I accidentally knocked off a man's eyeglasses, which splintered on falling. The man replied to my apologies, "Never mind, old chap, they're insured." He gets a new pair for nothing and his policy costs him 1s. 6d. a year. If it is possible to insure against twins and triplets, poor potato crops and the loss of one's keys, why not against the smashing of spectacles and eyeglasses?—London Mirror.

INDIANS AND THE WAR.

Ven-Archdeacon Renison Tells of Their Views and Feelings.

Some interesting stories of the views of the northern Indians in regard to the present war were told to a correspondent of The Toronto Globe by Ven. Archdeacon Renison, D.D., rector of the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ont., who has just arrived here after a two-months' tour amongst the Indians and Eskimos of Hudson and James Bays. Dr. Renison, in charge of Treaty Party No. 1 (whose first object was to pay ready money to the Indians and then to investigate the conditions under which they are living and their economic resources, especially on the northern shores of Hudson Bay), left Hudson, on Lac Seul, on June 22, and visited Osnaburgh, Fort Hope, English River, Martin's Falls, traveling 300 miles down the Albany River to the coast of James Bay. Thence the party took the steamer and went by way of Charlton Island and the Twin Islands to Moose Factory, returning by the Atibitibi and Frederickhouse Rivers to Cochrane. The whole trip lasted two months, and in that time Dr. Renison and his party traveled 1,600 miles and saw 3,500 Indians.

"The attitude of the Indians in regard to the war is rather remarkable," said Dr. Renison in the course of the interview. "They do not like the idea of bayonet charges. One old Indian told me that if they sent him after the Kaiser he would get his Winchester and would creep up to him in the night the same way he would go after a moose."

"Another old Indian at Osnaburgh, who heard that there was war, and that there was fighting at Valcartier, took his birch bark canoe and started off for the interior!"

The Indians gathered in record numbers to meet the treaty party, and Dr. Renison, who speaks the Cree and Ojibway languages fluently, held a council with the Indians.

"I endeavored to talk to them about 'Kitchewogenow George' (King George) and the great war," said Dr. Renison. "We found an intense feeling of patriotism among the Indians. They deeply appreciate the fairness, good faith, and generosity which the Canadian Governments have always shown towards them. The worldwide economic depression has affected the fur market and the Indians are, of course, feeling the loss of that source of revenue."

"As one chief pointed out in an eloquent speech, the Indian is much more honest than his poor white brother when money is scarce, for moose are running over the swamps of the north country in unprecedented numbers, and rabbits and fish are plentiful. Again this chief pointed out that the Indian was favored in not having to make the supreme sacrifice of sending his sons to die for their country."

"Strange to say," Dr. Renison remarked, "owing perhaps to the fact that they have not depended on flour and pork, but have lived more the life of their ancestors, sickness has been much less than in former years. The Eskimos at Whale River are suffering somewhat from a decrease in the number of reindeer in recent years, but the Government has made ample provision for every emergency which may happen. Irresponsible travelers in the north country, who know nothing of the conditions of life there and the inevitable hazards of nomad existence, very often bring weird tales of starvation and Government neglect, but these stories are quite unjustifiable. As Dominion Constable Dehaitre, who was a member of our party, remarked, if white men lived as these northern Indians live and had the same respect for law, the police of the country would have to seek new vocations."

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THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not sub-agency) on certain conditions.

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W. W. CORY, C. M. G.,
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A very desirable Property, being West Half of Lot No. 13, on the Sixth Range of the Township of Clarendon, containing 100 acres, more or less, adjoining the corporation of the village of Shawville. Comfortable dwelling house and all out-buildings necessary on a farm erected thereon. Two good wells—one convenient to house and one convenient to stock yard. Good orchard. Soil part clay and part loam. Will be sold on easy terms. For further particulars apply to

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Strayed on to my premises about 15th of May last, a yearling heifer, black. Owner may have the same by paying expenses and removing the animal at once.
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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.

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The Vicar's Nephew; or The Orphan's Vindication

CHAPTER I.

"So this is what you call a good road hereabouts, is it?" said Dr. Jenkins.

He had stopped half-way up the hill, to look about him, and to let Timothy, the fisherman who had met him at the station, put down the heavy bag and rest a bit before climbing any further. Behind them the steep road wound in and out between rough granite blocks and tussocks of dwarf gorse. Before them it rose up sharply, a stony track bordered by wet and withered heather tufts; and turned, passing out of sight round the shoulder of a lichened rock. For the rest, a waste of barren moorland; an angry sun going down, red in a fiery glow; a fierce north wind that rushed by, shrieking curses; and below the cliffs a sullen, moaning, desperate sea; that was all. On summer days the moor might wear a brighter face among the gold and purple glories of its flowering time; even this ashen sea had doubtless green or blue delights to show on sunny mornings after rain; but this was the doctor's first glimpse of Cornwall, and in the December evening everything seemed to him chill and bleak and desolate.

The sun dipped, leaving a long red trail across the water, a bloody finger-mark that the waves made haste to wash out. Timothy picked up the bag again.

"It's not so far now, sir; we shall be in before dark. Eh, why surely that be Maaster Richard's from Gurnard's Head, and the old woman with him. Good evening, maaster!"

A pony-cart laden with apples jogged round the projecting shoulder of the granite rock. Farmer and pony walked side by side; but for the difference in the number of legs they might have been twin brothers, so much alike they were in expression, in roundness of comfortable figure, in solid evenness of tread. In the cart, among the apples, sat an old woman, half asleep.

"This is the new doctor for Porthcarrick," said Timothy. "We shall have two doctors now, for old Dr. Williams is stopping on, though he's past much work. Are you rested now, sir?"

They climbed a little further, while Farmer Richards and his pony jogged slowly down the hill.

"Hullo!" said the doctor, looking round. "Something's wrong with the old fellow's cart. Look, he's making signs to us. What is it?"

The farmer was gesticulating frantically with his whip, and trying to shout louder than the angry wind.

"Police!" he yelled in a despairing voice. "Murder! Help! Police!"

"In all time of our tribulation!" gasped the old woman, folding her hands. "It's the gang."

A big, muscular, black-haired boy, with a skin tanned almost to coffee-color, and a face which struck the doctor as repulsively ugly, came tearing over the brow of the hill. A score of minor demons followed at his heels, brandishing sticks and yelling furiously. The gang descended with such suddenness, that before the farmer could defend himself the pony was unhooked from the shafts and the old

woman stood wailing by the roadside, wringing her hands at the sight of the over-turned cart and the apples rolling in the mud. As Timothy and the doctor came running back, the farmer recovered heart of grace and laid about him with his whip. After a sharp skirmish the gang broke and fled in all directions down the hill, yelling and screeching, with bulging pockets crammed with apples. Pursuit seemed to be hopeless; but in the act of escaping, one of the boys, a freckled, lanky, hobbledoy, caught his foot against a stone and fell sprawling. The farmer pounced upon him instantly.

"Jack!" shrieked the captive. "Jack!" The leader bounded to the spot, tripped up the top-heavy farmer with a dexterous twist of one foot, dragged the fallen boy up by the collar, and despatched him at a headlong pace downhill by a thumb between the shoulders. Then he glanced round to see if any one else were in need of help. It was evidently an established convention that he should be the first to charge and the last to flee. As he turned to follow the gang a hand dropped on his shoulder.

"I've caught one, at any rate," said Dr. Jenkins. "No, don't hit him," he added, intercepting the farmer's fist. "And all that bad language won't get your cart up, my man; Timothy, help him with the cart, and leave the boy to me."

The farmer, still swearing, went to join Timothy, who was trying to lift the cart; the old woman meanwhile collecting the scattered apples.

"Well, you're a promising young devil," said Dr. Jenkins to his prisoner, who was wriggling in his grasp like a conger eel. "What's your name?"

"What's yours?" "Lord bless you, sir," said Timothy, "that's Jack Raymond. He be nephew to our Vicar."

"And own son to Beelzebub," the farmer muttered from between the wheels.

The swarthy imp grinned at the compliment, showing his white teeth. "Nephew . . . to the Vicar!" Dr. Jenkins repeated incredulously.

"Here, stand up, boy; don't wriggle about so. I won't hurt you."

Jack's eyes opened wide in scornful amazement, and the doctor saw how luminous they were.

"I should just about think you wouldn't!"

He left off kicking, however, and stood up straight. His ugliness was of an unfamiliar, barbaric type; but there was nothing degenerate about it, notwithstanding the heavy jaw; his head, indeed, was finely shaped, and the deep-set eyes would have been really magnificent, but for their sullen, morose expression. The singular breadth between them, and the black line of the brows meeting above, gave to the face a look of strength and concentration more appropriate to a bison than to a child.

"So you're the captain of the Bad Boys' Gang, are you?" said the doctor. "And what's your special line, if one may ask? Stealing poor men's goods and frightening old women out of their senses, eh?"

"Yes," said Jack, looking straight at him; "and stinging when we get a chance, like that hornet on your beard."

Dr. Jenkins, forgetting the season, instinctively put his hand up to his face. Immediately he received a violent blow, delivered with admirable precision; and by the time he realized that a trick had been played on him, Jack was racing downhill at break-neck speed.

The doctor leaned against a rock and laughed till the tears ran out of his eyes. It was impossible to feel angry, the thing had been so neatly done.

"What a little devil!" he gasped, as soon as he could speak. "Oh, what an outlandish little devil!" "And that boy," said Timothy, as they walked on again after the cart had been righted, "has been brought up in a godly house and has had the

advantages of Christian precept and example ever since he was six years old. But 'tis no use; what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh."

"It strikes me," the doctor remarked, "that a good thrashing would have more effect on that urchin than Christian precept and example. He wants the nonsense taken out of him."

"Why, sir," said Timothy; "there's not a boy in Porthcarrick that gets the cane as often as Jack Raymond, anyway, since the Captain died."

"Who?" "Captain John, the Vicar's youngest brother. He was drowned three years ago last October, saving life in rough weather off Longships way by Land's End. The Vicar has no children of his own, so he took in the orphans, for they were left ill-provided, and he's done his duty by them, as a Christian man."

"There are more children, then?" "There's one little girl, sir—eight years old; and a sweet little maid she is, no more like this imp of darkness than a plume is like a pilchard. She takes after the Raymonds."

"And the Vicar is strict with the boy?" Timothy screwed up his lips.

"Well, sir, there be some gentlemen on the school board do say he's a bit too strict; 'the flogging parson,' they call him, because he's all for more caning in the schools. But to my mind he's right, sir; the human heart is corrupt and desperately wicked, and how else be 'ee goin' to instill the fear of God into a boy?"

"It doesn't seem to have got instilled into this one."

"Ah, that's the bad blood in him. Many a tear he's cost poor Mrs. Raymond. You must know, she comes of a very respectable family, up St. Ives way; good church people, all of them, and not used to such goings on. She's a godly, pious woman, and good to the poor, as a clergyman's wife should be, and she's cared for those two children as if they'd been her own, though they're none of her kin. Little Molly's the apple of her eye. She's tried her hardest to coax the devil out of the boy, and the Vicar, he's tried to thrash it out, and you might as well plant potatoes on the Runnel Stone. He's his mother's own brat."

"Who was she?"

"A scarlet woman, sir; a play actress from London that Captain John brought home when he was young and wild, to carry shame into a decent house. Lord knows what she'd been before he married her. If you'll believe it, sir, she'd smoke tobacco like a man, and her foot was never inside a place of worship. And then her haunting skirts and her lewd ways—it was enough to make the old folks turn in their graves! She'd trapes about under the cliffs in dirty weather singing to herself, with her hair streaming down her back, for all the world like a madwoman. Why, I've seen her myself sitting half-dressed with her bare feet in a rock-pool and a crazy artist fellow from London painting her portrait—great mazed antics! She was as ugly as sin, too; you can tell by the boy; but Captain John was fair mad about her. However, she went the way of damnation after the little maid was born; 'took an engagement,' she called it, and ran off to Paris to her play-acting; as 'tis written in the Scriptures: 'the dog returneth to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire.' And there she took the cholera, and died like an unrepentant heathen, so I've heard tell. 'Tis plain it was a judgment. And the Captain, poor silly fool, instead of being duly grateful to Providence for a good riddance of bad rubbish, he took on as if his heart was broken in him, and never held up his head again—"

"Is this Porthcarrick?" the doctor interrupted as a sharp turn of the road brought them to a break in the hills and a fishing village nestling between two great cliffs.

"Yes, sir, and that's the lighthouse beyond Deadman's cliff. The white house there is Mr. Hewitt's school; a lot of gentlefolk send their sons there—the Vicar's trustee for it; and that big one higher up is Heath Brow, where the Squire lives."

"And the old house by the church, all over ivy?" "That's the Vicarage."

The next morning, when Dr. Jenkins returned from his first stroll through the village, he found on his table a card bearing the inscription: "Rev. Jos. Raymond, The Vicarage, Porthcarrick, Cornwall."

"The Vicar said he'd call again," said the landlady. "He seemed in a great taking; I suppose it's that devil's limb Jack again; they do say he scared poor old Mrs. Richards fair to death on the cliff road yesterday; smashed the cart and lamed the pony and—"

"Come, come," said the doctor, "it's not quite so bad as that. I was there myself. Has the farmer been complaining?"

"Yes, sir; they say the Vicar had a long bill to pay him this morning; he threatened to bring an action for assault and battery."

"Oh, that's absurd. I'll go round to the Vicar after dinner and tell him the truth of the story myself."

As he entered the Vicarage garden a sound of light feet running came from behind the fuchsia hedge. Before he had time to draw back, a small creature in a holland pinafore dashed round the corner and came in a headlong rush against his legs, then started away, tossing back a tawny mane.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Did I hurt you, sir?"

The doctor looked down in surprise, wondering if this pretty child could really be Jack Raymond's sister.

"Hurt me? What, by treading on my toes? I was afraid it was I that had hurt you. Are you Mr. Raymond's little niece?"

"I'm Molly. Did you want to see uncle?"

She led him into the house; he, meanwhile, unsuccessfully trying to draw her into conversation. He was fond of children; and Molly, clean and wholesome throughout, shy yet not awkward, freckled and tanned with sun and wind, appeared to him a creature altogether delightful. Charming as she was, however, she would certainly not grow up beautiful; for, though so unlike her brother in coloring and expression, she possessed, in a modified form, the same obstinate mouth and heavy jaw; but her eyes bore no resemblance to Jack's; they were deliciously limpid and blue.

The Rev. Mr. Raymond was an iron-grey man, serious and cold, with eyes as lifeless as his grizzled hair. He held himself erect like a soldier, though without a soldier's ease. There was about him an antiquated stiffness, yet withal a patient dignity, as of one mindful that he was made in the image of God. His sense of order would not tolerate useless growth of any kind; therefore he was clean-shaven, showing the nakedness of the worst thing in his face—a Chinese insensitiveness, at the corners of the mouth. A little more curve and pointing of the lines might have rendered the face a fine one, impressive if not sympathetic; but as it was, he seemed a diagram of virtue drawn in monochrome.

(To be continued.)

NEARLY \$100 A HEAD IN BANKS.

Canadians Have \$691,891,000 Deposits Drawing Interest.

The banking system of Canada is regarded by many high authorities as being more perfectly adapted to the conditions it has to meet than any other in the world. In nothing is this system more beneficial than in the encouragement it gives to people throughout the country to save small sums of money. The banks have their agencies everywhere throughout the country, and so closely do they follow development that no community of any importance is left without banking facilities.

When the great Klondike rush took place in the late nineties the bank men were on the ground, all ready to do business, before any but the first prospectors had turned their faces in that direction. Later, in the silver and gold rushes of Cobalt, Gowganda, and Porcupine, the tent to house the branch bank was always one of the first to go up in the camp made at the site of a new "strike." Likewise in the agricultural West—as soon as a new section is to be settled, the bank is there and ready to afford all the facilities given to business men of the greatest cities.

According to a recent report, there were no fewer than 3,000 branch banks in Canada. Every one of these branches receives savings of even the smallest sums, down to one dollar, and allows interest on the whole balance at the depositor's credit. The withdrawal of money, while necessarily and properly restricted, is not attended with any difficulty or burdensome formality. The money is always at the depositor's command, but, in his own interest no less than in that of the bank, he is offered inducements to leave his savings intact.

The banks come so close to the people, and their reputation for soundness and proper business methods is so high, that a tremendous inflow of savings is entrusted to their care. The funds that are strictly for savings purposes and those more or less made use of for current transactions cannot be separated by any sharp line of distinction; but for ordinary purposes of estimate it is usual to count as savings those funds in care of the banks that are withdrawable only after notice.

In the period since 1901, while the population of Canada has not nearly doubled, the savings deposits in the chartered banks have increased more than three-fold. According to the most recent report available these deposits now make up the tremendous sum of \$691,891,000. This is an average of almost \$100 for every man, woman and child in the country.

The existence of these savings is proof that there is a strong element of thrift in the Canadian people. The fact that so many people have taken advantage of the facilities afforded by the chartered banks to place their spare cash where it will be safe and always earning, while available at any time in case of emergency, should encourage every follower of the new fashion of thrift to open an account.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Forms of it Occur in Greek and Roman Authors.

Five hundred years before Christ, writes J. A. S. Wilson in the Saturday Review, Confucius enunciated the Golden Rule "Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you." The Chinese sage's maxim is similar to Hillel's: "What to thyself is hateful, to thy neighbor thou shalt not do" (Tobit iv., 15), and other forms of it occur in Greek and Roman authors.

But the Golden Rule of our Lord as given in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, vii., 12, is: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The latter rule is "positive," the other is "negative"; and, as the Right Rev. Charles Gore points out in his practical exposition of "The Sermon on the Mount," "One great superiority of our Lord over other teachers lies in the positive character of His teachings. His will is not simply that men should abstain from wrong-doing, but rather that they should be occupied in right-doing."

Kangaroos, of which there are fifty-six species, can sometimes leap as much as twenty feet. The male kangaroo stands from six to seven feet high.

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A PICTURESQUE VILLAIN.

Gilderoy Was a "Bonny Boy" of Six Feet Ten Inches.

"Higher than Gilderoy's kite"—we have all heard the expression, but not many of us know who or what Gilderoy was.

"Gilderoy was a bonny boy, Had roses tull his shoone, His stockings were of silken soy, Wi' garters hanging doune."

The old Scotch balladist's description suggests, surely, a gay and harmless youth in all the bravery of his knotted garter ribbons and rosetted shoes, setting forth to court some pretty lassie; but the old-time ballad of broadsheet and itinerant singer too often corresponded to the blood-and-thunder dime novel of to-day in glorifying worthless criminals out of all knowledge. The unpoetized Gilderoy of fact was young, and dressed with gaudy richness; but he was a "bonny boy" of six feet ten in his stocking feet, a hulking giant with glittering eyes, a shock of black curls, and a scarred cheek. His strength was enormous, and when, after a series of brutal robberies and murders, he had been overpowered by a posse of soldiers, tried and condemned to death, it enabled him to break his bonds and escape to France.

He did not venture, in a new country, to resume his crimes of violence, but he devoted himself instead to thievery, and became before long the very king of cutpurses.

One day when the king and court with the great Cardinal Richelieu had gone in state to attend mass at St. Denis, the King's eye was caught by a towering stranger in magnificent attire, and caught at the moment the stranger's hand moving gently toward the unnoted cardinal's pocket and dexterously extracting his purse. Moreover, at that instant the pick-pocket lifted his eyes and met those of the king. Seizing his one chance, Gilderoy smiled and made a slight signal to the king to keep silence. Convinced that the theft was merely a friendly wager or jest, King Louis delightedly complied, and as soon as the service was ended approached Richelieu and inquired if he had perchance a purse of gold about him, as not having his own he desired to borrow a coin.

Richelieu immediately felt for his purse and discovered his loss; but the king's laughter was soon checked when he discovered that not only was the theft genuine, but the light-fingered dandy who had ventured to make a "pal" out of the king of France had not hesitated also to empty the royal pocket on his way out of the chapel.

"Which shows," commented a contemporary chronicler, "as indeed His Majesty with some shamefastness has admitted, that though all must laugh when a king jests and none may complain, if the move behooves the king who jests to do so of his own wit and device, or if he share his jest with

another, to know very well with whom he makes himself a partner, lest the laugh turn against those who would be laughing, and the royal dignity suffer thereby."

Gilderoy, for whom his audacious affront to the royal dignity soon made France impossible, returned to Scotland, betook himself to cattle lifting and highway robbery, and was finally betrayed by a confederate and hanged on a gallows so high that his swinging body was likened by those who saw the execution to a kite.

MINISTERIAL PETER PAN.

Little Given the Youthful-Looking Hon. Mr. Runciman.

"Runciman's great disadvantage is that he never looks old enough for the job," a Labor leader in England remarked recently when discussing the President of the Board of Trade and the South Wales coal strike. Certainly Mr. Runciman seems to be a Ministerial Peter Pan. He refuses to grow up. "What, that boy! How ridiculous!" a distinguished visitor to the House of Commons remarked on being told that the gentleman addressing the House was the President of the Board of Trade. There was some excuse for the remark, for Mr. Runciman appears at least ten years younger than his actual age—forty-five—and is the most boyish-looking Minister who has ever had a seat in the Cabinet.

The son of Sir Walter Runciman, the famous shipowner, Mr. Runciman has represented Dewsbury, in Parliament since 1902. He first entered the House of Commons, however, as member for Oldham in 1899, but was defeated in the following year by Mr. Winston Churchill, then a very active Unionist. "Good-bye," said Mr. Churchill, as he shook hands with his opponent after the election; "I do not think the world has heard the last of either of us." Now they sit in the same Cabinet and can afford to laugh over the "battles long ago."

It was not long after he entered Parliament that Mr. Runciman was marked down as a "coming man." His rise has been phenomenally rapid, first obtaining Cabinet rank in 1908 as President of the Board of Education. His business training has undoubtedly been of the greatest value to him, and he quickly gained the reputation of being a man with a keen head for finance, and a hard debater, while his wit and repartee have enlivened many a meeting inside and outside the House.

Her Fate.

"Hullo, Binks, how are you getting on?" "Oh, I've just got married." "That's good." "No, it's not. She's a regular Tartar." "That's bad." "No, it's not. She's got plenty of money." "That's good." "No, it's not. She's awfully mean." "That's bad." "No, it's not, because she has to keep me, anyway." "That's good." "No, it's not. I'm half-starved." "That's rotten."

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Handy



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PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY
MADE IN CANADA

AN OPEN LETTER

From a Well Known Methodist Clergyman of Interest to All Who Are Sick.

One of the best known ministers in the Hamilton Conference is the Rev. Chas. E. Stafford, of Elora, Ont., who freely admits that he owes his present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Stafford writes as follows: "Some years ago I was severely afflicted for a period of nearly four months. The leading physician in the town in which I was then stationed diagnosed my case as one of complete nervous prostration, brought on by over-work and which superinduced intercostal neuralgia and muscular rheumatism, from which I suffered the most excruciating pain night and day for weeks. So weak and helpless did I become that my attendants had to handle me like an infant, raising me up and laying me down with the greatest care, so intense were my sufferings. Acting on the advice of my doctor, and taking his medicine, I did not seem to improve. One afternoon, while suffering great pain, the editor of the paper published in the town, and who was a member of the church of which I was then pastor, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was sceptical as to the medicinal qualities of all proprietary medicines, but on the strong recommendation of the editor, who had great faith in the medicine, I decided to try them. To my great surprise and supreme delight, I soon found that the Pills were giving me relief, and after I had taken seven boxes I was fully restored to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, under God, having made me a new man. Ever since I have been better and stronger physically than I had been for a number of years.

Three years ago, after an active ministry of forty-six years, I asked the Hamilton Conference of the Methodist Church to grant me superannuation relation, which it did, but for more than two years I have been supplying a charge which necessitates a drive of twenty miles every Sabbath. To-day I am strong and hearty, without an ache or pain, and for my present physical condition I am indebted to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can most heartily recommend them to the afflicted."

Don't Do It.

Solomon Isaac was very ill, and the doctor was paying him a visit. "Well, doctor," said Solomon, "if I've got to die, I die contented. My life is insured for five thousand dollars." "Well," replied the doctor, "I think I can keep you alive for a week longer." "Don't do it, doctor," said Solomon; "the premium comes due the day after to-morrow."

Even undeserved praise sometimes becomes an incentive to better effort.

HEROES OF THE COAST PATROL

GALLANT WORK IS SILENTLY ACCOMPLISHED.

The Safety of British Shores in a Large Measure Depends Upon Them.

A few weeks after the outbreak of the war a middle-aged, weather-beaten looking man, with a pair of very clear blue eyes, and clad in rather rough attire, presented himself at the Admiralty and asked to see the official who was in control of the patrol office, says London Answers.

Casual callers do not readily gain interviews with busy officials at Government offices in war time, but there was something about this particular caller—something that suggested his inflexible resolution to see the official he had asked for and discuss "real business"—that gained him admission with but little delay to the room of the official who was in control of the patrol office, an old naval officer.

"What do you want?" asked the official, an old naval officer. "I am a yachtsman," was the reply. "I've a steam yacht, 500-tonner, twenty-five knots. I hold a master's certificate, and I have a crew that will follow me anywhere. The lot is at your disposal, including the man you are talking to, if you want me."

Sentinels of the Sea.

Half an hour later, the yacht belonging to this weather-beaten, roughly-clad volunteer was entered on the register of boats on patrol service, and its owner, a millionaire yachtsman, left the Admiralty a captain (unpaid) of a patrol boat in His Majesty's Navy.

This is but one instance out of many that might be quoted of how the Admiralty found ships and men for their patrol service, which has performed such splendid work round our coasts—work full of risk and hazard—since September last.

The patrol boats may be described as Naval sentinels. They are constantly watching the seas round our coasts, and it is no exaggeration to say that on their vigilance the safety of our shores in a large measure depends. The patrol boats are not fighting ships; a shell from the smallest warship afloat would seriously damage, if it did not sink, the largest of them. But many of them are tremendously fast; they are handled by men as daring as they are capable navigators, and when the history of the war comes to be written it will be found that among the officers and men who served on the patrol boats were many deserving of the highest honors of war.

Many of the boats are captained by their owners, who put their yachts,

A FREE "TREAT" FOR YOUR CANARY



themselves, and their crews at the disposal of the Admiralty. Other boats are captained by retired admirals, captains too old for service in the Fleet, or by retired master mariners or masters in the Merchant Service. All are splendid seamen, as ready to face danger and death in defence of king and country as any officer or man in the Grand Fleet.

Chased by Enemy Ships.

There are now hundreds of boats in the patrol service, and ten months of constant work at sea have produced a fleet the efficiency and usefulness of which will probably never be properly known or understood except by those who are in control of the naval defence of our island.

There are patrol men who have been chased by enemy ships, who have encountered imminent risk of destruction from mines, who have defied attack from submarines and aircraft. Escaping from such dangers, these sentinels of the seas are daily performing work as useful and as important and as essential to our safety as is the work of the outposts at the Front to the safety of the British Army in France.

Several of the fastest patrol boats have been employed as despatch boats, to carry despatches to and from our warships, and to different naval bases. This is work after the very heart of the men in the patrol service.

Speed is the essential qualification of a boat employed on this service, and a high courage, great daring, and fine seamanship the qualifications of its commander. There may be, say, one hundred miles of ocean to traverse between the point from which the despatch boat starts and the ship it is to deliver its despatches to.

Driving Ahead in Darkness.

The time it may be given to cover that hundred miles—the distance may be longer or shorter, of course—may be but four hours. From the start it is a case of driving ahead at full speed, possibly in pitch darkness, and with all lights out.

The discipline on board the patrol boats is as strict as it is on a battleship, though its officers and crew may possibly consist of a dozen friends or so who are working it themselves.

A story was told to the writer recently of a patrol boat which before the war was a private yacht. When it was registered as a patrol boat its owner became its commander, and among the crew were four of his most intimate friends. One of them was a young fellow who had often sailed with him on pleasure trips, and who was specially keen about serving as one of the crew when the boat went into the patrol service.

"Mind," said the owner to him, "we are not going on a pleasure trip. We shall be on war service, and there will be as strict a discipline on the boat as if she were a warship. I shall be glad to take you on, but you will have to obey orders." And the young fellow promised to do so. The first night at sea the order was given that there must be no lights—an order that was forgotten by the young fellow in question. When he went to turn in at one o'clock for his four hours' sleep, he switched on the electric light in his cabin whilst he undressed.

Dismissed!

Two minutes later he was summoned to the presence of his friend, the commander of the boat. The young fellow stood between two of the crew at a table at which the commander was seated in his cabin.

"You have disobeyed orders," said the commander, "and I have sent for you to tell you that I shall land you to-morrow at —, where we are bound for, and that I shall not have you on board this boat again."

The "commander" kept his word, and discharged his friend the next day. But the latter bore him no ill-will; he recognized the fact that he had committed a grave violation of discipline that on a battleship would have entailed severe punishment. The young fellow is now serving his country, not at sea, but as a sergeant in a regiment in which he enlisted directly after his dismissal from the patrol service.

Tactful.

Mr. Hardfax—I've brought you here so we could be alone, so that I can tell you what I've been dying to speak of.

Miss Gushington—Tell me. What is it?

Mr. Hardfax—There's too much powder on your face.

Convinced.

Mrs. Uptown—I trust that we shall get along very nicely, Nora. I am not at all difficult to suit.

Nora (the new maid)—No, ma'am; that's what I thought the minute I set eyes on the master.

If Your Food Ferments or Disagrees Just Read This!

Thousands of broken-down, despondent dyspeptics have recently been given back their health. A month ago these despairing folks would have scorned the suggestion that anything could help them. Their terrible condition was chronic, and appeared beyond the reach of medicine. These happy people don't proclaim it was a miracle that endowed them with a new lease of life—it was simply their common sense in selecting a tried and proven medicine, one specially adapted to their particular ailment. All these splendid cures were effected by Dr. Hamilton's Pills which beyond all question has a strange power to restore a weak or ailing stomach. If your stomach is tired and overworked try Dr. Hamilton's Pills and note the prompt improvement. Pain before or after eating will disappear. You'll no longer have that nauseous, gassy, bad tasting sensation. You'll get a real vigorous appetite and digest what you eat. Lots of well digested food is bound to increase your strength, to make you brighter and more ambitious. In a week you'll feel like a different person, in a month you'll be permanently restored. For folks who are out of sorts, not feeling just up to the scratch, perhaps bothered with headaches or constipation,—to them Dr. Hamilton's Pills will prove a boon.

ETON COATS FASHIONABLE.

In appearance, the Eton Jacket is to the suit what the bolero is to the summer frock—it therefore has a rightful place among the up-to-date



No. 9093.

style features. The illustration herewith, Pattern No. 9093, is a smart frock for ladies with two possibilities. It may be either made as illustrated, or with short sleeves, with or without the applied trimming-bands, belt and panel in back. The Eton coat is attractively finished by a turn-over collar. The three-piece skirt may be made with or without the hip yoke. Pattern cuts in sizes 34 to 48 inches bust measure, requiring in size 36 5 1/2 yards 36-inch material.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be obtained at your local Ladies' Home Journal dealer, or from the Home Pattern Company, 183-A George St., Toronto, Ontario.

NOTES OF THE BIG WAR.

Electrified Wires Kill Animals—Bad Boys Make Good.

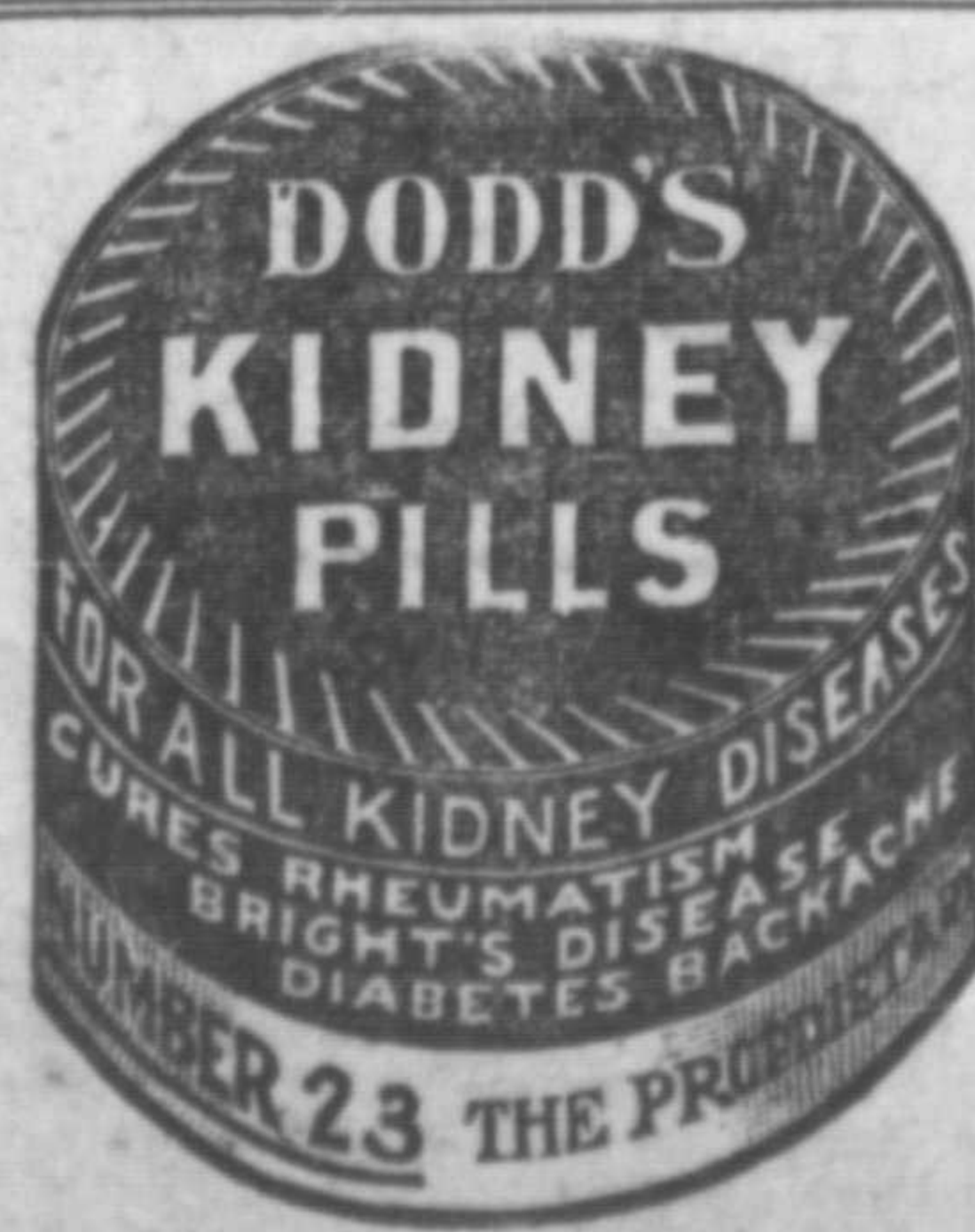
The number of special constables in the London Metropolitan area is 32,617.

The speed limit for motor-cars at the front is twenty-five miles an hour, and it is one of the duties of the military police to see that the speed is not exceeded.

Rheims holds the record of being the most heavily bombarded town in France, having been bombarded on 288 occasions.

"Two men with a machine-gun," a very distinguished British general has said, "can hold up a brigade" (6,000 men).

A sentry never gives up his rifle to anyone—not even to his general, no matter how persistently the latter may demand it. Cats, dogs, rabbits, and chickens have been killed in such numbers by the electrified wires protecting the Dutch-Belgian frontier that the Ger-



man soldiers have had to set to work to bury them.

The shrapnel that the enemy is using is filled with the most extraordinary collection of scraps of everything likely to hurt. Nuts, bolts, scraps of iron, even marbles and chips of flint are common.

No fewer than 19,648 boys who have received their training in Reformatory and Industrial Schools in Great Britain have served during the war in the naval or military forces. Three of them have won the Victoria Cross.

The high explosive favored by the Austrians is called ecrasite. The secret of its composition is known to only two men, who are natives of that country. It is an explosive of particularly destructive power against forts and earthwork.

The Italian private soldier's pay is small—three cents a day—but he is well fed. Besides ordinary rations he gets plenty of fruit and macaroni and other Italian dishes he loves so well. Cigars are regularly served out to him, and often also wine.

The Kaiser has conferred various orders and distinctions, from that of the Black Eagle to the silver signal service medal, on more than 500 civilians. The list includes the names of shoemakers, tailors, doctors, chemists, nurses, mechanics, teachers, and scores of other workers throughout Germany.

It is reported from Northern France that the Germans are using a metal-destroying liquid. It consists of a mixture contained in a cylinder under high pressure. By simply turning a screw the liquid can be thrown a few feet against barbed wire, which burns through more quickly than wire-cutters could possibly sever it.

Sore Corns Absolutely Painless Go!

No cutting, no plasters or pads to press the sore spot. Putnam's Extractor makes the corn go without pain. Takes out the sting overnight. Never fails—leaves no scar. Get a 25c. bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor to-day.

All Cut-up.

Laundry Proprietor (showing visitor through)—"This is the mangle-room for the clothes."

Visitor (sarcastically)—"Ah, that explains it. Some of the shirts that come back look as if they were sent through a half-dozen times."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

A Bad Lot.

When charged with being drunk and disorderly, and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of grey hair, and said:—"Your honor, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not so debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as ——" "That will do!" thundered the magistrate. "Ten days! And officer, take a list of these names and run them in. They're evidently as bad a lot as he is!"

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gents.—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yours truly, VILANDIE FRERES.

Has One Advantage.

"My dwelling is bounded on the north by a gasworks, on the south by an indiarubber works, on the west by a vinegar factory, and on the east by a glue-boiling establishment." "A nice neighborhood, I must say!" "Quite so; but it has one advantage. I can always tell which way the wind blows without looking at the weather-clock."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Explicit.

Lawyer (to timid young woman)—Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?

Young Woman (blushing)—Yes, sir, of course.

Lawyer—Please state to the jury just what suit it was. Young Woman (with more confidence)—It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue, and hat to match—Judge (rapping violently)—Order in the court!

Always Looked That Way.

"Yes," said the old mathematician with a gleam in his eye. "I've always looked at it that way. Marriage is addition; when the little ones come it's multiplication; when dissension comes up to cloud the horizon of their happiness it's division; and when the final parting comes it's subtraction!" "And how about divorce?" asked the listener. "Oh, that would come under the denomination of fractions!"

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

James Carrol, of Tacoma, Washington, once drove a motor-car weighing a ton and a half down a wooden staircase of 700 steps.



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They Were Even.

Maud—I'm through with you, Laura; your father keeps a pawnshop.

Laura—And I'm through with you, Maud; I saw your father coming out of it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Up They Go.

"Mary had a little lamb," The poet long has writ, Now with the rising cost of meat, She'd better hang on to it!

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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.

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CAPSICUM Vaseline

It does all that a mustard plaster will do. Is cleaner, easier to apply, and will not blister the skin. There are many other "Vaseline" preparations—simple home remedies that should be in every family—Carbolated "Vaseline," an antiseptic dressing for cuts, insect bites, etc.; "Vaseline" Analgesic, for neuralgia and headaches; pure "Vaseline," for piles, chilblains, etc., and others. AVOID SUBSTITUTES. Insist on "Vaseline" in original packages bearing the name, CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Consolidated. For sale at all Chemists and General Stores. Free booklet on request. CHESEBROUGH MFG CO. (Consolidated) 1880 CHABOT AVE., MONTREAL.

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