

THE EQUITY.

No. 19, 33RD YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, NOV. 4, 1915.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874

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Reserve and Undivided Profits . . . 4,978,299
Total Assets over . . . 50,000,000

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W. J. Stark, handles points and soles for the following makes of Plows: Massey Harris, Frost & Wood, Cock-shut, Fleury, Wilkinson, Percival and Perrin.

We have about seventy five boxes, very suitable for packing fowl for shipping purposes. Will be sold at a bargain. P. E. Smiley.

Mr. William Hodgins has purchased the Dowd elevator, which he intends re-modelling to provide cold storage facilities. He is now in the market for all kinds of farm produce.

G. A. Howard picked up a bunch of cavalry horses for the Government last week of which he made shipment on Thursday last. Other purchases will follow if the right class of horses is available.

Saturday night was chosen by the goblins for the customary Halloween eccentricities this year in consequence of the time-honored event falling on Sunday.

A 220-lb buck fell to the combined minorovic prowess of three mighty (local) hunters last week. All are too modest to allow their names to appear, but we take the risk of stating that Irvine was the man behind the gun in this case.

Fourteen carloads of assorted live stock left here on Saturday afternoon, four of that number having been loaded at Campbells Bay and the remainder at this station. This is one of the largest shipments ever hauled on the Pontiac line from this point by a single train.

The Elmside Homemakers' Club will meet at the home of Miss Alice Davis, Wednesday, Nov. 10th at 2 o'clock p. m. Subjects: Systematic housekeeping by Mrs. Geo. Coxhill; Demonstration on table setting by Miss Alice Davis; Roll call; Helpful hints on house-keeping.

The several hunt clubs of this section returned from their respective stamping grounds last week, after enjoying pleasant outings, the weather on the whole having been very favorable—rather mild in fact to keep game from spoiling. Some of the parties are reported to have had very good success, while others fared poorly. Usually the case.

A missionary meeting was held in the Methodist Church on Thursday evening last at which very interesting addresses were delivered by Mrs. W. J. Connelly of Cobden, and Mrs. (Dr.) Williams of Montreal. The chair was occupied by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Tripp, who also made a short address.

A union service in connection with the annual meeting of the Bible Society was held in the Methodist church on Sunday evening, in which Revs Mr. MacLean of Bristol and McCallum of Shawville took part with the pastor, Rev. Mr. Tripp, and Mr. Crawford, Secretary of the Society.

A chicken-pie social was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James V. Findlay, Radford, on Wednesday evening last under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of Ebenezer Church. There was a large attendance and everyone enjoyed the very excellent supper that was provided. After ample justice had been done to the good things, the gathering adjourned to the church (half a mile distant) where the musical and literary features of the program were staged in a manner that was highly appreciated. Rev. Mr. McCallum, of Shawville, contributed a speech to the program. The chair was ably filled by the Rev. John Hurst of Yarm, pastor of the church. Proceed: go toward the building repair fund.

The Merchants Bank of Canada

Established 1864

OFFICERS:

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Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits . . 7,245,140
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Write for Free Catalogue.

H. G. W. BRAITHWAITE, W. E. GOWLING,
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We wish the people to know we still have the agency for De Laval Cream Separators. W. J. Stark, Hamilton Block.

Deaths.

Mr. Benjamin Judd, one of the pioneer residents of Thorne west, who fell from an apple tree a couple of weeks previously, died from the effect of the injuries received on October 21st, and was buried on the 23rd, at the Greer-mount cemetery, a large number attending to witness the last sad rites. The deceased was a man of quiet disposition, who bore the esteem of his neighbors, and who will be greatly missed from the community which has known him for many years. A widow (his second wife) and a large family of sons and daughters, all grown up, survive to mourn his departure.

Included in the chapter of last week's local events, was one which brought a pang of regret to many hearts, namely, the passing from our midst of a lady held high in the esteem and respect of the community—Miss Margaret Hanna who peacefully closed her eyes in death's embrace at 11.15 Sunday night at the home of her sister, Mrs. George Hodgins, after a long period of illness, attended with much suffering, which was borne with marked patience and Christian resignation. Her transition to the life beyond was long contemplated by the deceased with the full assurance of participation in the endless joys that await those who have striven to keep the faith, hence as the hour of dissolution drew near, she welcomed the release that was soon to come.

Miss Hanna was a consistent member of the Anglican Communion, and as a faithful attendant of St. Paul's church, and diligent co-laborer in its work, including that of the Sunday School, she has set a worthy example.

The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, and was attended by a large number of relatives, personal friends and acquaintances of the deceased. The late rector of St. Paul's Church, (Rev. Mr. Seaman) came specially from Montreal to conduct the service. Several pretty floral offerings adorned the casket, including a wreath from the Ladies' Guild, of which the deceased had for years been an energetic member.

The surviving members of the late Miss Hanna's family are as follows: Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, of Creelman, Sask.; Mrs. George Hodgins, of Shawville; Mrs. Hugh Horner, of Wyman; half-sisters—Mrs. James Steele and Mrs. Robert Hammond, of Onslow; Mrs. Wm McCleary of Ladysmith, brothers—Hugh, of Massey, Ont., and James of Yarm. She is also survived by her aged father, Mr. Andrew Hanna, who has long passed the allotted span of life.

The community in which she lived was exceedingly shocked and filled with regret to learn that Mrs. Robert Corrigan of the 5th line, Clarendon, had suddenly and quite unexpectedly passed away about six o'clock on Saturday morning last, she having retired

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FOR SALE—1 Short-Horn Durham Bull Calf. Apply to J. H. BROWNLEE, Shawville R. R., No. 1.

NOTICE—For adoption of a big, strong, healthy Baby Boy, one year old. Good home desired. Address: The Home, 37 Turner St., Ottawa, Ont.

FOR SALE—1 Clyde Gelding 2 years old; 1 Filly 1 year old, and 1 Foal (Filly.) Will be sold cheap, on terms to suit purchaser. Can be seen at Lot 19, Range 3. Apply to R. J. GLENN, Shawville, Que.

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

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

LOST—Taken from the Ladies' Department of the Exhibition Hall during Shawville Fair, one pair of Embroidered Pillow Covers. Return to R. W. HODGINS, Secretary.

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

Important to Farmers

Having purchased the elevator from the Dowd Milling Co. at Shawville, I am prepared to handle all kinds of Farm Produce at the highest cash price.

WM. HODGINS.

to bed the evening before in apparent good health. All that occurred to indicate that the vital struggle was on were a few labored respirations and then—the end! These were remarked by her husband, but before any aid could be rendered, the spark of life had flown.

Besides her sorrowing husband the deceased lady is survived by a large family and numerous relatives, who have the deepest sympathy of the neighborhood in their sudden bereavement.

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon to St. Paul's Church, and was very largely attended, a fact which testified to the high esteem in which the deceased lady was held. The Rev. Mr. Irwin conducted the service.

The late Mrs. Corrigan was 69 years old.

THE HARDWARE STORE

GET READY

We have had a few reminders of the approaching cold weather; there is always considerable fixing up to do at this season, and right now is the time to do it. You will need some of the following lines:

Glass, Putty, Nails,
Paint, Stovepipe Varnish,
Locks, Latches, Hinges,
Door Hangers, Hasps, Staples,
Cow Chains, Stall Fixtures
Axes, Handles and Saws,
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Storm Sash Hangers and Buttons

Our stock in above lines is very complete of best quality fair prices

When you want Hardware come to our store.

J. H. SHAW.

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Get your Supplies for Winter.

Coarse Salt 80c.
Tar Felt 10 & 16 oz. 3c. lb.
Eddy's Sulphite 4c. lb.
Nails - - Glass - - Putty.

"Palacine" Coal Oil, the best Lamp Oil. We keep nothing else. It costs 4c. more than third grade, and 2c. more than second quality oil, but we sell it at 25c. per gal—5 gals. for \$1.10.

Raw Linseed Oil
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Dr. William's Fly Exterminator

The great specific for vermin on cattle and horses, the most effective and easiest applied remedy for cleaning hen houses and stables for winter. Used by Dom. Experimental Farms and Dairymen everywhere. We have it in gallons, half-gallons and quarts.

W. A. HODGINS

The Syrup of a Hundred Uses

Of course, "Crown Brand" is your favorite Table Syrup. Of course, you enjoy its delicious, appetizing flavor with Bread, Pancakes and Hot Biscuits.

But what about "Crown Brand" in the kitchen? Do you use

EDWARDSBURG

"CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP

for Gingerbread, Cookies, Cakes, Pies and Sweet Sauces for all kinds of Puddings? Do you always use it for Candy-making? Try it in all these ways. You'll find "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup handy, convenient, economical, dependable, good.

"LILY WHITE" is just what its name implies—a clear corn syrup—more delicate in flavor than "Crown Brand", that is equally good for the table and for candy-making.

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

The Canada Starch Co. Limited, Montreal.

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

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

Jack had one secret; only one, and that so simple and so plainly written in his face that anybody could have read it who had looked at him with unprejudiced eyes. But there were no such eyes at the vicarage; and his secret remained unread. It was that he was unhappy. He had never acknowledged it to himself, and would have been amazed and indignant had any one suggested it; but it was true, nevertheless. Though in some ways, especially in his ways, he got a fair amount of enjoyment out of life, there was always behind his pleasures a dull aching, as of emptiness that nothing could fill. To be glad when night came because another day was over; to hide every little hurt and grief away for fear some one should find it out; to have his hand against every man and every man's hand—often so heavy—against him, seemed to him a matter of course; if he thought about it all, he thought only that the world was stupidly managed somehow, and that it was no use to worry, because one couldn't make things any better.

It was this secret hunger of the soul that had driven him to seek his loves outside of human companionship. The bleak grey Cornish moorland was a tender mother to him than Aunt Sarah, with all her kindly heart, had ever been. On his worst days, when mischief failed to help and even fighting could not cure the aching restlessness within him, he would slip away and wander on the cliffs alone for hours. Then he would lie down in some still, shadowy gorge or cleft, and bury himself in the wet fern, and find comfort somehow.

So, blind as he was and groping in the dark, he had learned to know and love the healing touch of nature. Then, when the mavis flew away, his eyes were opened, and whereas he was blind, now he saw.

For a long time he sat by the window, looking out; at last he undressed himself in the dark and crept into bed, very grave and subdued. Fortunately there was no one in the world who cared enough about him to look in upon his sleep, as happens sometimes with boys who have mothers; so his pride was safe from any one discovering that he slept with wet eyelashes. He found it out himself, though, in the morning, and was ashamed for a moment. Then he looked out of the window, and forgot to be self-conscious, seeing a new heaven and a new earth.

Then followed glorious days; long days of wonder and rejoicing, radiant with light and song and color, or veiled in solemn clouds and mystery. Of course there were the usual annoyances; church on Sunday, school on week-days, family prayers and Bible-readings, Aunt Sarah and Uncle Josiah. But these disturbances, after

all, were temporary and unimportant; he had never realized before how few of the twenty-four hours they filled, how wide and wonderful were those remaining. Sunday passed, and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday; and the first rapture of his awakening still encircled him about; since Saturday he had not fought or quarrelled, had played no tricks and given no trouble either at home or in school. Four consecutive days without so much as a reprimand were a new record in his life; according to his social traditions and standard of conduct a disgraceful one; but it did not occur to him to think about the matter at all; he was behaving like the "good boys" that he held in contempt, and had not even found it out, so absorbed he was in the joy of life, in splendors of sunlight and starlight, in shining sands and glittering foam.

On Monday night there had been a thunderstorm; and he had slipped out, unobserved, into the roaring blackness of the moor, to lie bareheaded on the heather in a torrent of rain. Then had come Tuesday, soft and cool and silver-grey, with tender shadows over land and sea, after the turbulent glories of the lightning god. Surely there was never any world so beautiful, or any boy so happy, so splendidly alive.

But the divinest day was Wednesday. From the fire-opal of the sunrise to the cloudy amethyst of twilight, it was a day of jewels; a day of sapphires and diamond spray, of skylarks singing in the far blue heights and sunbeams flaming on the yellow gorse; a day of peace on earth and goodwill—even toward men. One could not hate uncle himself on such a day.

Jack was up with the dawn and on the beach before sunrise. It was low water, and he scrambled out on to the long, jagged reef which had caused so many wrecks that the precipice above it was called "Deadman's Cliff." When he was tired of slipping about on the tangle and cutting his feet with the sharp points of barnacles, he lay down beside a shallow rock pool and looked into the sunlit water. It was full of brilliant anemones, green and pink and orange, open wide and holding up hundreds of painted arms. In one corner was a fairy forest of zoophytes, with a sea-snail trying earnestly to force a passage through.

Suddenly, behind a little clump of sea-weed, there was a flash of prismatic color, and silken ripples passed over the surface of the pool. He lay still, watching. Presently a tiny fish, some two inches long, slipped out through the sea-weed, and began to swim round and round the pool, glittering in pink and silver. He plunged his hand into the water with a swift, dexterous movement, and caught the fish.

He lifted the little creature and held it in the sunshine, watching the flashing colors pass and change along its sides as it plunged and struggled in his hand. Then suddenly he saw how beautiful it was, and put it gently back into the water, and let it dart away. One had no right to interfere with a thing whose body was made all of rainbows.

His hand was still lying in the water, and he glanced down at it carelessly. There were no rainbows on it; but it was beautiful; more beautiful even than the fish. He opened and shut it under the water; and watched the working of the muscles, and the strong, smooth curve of the wrist. Yes, it was beautiful, and it was a part of him.

That afternoon was again a half-holiday. Billy Gregg had suggested that they should go fishing, as Saturday's expedition had not come off; but Jack refused; he wanted to be quite alone, and clamber on the rocks and look down through deep fissures at the ebbing tide.

Starting off after early dinner, with a pocketful of cherries and a drag-net for deep rock pools, he came upon Molly sitting alone in the garden with her head buried in the big lavender bush.

"Hullo, Mill!" he said cheerfully as he passed.

There was no answer, and he saw her shoulders shake a little; she was crying. He turned back.

"Why, what's wrong? Uncle been nagging again?"

She lifted up a tear-stained face. "I'm to stop in . . . all the afternoon! And I did want to go and take Daisy to bathe: Dr. Jenkins ordered her sea-baths!"

Daisy, the broken-nosed doll lying on the grass beside her, was too far gone for any sea-baths to help, or, for that matter, to injure; but Molly could scarcely be expected to realize that.

"It's a jolly shame!" said Jack indignantly; he had been kept in so often himself that he could feel for her. "Poor old girl! What had you been doing?"

The question brought a burst of tears.

"I hadn't done anything! I wouldn't mind if I'd been naughty, but I hadn't! It's all because Mary Anne's cooking, and uncle says I mustn't go alone."

"But you don't go out with Mary Anne other days. Where are those girls you always play with?"

"Emma's away from home, and Janey Scott couldn't come. I can't help that! If I'd been naughty it would have been just the same. It's not fair."

Jack's forehead contracted; this was an echo of his own grievance. Either things should be arranged according to convenience, and there should be no rewards and punishments at all, or people should be punished only when they were to blame. Uncle, and, apparently, uncle's God, had a very elaborate system for dealing with offenders according to their deserts; but the practical result of it seemed always to be that, if you were unlucky, you were punished for your misfortunes. He glanced at the sunlit cliffs with a sigh; he had been counting so on a perfect holiday alone.

"Don't cry, old girl," he said. "Let's go and ask Aunt Sarah whether you may come with me."

Mr. Raymond, fortunately, was out; and Aunt Sarah, though a little surprised at so unusual a request from Jack, who was generally the most unsociable of boys, made no difficulties; so the two children went down the steep lane together, Jack a little sobered and trying not to feel disappointed, Molly trotting beside him, radiant with happiness.

In ten minutes he had forgotten all about his disappointment. More delightful even than the flashing water itself was Molly's joy in it. With amazement he discovered that this little creature, whom he had always looked down upon, possessed, at nine years old, a sense of beauty to which he, with all his superiority of a big boy, had only now awakened. She hugged herself with ecstasy at the sight of the green waves dashing up between wet rocks and flinging showers of bright spray into the sunlight. He took her to a favorite spot of his; a narrow rock platform on which one could kneel beside a hole in the granite, and look through into a cavern far below where the water foamed and thundered. As he knelt with his arm about her, holding her carefully so that she should not fall, he felt the little body quiver against his side, and drew her back from the edge of the hole.

"Don't be frightened! I won't let you fall."

Then he saw that it was not fear which made her tremble. Her eyes were big and shining as she looked up at him.

"Jack," she said, "do you think God lives down there?"

When the tide ebbed he took her down to the reef and showed her wonderful things. They fed anemones with scraps of dead limpets tied with strands of Molly's hair, which she tugged out in the recklessness of her excitement; and drew the bait up again, half-devoured, to see the anemone "turn sulky" and shrink into a shapeless lump of jelly. They undressed Daisy and bathed her solemnly, and dried her with grubby pocket-handkerchiefs, and plastered her broken nose with slimy sea-weed; oh, if the Gang had seen his captain playing with his sister's doll! They caught a shrimp, and mimicked his hideous face, and let him go again. At last they sat down side by side to eat their cherries, their naked feet in a rock pool.

Molly threw a cherry stone into the pool; and presently Jack heard her telling a story to herself as she leaned over looking down into the water; she had quite got over her shyness with him now.

" . . . So the cherry grew up in the sea, and was a sea cherry tree; and there were sea cherries all over it. . . . And one day the shrimp came by and saw the sea cherries, and he thought: 'I must take some of those home for my baby shrimps.' . . ."

"Molly," said Jack suddenly, "do you ever tell stories to Aunt Sarah? No, I don't mean fibs—of course, everybody tells fibs; I mean stories about shrimps, and cherries, and things?"

She looked round, shocked at such a question.

"Why, no!"

Jack was quite abashed. "Oh, well," he said apologetically, "I couldn't know, you see. I thought, perhaps, as you're good, and she likes you . . ."

"It's the easiest way," she answered seriously; "if you're good, they let you alone."

To Jack the answer was a revelation. So Molly, too, lived in a secret world that was all her own, and kept the grown-ups and their dirty hands at arm's length! Her goodness and his badness were means to the same end; the difference was only one of method.

"The plucky little scrap of a thing!" he thought; and looked at her with new respect.

When all the cherries were eaten Molly lay down on the warm rock and went to sleep with her tumbled head against her arm. Jack put her hat over her eyes to shade them from the sun, and sat still, looking out across the blue, shimmering water. Presently he turned and looked down at Molly. She was fast asleep. One

bare foot was tucked up under her; the other lay stretched out on the rock, the smooth, clear skin wet and glistening in the sun. He sat still for a long time, looking at her very solemnly; then he bent down and stroked the little naked foot. It was the first voluntary caress that he had given in his life to any human creature.

(To be continued.)

RURAL FIRE PREVENTION.

How to Reduce Fire Loss on the Farm and in the Village.

Farmers and villagers should be among the most active of fire protectionists. While most villages have some fire fighting system, few have paid departments. Living isolated from auto pumping fire engines, chemical and other apparatus, and fire alarm boxes, the farmer or the villager must constitute himself an individual fire department. It is in the autumn and winter when the stoves, the open fireplaces and the kerosene lamps come into use that the fire danger is greatest. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

Many country and village homes have a "store room" into which, during the cold months, rubbish and debris are thrown indiscriminately. Newspapers, rags, old clothes, etc., constituting the most inflammable collection, are thrown into this room, usually the worst—from the fire protection standpoint—in the house. Most villagers use the kerosene lamp or possibly a tallow candle while searching in the cellar or store room. The lamp or candle is put down, a rat runs out, and, in the excitement, especially if a woman is present, the light is frequently knocked over, and a blaze is almost certain to result. Water is hard to get, pumps freeze up, and the farmer or villager is powerless when the fire develops.

During the Summer.

English sparrows carry nest-making material into cracks and crannies, building nests close to chimneys and flues. Chimney swallows, nesting in the stacks, knock the mortar from the bricks and make holes through which sparks find their way to the sparrow's nest. A mysterious fire results, generally on the coldest night of the year.

All flues and chimneys should be examined before the fires are lighted in autumn. Water should be drawn at night and placed in pails where it will not freeze. Roofs should be examined and cleared of curling shingles and other spark catchers. The store room should be the most carefully kept room in the house. Rats, mice and squirrels should be cleared out. Lanterns should be kept filled, cleaned and with wicks of proper length. A dirty, short-wicked lantern, full of oil, is a bad fire hazard.

All dead herbage should be removed from the house and out-buildings. Sparks travel far on a winter gale and, alighting on dry herbage, are dangerous. Bonfires are a bane. Most persons who have large yards could well afford to build a small furnace of brick, covering the stack with wire netting, and thus burn the refuse without danger. Smoking about the barns should be prohibited, and lanterns used in barns should be hung where stock cannot kick them over. At all times, the lantern should be kept in a safe place.

A Small Electric Torch

is a good investment where hay and fodder must be reached in the darkness. Matches should be kept in a tin box tightly covered and placed out of the reach of small children. No member of the family should search in cupboards or drawers with a match for a light. This is an imperative rule which is frequently violated.

Where wood is the heating fuel, there should be a wire front over the fireplace to stop the sparks. Where coal is used, a wide-fender will often stop a threatened blaze. Coal, "snapping" out into the room, causes many fires. The place for ashes is a metal can and the place for the can is where its sides will not come into contact with wood. Because they do not show sparks is no reason for believing that wood or coal ashes are not dangerous. Remember that ashes, especially the finer kinds, hold heat for a long time.

The foregoing cautions may seem simple, but are frequently forgotten. It is the unusual that often happens. Teachers in village and country schools should educate the children to think of the dangers. One sharp-eyed boy is as good as a fire department.—Conservation.

HUNGRY FOR WAR NEWS.

Slavs Have Now Taken Strongly to Reading Newspapers.

So intense is the interest in the war among the Russian peasants, says a writer in the Novoe Vremya of Petrograd that every train stopping at a wayside station is besieged by peasants of both sexes and all ages stretching their hands to the passengers at the windows and crying: "Give us a paper!"

Before the war the Russian peasant looked upon a newspaper as a material for rolling up a cigarette. Now he reads it to learn a little more about the great war in which his heart lies. Every bit of old newspaper is received as a crust of bread by a starving beggar. This prompts the writer to advocate the establishment of a great "People's Paper," to be run by the State, not only as a newspaper for the masses hungering for news, but also as a means to popular education.

There's a Subtle Charm about the delicious flavour of

"SALADA"

This flavour is unique and never found in cheap, ordinary teas. Let us mail you a sample. Black, Mixed or Green.

STEERING A BIG STEAMER.

Captain Gives Orders From the Roof or the Bridge.

Did you ever stand in the pilot house of a big steamer and watch the wheelsman at his work? If the vessel is entering port, drawing up to a wharf, or leaving one, or threading her way through a crooked channel, he is pretty sure to have his hands full. The captain gives his orders as he stands upon the roof or on the bridge, the wheelsman throws the helm this way or that, and the boat sweeps round a short curve, or turns sharply to the right or left to avoid a collision. The engineer, also, must do his share in guiding her. Down in the engine-room is a bell, or very often a small steam whistle, connected with the bridge and the pilot house by a cord or a wire. One stroke of the bell or one short blast of the whistle means "go ahead," or if the engine is already in motion, "stop;" two means "back;" three "go ahead slowly;" four, "full speed."

But when the steamer has left the harbor behind and is out on the open sea, with a straight course of hundreds or thousands of miles before her, then one would suppose that there was nothing for the wheelsman to do but put her on the right track and then hold the rudder steady. But this will not do at all. The steamer never was built and never will be built that can keep an absolutely straight course, no matter how steadily the rudder may be held.

Perhaps the wind catches her bow and pushes it slowly around, or the waves toss her to one side or the other. Or perhaps the propeller is not perfectly true and pushes sideways ever so little, or there may be some trifling defect in the modelling of the hull, which is sufficient to turn her from her path.

Whatever it may be the first thing one knows she is out of her course, and the rudder must be used to bring her back. Every time she varies from a straight line her voyage is lengthened a little, and every time the rudder is swung to port or starboard it acts as a drag and her speed is reduced.

The best wheelsman is the one who is most vigilant to notice and correct the slightest deviation before it can seriously affect the vessel's progress.

NEW MICROBE OF TRENCHES.

Army Surgeons Fight Blindly Against War Bacteria.

A mysterious new microbe that thrives without oxygen has been unearthed by modern trench warfare and has confronted medical science with another riddle which Metchnikoff, Sir Almworth Wright, Dr. Carrel, and other famous scientists are now working night and day to solve.

The new microbe which resembles in most respects a microbe already discovered in the laboratory of Professor William H. Welch of Baltimore—the bacillus perfringens—is a deadly enemy to the armies in the field and has caused untold suffering and reaped a rich harvest of death. Its mortal activities have hitherto set at naught the profundity of learning and experience now being brought to bear in military hospitals against war wounds and sickness.

Nowhere is the struggle against this devastating germ being waged with greater earnestness or more effect than at the magnificent American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, by the gates of Paris, yet in the words of Dr. Edmund Gros, one of the leading members of the American medical staff, "We feel we stand where we did before Lister discovered antiseptic treatment."

A boy on mischief bent may go straight to the bad.

FRENCH AVIATORS' TACTICS.

Airmen Fly in Flocks When Harassing Germans.

Some details of the mode of operations of the French aviators on the western front are given in a letter from a Hungarian aviator serving with the German armies in France.

"The French airmen," he writes, "now fly usually in flocks or squads of considerable strength, both for reconnoitring purposes and for attacking our aviators who are on reconnaissance duty. As the French possess a huge number of machines and block our way systematically we have had to follow their example. Some pitched battles between comparatively large fleets of aeroplanes are thus among the possibilities of the immediate future."

"When the French desire to prevent us from carrying out a reconnaissance a dozen aeroplanes ascend to a height of 1,000 feet and patrol our line. An equal number rise to 9,000 feet and fly along our front, taking the opposite direction from the first group. Should one of our machines attempt to pass through the meshes of this net the two French aviators who happen to be nearest attack it simultaneously, one from above and the other from below. If that is not sufficient, two more others fly to their assistance."

"The French adopt similar methods when they bombard our aviation centres, railway stations and camps. The French air service is organized into what they call squadrons, which is thoroughly practiced in manœuvring together like a fleet at sea. In an attack on a German land position the squadron consists of a very powerful machine which leads the way, a few other scouts to see that the right direction is maintained and then the bomb-carrying machines. The squad is handled very skilfully."

THE EVENING STAR.

Gunners Believe Jupiter Is An Aeroplane Searchlight.

Jupiter, looming up especially brilliant in the eastern sky not long after sunset nowadays, has been frequently mistaken for the searchlight of an aeroplane flying over Paris. Gunners at the front have made the same mistake and prepared to train their anti-aircraft weapons against it.

The well-known astronomer, Abbe Moreux, says he has received a great many letters from them asking particulars about this great light in the east, brought to their notice for the first time by the war. Abbe Moreux infers from the mass of correspondence received that thousands of soldiers obliged to pass the night under the open sky, are acquiring an interest in the wonders and beauties of nature that otherwise they would have passed their lives without.

How German Soldiers Are Paid.

The Belgian papers remark upon the broken-down, forlorn appearance of the German soldier of to-day as compared with the well-set-up and admirably equipped soldier of just over a year ago. Their rifles are the worst part of their equipment, at any rate of those in Belgium, and many date from over a generation ago. The men themselves complain that they are no longer properly paid. Instead of coin of the realm, they are paid with counters; these are accepted by the army canteens, but by nobody else.

It was Oliver Cromwell who first instituted the Board of Trade.

Elsie—"Papa says he thinks he gave you quite a start when you asked for my hand." Jack—"Oh, I don't call that a start! He reached me before I got to the door!"

AN IDEAL TONIC

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and you feel done-up and good for nothing, without knowing what is really the matter with you, probably all that is needed to restore you to health and vigour is a few doses of a reliable digestive tonic and stomachic remedy such as Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Take it after each meal for a few days and note how beneficial is its action upon the stomach, liver and bowels—how it restores tone and healthy activity to these important organs, and by so doing enables you to gain new stores of vigour, vitality and health.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The new 1.00 size contains three times as much as the trial size sold at 50c per bottle.

5015

WE PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR RAW FURS

FREE

"Hallam's Trappers Guide" English or French, 16 pages tells how and where to trap and other valuable information for the trapper. New Fur Price List. "Fur Style Book" of beautiful fur sets and garments, also "Trappers and Sportsmen's Supply Catalogue."

Guns, Traps, Animal Bait, Fish Cuts, etc., at lowest prices, all illustrated. Send FREE Address.

JOHN HALLAM 254, Hallam Building LIMITED, TORONTO

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE-ISO-EASY

MADE IN CANADA

ALL MOTHERS NEED CONSTANT STRENGTH

Their Strength is Taxed and
They are Victims of Weak-
ness and Suffering.

When there is a growing family to care for and the mother falls ill it is a serious matter. Many mothers who are on the go from morning to night, whose work, apparently, is never done, try to disguise their suffering and keep up an appearance of cheerfulness before their family. Only themselves know how they are distressed by backaches and headaches, dragging down pains and nervous weakness; how their nights are often sleepless; and they arise to a new day's work tired, depressed and quite unrefreshed. Such women should know that their sufferings are usually due to lack of good nourishing blood. They should know that the one thing they need above all others is to give them new health and strength is rich, red blood, and that among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their blood-making, health-restoring qualities. Every suffering woman, every woman with a home and family to care for should give these pills a fair trial, for they will keep her in health and strength and make her work easy. Mrs. G. Strasser, Acton West, Ont., says: "I am the mother of three children, and after each birth I became terribly run down; I had weak, thin blood, always felt tired, and unable to do my household work. After the birth of my third child I seemed to be worse, and was very badly run down. I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found the greatest benefit from the Pills and soon gained my old-time strength. Indeed, after taking them I felt as well as in my girlhood, and could take pleasure in my work. I also used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones and have found them a splendid medicine for childhood ailments."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHEERY WORDS AND WISE.

With the will to conquer, we are certain of victory.—M. Poincare.

The women of this country can help us through to victory.—Mr. Lloyd George.

Do not let doubt creep into your mind . . . the essential condition of victory is patience.—M. Paul Cambon.

The world will not stand being bullied, especially by a graceless German bully.—Mr. Desmond McCarthy.

All the easy talk of peace is but froth upon the water when such a storm as this is raging.—Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

Men and women must do all things in proportion. They must be natural as well as national.—Bishop of Birmingham.

The secret of Germany's strength, wealth, and efficiency may be summed up in a single word: discipline.—Mr. J. Ellis Barker.

The moment has come when, so far as personal expenditure is concerned, it has become a virtue to be stingy.—Mr. Herbert Samuel.

A wholesome, good comic song very often helps a great deal in the cure of our wounded soldiers—quite as much as a hymn.—The Bishop of London.

For us, high or low, to whatever profession we belong, there must be no holidays till the great task is finally accomplished.—Mr. Walter Long.

The true victory will not lie so much in the tactical gains on the battlefield to-day as in the quality of the men who have to carry on the work of the nation after the war is over.—General Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

FEED CHILDREN

On Properly Selected Food. It Pays
Big Dividends.

If parents will give just a little intelligent thought to the feeding of their children the difference in the health of the little folks will pay, many times over, for the small trouble.

A mother writes: "Our children are all so much better and stronger than they ever were before we made a change in the character of the food. We have quit using potatoes three times a day with coffee and so much meat."

"Now we give the little folks some fruit, either fresh, stewed, or canned, some Grape-Nuts with cream, occasionally some soft-boiled eggs, and some Postum for breakfast and supper. Then for dinner they have some meat and vegetables."

"It would be hard to fully describe the change in the children, they have grown so sturdy and strong, and we attribute this change to the food elements that, I understand, exist in Grape-Nuts and Postum."

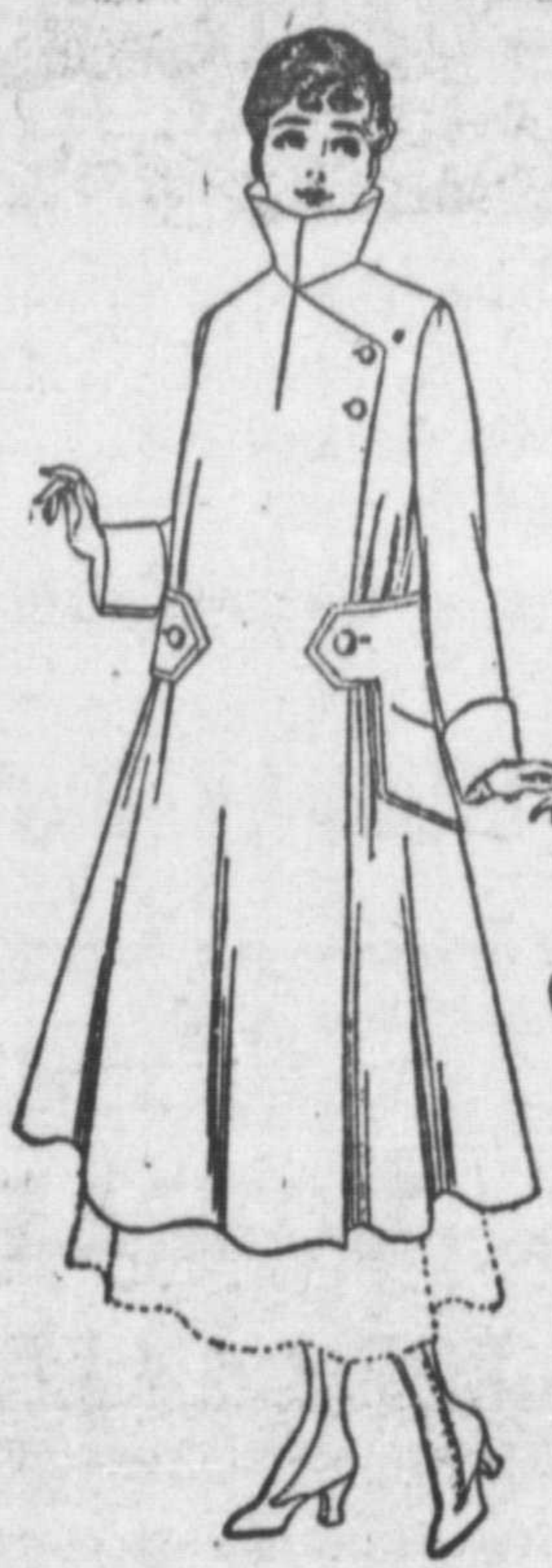
"A short time ago my baby was teething and had a great deal of stomach and bowel trouble. Nothing seemed to agree with him until I tried Grape-Nuts softened and mixed with rich milk and he improved rapidly and got sturdy and well."

"There's a Reason."
Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MONK'S COLLARS POPULAR.

In the fashion world it is just as futile to ask "what will not the designers think of next?" as it is to ask what they will think of next. The two queries are synonymous, inasmuch as a designer's field is limitless and his imagination infinite. One of the latest popular creations is the



No. 9141.

Monk's collar, shown here in the illustration on attractive Ladies' Home Journal coat pattern No. 9141. This smart collar is excellent for cold or milder weather, for it can be turned down and leave the neck quite open. The lower edge may be either straight or shaped as desired. The sleeves are full length with turn-back cuffs, and the pockets are novel and attractively made from the same piece that forms the belt. The coat cuts in 7 sizes—34 to 46—size 38 requiring 5½ yards of 36-inch material.

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

If After Eating You Have Pain, Stomach Needs Aid

Specialists who have devoted their lives to the treatment of stomach ailments, now tell us that many people who complain about their stomachs have no stomach ailment at all. You may suffer from bloating, gas, sourness and other unpleasant symptoms. If so your best course is to tone up the bowels with a reliable vegetable remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. This old time family medicine is a wonderful corrective of all digestive and stomach disorders. There is no mystery about the quick effect you get from Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They simply supply the additional aid required by the system to enable it to do its work correctly. You'll enjoy your meals, digest everything you eat, look better, feel better, be free from headaches, constipation and indigestion—all these benefits come to all that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Every man or woman with a stomach ailment is advised to spend 25c. on a box of this wonderful vegetable remedy.

TO THE MOTHERS OF CANADA.

Appeal for Greater Precautions in the
Use of Matches.

No fewer than 683 fires, one million and a half dollars damage to property and the loss of thirty-eight lives occurred during the year 1914 as the direct result of children playing with matches.

Matches should, therefore, receive attention as a danger of primary importance. Keep the matches away from the children. Place them on a high shelf far out of their reach, for they love to play with fire, and matches form an ideal toy from their point of view.

If it were only possible to convey in its horrid detail the account of the fires in Canada where thirty-eight children lost their lives, the excitement and nervous tension, the loss of property, the anguish of parents, the pain of the little child, some measure of reform might soon be effected.

Mothers should ever after guard their children against matches, as they would protect them against a terrible and menacing enemy.

Forest Protection Methods.

One of the most important features in connection with the control of forest fires is their prompt discovery, thus rendering it possible in most cases to extinguish the fire in an incipient stage, at small expense and with slight damage. One of the recent developments in this work is the use of a hydro-aeroplane for the discovery of fires in the forest reserves of Northern Wisconsin. This is a lake region, and excellent results have been secured, one fire being accurately located at a distance of thirty miles.

Girl (reading letter from her brother at the front)—"John says a bullet went through his hat without touching him." Old Lady—"What a blessing he had his hat on, dear!"

Lumbago's Misery Ceases, Every Aching Muscle Cured

JUST RUB ON OLD-TIME
"NERVILINE."

Not necessary to drug inside! That awful stiffness that makes you yelp worse than a kicked dog will be cured—cured for a certainty, and quickly, too, if you just rub on Nerviline.

Rub Nerviline right into the sore spot, rub lots of it over those tortured muscles, do this and the pain will go. You see Nerviline is thin, not oily. Therefore it sinks in, it penetrates through the tissues, it gets right to those stiff, sore muscles and irritated nerves that make you dance with pain.

You'll get almost instant relief from muscle soreness, stiffness, aching joints, lameness or rheumatics by rubbing with Nerviline. It's a soothing liniment, and doesn't blister, doesn't burn or even stain the skin.

It's the most harmless cure in the world for Lumbago, Back Strain or Sciatica. It takes away the ache at once and ends your misery quickly.

Now quit complaining—don't suffer another day—Nerviline, that good, soothing old-time liniment will limber you up mighty quick. Get busy to-day, the large 50c. family size bottle is the most economical, of course, the trial size costs but 25c. Any dealer anywhere can supply Nerviline.

TAUGHT BY THE HICKORY.

How Dr. Wyeth Learned to Use His
Left Hand.

It is peculiarly fortunate for a swordsman, or a surgeon to be ambidextrous. Dr. John Allan Wyeth was not born to that good fortune, but he achieved it. How he did so, with the assistance of a long, lithe, extra tough hickory,—not applied in the manner that has rendered that useful tree so unpopular with boys,—he has related in his interesting autobiography, recently published.

When he was a boy of twelve, he attended school in a country schoolhouse built on the backbone of a high, wooded ridge that overlooked the village. At recess one slope of the ridge was the girls' playground, and the other the boys'; and boys and girls met and played together on the summit. A favorite sport was for the boys to bend the tough young hickory saplings down to the ground and seat themselves and their sweethearts upon them for "ridey-horses."

"I had a sweetheart," the doctor acknowledges, "and her name was Mugg. Can you imagine in all the category of names one more suggestive of ugliness—I am almost tempted to say of 'muggliness'! But Mugg was only her nickname. It was short for Margaret, and she was the prettiest girl in school—to me."

"There stood in our grove a slender, graceful, tight-bark hickory sapling, toughest of all tough timber, which bends but never breaks. It towered fully thirty feet to its topmost bifurcation. There was no other like it, as there was no other girl like Mugg. I made up my mind that I would bend it to the ground, and that she should have it; and to the top I climbed, twisted the terminal twigs round my hands and wrists, and swung boldly out into space toward the ground. I had struck the wrong hickory."

"Instead of swooping to the earth as I had anticipated, in a long, graceful curve, amid the plaudits of an admiring throng, with a glance at Mugg and her approving smile, I bent that obstinate sapling not more than three feet from the top, in fishhook shape; and there I dangled, helpless and hopeless, almost as much so as if I had had a noose about my neck and had been hanging from a gibbet. I could not clamber back, for the arc of the circle described by the bending tree top had a diameter beyond the swing of my wildly gyrating feet."

His suggestion that half a dozen boys climb up and add sufficient weight to bend the tree low enough for safety was disregarded in the laughter at his absurd predicament. A rival called up to him to stay where he was—he looked better at a distance; another amid a chorus of giggles suggested that if he would only drop, the ground would catch him. Before they realized that his plight was anything more than funny, his hold broke, and he did drop—slashing through the limbs and against them in such a way that when he reached the ground it was no longer feet foremost. His outstretched right hand saved his neck, but his right wrist was broken.

The fracture was mistaken for a sprain and was not set, and during the prolonged pain and weakness that ensued the boy took to using his left hand and arm. He became fairly ambidextrous; and in after years, appreciating the value of complete ambidexterity in his profession, he worked almost wholly with his left hand while teaching and studying anatomy. He was finally able, in performing an operation however delicate, to use whichever hand was more convenient or useful, without thinking whether it were right or left.

Persian carpets were formerly dyed with indigo, madder, or vine-leaves, and from these materials shades were evolved that were impervious to the action of sunlight. Aniline dyes, which have been much used in recent years, give colors which fade more rapidly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

OLDEST FRENCH SOLDIER.

At 72 Fights for France the Second
Time.

According to the Paris Figaro the oldest volunteer in the French army is Alcide Verd, born in April, 1843, at Rompont (Ardeche). He already has celebrated his seventy-second birthday when he became attached to the recruiting bureau at Troyes. A detachment recently was sent from there to fill gaps in the ranks of the Forty-seventh Territorial regiment, and Verd was so insistent on going to the front with the younger men that the commanding officer finally consented to enlist him for active service.

The aged volunteer now is a soldier in the Seventh company of the regiment, which is stationed somewhere in the trenches of the first line of defence. He is doing his duty as efficiently as any of his comrades in arms, whose unbounded admiration the spry septuagenarian has won through his vivacity and never failing good humor.

Alcide Verd has seen war before. He fought the fathers of his present adversaries during the Franco-Prussian conflict, in which he took part up to the ominous battle of Sedan, when he was made a prisoner and with thousands of others sent into captivity in Silesia.

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure constipation of childhood. They act as a gentle laxative, regulate the bowels and stomach and are absolutely safe. Concerning them Mrs. A. Crowell, Sandy Cove, N.S., writes: "I can strongly recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers whose little ones are suffering from constipation." The tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FRANCE IS DOOMED?

Kaiser Said He Had Overestimated
Gallic Chivalry.

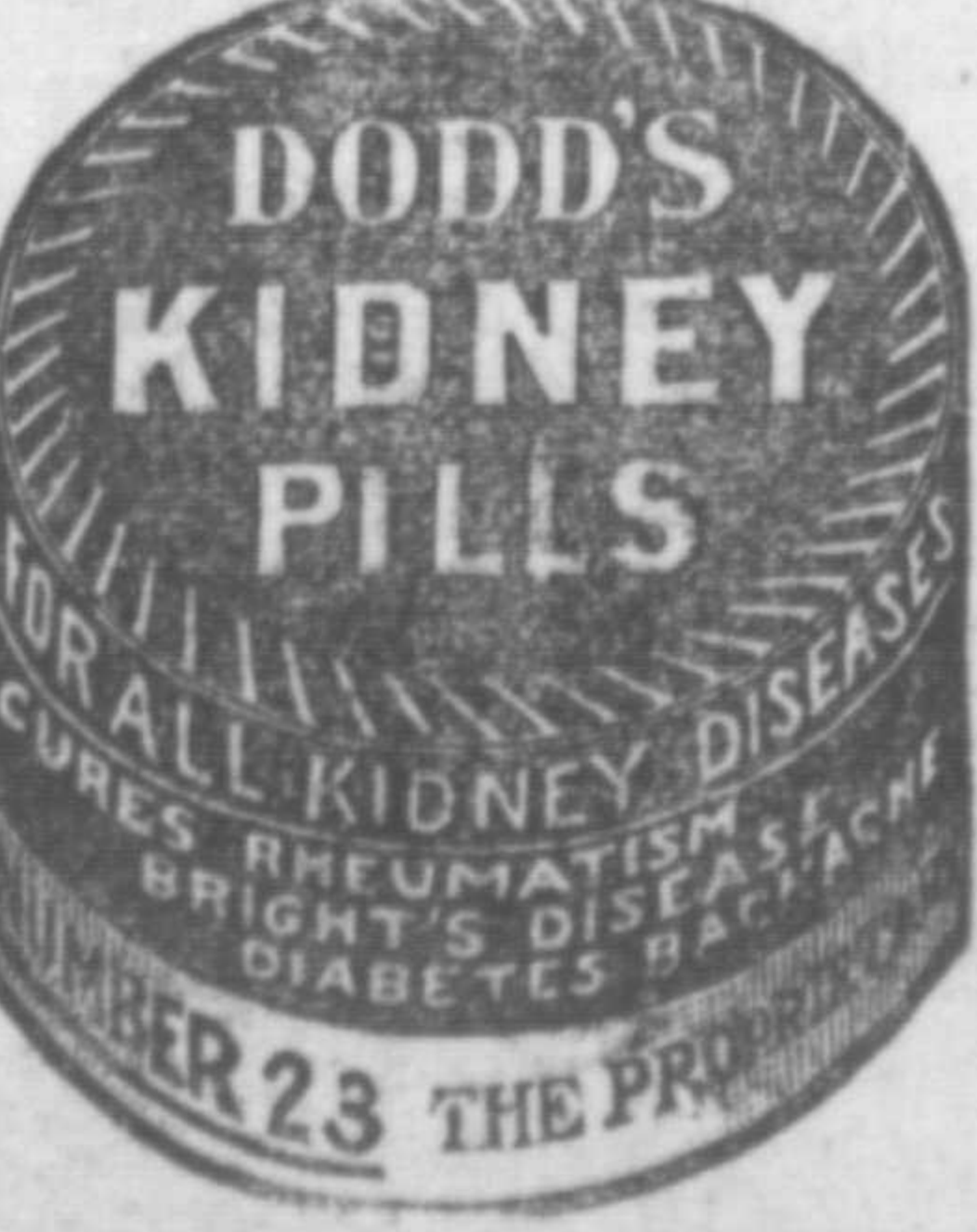
Herr Anton Fendrich, well known among German Socialists, describes in an article published in the Frankfurter Zeitung a conversation which he had with the Kaiser in the field. The main point revealed by Herr Fendrich is the declaration that the Kaiser is certain that France is doomed. The writer in this connection says:

"Nobody will suppose that the opinions of the Kaiser agree in all points with those of a man of the Left, but in two cases there was perfect accord between us. The first was when the conversation turned upon the French. Here the Kaiser's sorrow was my sorrow. The Kaiser speaks quite pure French and had hoped, like all of us, and especially us people from Baden, that with France first of all an agreement would be possible. We had grievously overestimated the Gallic nation as well as all other nations. The French are a people passing through their decadence. Their conduct of war is full of the most grievous horrors, full of such terrible things that only a private book of the war will ever be able to record them."

"For half an hour the Kaiser—with reluctance, but carried away by the horror of it all—narrated to me sworn facts about the behavior of French doctors, not only toward the enemy, but toward their own purpose. France is a doomed country. The tears which more than once came into the Kaiser's eyes as he told the tale were often tears of shame at such degradation in a people that had been thought to be still chivalrous and noble."

"The second happy point of agreement between the Kaiser and me showed itself when we talked about the meaning of the war. The meaning and purpose is the unification and purification of Germany, so that she may fulfil her world historic task of being the heart of Europe and of preparing the way for the spiritualization of European humanity. We are not all good, but we have the will to be good, and those who are sincere are permitted by God to succeed. These were the main ideas about the meaning of the war. An inner fire illuminated the conversation and it was as if outside the garden fresh children's voices were singing, 'Oh, Germany, high in honor, thou sacred land of loyalty!'"

Spinach was introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as also was the cucumber, whilst celery was introduced to English tables by a French prisoner in 1704.



ED. 6.

ISSUE 44—15.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.

MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG, MONTREAL

THIS THEFT WON A MEDAL.

British Officer Stole Over a Ton of
Germans' Explosives.

News reached Blackburn, England, recently, that Lieut. W. Cooper, an old Blackburn amateur footballer, has been decorated at the front with the Military Cross for an act of remarkable coolness and resource.

He was driving a mine 192 yards long under the German position, and had got within a few yards of his objective, when he broke into a German mine crammed with high explosives. For a moment he thought his party were doomed, but he quickly cut the wires leading to the German trenches, and sending back for help proceeded to carry away the enemy's explosives piecemeal.

As the tunnel was very low, he and his men lay head to feet and passed the stuff back from hand to hand. The task occupied twelve hours, there being one ton and a half of explosives.

No mishap occurred, but five of Lieut. Cooper's men were rendered unconscious by fumes, and four of them received the D.C.M. for their share in this remarkable feat.

Sore Absolutely Corns 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 over-night. Never falls—leaves no scar. Get a 25c. bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor to-day.

WOMEN REPLACE MEN.

200 Women Clerks in the Bank of
England.

The very sanctum of British conservatism, the Bank of England, has been invaded by women clerks. More than 200 of them are now employed in the bank in various forms of clerical work. While it is the war that gave women the opportunity of replacing men of military age, it is also a war that created additional work at the bank through the war loan business.

Women have been employed in the bank of England in the humble note-sorting capacity since 1895, but they had never before done clerical work. They often put in as much as 12 hours a day.

Other English banks, it is stated, now contemplate following the lead of the Bank of England, which, despite its former prejudice against women, has been historically known as the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

Flaxseed Now a Wonderful Human Food.

as deodorized and used in Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal. It's the most nourishing seed grown. It has always been known as a wonderful food for stock, but since Dr. Jackson's discovery of a method of deodorizing it, it has become available as a delicious human food, 25% of it being used in Roman Meal. This food is guaranteed to relieve constipation or "money back." It also nourishes better than meat and prevents indigestion. Ask your doctor. At all grocers, 10 cents and 25 cents.

Undeniably True.

Among a squad of policemen who were being examined on their knowledge of ambulance work was a certain Irishman with whom the doctor had the following colloquy:

Doctor—What would you do to a man who had a cut on the forearm?
Policeman—Sure, sorr, I'd bathe it with warm, soft water.

Doctor—What do you mean by soft water?
Policeman—Och! Just soft water, sorr; wet water.

Doctor—And what is hard water?
Policeman—Ice, sorr.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

The Difference.

Little Molly had been very trying all day. That evening, when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped the child would be a better girl to-morrow, and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper.

Molly listened in silence, thought hard for a few moments, and then said, wisely:

"Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

In Japan tea-leaves are often ground into powder before use.

His Specialty.

"I've got the best memory of anybody in the community!" triumphantly cackled old Uncle Totterly. "Why, I can remember things on 'most everybody' round here that they wish I'd forgotten!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

The Prophet.

"Yes," said the colonel pompously. "I am quite confident that the war will be over by October."
"What year?" asked Bildad.
"Ah," said the colonel, "that is another question."

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto House at a very low price, and have it labeled his own product. This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce.

Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

The Relationship.

Mrs. Swiftley and her former husband were still friends. Noting the similarity of names and their familiar manner towards each other a lady who was a guest with them at a week-end party, thought they must be cousins.

"Is Mr. Swiftley a connection of yours?" she asked.

"No," laughed Mrs. Swiftley. "A disconnection."

PILES.

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

Zam-Buk

FARMS FOR SALE.

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

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

Positions at \$1100 and \$1400 Recently Filled!

ELLIOTT Business College
Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto, is the Best place in Ontario for Superior Business or Shorthand Education. Enter now. Calendar free.

Big Drop in Prices of FURS AND FUR GARMENTS

No matter where you live or what you or your family want in Furs or Fur Garments, you can buy cheaper and better by dealing direct with us.

When you realize that we are THE LARGEST CASH BUYERS OF RAW FURS IN CANADA, direct from the trapper, you will appreciate our unrivalled opportunity to select the finest skins, manufacture them into desirable Fur Hats and Fur Garments, then by selling direct to you by mail, save the middle man's profit by our system of selling.

From Trapper to Wearer

BLACK WOLF HAT. This is one of the many beautiful styles in our FUR STYLE BOOK and is a beautiful hat made from long haired—good quality—whole skins. The style is cut extra deep and wide over shoulder and back—giving good protection against cold—is trimmed with head and tail over shoulders and tail at each end—lined with good quality satin and warmly interlined.

No. 225 \$8.50
No. 224 \$8.50
No. 223 \$8.50

The Muff is made in the large classy pillow style, trimmed with head, tail and paws and mounted on good down bed giving great warmth and comfort—lined with good satin—with wrist cord.

No. 224, Style \$6.25
No. 225, Muff \$6.50

Every article is sold under OUR POSITIVE GUARANTEE to "SATISFY YOU OR REFUND YOUR MONEY." Send for our Fur Style Book; 1915-16 edition. SENT FREE on request which contains 44 pages of illustrations of beautiful Fur Hats and Fur Garments.

We Pay All Delivery Charges
DO NOT WAIT BUT SEND TO-DAY TO

John Hallam Limited
Room 227 Hallam Bldg.
TORONTO, CANADA.

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, NOV. 4, 1915.

The Canadian Government has decided to raise the military forces for overseas service to 250,000 men, and immediately following the announcement offers to raise seventeen new regiments have been received by the Militia Department.

Unless Greece and Rumania speedily take a hand in the fight on the side of the quadruple entente, the indications are that Serbia will be crushed before a sufficient force can be landed to check the progress of the Teutonic armies supported by the troops of Bulgaria. The outlook in the Balkans is not encouraging.

Sir Charles Tupper, baronet, Canadian patriot and statesman, the last of that distinguished group who accomplished the great work of Confederation, passed away at his Kentish home in England on Saturday morning. He was in his 95th year. The remains of the deceased statesman will be borne across the Atlantic in a British warship, and interment will take place at Amherst, N. S. The funeral will be of a national character.

Reviewed by the King

Mr. Wm H. Blakely, an Arnprior young man, some weeks ago sent the following description of the military review of the Canadian troops before King George, held at Shorncliffe. We reproduce the letter by request.

"When we fell in for roll call yesterday morning at six o'clock, we were told that we were to parade at 7.30 'dressed up to our best,' because we were to march to Shorncliffe to be inspected by the King.

"In about five minutes boot brushes were busy, buttons and bangles were being shined, and our spurs were being polished like glass. At 7.30 we were on parade, and every person was certainly 'dressed up,' but not for long, as we were mud to the boot tops in about five minutes.

"Five minutes from the time we fell in, we were on our way, a thousand strong. Shortly after we started we began to meet other units, so that in a very short time, we could see neither lead nor end of the procession.

"We marched the nine miles, with only one three minute rest. As we neared the reviewing field, we could hear nothing but a continuous playing of bands, a ceaseless tread of feet, sharp commands from the different officers, and a continuous hum and honk of automobiles, which were carrying numberless spectators from London and surrounding points.

"We took a sudden turn and before us we could see regular oceans of soldiers. They consisted of infantry, including several Highland regiments in their kilts, artillery and a few mounted rifles. We circled around those on parade, and took up a position on the very opposite side of the field to that at which we entered. We stood here for about half an hour, when we were suddenly brought to attention. Like a flash all was silent; even the music had died away. Just then, as if at a given signal, the rain ceased and the sun came out in full view.

"When we had stood at attention for about five minutes, we heard a distant tramping of cantering horses, and in a second or two the King and his escort swung into view.

"What a cheer went up from the spectators! You may imagine what we felt like, standing at attention, and not allowed to utter a word!

"At this point the Royal Standard was raised, and one of the bands played 'God Save the King.' As the first notes of this sounded, all the infantry presented arms and you could see nothing but a field of glittering steel. They remained at attention during the singing of the anthem and then lowered arms. Another band then played 'O Canada' and 'The Maple Leaf Forever.'

"During this time the King had driven up to the Royal Standard and stood at attention. He then rode off through the different ranks, and once more came to attention under the Royal Standard.

"The parade now began and the march past. First came the mounted rifles, then the artillery, and then the infantry. We came up twenty-four abreast, until about fifty feet from the King, and then at the command 'Eights right,' we right wheeled and came into a formation eight abreast, until about fifty feet from the King, we were commanded 'Eyes right.' The King was on a black charger that pawed frantically. On his left and about two feet in the rear, was Lord Kitchener, on a sleek horse. On the King's right was his private secretary, while in the rear were members of the royal personage.

"There was a great contrast between the King and Lord Kitchener. A small dimple on each of the King's cheeks, made a smile play over his face, while Kitchener certainly proved himself the 'iron man.' Not a smile appeared on his face. His eyes fairly pierced one, and you could not see a movement in his whole person.

"We continued our march for a mile, and then came to a halt. We waited here for two hours or more, before the

GinPills

FOR THE KIDNEYS
How They Help

ST. RAPHAEL, ONT.

Four years ago I had such pains in my back that I could not work. The pains extended to my arms, sides and shoulders. I used many kinds of medicine for over a year, none of which did me very much good. I read about Gin Pills and sent for a sample and used them, and found the pains were leaving me and that I was feeling better. So I bought one box and before I used them all, the pains were almost gone and I could keep at work. After I had taken six other boxes of Gin Pills, I felt as well and strong as I did at the age of 30. I am a farmer, now 61 years old."

FRANK LEALAND.

All druggists sell Gin Pills at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Sample free if you write to
National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto.

last man passed the King.

"After all had marched past, we formed up in a large square with the Canadian Guard of Honor, a thousand strong, to our left. The King then rode around the square. It was our turn to cheer. That was when you heard a real Canadian cheer! I never heard anything like it. Just think of forty thousand men cheering at once. I might say it was the largest body of Canadian soldiers ever assembled at one time. Just one quarter as large again as the whole First Contingent.

"After this we began our march home. No matter what way one looked he could see nothing but a long, winding line of soldiers marching to their different camp grounds.

"We got back about two o'clock, and then we had another little review, only this time it took more the form of a charge.

"The 'kitchen call' sounded, and say did we raid the kitchen after a nine mile march in the rain!

"I have tried to describe the review, but it is nothing like the real thing. It certainly was wonderful."

Pontiac S. S. Association.

The annual session of the Pontiac Sunday School Association was held in the Presbyterian church, Starks Corners, Thursday and Friday, October 21st and 22nd. Thus opened one of the finest conventions ever held.

The beautiful weather, and splendid attendance, with good roads being important factors in making it a success.

The opening exercises, or preparation for the convention, were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Tripp, of Shawville. In his remarks he emphasized the importance of Christian training, and the Christian worker's responsibility in the matter.

The review of the year's work by the County President, Rev. W. L. Tucker, of Fort Coulonge, was of a very encouraging nature, reporting considerable progress during the year, and the whole of the Sunday School forces of the county making a decided move forward. He emphasized three things in particular: The association sustaining its place—(1) financially, (2) intellectually, (3) spiritually. Before closing his remarks, with much regret, he brought before the association the resignation of our much esteemed Co. Secretary, Mr. Fred Pritchard, of Wynman, who has so faithfully filled the office for a number of years, and to whom the association feels greatly indebted, because his very efficient service has led greatly to our present success.

The roll call of districts came next, followed by brief reports by each district president present, all of a very encouraging nature, revealing the great interest taken by the various churches in the county, and in the great work among the children.

After the organization of the convention and some excellent singing by the choir the Rev. Mr. Fulcher, general secretary for the International Association, gave a splendid address on "How to make the most of a little." He stated while the country Sunday School could not possess the equipment of the city church, we do not make the most of what we have, especially in making impressions, because of our small number of pupils giving us a better chance for closer contact. The address brought to the close the morning session.

The opening exercises of the afternoon session were conducted by Rev. Robertson of Litchfield, who based his remarks on II Kings, chap. 5; his theme "Grace." This was followed by an interesting and beautiful address on "The Development of Child Life" by the General Secretary. This address was a revelation to S. S. workers on mind development and the important influence of early Christian training in the molding and building up of Christian character. "The child translates religion into what we are as parents."

After a selection by the choir, the Rev. Mr. Elwood Lawson of Westboro, was introduced to our association and gave a most excellent address on "Evangelism in the Sunday School." He mentioned the need of a sane evangelism to awaken a moral and spiritual need. If our churches fail in their great work it will be because they die to evangelism, and he outlined some essentials of evangelism—(1) faithful serving; (2) knowledge of God's Word; (3) confessing Jesus Christ;—(4) if impressed, you must confess; (4) going after one, not after everyone—one man policy.

FRIDAY MORNING.

The meeting of the various committees and a round table conference, conducted by the General Secretary, and a devotional service, led by Rev. Mr. McCallum of Shawville.

The Rev. Elwood Lawson gave an other inspiring and practical address—"Through the eye gate."

The association feels greatly indebted to Rev. Mr. Lawson, a very busy man, but who found time to give these splendid addresses.

After music by the choir, the Rev. J. Hurst of Yarm, brought to a close the morning session by an inspiring address and stated we must feel what we teach and make—(1) Jesus, the Lord of our thoughts; (2) king of our purposes; (3) spring of our progress; (4) Jesus the centre of all.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Song service and devotional period, conducted by the Rev. J. Hurst, followed by the report of the various committees.

Nomination—President, Rev. John Hurst, Yarm; Vice Pres., Mr. W. A. Hodgins, Shawville; Secretaries, Miss Frances Bryson, Fort Coulonge; Mr. Walter Russell, Bristol; Rev. J. Cook, Campbells Bay.

Executive—Rev. Mr. McCallum, Shawville; Rev. R. E. Nicholls, Mr. Stewart Stark, Starks Corners; Mr. H. Smith, Campbells Bay; Rev. Mr. Ball, Portage du Fort; Rev. W. L. Tucker, Fort Coulonge.

The resolution committee brought important resolution to the effect of:

1. Observing a decision day, leaving to the discretion of the various schools the particular day;

2. The Sunday Schools and workers to advance the interests in favor of county prohibition;

3. The keeping open of Sabbath Schools the year round, if possible, and dropping the groundhog policy of being idle for a good part of the year.

Thus a very busy and interesting convention was brought to a close by an address from the General Secretary: "The whitest part of the great white yield"—a Canadian national program for the teen age.

As an association we do not fail to recognize the untiring efforts of our General Secretary, and splendid earnestness and tact of our retiring President, Rev. Mr. Tucker.

The delegates returned to their various homes with the feeling that they had spent a very profitable two days.

—COM.

CANADA AT WAR

CANADA TO CARE FOR HER BRAVE SOLDIERS AS THEY COME HOME

LOUGHEED COMMISSION

Government to Give Consideration to Every Phase

Two Special Classes

Care for soldiers back from the performance of their duty at the front is not the least of the war obligations of Canada. The most that Canadians can do for those who have risked their lives in the trenches is not too much. The Dominion Government knows this, and is leaving nothing undone in providing for the future welfare of the men who come back.

A scheme which will be Dominion wide is now being worked out for the benefit of returned soldiers, to provide for those who are disabled, to put new vocations within reach of such men as are unable to follow their former callings, and to provide employment for all.

Months ago the establishment of a number of convalescent homes was arranged for by the government. These homes are now in operation in all the military districts. They afford facilities for the complete restoration of men who have been wounded at the front and discharged from the various military hospitals. In these homes there is ample accommodation for all the men requiring the rest and care of a convalescent home.

Scope of Commission

These homes were placed some time ago under the direction of a Commission, of which the Hon. Senator Lougheed is president. Senator Lougheed was for a time acting Minister of Militia, and the executive ability displayed by him in that office is a guarantee of the manner in which the funds for the care of wounded soldiers will be administered.

The scope of the Lougheed commission was enlarged recently by Order in Council. It was made to include the question of employment. It now has authority "to deal with the question of employment for members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force on their return to Canada, to co-operate with the provincial governments and others for the purpose of providing employment as may be deemed necessary."

The authority granted under this new order in council is being acted upon energetically. A conference with representatives of the several provincial governments was held recently, when the whole question was considered in all its bearings and a concrete scheme proposed.

One in Each Province

With the adoption of this scheme there will be established a commission in each province to deal with conditions in that province, acting in co-operation with the central commission established by the Dominion, the Lougheed Commission. These local commissions would look after the providing of suitable employment and the inauguration of a system of vocational education. On each of these commissions there would be a member of the provincial government, a manufacturer, a commercial man, a labor

man and an expert agriculturalist. In order to place these commissions in the closest possible touch with the conditions which they are designed to meet, local committees would be established in the various centres of population, and these committees would provide for the registration of men requiring employment, would keep in touch with the employers of labor and ascertain what opportunities for employment existed, and would look after the publicity work necessary to the operation of the scheme. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association would be asked to provide as many positions as possible for soldiers back from the front.

Return to the Land

Another branch of the scheme looks to the settlement of returned soldiers on the land, not only men who before enlisting were accustomed to farming, but men also who have developed a fondness for outdoor life and, perhaps, whose physical condition calls for it. In this connection the question of community farming will arise, the probability being that a system of community farming, with expert instructors at work in each community, would produce the best results.

It is suggested also that the provinces might encourage systems of credit which would enable men to go on the land, who otherwise would be without the capital necessary. Another suggestion is that the commutation of pensions, through insurance companies, might be a desirable means of providing required capital.

In the scheme which is being worked out, provision is made for all those men who come back from the front and whose former employment is not available to them, in other words, whose positions have not been kept for them.

The man who returns fit, at the close of the war, will be given employment if possible at his old vocation. The man who needs convalescent treatment will have that treatment provided before employment is found for him. The man who has been so injured as to incapacitate him for his old work, will be taught a new trade for which he is still physically fit. The man who is permanently disabled and incapacitated for all work, will be cared for by the state.

To Supplement Pensions

It is proposed that the pensions provided by the Dominion shall be supplemented out of the Disabling Fund administered by the Loughheed Commission, and opportunity provided for the necessary instruction in new trades. The provinces are to be asked to organize professional or volunteer teachers to train the soldiers for work in callings to which owing to their physical condition they must turn, and to which they have been unaccustomed. Men who have been partially disabled would require and would be given expert training.

One of the suggestions is that technical schools and colleges be used by the provinces in the training of soldiers for new callings, and that in centres where these facilities are lacking, classes be established and the necessary equipment provided in some of the public buildings in such centres. It is proposed also that the provincial governments provide tuition in agriculture, the cost of which would be paid out of the Disabling Fund, the local administration of this fund being placed in the hands of the provincial commissions.

There are, of course, two classes of returned soldiers, for whom special provision must be made. These are the men who have become permanently disabled, through blindness or otherwise. For such men the state must care. These men have made the greatest sacrifices, and the state rests under a heavy obligation to them. The blind will be cared for in institutions established and equipped specially for them. Canada already has a number of such institutions whose work is of a high order and of great value. For those otherwise disabled it is intended to establish soldiers' homes where they will be made as comfortable as possible.

These are the chief features in a comprehensive scheme which is now being worked out under the direction of Senator Lougheed, in consultation with the provincial authorities. Much has been done already. More will be accomplished as time goes on, and the system proposed will be given sufficient elasticity to allow its adaptation to all conditions arising.

WAR EXPENDITURE OF FINANCE DEPARTMENT

In addition to meeting the ordinary and capital expenditure of the Dominion for the past two months the Finance Department has financed the government's own war expenditure in Canada. It has also been able to make heavy advances on account of the Imperial Treasury to finance temporarily the heavy expenditures of the Shell Committee in paying for shells and other munitions made in Canada. On this latter account alone the Department has advanced over twenty million dollars during the past six weeks. The effect of this financing has been to assist in stabilizing the sterling exchange situation as the money was furnished here without withdrawal by the Dominion of its London balances. All the advances on behalf of the Imperial Treasury are of a temporary character and promptly repaid from time to time.

ALL WILL HAVE EQUAL CHANCE SAYS MINISTER

No "Ground Floor" If Loan is Floated in Canada

Since his announcement of a Canadian patriotic War Loan the Minister of Finance has received many requests to participate in the underwriting or as frequently expressed in the requests, to be "allowed to get in on the ground floor." To all these communications the Minister has replied that it is not his intention to have the loan underwritten and that there will be no "ground floor" terms. Every

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With a choice lot of

NEW FALL TWEEDS

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we are able to fit you with a Dressy Suit.

Call and see them.

Sweaters, Rain Coats and Ready-Made Suits.

MURRAY BROS., SHAWVILLE.

—SEE—

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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.

body, rich and poor alike, will be placed upon precisely the same footing in subscribing to the loan.

MILITARY HOSPITALS' COMMISSION MEETS

Creation of Provincial Committees Approved

The government is dealing efficiently, vigorously and rapidly with the question of looking after and providing work for disabled and invalided soldiers who are returning from the front. The government has for a long time been giving serious study to this problem, as it has been realized that Canada must well provide for her heroes who have made sacrifices for the Empire. Canada's pensions are the largest of any country in the world, but it has been realized that is not sufficient. Means must be found to provide employment for disabled and invalided men and men who are unable to resume their old vocations must be given an opportunity to learn new means of livelihood. The Military Hospitals' Commission of which Senator Lougheed is chairman, was asked to go into the whole question and devise a solution. A great deal of thought and attention has been given to the subject and a comprehensive scheme devised. It was decided to call a conference with the provincial governments in order that there might be co-operation and co-ordination in the work.

Conference Held

This conference called by Sir Robert Borden was held last week when a general plan was submitted which embodied the creation of provincial committees or commissions which would act in co-operation with the Military Hospitals' Commission; the appointment of civic or local committees under the jurisdiction of the provincial committees and the holding in the capitals of the provinces of conferences with mayors and others interested in the subject of the provision of employment for returned soldiers. Arrangements were outlined which would link up the soldiers the minute they set foot on Canadian soil with the organization in the locality from which they came.

This conference approved the principle of forming provincial committees. An agreement was reached as to the division of the expenditure. The cost incurred in finding employment for disabled soldiers will be borne by the provinces, while the Hospitals' Commission will assume the responsibility of taking care of and providing for those who are incapacitated or who would require special training before being able to undertake any employment.

It was agreed that the educational and technical institutions of the provinces should be placed at the disposal of the commission for the education of soldiers who have been disabled and must learn a new trade. The result of the conference will mean that the provinces will now co-operate with the Dominion in looking after Canada's returned heroes.

Record Gales.

There have been terrific gales in various places all over the world. In many instances it is, of course, impossible to obtain any exact record of the velocity of the wind, but the highest ever recorded was reported from Cape Mendocino, Cal., in January, 1899, when the anemometer registered 144 miles an hour.

At Cape Lookout, on the Atlantic coast, there is no telling what the record force of the wind might have been had not the anemometer blown away after registering 135 miles an hour. This fearful hurricane hit the middle Atlantic coast on Aug. 17, 1879.

In June, 1881, a wind of 112 miles was recorded on top of Pike's Peak, Colorado.—Chicago Herald.

Magazines on Warships.

If there is one danger that sailors dread more than any other it is an explosion in the powder magazine. To prevent such an occurrence a device for flooding that compartment in the least possible time is fitted to most big battleships. A pipe below the surface connects the magazine with the sea. This pipe is closed by two taps, which are connected with the deck. In case of danger it is only the work of a minute to open the taps, let the sea rush in through the pipes and flood the magazine. The water is afterward drained off by means of a gutter.—London Mail.

Nor So Often.

With hungry people the table is not of so much consequence as the spread. A very fat man who had just retired from the grocery business was one day thus mischievously greeted by a friend: "I say, old man, you are falling since you retired! You have got so thin I scarcely knew you!" "Perhaps so," replied the grocer. "I certainly don't weigh so much as I did when I was in the grocery trade!"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Slaves to Success.

Rebellion and stubbornness—how they hinder and hinder and spoil our work! If a girl is going to master music she must first become its slave, surrendering her whole being to the principles and the ideals of music. If a boy is to master a trade or a profession he must give himself up to it. If a man is to be a great leader of the people he must surrender himself to the welfare of the people.—Christian Herald.

Addison and "Clio."

Joseph Addison, the English essayist, used the pseudonym "Clio." When he wrote a manuscript in the city he annotated it with a "C," when in London, "L," when in Islington, where he lived, "I," and when in his office, "O," the whole spelling Clio.—London Express.

THE EQUITY,

A Weekly Journal devoted to Local Interests.
Published every Thursday
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All arrears must be paid up before
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Legal advertising, 10 cents per line for
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structions accompanying them will be in-
serted until forbidden and charged for
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lished free of charge. Obituary poetry
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nesday and Shawville every Saturday.

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All calls will receive prompt per-
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

Change In Train Service

Commencing Monday, November
1st, trains No. 541 and 544 will run
between Ottawa and Waltham,
on Monday, Wednesday and Fri-
day. Westbound arrives at Shaw-
ville 10.15 a. m., and eastbound 2.55
p. m.

Additional service between Otta-
wa and Toronto effective Novem-
ber 1st. "The York" daily except
Sunday leaves Ottawa Union
(Sparks St.) 1.15 p. m., arrives at
Toronto 9.30 p. m. "The Rideau"
leaves Toronto 1.45 p. m., arrives
at Ottawa Union 10 p. m.

For further particulars apply to any
Can. Pac. Ry. Agent.

E. J. HEBERT,
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It is Blanket Time

and do you know they are going up ?
We have good supplies by forehanded
buying, and our prices don't go up while these
supplies last :

Wool Blankets	Flannelette Blankets.
56 x 76 \$3.75	10 x 12 \$1.25
60 x 80 5.00	11 x 12 1.50
60 x 80 5.75	12 x 12 1.75

Warm Ribbed Underwear

Women's Heavy Ribbed Union Vests and
Drawers, long sleeves and ankle lengths, in
white. Prices 25, 50, 75c.

Watson's Wool Underwear for Girls and
Women, from 25c. to \$1.50 per garment.

Men's 50 cent Neckwear

We never had such a nifty line of Autumn
Neckwear at the price. Every man who ap-
preciates the importance of right sorts of
Neckwear should see this assortment.

50 cent Neckwear seems to be the prime
favorite.

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Canada At War

TRANSPORTATION OF HUGE GRAIN CROP BEING PROVIDED FOR

COMMITTEE OF THE CABIN- ET HAS MATTER IN CHARGE

Tonnage Secured For Grain Con-
tracts Placed in Canada

British Authorities Doing Everything
Possible

The transportation of Canada's
great grain crop to the British market,
owing to the scarcity of ocean ton-
nage, is one of the biggest problems
confronting the government. While
in England Sir Robert Borden im-
pressed upon the British authorities
the importance to Canada of an ade-
quate supply of ocean freighters for
this purpose. On his return this mat-
ter was placed in charge of a com-
mittee of the Cabinet composed of
Hon. Robert Rogers, chairman, and
Sir George Foster, Hon. Dr. Reid,
Hon. Martin Burrell and Hon. Arthur
Meighen. This committee has been
successful in providing tonnage for
all contracts for grain placed in Can-
ada. Hon. Robert Rogers recently
made public the result of the com-
mittee's efforts.

Additional Ships

"Since Sir Robert Borden's return
from London," said Mr. Rogers, "the
following additional ships have been
added to the Overseas Transport Ser-
vice plying to Canadian ports: Dun-
edin, Frankmore, Glenespan, Polica-
ria, Horatia, and Marquis Bacque-
hem. This brings the number of
ships in this service up to a total
of twenty. These ships are for the
transportation of supplies purchased
by the Imperial authorities, and it
is estimated that for the balance of
the season over two-thirds of the
cargo space will be filled with Can-
adian agricultural products as much
as hay, grain and flour. As a result
of representations by the Canadian
government, an expert from the war
office is at present in Canada to ar-
range for increased purchases of
grain and flour and for the transpor-
tation of the supplies thus purchased.

"In addition to the above ships a
fleet for the transportation of horses
hay, etc., has been provided, seven of
such remount transports having sailed
from Montreal within the past two
weeks. These ships carry also prod-
ucts of Canadian farms.

Doing Everything Possible

"With regard to provisions for the
general commercial trade, the Im-
perial authorities have, subject to
military necessity, been prepared to
do everything possible. In the first
place they have, during the past two
months, refrained from requisitioning
any ships on the Canadian route, tak-
ing all the new ships required from
other routes, so that the increases
made in the Imperial transport ser-
vice to Canada, are not additions to
the transportation facilities for Cana-
dian products. Further, the Imperial
Government, when possible, is releas-
ing, temporarily at least, Canadian
liners already requisitioned.

"The Mount Temple of the C.P.R.
line will in this way re-enter the
commercial trade during the present
week. Advice has also been re-
ceived that the Kawack, Heligoland
and Barenfels, ships not previously in
the Canadian service, are being re-
leased to enter this service imme-
diately. Military necessity must
govern every movement made, and it
will be obvious that plans cannot be
made public, but the Imperial authori-
ties will assist as far as possible, and
the matter is receiving the continuous
attention of the committee of the
Canadian Government."

Freight Rates Are High

Since this announcement many
other ships have been released by the
Admiralty for the Canadian trade. So
far there has been no shortage for
ocean tonnage to provide for contract
exports, nor is it expected that there
will be any shortage.

Ocean freight rates are enormous.
The committee has daily cables re-
garding rates from all the important
grain ports of the world. The Cana-
dian and American rates are the
same. Charges from Montreal, Port-
land, Boston, New York and Balti-
more to Liverpool and London show
no discrimination in ocean rates
against the Canadian port.

STORAGE FACILITIES FOR GRAIN CROP GREATLY INCREASED

Since the present Government
took office the development of govern-
ment-owned and operated grain stor-
age facilities has been little short of

MARVELOUS. In 1911 there was not a
government-owned terminal or inter-
ior storage elevator in Western Cana-
da and only a very small capacity
provided in the east. In Eastern Cana-
da in 1911 the Government elevators
were:

Port Colborne...	1,000,000 bushels
St. John.....	500,000 "
Halifax	500,000 "
Montreal	1,000,000 "

This made provision for storage
for the western crop by the Federal
Government of only 3,000,000 bushels.
Now there is a storage capacity of
22,500,000 distributed as follows:

Port Arthur.....	3,250,000 bushels
Saskatoon	3,500,000 "
Moose Jaw.....	3,500,000 "
Calgary	2,500,000 "
Vancouver	2,500,000 "
Port Colborne...	2,000,000 "
Halifax	500,000 "
Montreal	5,000,000 "
Quebec	1,000,000 "

The storage has been increased in
four years from 3,000,000 to 22,500,000.
In addition to these provided arrange-
ments have been made to erect a
Government elevator at Port Nelson
as soon as the Hudson's Bay Railway
is completed.

HON. MARTIN BURRELL HELPING TO BOOST LIVE STOCK INDUSTRY

Endeavoring to Open up a Canned
Meat Market

Hon. Martin Burrell, Minister of
Agriculture, has been doing an in-
estimable service to the farmers and
live stock producers of Canada in his
endeavors to arrange for the sale of
Canadian canned goods and dressed
meats to the British authorities. The
high ocean rates have demoralized
the ordinary shipment of live
stock on the hoof to England, while
the American market despite the fact
that there are now no duties has
been poor. Mr. Burrell's efforts, if
they are successful, will at this critical
time prove a great stimulus to this
industry. Through the efforts of
Mr. Burrell an offer has already been
made to the British War Office for

Canada's output of canned goods. A
conference was held in Ottawa this
week between the Minister and the
packers when the question of the sale
of frozen meat was thoroughly dis-
cussed.

As it has been impossible to secure
an outlet through the shipment of
live cattle to Great Britain, the move
to secure sale for the surplus product
as frozen beef has received general
support. As has already been an-
nounced, the Minister, through Sir
George Perley, the acting High Com-
missioner, has learned that the Brit-
ish War Office would consider ten-
ders from Canada, and Mr. Burrell is
accordingly making strong represen-
tations to the Imperial Government
with the view of obtaining a satis-
factory outlet for our available sup-
plies.

Will Improve Conditions

The packers in conference are de-
termining upon what basis of oper-
ation tenders may be presented, and
it is expected that the offer will be
made subject to delivery at the Cana-
dian port, where the meat may be
loaded on refrigerator steamers. This
would relieve the trade of the worries
and anxieties of transportation risks
and charges and would, it is believed,
impart confidence to the business
which might develop as a result of
these negotiations.

If, as is hoped, a contract is secured
for Canada an outlet will be provided
for our surplus cattle, and at the same
time it should serve to establish
business relations with the Mother
Country and our allies, which will
fully justify steadily increased pro-
duction of high class cattle in this
country.

SUBMARINE PURCHASE WAS ENTIRELY HONEST COMMISSIONER FINDS

Not a Tittle of Evidence of Any
Wrongdoing

A searching inquiry has been made
by Sir Charles Davidson, commis-
sioner to inquire into war contracts, into
the purchase of two submarines for
the British Columbia coast defence,
made several days before the out-
break of the war and negotiated by
Sir Richard McBride. The subma-
rines had been built at Seattle for the
Chilean Government and the British
Columbia Premier realizing that war
was inevitable, that there were German
cruisers on the Pacific and that the
cities of Vancouver and Victoria were
almost defenceless, courageously and
patriotically secured the two subma-
rines for Canada.

Ever since the purchase the
Liberals have been insinuating graft
and jobbery in connection with the
deal and Hon. William Pugsley even
went so far as to indulge in inuen-
dices in the House of Commons, al-
though he did not have the courage
to make any charges. However, with
Mr. Pugsley's insinuations as a start
a slander campaign particularly at
the coast was started by the Liberal
organs and politicians.

Asked For a Probe

Sir Richard at once asked for a
thorough investigation into the whole
purchase so that he could have the
chance to clear himself and the
naval officers who assisted him in
the transaction. This inquiry has
just been completed by Sir Charles
Davidson and not one tittle of evi-
dence was put forward by the Lib-
erals or anyone else to show that
there had been any commission paid,
any graft or any thing improper in
connection with the transaction. Direct
testimony was given by every
person concerned with the transac-
tion that no commission, promise of
commission, contribution or promise
therefore, any benefit in any form or
manner accrued to anyone in Canada.

out on the contrary the evidence
went to show that the transaction
was a simple ordinary business one
without intermediaries of any kind.
Attempts had been made to show
that the submarines were not modern
and of little value. This was also
expelled by the testimony of experts
and particularly by Admiral Story,
British commander at Esquimaux, who
testified that the boats could ride
"like ducks," that they were equal to
the best British submarines of the
same type and had needed no repair-
ing except the ordinary repairing to
any boat in constant use. The sub-
marine commanders and sailors had
and no difficulty with them.

Knew Him.

"Well, how about that little bill?"
"But I told you to call at 4 o'clock,
and it is only 3 now."
"I know it; I wanted to catch you
in."—Houston Post.

TWO MINDS THAT DID AS ONE.

When Dr. Anna Shaw and Miss An-
thony Lectured Together.

Writing of her lectures for suffrage
with Susan B. Anthony, Dr. Anna
Howard Shaw says in the Metropoli-
tan Magazine:

We traveled and lectured together so
constantly that each of us developed
an almost uncanny knowledge of the
other's mental processes. At any point
of either's lecture the other could pick
it up and carry it on—a fortunate
condition, as it sometimes became nec-
essary to do this. Miss Anthony was
subject to contractions of the throat,
which for the moment caused a slight
strangulation. On such occasions—of
which there were several—she would
turn to me and indicate her helplessness.
Then I would repeat her last
sentence, complete her speech and af-
terward make my own.

The first time this happened we were
in Washington, and Aunt Susan stop-
ped in the middle of a word. She could
not speak; she merely motioned to me
to continue for her and left the stage.
At the end of the evening a prominent
Washington man who had been in our
audience remarked to me confidentially:

"That was a nice little play you and
Miss Anthony made tonight—very ef-
fective indeed."

For an instant I did not catch his
meaning or the implication in his
knowing smile.

"Very clever, that strangling bit, and
your going on with the speech," he
repeated. "It hit the audience hard."

"Surely," I protested, "you don't
think it was a deliberate thing—that
we planned or rehearsed it?"

He stared at me incredulously.

"Are you going to pretend," he de-
manded, "that it wasn't a put up job?"

I told him he had paid us a high
compliment and that we must really
have done very well if we had con-
veyed that impression, and I finally
convinced him that we not only had
not rehearsed the episode, but that
neither of us had known what the other
meant to say. We never wrote out
our speeches, but our subject was al-
ways suffrage or some ramification
of suffrage, and naturally we had thor-
oughly digested each other's views.

LIFE ON A SUBMARINE.

There Are No Comforts, and Sleep Is
Almost Impossible.

Speaking of life on a submarine, one
of Uncle Sam's naval officers stationed
on one of these under sea terrors says:
"Every minute the men are in the
submarine means the risk of pneumo-
nia and tuberculosis. The entire in-
side of the boat sweats like a pitcher
of ice water on a hot day. Before we
are on it three hours our clothes are
soaked, and they stay that way. We
have absolutely no heat, which means
that the boat is the temperature of the
outside air. Sometimes we nearly
freeze. The doctors say that the men
on a submarine never sleep; they
merely become unconscious for brief
intervals. The air, the odors from the
machinery, the constant vibration and
the intense strain under which you la-
bor make sleep an impossibility.

"In a storm, when we have to seal
up, the air gets worse than anything
you can imagine. There are eighteen
men and two officers in one of our
boats, and at any moment any one of
the twenty may cause the death of all
the rest. There is no room for mis-
takes. The space in which the men
live is fifty feet long and about ten
feet wide. I can stand upright if I
pick my place, but most of the time
my shoulders are bent. There are no
bunks; we all spread our mattresses
on an iron deck. The dining room
consists of four electric hot plates. Noth-
ing in the nature of a spark is allowed
below decks, but we can heat up cof-
fee on the hot plates and occasionally
fry things. We can't smoke, and the
vibration of the engines makes it im-
possible to read or even play cards, so
when we are not working there's noth-
ing for us to do but sit on the floor
and look at each other."—Pittsburgh
Dispatch.

The Human Brain.

Our brains are seventy year clocks.
The angel of life winds them up once
for all, then closes the case and gives
the key into the hand of the angel of
the resurrection. Tick-tack, tick-tack,
go the wheels of thought. Our will
cannot stop them. They cannot stop
themselves. Sleep cannot still them.
Madness only makes them go faster.
Death alone can break into the case,
and, seizing the ever swinging pendu-
lum which we call the heart, silence
at last the clicking of the terrible es-
capement we have carried so long
beneath our wrinkled foreheads.—
Holmes.

HOMEMAKERS' CLUBS.

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Austin - First Tuesday,
Murrells - Second Wednesday,
Elmside - Second Wednesday,
Bristol, - - First Thursday,
Starks Corners, Second Thurs.
Wyman, - - First Friday,
Shawville - First Saturday,
Yarm - Last Saturday,
of each month.

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N. M. McCUAIC

Prov Game Warden.
Bryson, January 1913.

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THE sole head of a family, or any male
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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.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon
and cultivation of the land in each of
three years. A homesteader may live
within nine miles of his homestead on
a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain con-
ditions. A habitable house is required
except when residence is performed in
the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in
good standing may pre-empt a quarter
section alongside his homestead Price
\$3.00 per acre
Duties.—Six months' residence in each
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patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation.
Pre-emption patent may be obtained as
soon as homestead patent, on certain
conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his home-
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per acre. Duties.—Must reside six
months in each of three years, cultivate
50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

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HUN ATROCITIES IN RUSSIAN POLAND

WORSE THAN THOSE COMMIT-
TED IN BELGIUM.

Sacred Picture of Virgin and Child
in Holiest Sanctuary Torn
Down.

The Rt. Hon. W. F. Bailey, C.B., one of the Irish Land Commissioners, tells in the *Fortnightly Review*, a most appalling story of what the German invasion of Poland means to the Polish people.

The story is far more terrible than the story of Belgium, and half of the whole story will never be told to Europe. It is the story of how a Christian nation invaded another Christian country, defiled its sanctuaries and its women, made a mock of its faith, hunted women and children to the death, and set going such an exodus of sorrow-distressed people as the world has never seen before.

Mr. Bailey begins his story thus:

"A cheap German postcard, purchased in Berlin for ten pfennigs, was brought to me a few days ago. It bore the inscription, 'The famous picture of the Virgin and Child captured from Czenstochowa by our gallant army. At the top of the card is inserted a portrait of the Kaiser, surmounted by the Imperial Crown of Germany. We can realize the anguish of the Polish peasant as we look on this card—how he has made pilgrimage to Czenstochowa, 'the Holy Place' of Poland."

Mr. Bailey gives a picture of Czenstochowa—the Holy Place of Poland—on the occasion of one of these pilgrimages, and it is important to realize what these mean in the life of the Polish peasantry to understand the barbarity of the deed by which this famous picture, "the Heart of the Heart of Poland," became the Kaiser's share of loot, and was sold on postcards in Berlin for a penny!

"Everyone who has travelled in Russia or in any Slav country knows what a pilgrimage means to these people," says Mr. Bailey. "Their vivid imaginations, their deep religious feelings, their idealism, are all brought out in strong color. Hundreds, even thousands, of miles will they travel to visit a 'Holy Place.' You see them coming in troops, whether it be the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, to the Triska Monastery near Moscow, or to the Shrine of Czenstochowa.

Poland's Holy Place.

"Let us see it on a winter's morning with a great pilgrimage arriving to visit the shrine of Poland's Virgin and Child. Round 'the Holy Place'—the small church which enshrines the relic which is revered by the Eastern and Western faith alike—a fact to be remembered—round the home of the oldest picture probably in the Christian world, a surging crowd collects. Amongst the scarcely breathing throng there is a sudden movement, a ripple of intense excitement, then, absolute stillness, for the music ceases. A tiny bell tinkles. The heavy curtains part asunder, and the picture becomes visible.

"Just at first nothing can be seen but a small, almost black square set in a splendid frame of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, topazes, and pearls, with a background as of beaten gold. "Only a little square, black and battered by age! But as one looks more intently the shadowy countenances of a soft-faced Byzantine Virgin and Child seem to emerge clear and awe-filling.

"To-day the portrait of its Virgin and Child forms part of the Polish loot of the Kaiser of Germany, and postcard copies of 'The Heart of the Heart of Poland' are being sold in Berlin for a penny!

"Czenstochowa stands to the southwest of Russian Poland just over the frontier, within striking distance of the German army of invasion. And, knowing the veneration with which the Poles regard this church and picture, the Kaiser published, through his secret agents, a statement to the effect that this Virgin and Child had appeared to him in a vision, and with tears commanded him to rescue their shrine from the Russians. He went on to inform the Poles that such was his intention, and advised them in forcible terms to render him such assistance as he might require. Among

the many bribes he offered for Polish support was money and many rare jewels and fresh decorations—in German taste—for the shrine.

"But the Poles tore this proclamation, into shreds, and the Kaiser promptly received a reply stating that he might betake himself and his statement to the devil, from whom both he and it had come, for neither we, the people of Poland, nor our religions are for sale."

The Kaiser's Sacrilege.

"Furious at this answer, when the German army arrived in Czenstochowa the usual atrocities and outrages were perpetrated. The church was desecrated and its picture was wrenched from its frame and dispatched to Germany. And, finally, to the dazed horror of the citizens and all Poles, a vulgar portrait of the Kaiser in uniform was raised above the dismantled altar, lights were placed before it, and the wretched people were daily driven in by the brutal German soldiers to kneel before the picture of the man whom they regard as the devil incarnate.

"Presumably the Kaiser thought by this means to terrorize the Poles. They regarded their virgin and Child as all-powerful—he would prove to them that he was stronger. But he little understood the Slavonic character. This incident, by which he hoped to cow a spirited people into submission, has undoubtedly caused the Poles to stiffen their backs, and has had the result of bringing Polish Catholics and the followers of the Russian Orthodox faith to a better understanding.

"According to the most recent information from Poland," adds Mr. Bailey, "it appears that the Germans have begun to realize their error in desecrating the shrine of Czenstochowa, and that a replica of the famous picture has replaced the portrait of the Kaiser, which for a time was hung over the high altar. But the peasants of Poland now regard the German Emperor as the representative of Satan, if not Satan himself, in human form.

Does this story explain why the Kaiser has not shown himself in public in Poland?

MAKING THE ENEMY DANCE.

A Highlander Tells An Interesting Story.

Speaking of his experiences during the recent fighting a private of the Highland Light Infantry tells an interesting story. He says:—Now that shells are as plentiful as blackberries we are making it hot for the Germans. We fairly make them dance and howl with pain when our guns get full tilt at them, and if only we can keep it up there won't be much fight in the Germans when the time comes for asking them to get a move on towards Berlin, with the Allies hard on their heels just to see that they don't let too much grass grow under their feet. Nothing would please us better than that the Kaiser should order another advance towards Calais. The dancing of the Germans now will be nothing to what it will be then, for it won't be anything like what it was a year ago, and we shall flay the Germans alive with our shell fire.

In the recent fighting the moral effect of our shell fire on the enemy was marked. The prisoners we took would not cease expressing their surprise at the way our artillery fire drowned theirs, and one chap told me that the German army is now without hope of pulling through, since they began to feel the weight of our shells on them. It was terrible to see them cut up. They came with a great rush at first in one of their counter-attacks, but when they got their first taste of what our artillery could do, their whole line seemed to sizzle up like burning bacon. Their losses were appalling. At one point we caught them in the open in their favorite close formation. They came charging at us with their battle-cry—"Hoch! der Kaiser!"—and thought they were going to get it all their own way. Suddenly our artillery dropped one shell into them, a sort of trial ball, and then there was a cats and dogs downpour of shells. Line after line of the attacking force disappeared, whole companies and even battalions seemed to be blotted off the face of the earth as fast as they came forward, and the ground over which our men subsequently advanced was like a shambles. Dead and dying were everywhere, and all that was left of the enemy was in terror-stricken flight, only to be mopped up by our gunfire a little further on.

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

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd).

After supper he said good-night, and carried his books upstairs, telling the Vicar that he had lessons to prepare for Monday's school. His room was small and low, but he liked it better than any other in the house, because it had windows facing east and west, so that he could see the sun both rise and set. When he had locked his door he took the cage from its hiding-place and set it on the western window-sill.

"All right, you little fool!" he grumbled to the terrified bird as it shrank up against the bars. "Keep your hair on! It's me he'll pitch into, not you."

He put into the cage a bit of water-cress which he had slipped inside his jacket at tea-time. But the mavis would only flutter desperately and beat its wings against the bars. Jack sat down on the sill beside it, turning his back to the sunset, and considered what to do next.

His first idea had been to keep the bird and tame it. Certainly a thrush would be a second-rate kind of pet; he would have much preferred, for instance, a starling, which could be taught to swear, and to blaspheme against bishops and against green-handled knives and missions to deep sea fishermen. But a thrush would be better than nothing; and if he was going to get into trouble for its sake, it was only fair that he should have some fun out of the transaction. On the other hand, wild creatures do not always take kindly to captivity; and for that matter, uncle would be angry enough to kill the bird for sheer spite if ever he should happen to find out. Had he not drowned Molly's pet kitten last winter, to punish her for getting her frock dirty? Jack's eyes darkened at the memory; he hated the Vicar with the silent, poisonous hatred that remembers and bides its time; and in his long and heavy score against his enemy this was a big item. Until lately his attitude towards Molly had been one of Olympian indifference; what had he to do with a mere girl, who was afraid of the dark and couldn't do so much as throw a stone straight? But the day when he had come home from school and found her in the toolhouse, blind and sick with crying because Tiddles was dead,—(and oh, Tiddles did squeak so!)—had been the beginning of a new sense in him, that it was somehow his business to protect his sister.

No, there was nothing for it but to let the bird go. The fate of Tiddles was a warning; it does not do to get fond of creatures that you are not strong enough to defend. Once free in Trevenna glen, the mavis must fight its own battles. "If you get caught again, you little duffer," he remarked, rising and opening the window, "I shan't help you out; once is enough."

Trevenna glen lay soft and dim in a golden sunset haze. The sky was too clear for flaming color; only a few high cloudlets trailed their faint rose bands across the west. From the beach came a low sound of ripples on the shingle; then the wailing cry of a sea-gull.

As Jack opened the cage door the mavis fluttered, panic-stricken, and shrank away. He drew back a little, and the bird passed by him like a lightning flash. He heard a sudden cry, a whirring of swift wings; and leaned upon the sill, following with his eyes a moving black spot, small and smaller, that darted straight towards the glen.

He crossed the room and sat down on his bed, holding on to the foot-rail. He seemed to have gone all shaky inside, and there was a "quivering" in his throat. When he shut his eyes the tree-tops came back, and the yellow haze, and the spread wings of a living soul that had been caged and now was free.

He opened his eyes at last and looked around him, solemnly afraid. The room startled him with its familiar aspect; it was all as it had been, and he alone was changed. On the table lay his lesson books; the empty cage stood on the window-sill, the water-cress dangling from its bars. He must smash up the cage, by the way, or uncle would ask . . .

Ah, what did uncle matter now? He went back to the window and looked out, his shoulder on the lintel, his head against his arm. There he watched while the sunset faded. All the broad spaces between earth and sky were full of violet shadows; in the glen the tree-tops swayed a little, and grew still; the sea-birds called, and called again, and settled in the hollows, and all things fell asleep.

Then stars came out; one, and another, and a thousand, shining above shadowy trees and ghostly moorland half asleep, with clear eyes, full of wonder; as if they too had only now begun to understand, and, looking down upon the world's familiar face, had seen that it was good.

CHAPTER III.

As far back as Jack's earliest memories went, he had always liked animals and plants and rough grey rocks and yellow foam.

They had, indeed, been all there was to like. Human beings, especially grown-up ones, had hitherto played in his conception of life a singularly small and contemptible part. They were inevitable, of course, and sometimes useful; but neither interesting nor pleasant, and generally much in the way. Within the last three years a new element had been creeping into his relation with the adults of his world; he had begun to see in them natural, as it were, hereditary enemies. Anything brutal or stupid, any petty meanness or fidgety interference on their part, seemed to him

a matter of course, coming from creatures by nature illogical, spiteful, and incompetent; and his standpoint having once become fixed, many wise and necessary restrictions were lumped together with the others in careless contempt. He never troubled himself about the reasons of a prohibition; if a thing was forbidden, it was presumably just because there was no sensible ground of objection to it.

Of men and women in any other capacity than that of despised authority he had little knowledge. After the loss of the black-browed mother whom he could dimly remember, he and Molly had spent four years in St. Ives under the care of their grandmother and a crotchety maiden aunt. These two ladies had regarded the children as visitations of Providence, whom, for their sins, they must at regular intervals feed and wash, especially wash; no boy was ever more heroically scrubbed than Jack. But cold water and rough towels, excellent as they were, had not satisfied all the soul's needs of the growing boy; and as quite a small child he had sat up in his bed in the dark to address, to the anthropomorphic thing which he had been taught to worship, a bitter reproach: "It's not fair. What did You make me for, if You weren't going to let anybody want me?"

The sailor father had wanted him, at any rate; it had been good to know that there was one person in the world who did not think it a disgrace for a boy to be dark and ugly and to have black eyes like his mother's, even though that person was nearly always at sea. But then had come a night of rough weather and distress signals all along the coast; and the next morning Aunt Sarah had driven over with a white face and a telegram. Since then the orphans had lived at the Vicarage in Porth-carriek.

Uncle Josiah and Aunt Sarah had shown to the passionate boy much earnest care for his body's welfare and his soul's health, but very little personal friendliness or affection; and that little, when it came from the man, he resented as impertinence, when from the woman, despised as weakness. People should play fair, and not try to catch you with shams that you didn't expect. Grown-ups had two recognized engines of warfare, and should stick to them. One was moralising, or "jaw"; the other, sheer coercion. This latter, though disagreeable, seemed to him the more logical weapon. It would have saved trouble to begin with the thing, once they were going to end with it. Indeed, the Vicar would have been surprised could he have learned how much more keenly the boy resented his sermons than his punishments. Innumerable thrashings had instilled into Jack a certain respect for a person who can hit hard; and had his relations with his uncle begun and ended with the cane, there would have been on his part far less bitterness; but the moralising filled him with scorn, and the occasional attempts at friendliness with fierce disgust.

Aunt Sarah he simply despised. She, poor woman, had certainly never been guilty of any brutality towards him; it is doubtful whether she had uttered a harsh word to any one in all her ineffectual, well-meaning days. Her ambitions went no further than to see around her smiling faces of contented servants and children, looking up in happy submission to their her king; and her one grief, besides that of childlessness, was that the faces, though mostly submissive enough, were not always happy. Jack, in a chronic state of disobedience and revolt, was to her an utterly unsolvable problem. She was always kind to him,—it was not in her to be otherwise to any living thing,—but she looked upon him with a sort of dread, and with a feeling which, in a more definite nature, would have been dislike; he was so inconvenient. Her little careful plans to make things "go smoothly" were always being disturbed and thrown out by this one impossible factor.

If it had crossed her mind that the boy was lonely and miserable she would have been sincerely horrified; merely to read in the parish magazine of an ill-used child was enough to make her cry; and, timid as she was, she had often risked the displeasure of her god on earth by trying to beg Jack off from various punishments. Had he ever tried to beg himself off, she would have liked him better; his hard indifference repelled her. She herself, though a most conscientious woman, had once even stepped a little aside from the exact truth to screen him from the Vicar's anger. She had been found out, of course; for Jack, when asked about the matter, had told the truth at once. The worst of it was that his habit of acknowledging his misdeeds appeared to be the result of sheer bravado, not of any love for veracity; for he had no scruples about telling any number of falsehoods when it suited his purpose to do so. But he never prevaricated; when he told a lie, he did it deliberately, with a straight look between the eyes; and that, again, Aunt Sarah could not understand. So beyond much gentle moralising, pathetically futile, her vicarious motherhood, in his case, could not go. She lavished all her affection on Molly, whose evil tendencies, if they were there at all, were still hidden in the mists of babyhood; and left Jack to struggle with a bitter heart as best as he might.

He was not envious because his sister was preferred before him. In a certain stiff, shy way of his own he was fond of the child. But they had not much in common. She was not only little, and a girl,—he might have forgiven these defects,—she was also

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packet. Young tender leaves only, grown with utmost care and with flavour as the prime object, are used to produce the famous Salada blends.

"good." She sat on people's laps, and shut the door after her, and was kissed and praised, and had sweets given her by visitors, who liked to stroke her pretty hair. Jack wondered sometimes how the caresses didn't make her sick, and why she didn't cut the hair off with Aunt Sarah's scissors and throw it in the people's faces. He would have dragged his out by the roots if any one had "pawed it about" that way.

The only human creatures whom he recognized as having any moral claim upon him were the larrikins to whom, for nearly two years now, he had been leader. His ethical code was barbaric and primitive; it never occurred to him to think that he was doing anything mean or unworthy in breaking people's windows, looting their apples, or wantonly damaging their kitchen gardens; nor did he think it necessary to consult at all the personal wishes of his subjects; he was the master, and his will was law; but to abandon his boys in a crisis, or allow one of them to take a caning which he could by any manoeuvring have transferred to his own shoulders, would have seemed to him a monstrous thing. His tiny kingdom was an absolute despotism; in his eyes the whole duty of a subject consisted in obedience, that of a ruler in loyalty; he was splendidly loyal to his boys, but he despised them in his heart.

From human society, great and small, he came back always with relief to furred or feathered creatures, to cliffs and moor and sea. The puppies and the rabbits, the village dogs and cats, all knew a side of him which the Vicar had never seen. Even the lesser humans to whom he extended his protection never saw quite the real Jack; with Billy Greggs he was scornfully tolerant, with Molly condescendingly good-natured; with animals, especially if they were small and helpless, he could be full of tender loving-kindness.

But the best that was in him was known only to Spotty. She was the old brown dog in the stable yard; a sorry specimen truly, and except for Jack, without a friend in the world. In her best days she had not been much to look at; a hopeless mongrel, bob-tailed and bandy-legged, with a white patch over one ragged ear. Now in her old age she had gone blind, and was no longer of any use as a watchdog. It would have been kinder to have her chloroformed; she was growing too feeble to take exercise and keep healthy, and was becoming a burden to herself and an object of disgust to others. But Mrs. Raymond disliked the idea of killing anything; and the Vicar was too just a man to turn out a faithful servant because she was past her work; so Spotty remained in the yard, well fed and housed, and tolerated as aged paupers are tolerated.

On this old, ugly, miserable creature, whom death had passed by and forgotten, was showered all the hidden gold of Jack's affection. He never forgot to wash and comb her, or to soak her biscuits carefully, and never forgave any one who laughed at her infirmities. Under his indifference and callousness lay a dumb, fierce, hot resentment against the injustice of men and things. No one was ever fair to Spotty, because she had grown old and blind; as if that in itself were not unfair enough. No one was ever fair to him, because he was born ugly and wicked; and he could no more help that than Spotty could help being blind. Their common wrong was a bond between them; and it was Spotty alone who knew his secret.

(To be continued.)

In normal times England and Wales has about 50,000 police, of which London claims over 19,000. Scotland has 5,616, and Ireland nearly 12,000. The cost of police protection to England and Wales, including London, is four and a half million pounds yearly.

THE BRITISH BULLDOG.

An Article That Will Interest All Animal Lovers.

In one sense the British bulldog, as we know him to-day, is a modern dog, and in another sense the breed is one of the oldest in the world.

Most dog-fanciers, who are not blinded by prejudice in favor of one particular breed, are agreed that the Old English mastiff and the bulldog are descended from the same stock. Certain it is that the bulldog of fifty years ago was a very different dog from the bulldog of to-day.

The bulldog was probably invented in this way. The village butcher of many years ago would use a dog to assist him in capturing and holding the particular animal that he needed for meat.

In time the business of capturing a bull for food was developed into the sport of bull-baiting, and breeders of dogs developed their dogs on the lines required. Thus, the nose of the bulldog is in the middle of his face, so that he can hang on to his prey and breathe at the same time. No other dog can do this.

The bulldog is built to "stand his ground." The hindfeet are turned slightly outwards (thus turning the hocks slightly inwards) to enable the dog to get a good grip on the ground before he leaps on his prey. You will notice that a human prize-fighter unconsciously turns one foot in the same way, and for the same reason.

The Old English mastiff and the bulldog have this point in common. A thoroughbred dog of either breed has a reliable temper—a good temper. But a cross-bred dog is nearly always "awkward" as regards temper, and about the worst dog in the world for a child to play with.

The French bulldog is quite a different dog, although it is thought by some fanciers to be an offshoot of the British bulldog. The national dog of France is the poodle, which has the reputation of being the cleverest dog in the world. Fanciers will tell you that you can make a poodle do anything except love you.

The Borzoi, or wolf-hound, is the national dog of Russia. A Borzoi is not unlike our greyhound, but with a rough coat. The breed is one of the favorites of Queen Alexandra, who also has a fancy for the national dogs of Japan, the little black and white toy spaniels.

Brave little Belgium has its national dog the griffon, a very sporty little dog, loved in this country as a toy dog, although the griffon is really as game as any terrier.

The Italian greyhound, Italy's dog, is similar in appearance to the English whippet or miniature greyhound. Queen Victoria was very fond of Italian greyhounds, and owned several excellent specimens of the breed.

Germany's national dog is, of course, the dachshund, familiar to most of us as "the dog that is sold by the yard."

The Pleasures of Youth.

A public school teacher once put this question to her pupils:

"Which would you rather have—three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?"

"Three bags with two apples in each bag," was the surprising answer given by one lad, while the rest of the class was struggling with the problem.

"Why, Harry?"

"Because there'd be one more bag to bust!"

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AIR SCOUTING IN A GREAT STORM

NINE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE EARTH.

From the Journal of An Aeroplane Observer at the Front.

I was at my favorite grocery in the little French town, buying for our mess. It was raining in sheets, and I reflected with relief that it was "perfect airmen's weather"—there could be no flying that day, surely. We had had a busy time of it, and a day off was welcome.

The question at issue was the price of honey. I was annoyed that my French had not made any impression and was repeating "trop cher" for the fifth time when I heard the chug of a motorcycle as it pulled up outside. I had a nasty feeling the rider was after me. I wondered what on earth was "up," because the weather was impossible for flying and I wasn't down for duty.

The orderly's message was short and to the point: "A car is coming, sir, to take you immediately to headquarters."

As I strolled up the steps of headquarters who should join me but my flight commander. I knew what was up as soon as I saw him. In flying speech we were "in for it." An urgent reconnaissance had to be done, despite the weather.

We were to proceed as over the worst of the rain was over. The reconnaissance was so important that it was to be done on the "edge of the clouds."

By the time we got back to the aerodrome the rain had stopped and there was even bits of blue here and there. But it was only a lull. The "black ones" were getting ready for another downpour. We decided to "race them to it"—i.e., get above them before the downpour started.

As we got off, the sight of two other machines being prepared in case we did not get back or "crashed" was not too reassuring.

We were hardly in the air when the sun found us out and gave us a burst of dazzling rays. He was gone in a moment, and we knew we should not see him again for some time.

"Rain Mountains"

The air was very "bumpy." From 500 feet upward there were great current junctions which tossed us about and toyed with our endeavors to maintain a consistent course.

At 800 feet the machine was in the bottom fringe of a cloud. The scene from here was like a great inverted landscape, with huge black mountain peaks turned down. We kept in the valleys and skirted the mountains. Here and there a "rain mountain" swished us with a shower, as if indignant at our familiarity.

But the valleys were closing up. Another deluge was coming. We had not too much time to get out of it. There was lightning around, and it would be suicide to stay below any longer.

As we turned a sharp corner round an unusually black and forbidding projection, we found ourselves in a splendid valley. At the top of this there was only what we call "fluffy stuff"—a mass of thinish fog, sometimes 3000 feet through, but comparatively safe for flying.

It took two circuits to get to the top of the valley. Hardly had we been enveloped by the "fluffy stuff" when there was a huge grunt of thunder that seemed to come from all about us. Thunder in the clouds is not a sharp clap; it is a guttural roar, which sounds above the noise of the aeroplane just like a great grunt.

"Cheer-oh!" shouted the pilot through the telephone, "we've beaten the old dog to it." It is a prevalent idea among flying men that a thunder cloud has an evil genius which "lays" for one.

As I leaned forward to answer the pilot, I placed my hand on a crossing wire. There was just the faintest ripple of electric current passing through. We were not yet quite out of danger.

Climbing through a thick cloud is a tedious and anxious job. There are no "identifying objects" above, below or on either side. There is no top or bottom to anything. One is at the mercy of the instrument board.

Peering for Light

My pilot poised the machine beautifully, carefully "following his compass" as it swung to the left or right. We were not yet above the region of bumps. The cloud gave us some nasty shifts as we passed its centre. Suddenly the pilot shouted to me: "Peep for light!" "Peering for light" is the process of getting some hint as to whether or not the machine is level.

I strained my eyes in vain for a few minutes. Then right below me on the left, I saw a flash of sunlight. I was looking skywards. We were almost upside down. A bump then would have "done for" us. The controls cracked and the machine shivered as she tipped back into position. We made for the light and followed the ray. It ran at an easy angle, and we kept well on its line. The cloud began to thin. There were little

pockets of light, sort of offshoots from the great penetrating ray that was guiding us upward. In another moment we were in the region of the "top fringe." The cloud now was a great semicircular ribs bending outward. It was with a sight of relief that we met the old sun again. He fairly dazzled us with his warm greeting. Behind, on the "fluffy stuff" the shadow of the aeroplane was made up of rainbow colors.

We are now 9000 feet up. There was a brisk breeze from the west. Our speed was about 110 miles an hour. It took us only a few minutes to cover our distance "out." As we tore along, the clouds below began to thin out, and as they receded lower, gave us the impression that we were climbing rapidly to a colossal height. In another moment I caught sight, through a generous hole, of a tiny, triangular patch of green, which, on the ground, is regarded as one of the great forests of the Continent. It told us where we were. It also revealed us to "Archie" (the anti-aircraft gun). That persistent old fellow sent up some "frightfulness," but he had not allowed sufficiently for the wind.

It is easy to imagine our feeling of relief at the dispersion of the storm. Otherwise we should have had to dive through the clouds and do our reconnaissance on their bottom fringe. Now, however, we went about our work in the ordinary way and were soon ready to return.

POISONOUS PLANTS.

Many Flowers Have Sap That Is Poisonous If Swallowed.

There are no beautiful poisonous flowers native to this country. There are only three plants that are really poisonous to the touch. They all belong to the Rhus family, and resemble one another in their uninteresting clusters of dull greenish-gray berries.

Two of them, poison ivy and poison sumac, are found in the eastern part of the country, and poison oak grows on the Pacific coast.

Poison ivy is a common vine that climbs over rocks, and that in some shady places covers the ground with luxuriant leaves. Occasionally, in fertile spots, it will raise branches like shrubs up over the rocky supports; elsewhere it clings to the bark of trees and climbs high.

Its flowers and berries are always in dull clusters, but its leaves may become brilliant red and brown in the autumn sun. Do not pick leaves that grow in threes on a vine, but do not be afraid to gather leaves of the woodbine, which grow in clusters of five.

It is difficult to distinguish poison sumac from other sumacs. Do not call it dogwood; it does not look like dogwood; true dogwoods have beautiful flowers, and are not poisonous. Poison sumac grows like a small, branching tree; it is the cleanest and smoothest in leaf and branch of all the sumacs. The leaflets are long and pointed, five to eleven on one petiole. If you see little drooping clusters of greenish-berried, or later the greenish little berries, do not touch anything on that shrub or tree.

Poison oak does not look like any oak. It has clusters of three almost round leaves, which grow on a vine like poison ivy, or more often on a low shrub. If you see the clusters of white flowers, or berries, do not touch the plant.

There are many plants with sap that is more or less poisonous if it reaches a cut or abrasion. Do not let a plant drip on a wound. There are many plants with thorns and stings that produce painful irritation if they scratch through the skin. Pick their flowers carefully.

Do not ever hold flowers in your mouth. Do not give flowers to babies, for they are sure to put them into their mouths, and some of our familiar flowers have poison enough to affect a baby's health.

There are other flowers and plants that are harmless to man, but poisonous to animals, if eaten. Many who read these lines know the bad effects of the loco weed of the West or the lambkin of the East. In pastures where buttercups abound cattle carefully graze round them, but will not eat the flowers or leaves, because of the bitter taste of the poison in them.

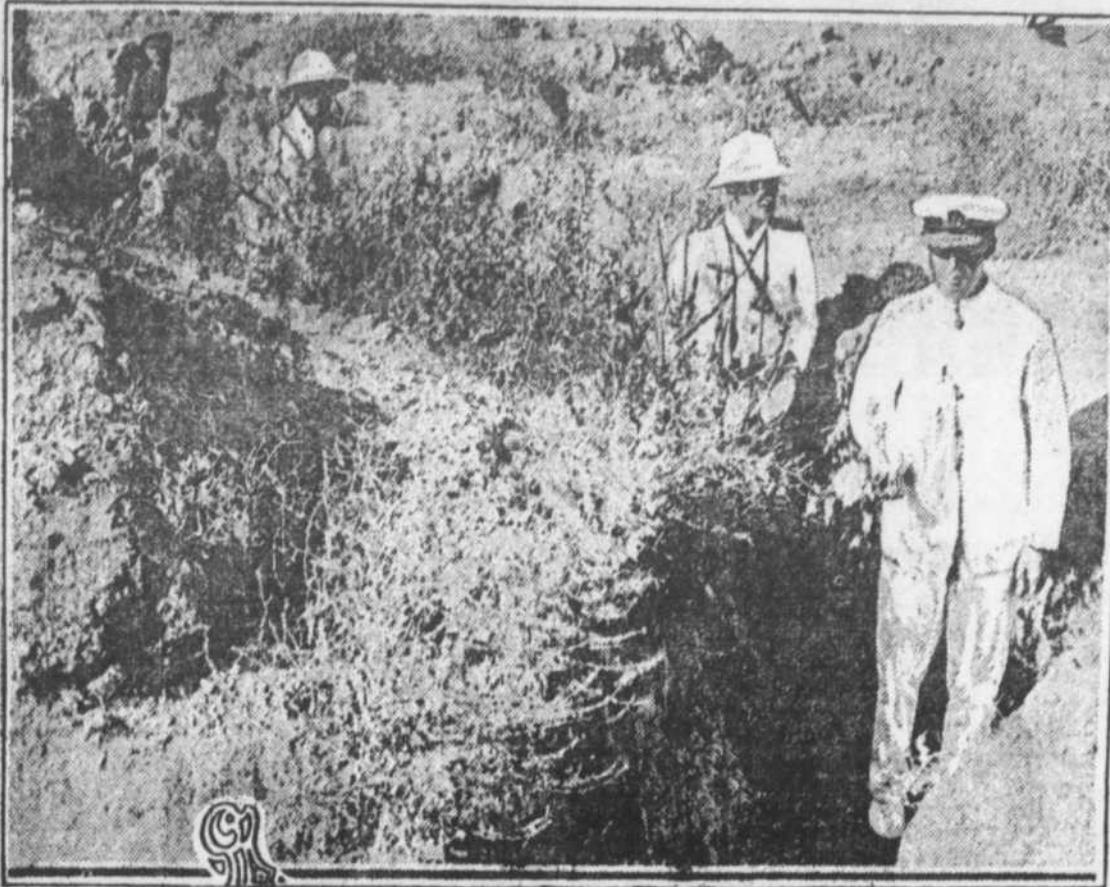
The botanist and lover of flowers should remember two things: first, it is safe to pick any beautiful flower; second, it is never safe to let its juices touch the lips or any flesh wound.

French Invent Odd Gun.

This strange gun is supplied with a parapat mounting which adapts itself particularly for fortress defense. The gun itself is similar to many used in aeroplane service, but its mounting in this instance fits it for use behind ramparts and in trenches in defensive action, and even in enemy walls and breastworks of the enemy during offensive operations. The instrument has an angular mounting on a geared shaft, the lower end of which has a wheel-and-brace mounting, while the upper end is supplied with arms that hold it in place at the top of an embankment. When the pole is raised for use the gun and the platform which carries the ammunition box is drawn up by the firing position by a hand crank.

Do we deserve the good opinion of those who do think well of us?

BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES ON GALLIPOLI



The picture shows Admiral Nicholson, accompanied by some of his officers, making his way toward Cape Helles at the tip of the peninsula.

STAR AND GARTER BECOMES HOSPITAL

PROBABLY THE MOST FAMOUS HOTEL IN ENGLAND.

Famous Old Richmond House Presented to Queen for Red Cross Use.

The Star and Garter Hotel, at Richmond on the Thames, which has just been purchased by the real estate men of Great Britain and presented to the Queen as a Red Cross Hospital for disabled officers, is probably the most famous hotel in England.

For something more than 150 years there has been a hostelry of this name on the brow of Richmond Hill, presenting the finest view of the winding river that is obtainable anywhere within a day's journey of London. The view from the windows of the Star and Garter has inspired poetry from Wordsworth to Maurice as a picture which

"Bursts in a flood of glory on the view, Still bright, still varied and forever new."

An auctioneer's advertisement, printed 130 years ago, described the property as follows: "These truly desirable and valuable premises, the Star and Garter, on Richmond Hill, the favorite spot for centuries past of princes, and the admiration and resort of the first nobility and taste in Europe; replete with every requisite convenience for the reception of all ranks in the public line, possessing the most extensive and delightful views of the Thames, the whole forming one of the most enchanting pictures in Great Britain."

Entertained Royalty.

One of the notable occasions of the big hotel was a breakfast served on June 10, 1814, at which were present the Prince Regent of England, the Emperor of Russia, the Duchess of Oldenburg and the King of Prussia, with his sons and nephews. General Blucher and Platoff, had journeyed out from London by coach.

Queen Victoria was a frequent visitor to the hotel, particularly during the earlier years of her reign, and there were few of her royal contemporaries who did not at one time or another partake of its hospitality during the decade preceding the fire of 1870, which destroyed the greater part of the luxurious building.

Within two years it was rebuilt in even more magnificent fashion, and for the next few years was at the zenith of popular favor. King Edward, while Prince of Wales, was often seen there. The cook was excellent, the wines unimpeachable and the cost heavy enough to keep away the "mob." Given a fine pair of horses, it was a delightful drive of just the right distance from Hyde Park Corner, the centre of fashionable London, on a fine summer evening. Not only were the smartest of private dinners held there, but the great City Companies given their banquets in the spacious pavilion, and statesmen and celebrities of every degree met beneath its roof.

A Site of Rare Beauty.

But with the drawing of the present century the attractions of the Star and Garter waned. It is the conventional thing to say that the coming of the automobile killed its popularity. Other causes contributed. The road, instead of running through pleasant open country, was rapidly becoming an artery of heavy omnibus and tramcar traffic. The era of the fashionable restaurant in town had begun, and it

was no longer necessary to go so far afield for a good luncheon or dinner. Ten years ago the hotel closed its doors. There have since been rumors from time to time as to reopening it as a palatial boarding house or rebuilding it into a block of luxurious flats, but none of the schemes came to maturity.

In its new use as a permanent hospital for officers, it will preserve for a work of national usefulness a site of rare beauty. The hotel is almost completely surrounded by park lands, which have been gradually acquired by the London County Council to give the public easy access to the banks of the Thames.

BRAVE OLD RUDOLPH.

An Interesting Incident of the Great War.

The letter of a French soldier, a translation of which appeared in an English paper, gives us a glimpse of the brighter side of war. The writer tells how the Germans assaulted the French in their trench and were repulsed. They left many dead, and one man alive and unarmed, who, although alone and deserted, was still fighting bravely. A French soldier was about to transfuse him with his bayonet when one of his comrades thrust the weapon aside, and in admiration of the German's fighting grit tackled him and took him prisoner. He was fat and bald-headed, and in answer to the question put to him said his name was Rudolph. The sound of his surname brought laughter, and his captor said:

"Ah, well, my old Rudolph, you're a brave fellow. Return to your comrades, and tell them that we know a brave soldier when we see one."

Fearing that he was to become the object of a grim joke—and perhaps to be shot in the back—he hesitated, pushing him forward, said:

"Go on, you'll not be harmed."

Rudolph lifted his hands above his head and returned to his trench.

Fresh French troops arrived to relieve their comrades, and they were told about Rudolph. The following day, when firing had ceased for a time, the newcomers shouted across to the German trenches to inquire whether Rudolph were still living.

"Ja! Ja!" was the response. "Show yourself, then Rudolph!" they cried out. "We are newcomers. We have heard of your bravery, and want to see you."

Rudolph's head bobbed up above the trench wall, and, grinning, he removed his helmet, patted his bald head, bowed, and disappeared.

The French soldiers gave him three cheers, and one of them remarked admiringly, "I hope we may not kill him, for he is a brave chap, that old Rudolph!"

SQUEERS REALLY LIVED.

Charles Dickens Was in Ernest In Nicholas Nickleby.

An interesting new Dickens letter throwing light upon the characters in "Nicholas Nickleby" of Squeers and Smike was printed in The Times, London. The letter is written by Charles Dickens to Mrs. S. C. Hall. It is dated December 29, 1838.

When Dickens was in Yorkshire he actually met with the "rascals" of those Yorkshire schoolmasters painted in his book. Standing in an old churchyard (Bowes Church) he came across the grave of a boy who had "died suddenly" at the school opposite the church. "I suppose his heart broke," adds Dickens. "I think his ghost put Smike into my head upon the spot."

A man named William Shaw was the schoolmaster who raised Dickens' ire. The inky-penknife incident described in "Nicholas Nickleby" is attributed to this man.

TARTAN KILTS IN DANGER.

Present Kilt Has Offended Lovers of Scottish National Dress.

The statement that in the future the Highland regiments in the British army are to wear a khaki, instead of the familiar tartan, has aroused the intense indignation of the Scottish people. And what is worse still, says Tit-Bits, the khaki kilt, according to the latest order, is to be composed of two yards less of material than is used at present.

The army kilt, as it is used to-day, has offended all true lovers of the Scottish national dress, for it consists of only five yards of cloth, badly pleated, whereas, according to one authority, it is impossible to make a proper kilt with less than seven or eight yards.

The pleating is a process that can only be carried out by a skilled worker. It consists in gathering in the pleats at the top, removing the surplus cloth, and so shaping the kilt to the body. Otherwise the shape is merely that of a woman's dress.

The kilt as we know it to-day is not the original dress of the Highlander, but is really a modification of the original Highland plaid, which consisted of a plain piece of tartan from four to six yards in length and two yards broad, which was folded or pleated round the waist and firmly bound with a leather belt, so that the lower side fell down below the knee joint, the upper part being fastened to the shoulder with a large brooch or pin.

This upper part was often used as a covering for the shoulders and body in wet weather. To attire himself in the pleated plaid in the old days required, on the part of the Highlander, no small amount of dexterity. The usual way was to lay it on the floor and after carefully arranging the folds, to lie down upon it and then blanket, in which the Highlander could at night envelop himself.

Ultimately the Scottish plaid—or "breacanfeile," to give it the true Scotch name—was succeeded by the kilt as we know it to-day. The plaid and the kilt were supplemented by an elaborate sporran—the original sporrans were made from the skins of wild animals—and stockings, which were usually cut out of the web of the tartan, and gartered with cloth of rich colors. The skean dhu, or small dirk, is generally fixed in the garter of the right leg.

Quite a feature of the Highlander's dress was the silver buttons, tassels, embroidery, and lace. There was a peculiar reason why a Highlander decorated his costume with silver buttons in earlier times, for it was thought that, should their wearer fall in battle, the value of the buttons would provide him with a decent funeral. This idea was carried to such an extent that in the seventeenth century it is said that the officers of Mackay and Munroe's regiment, which went to Sweden to serve under Gustavus Adolphus, had rich buttons on their clothes, and that they also wore each a solid chain round the neck, so as to assure the owner, if wounded or taken prisoner, of good treatment.

The origin of the white gaiters worn by the Highland regiments is also an interesting story. They are worn in memory of some of the trials that the regiments underwent in the Peninsular War. During the retreat of the forces under Sir John Moore at Corunna the soldiers suffered great hardships, and their boots became sadly worn, owing to the rocky nature of the ground on the Portuguese coast. The Highlanders thereupon took the shirts from their backs, tore them into strips, and bound them round their feet for protection. The white spats or gaiters were introduced as part of the regular uniform in memory of those trying times.

To many a wife the chief end of man is stip-end.

FROM SUNSET COAST

WHAT THE WESTERN PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Progress of the Great West Told in a Few Pointed Paragraphs.

A thousand tons of B.C. potatoes are to be shipped to Australia.

The tourist trade in B.C. this summer was the greatest ever known.

Eastern motor car manufacturers are trying to buy sea grass in B.C.

Many B.C. railwaymen have enlisted for the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders.

At Dennison, B.C., Mr. Davis sold out his general store, home and land and enlisted.

Vancouver owns 13 motor cars, the upkeep and operation of which cost \$8,842 last year.

The cut of cedar for this year will be one of the heaviest in the history of British Columbia.

Fraser River and Puget Sound canners say there has been a poor fishing season this year.

The stampede to Swamp River in the Cariboo is over. The prospectors found more clay than gold.

Seventy-five new houses have been built at Trail, B.C., this year, and many others are being built.

During the month of August, Prince Rupert, B.C., handled over 15,000,000 pounds of fish. Much of it went to Chicago.

Lady Elizabeth Bruce, wife of Randolph Bruce, F.R.G.S., died at Invermere, B.C. She was the second daughter of Lord Idlesleigh.

D. C. McGregor, Mayor of Kaslo, was found dead in bed. He was a Kootenay old-timer, having lived in the district about 30 years.

Nearly 100 men are working at the Bluebell Mine on Kootenay Lake. Ore was first dug out of this mine by Hudson's Bay men in 1825.

A firm in Vancouver wants about 2,000 men from Canada to go to Russia and build 400 miles of railway, 500 miles from the fighting zone.

The Port Alberni, B.C., high school has been awarded second place among the high schools of the province for the encouragement of physical training in schools.

Geo. Foster, a member of the Sixth Regiment, was drowned in the Spuzzum River, and the rank and file of the regiment gave a day's pay each to the widow and three children.

About 400 men are working in the mines around Sandown. Some times the hotels are so crowded in this old camp that cots for sleepers have to be put up in the halls and parlors.

One day recently the Kelowna cannery put through 36,000 cans of tomatoes, representing two carloads of finished product. This huge pack consumed over 70 tons of tomatoes.

Says the Greenwood Ledger: The ranks of the Green Gables are becoming attenuated for lack of enthusiasm. Many men around town would rather look on than go through their facings.

Prices of many drugs have increased enormously in B.C. since the beginning of the war.

VARIETIES IN EXPLOSIVES.

Hundreds of Different Kinds Known to Science.

Explosives are solids which, under certain conditions, suddenly change into heated gas occupying many times the original space of the solids. Ordinary gunpowder, when fired, turns into gas, of which the volume is 4,000 times as great as that of the powder. No wonder the bullet in front of it leaves the muzzle of the rifle in a hurry.

To-day there are scores, even hundreds, of different sorts of explosives known to science. Some, such as lyddite, require a very considerable shock to explode them. Others, such as nitro-glycerine, are fearfully dangerous to handle, for a few extra degrees of warmth or a very slight jar is sufficient to turn them instantly into gas.

Of the latter type there is nothing quite so unstable as iodide of nitrogen. It can be made in alcohol. When allowed to dry it appears as a brown powder, and so unstable is this powder that a touch with a feather will set it off. The experiment has been tried of leaving a few grains upon a table mixed with a few grains of sugar. The first bluebottle that flew on the table and began to crawl among the grains caused an explosion. The mere jarring of the air by a loud shout or a heavy footstep is sufficient to detonate iodide of nitrogen and it need hardly be added that no one in his senses would attempt to make this terrible stuff. To do so is any quantity would be equivalent to committing suicide.

Nitro-glycerine is not so dangerous as this iodide, but at a temperature of only 100 degrees—that is, very little more than the warmth of the human body—it begins to decompose.

Tons of nitro-glycerine are turned out every day, for it is the explosive from which gun cotton is made. But all the mixing vats are artificially cooled by coils of cold water pipes.

"You are charged with permitting your horse to stand unattended for over an hour," charged the magistrate. "Well, I defy anybody to teach the brute to sit down," protested the prisoner, before being dragged away.

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LOCAL NEWS.

Two classes of the Methodist Sunday School, with their teachers and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tripp and family, enjoyed a toothsome chicken supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Draper, on Friday evening.

The township of Huntley has contributed the sum of \$1331.60 towards Red Cross purposes. The spirit of self-sacrifice in giving evidence of more activity on the south than on the north side of the Ottawa river.

Since our last issue the grim harvester Death has been active in this and surrounding neighborhood, and as a result sorrow reigns in several homes where the vacant chair bears silent testimony of the departure of loved ones, who, alas, will return not again!

Death of a Bristol Pioneer

Died, at his late residence, Bristol Ridge, Que., on Sunday, October 24, Robert Lucas, aged 84 years.

The deceased was born in the township of Huntley, Ont., on August 23rd, 1831, and removed to Bristol when very young with his parents, brothers and sisters, who all predeceased him many years ago.

In 1852 he married Dorothy, a daughter of the late Thomas Corrigan, who predeceased him nine years ago coming December, and with whom he enjoyed fifty-four years of happy wedded life, the fiftieth anniversary being celebrated in a manner becoming its significance.

The union was blessed with a family of six sons and three daughters, who all survive to mourn his departure. These are: Mrs. Robert Elder, of Patience, Alberta; Mrs. Richard Somerville, North Bay, Ont.; Mrs. Jno. Glenn of Marion, S. Dak. Wm. H. of Ottawa; Thomas A., Robert J., and George E., of Bristol Ridge; and R. Lyon on the homestead.

The deceased was a member of St. Luke's (Anglican) church, and in politics was a lifelong Conservative. Up to the last he displayed remarkable vigor and his mind remained clear. In his last moments he was surrounded by his sons Thomas A., R. Lyon, George E. and Robert J., William, who was in the West, and the other members residing in other parts being unavoidably absent.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, October 26, to St. Paul's church, thence to the Methodist cemetery and was largely attended. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. White of Bristol, assisted by Revs. Charles Reid, of Charlevoix, and Mr. Irwin, the present incumbent of St. Paul's.

—Com.

Obituary Notices.

An old and respected resident of Murrells passed away on Monday evening, Oct. 11th, at half past seven o'clock, in the person of Mr. John Telford, after an illness of two weeks, aged 75.

The deceased was never married and is survived by one sister—Mrs. William Wallace, of Morehead, and one brother—Mr. Edward Telford, of Gillies Bros.

The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon to St. Paul's church and cemetery and was largely attended. The

Rev. Mr. Gedye conducted the service. Five neighbors of the deceased acted as pallbearers, namely: Messrs. James and Bobbie Telford, George, Edward and Wm. J. Horner and Thomas Wallace.

On the morning of October 8th, Mrs. Elizabeth Ebert was called to her eternal reward after an illness of almost four months' duration.

The deceased, who was born at St. Eustache, Que., in 1842, was a daughter of the late William Judd. She was united in marriage to Martin Ebert, of Litchfield, Que., who predeceased her two years ago. To this union were born eight children, two of whom survive her: Walter on the homestead, and Mrs. John Armstrong, of Thorne, Que.

The funeral, which was largely attended, took place Sunday morning at 11 p.m., to St. Andrew's church. Rev. H. S. Cook had charge of the service and was assisted by Rev. Mr. Robertson, Presbyterian.

The family have the sympathy of the community.

—Com.

CAUTION

All parties are hereby notified that hunting, trapping, or trespassing in any manner, is strictly forbidden on Lot No. 8, in the 6th range of Clarendon, situated within the corporation limits of Shawville. Parties found disregarding this notice will be prosecuted.

JAS. L. SHAW.
Shawville, Nov. 1, 1915.

NOTICE

An application will be made, by the Council of the County of Pontiac, at the next session of the Provincial Legislature, for the passing of a Bill for the purpose of changing forthwith, the chief place of the County of Pontiac, from Bryson to Campbells Bay, in said County; and that, moreover, it shall be asked in said Bill, that as soon as the County Council of Pontiac will have complied with the conditions required by law for the establishment and maintenance of a Registry Office at Campbells Bay, the Lieutenant Governor in Council, shall have the power, by proclamation, to change the Registry Office from Bryson to Campbells Bay.

D. R. BARRY,
Attorney for Petitioner.
Campbells Bay, 19th October, 1915.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec,
Municipality of Leslie.
Public Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the school commissioners of this municipality held on the ninth day of the month of October, 1915, was resolved that any person not living in the township of Leslie, who wishes to use the cemetery, near No. 1 school, must apply to the chairman or Secy-Treas.

Given at Otter Lake this 1st day of November, 1915.

THOMAS QAULE,
Secy-Treas.

Heifer Astray

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned about the first of August, a red heifer, 1 year old. Information leading to her recovery thankfully received.

WESLEY HYNES,
Clarendon Front.

STRAYED

Strayed from my premises the latter part of September or first of October, a light roan heifer calf. Any information leading to its whereabouts thankfully received.

ALFRED ELLIOTT,
R. R. No. 2, Shawville.

For Service

A pure-bred Berkshire bore for service. Fee \$1.50 for two; \$1.00 single.
JAS. McLARNON.

TWELVE INCH SHELLS.

These Big Projectiles Carry a Thirty Pound Explosive Charge.

High power projectiles are constructed with cavities in their centers which contain the explosive charge, the explosive carried varying with the size of the projectile. A twelve inch shell, weighing 870 pounds, carries about thirty pounds of explosive. The cavity of such a projectile is about seven inches in diameter at the base, and gradually tapers in size toward the point. After the charge is placed in the projectile a plug is screwed into the base, thus sealing up the explosive, and a fuse is inserted in the center of the plug extending into the explosive within the cavity.

The fuse, without which the explosive is harmless, depends upon the high rotary motion of the shell to become active. This rotary motion is imparted by the rifling of the gun. In the smooth surface of the tube are cut the rifling grooves of a width of about one-eighth inch.

Round the shell, near its base, in a groove cut for the purpose, is compressed what is known as the rotating band. This band projects above the surface of the shell and corresponds with the rifling grooves, so that upon its discharge it is forced into the rifling, where it acts as a seal to prevent the escape of the gas formed by the exploding powder and gives the shell the required rotary motion, which keeps it on its true course with its point always in a direct line ahead.—London Tit-Bits.

PECULIAR OCCUPATIONS.

Those of the Bacteriologist, Anthropologist and Plant Doctor.

What man leads the most peculiar modern life? The question is not an easy one to answer offhand, but it is doubtful if any one spends his days in a more strange manner than the bacteriologist. Day after day, week after week, year after year he works in the laboratory, into which only the privileged may enter, studying the microbes of disease. He may not open the window lest he infect the whole neighborhood with typhoid or diphtheria, or any other diseases with which he is at close quarters all day. He encourages bacteria to multiply, and then through a microscope, or sometimes with the naked eye, he watches how they spend their time, in order that he may combat their deadly influence.

While the bacteriologist looks forward, the anthropologist looks backward. He is the man who dashes off to any place when he hears a deep excavation is being made, and hopes always that he will find a skeleton, and especially a skull, for he is never so happy as when he uncovers human relics going back centuries.

The plant doctor is akin to the bacteriologist, for, like the latter, he spends much of his time in the laboratory, not studying the enemies of the human world, but the enemies of the plant world, and he is very proud when, after diagnosing and treating the various ailments of flowers, he runs across, say, the enemy of a rose, and finds how it may be kept from doing harm.—London Tit-Bits.

Poor Humanity.

"Success in aeronautics, as in most things," said a prominent aeronaut, "is achieved by patience and faith in oneself. Pessimists, like my friend's new gardener on Long Island, would not accomplish much in work like mine. This man was raking leaves off the lawn one fall day when a neighbor passing by inquired of him:

"Where's the gardener who used to work here?"

"Dead, sir," was the reply.

"Dead," said the astonished neighbor. Then, musing, he added, "Joined the great majority, eh?"

"Oh, sir," the gardener interrupted in a shocked voice, "I wouldn't like to say that. He was a good enough man as far as I know."—Lippincott's.

Storks in Holland.

Nowhere else in the world does the stork stand in higher regard than among the people of western Holland. Nothing is regarded as more indicative of good fortune to come than for a pair of storks to build their nest in the chimney of a humble cottage. However humble that cottage may be, the occupants feel that the stork's nest promises many blessings in the future. The farmers erect long poles with a box at the top in their fields, feeling that if the birds build their nests there both the quality and the quantity of their crops are assured.

False Logic.

"Women are all alike," declared the disappointed suitor bitterly. "Oh, I don't know," responded the maiden airily. "You must not draw general conclusions from the fact that all the women you have known managed to get on to your curves."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Good Guess.

Redd—Been out in your new automobile? Greene—Yes. Had trouble going out. We stopped several times, but coming back we didn't make a stop. "I see; you were towed home."—Yonkers Statesman.

THREE INQUISITIVE SCOTS.

And How They Happened to Originate the Jute Industry.

James Logie, who is supposed to know more about jute than any one else in America, tells in a very interesting way how jute came to be known to Europe and the west:

"In 1840, on a Saturday afternoon, three Dundee flax spinners were walking to their beautiful residences in Broughty Ferry, about four miles east of Dundee, on the banks of the Tay, and as usual strolled along the docks. At that time there were several Clipper line sailing vessels trading with Dundee in Indian products, principally grain, linseed, etc., and on this particular Saturday one of these vessels was discharging her miscellaneous cargo, and these canny Scots observed a fibre in some quantity on the dock and made inquiry as to what it was.

"They were told it was some Indian product that had been obtained in Bengal, and was suitable for the dunnage of ships. They examined the fibre a little more carefully and all thought it would be possible to spin the fibre on their flax machinery. The result was that Monday morning they made a bee line for the agents of the ship and asked what they were going to do with this waste material.

"They got the reply, 'We propose dumping it into the river,' and when they expressed a wish to experiment with it they were told they could cart it away from the dock and were welcome to it if they paid the cartage. Thus the jute industry started—for the fibre turned out to be nothing less than what we know commercially today as 'jute.'—Exchange.

SUBMARINE TACTICS.

Locating the Enemy, Getting the Range and Making an Attack.

How does a submarine attack? How does it locate the vessel it wishes to torpedo and how does it proceed about the business of sending such vessel to the bottom? Here is the way the commander of Uncle Sam's submarine flotilla tells it:

"A submarine will come to the surface at 5,000 or 6,000 yards from the vessel it is attacking—far enough so the enemy is not supposed to see the periscope. It stays up long enough to get the enemy's course, then goes down and sets its course to intercept the enemy's ship.

"The vessel must be coming more or less toward the submarine, otherwise the submarine, with its low submerged speed, cannot catch it.

"The officers of the submarine will know the revolutions of the approaching ship and will use the gyrocompass with which to work out its exact position. They will know just when to come up to be within range.

"When the submarine comes up it will show the periscope as little as possible, take quick aim and fire its first torpedo. If it wants to remain there out of curiosity to see the effect it can. But if it does not it goes right down again.

"It stays a short time under water, turns the cap bringing new torpedoes up into the tubes and then comes up for a second shot if necessary."—Pittsburgh Press.

Proverbial Philosophy.

I don't know, writes a correspondent, whether the absurdity of some of our proverbs when used as a means of comparison occurs to people when they quote them. For instance, "As drunk as a lord." Any one who looks into a metropolitan police court when the night charges are being dealt with will see that intemperance is not the exclusive privilege of peers of the realm. "As dead as Queen Anne." Why Queen Anne? Why not Queen Elizabeth or Queen Boadicea? "As deaf as a post." A post is devoid of all the five senses, not hearing only. "As cheap as dirt." What is the exact market value of dirt? It is not mentioned in any tradesman's catalogue. "As poor as a church mouse." Who knows that ecclesiastical mice are less well off than their secular brethren?—London Standard.

Bee Line.

A soldier on guard was questioned as to his knowledge of his duties. "You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?" "Form a line, sir." "What! One man form a line?" "Yes, sir; form a bee line for camp, sir."—New York American.

In Doubt.

"Will you love me forever and a day?" sighed the newly betrothed heiress. "It all depends," replied the scion of an ancient but impoverished family. "Do you think your money will last that long?"—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Germany's Crown.

The most militant in form of European crowns is that of Germany, which shows eight shields bearing alternate black eagles and jeweled crosses, while poised on four swords blazing with diamonds is a globe crowned with a cross of gold.

Economy.

Economy is what makes a man wear his dress shirt down to work the next morning. It isn't comfortable, but he hates to send it to the laundry only half soiled.—Detroit Free Press.

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.

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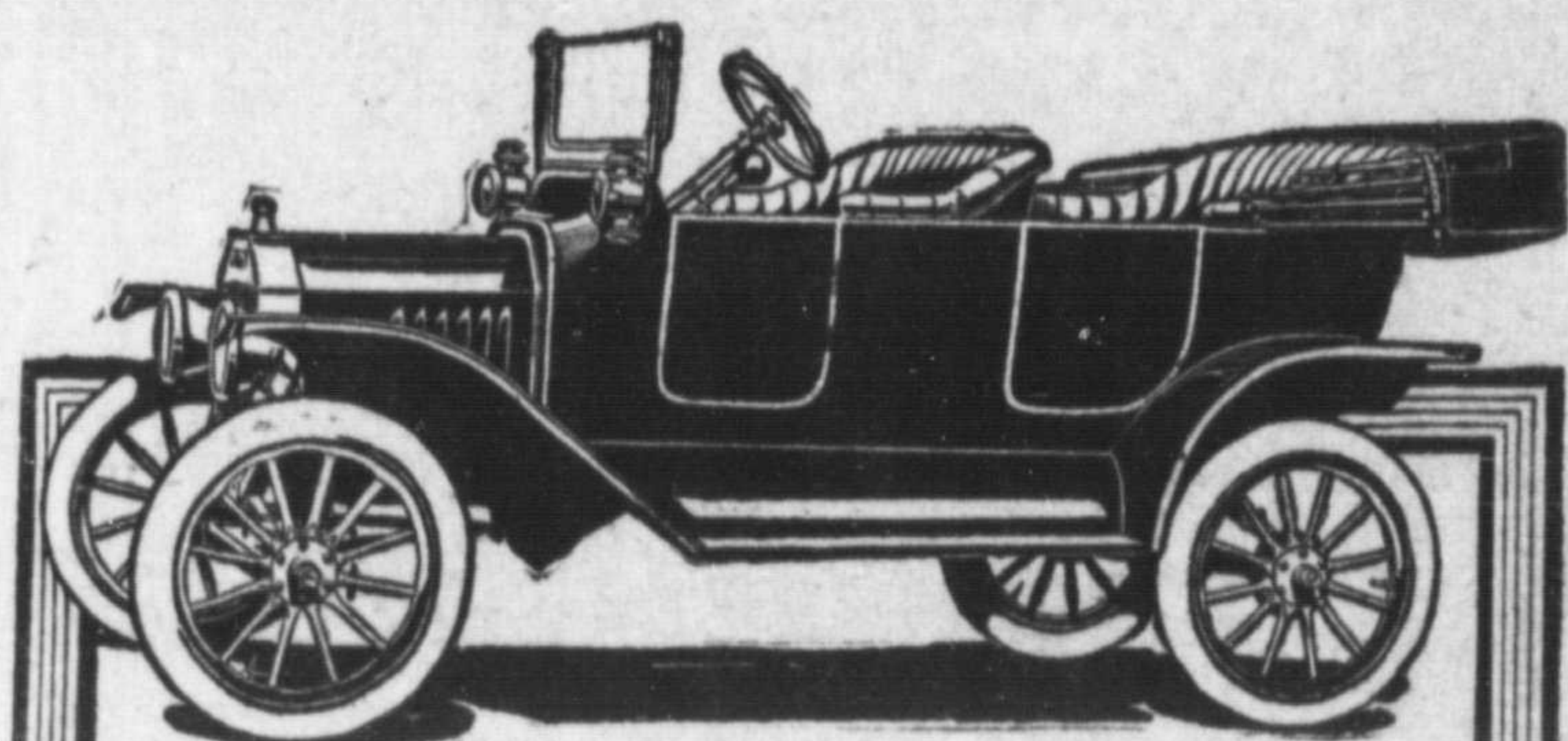
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