

# THE EQUITY.

No. 32, 33RD YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, FEB. 3, 1916.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874

Head Office: - Ottawa, Canada.

Capital Paid Up . . . \$ 4,000,000  
Reserve and Undivided Profits . . . 4,999,304  
Total Assets over . . . 55,000,000

### Board of Directors:

HON. GEORGE BRYSON, JOHN B. FRASER,  
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Fort Coulonge Branch - J. A. McLATCHIE, Manager.  
Campbells Bay Branch - R. LEGER, Manager.  
Portage du Fort Branch - A. H. MULHERN, Manager.

Next to an actual visit, a portrait, sent to the folk at home, or those relatives who care most about you, will be most welcome.  
H. IMISON, Artist.

Making a house-to-house call these days—Count Von La Grippe.

Three well defined thaws during the month just passed rather beats the record.

The H. M. Club will hold their work meeting this week at the home of Mrs. J. H. Shaw—Thursday evening.

The Prendergast property on Main Street, sold by Sheriff's sale on Jan. 20th, was purchased by Mr. C. Caldwell, of the Pontiac House.

The citizens of the Capital started out to raise \$400,000 for the Canadian Patriotic Fund in a 3-day campaign, and they raised \$507,000! That was going some, everybody must admit.

North Bay, Ont., Jan. 25.—Word was received today that Walter Ellis, 52 years of age, ex-postmaster at Callendar, despondent through coming blindness, committed suicide last evening by hanging in the barn of Brookfield Shannon, a farmer residing a few miles out of the village.

Four thousand dollars damage under Common Law, or three thousand five hundred dollars under the Workmen's Compensation Act, has been awarded Mrs. Elizabeth St. Denis, in her ten thousand dollar court action against the Eastern Ontario Live Stock Association, which arose out of her husband being killed in Howick Hall disaster at Ottawa two years ago.

In the case of Mr. R. L. Jamieson of Renfrew vs. the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., an action for damages arising out of the burning of a barn close to the company's right-of-way a couple of years ago, a settlement has been effected. The company pay Mr. Jamieson \$1,900. He had sued for \$2,258 and recently got judgment for \$2,000 against which judgment the company gave notice of appeal.

"McGill Daily" of Jan. 14, reports that six new men of the Wesleyan Theological College, have volunteered and have been accepted for overseas service. They have joined No. 9 Field Ambulance. These recruits are: W. C. Armstrong, Shawville, Que., Arts '16, Theo. '16; G. G. Burton, Greenspond, Nfld., Arts '16, Theo. '16; Gordon N. Maxwell, Seeley's Bay, Ont., Arts '17, Theo. '17; C. F. Davies, Arts '19, Theo. '19; J. W. Baggs, Theo. '18, and W. Tucker, Theo. '18. Armstrong mentioned is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Armstrong, of Green Lake, who have already one son (Frank) at the front with the 6th Field Ambulance.

### HOCKEY

The second stage of the county hockey league will be entered upon on Wednesday night of this week when Campbells Bay's fast team come to Shawville to endeavor to wrest supremacy from the local seven.

On account of the thaw last week and consequently bad ice at Quyon, the match that was to have come off there with the Bay team had to be postponed till a later date.

At Coulonge last Friday night, Shawville won from the local team in a good game by a score of 5-2. The game was played under protest, on account of the presence on the Coulonge team of players not considered eligible.

The scores were tallied as follows in the three periods:

1st—Shawville	1	Coulonge	1
2nd—	3	"	1
3rd—	1	"	0
	5		3

Official referee—Billy Smith, Ottawa.

Feb. 4—Quyon at Coulonge.  
Feb. 9—Coulonge at C. Bay.

Wanted, at once—five carloads of good potatoes at A. DOVER'S, Shawville.

Don't lay aside your kodak during the winter months. There are many interesting subjects to snap that will make your collection more interesting. Fresh supplies always on hand at  
H. IMISON'S Studio.

Mr. M. C. Foster, formerly of Starks Corners, and now of Regina, has composed a lengthy poem on "Canada's Justification in the Great War," a copy of which he has kindly forwarded to this office.

We learn that the services of Mr. K. J. Carter, of Gaspé, Que., has been engaged to manage the corporation electric plant, succeeding Mr. G. H. Harrold, who has been temporarily employed, and who goes to Winnipeg as the Western agent for the R. A. Lister Co. Mr. Carter has been running a similar plant in Gaspé, and is said to be well skilled in the operation of the Lister and other lighting systems.

### Personal

Mrs. S. L. O'Hara left last week for the Gatineau district to visit her mother, who is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Hodgins of Morthach, Sask., who have been visiting friends in the East for some time, return home this week.

Rev. Rural Dean Seaman returned to Montreal on the 26th ult., accompanied by Miss I. C. Cowan, who will be Mrs. Seaman's guest for a few weeks.

Mrs. A. B. Richards, of Wyman, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Clarke, of Litchfield, and also Mrs. S. Barber, of Clarendon.

Mid-hipman Howard E. Reid, second son of Mr. G. E. Reid, of Portage du Fort, who was serving on H. M. S. "Berwick" shortly after the war broke out, is enjoying a holiday at home at present.

Miss Mary Horner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Horner, of Austin section, who recently graduated from St. Luke's Hospital as a qualified nurse, is at home enjoying a well-earned rest.

If you are interested in pictures, write us for some Kodak Literature, which will go forward to you at once. It's free for the asking. H. IMISON, Shawville.

### PROHIBITION CARRIES.

Incomplete returns received Monday night show that the prohibition by-law submitted to the municipal electors on that date, carried by a very substantial majority. Bristol, Clarendon and Allumette Island polls remained open on Tuesday, consequently the returns for those places are not complete. Revised returns will, doubtless, make some change but not enough to affect the general result. Alayne and Dorion townships have not been heard from.

Following are the returns to hand:

	Yea.	Nay.
Fort Coulonge	94	4
Mansfield	76	30
Campbells Bay	86	34
Litchfield	119	14
Clarendon	261	16
Leslie, etc.	34	11
Bristol	115	41
Bryson	36	5
Thorne	30	47
Quyon village	30	60
Calumet Island	107	7
Shawville	167	2
Portage du Fort	35	48
South Onslow	50	52
North Onslow	21	30
Allumette Island	5 maj.	
Chichester	1 maj.	
Sheen, etc.	3 maj.	
Chapeau	3	
Warham	24	2
Aldfield	18 maj.	
Alayne (no report)		
Dorion		

## The Merchants Bank of Canada

Established 1864

### OFFICERS:

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

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

239 Branches and Agencies in Canada.

### A SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT

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

### Branches at Shawville and Quyon.

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

The regular quarterly meeting and Sacramental Service of the Methodist church will be held on Sunday next: Shawville at 10.30, a. m.; Zion at 2.30 p. m.

The regular monthly meeting of the Shawville H. M. Club, will be held in the Academy, on Friday, Feb. 4th at 3 p. m. Programme: First paper on textiles by Mrs. Wm. Hodgins. Roll call. Your favorite author.

The Elmside H. M. Club will meet at the home of Mrs. R. J. Campbell, on Wednesday, Feb. 9th, at 2 o'clock p. m. Subjects: Growth, preparation and manufacture of cotton, by Miss Christena Cuthbertson. Ventilation and light by Mrs. R. J. Campbell. Roll call. Short poem.

### Married.

At Shoal Lake, Manitoba, on January 18th, Mr. George Bailey formerly of the 7th line, Clarendon, and now of Solsgirth, Man., to Miss May Hodgins, of the same place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. McLaren.

A very quiet wedding took place Wednesday afternoon, January 20, at the home of Mr. Samuel Armstrong, when his second daughter, Mary Edna, was united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Tripp, to Herbert Milton Cuthbertson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Cuthbertson, of Maple Ridge.

The young couple left on the afternoon train for Ottawa, Montreal, Lacolle and St. John. On their return they will reside at Wakefield, Que.—Com.

### Births

At Onslow Corners, Jan. 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. Matt Daley of Aylmer, twin babies—boy and girl.

At Onslow Corners, Sunday, Jan. 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Mooney, a daughter. Both well.—Ottawa papers please copy.

Don't forget to have that family group taken, while you are all together. You'll prize these pictures when the family are scattered from home.  
H. IMISON, Artist.

### Deaths.

MR. RICHARD W. HYNES

Many old friends and acquaintances will learn with much surprise and regret of the death of Mr. Richard Hynes, of Zion section, which occurred last Thursday morning, after a short illness from pneumonia, which developed from la grippe. The late Mr. Hynes some years ago visited the West, and while there had a severe spell of sickness, caused from using bad water, and other local conditions. Since then he had not been in very robust health.

The surviving members of the family,—who have the deep sympathy of the community in the sudden affliction which has come upon them—are a sorrowing widow, three daughters and one son, Wallace. The daughters are: Mrs. W. F. Caldwell, Ottawa; Mrs. W. J. Young, Smiths Falls; Miss Edith at home. He also leaves to mourn his departure two brothers—Messrs. George Hynes of this town, and Benjamin of Clarendon Front; one sister, Miss Carrie Hynes, of Toronto.

The funeral, which was largely attended, considering the very short notice, (deemed necessary by the serious illness of Mrs. Hynes and Miss Edith) was held on Friday at 2 p. m., to the Methodist church and cemetery.

His many friends in Shawville and vicinity, sympathize with Mr. Cowan Edey, of Renfrew, in the great loss he was sustained by the death of his wife, which occurred on Wednesday of last week.

## Results---Not Claims

BOWLING  
Business College  
OTTAWA, ONT.

is not known by what it CLAIMS, but by what it DOES.

We give complete SHORTHAND, BOOKKEEPING, and CIVIL SERVICE COURSES.

WINTER TERM opens Monday, January 3rd.

For full information apply,  
W. E. GOWLING, H. G. W. BRAITHWAITE,  
President. Principal.

## HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Ottawa, Ont.

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

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

Do not these facts indicate undoubted superiority?

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

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

Write, Suite 7, Regina Court, Regina, Sask. if interested in the exchange of an eastern farm, for a private residence in that City.

SEED GRAIN FOR SALE—Quantity of "Banner" Oats and "Arthur" Peas, free from noxious weeds—good seed grain NORVAL KILGOUR, 7th Line.

FOR SALE—A good Moving Picture Machine, in first-class condition, with 8 reels and a fire-proof cabinet. Apply to G. A. HOWARD, Shawville.

FOR SALE—3 H. P. Stickney engine, in first-class repair—good as new. Good bargain to cash purchases. Apply to THOS. SHORE, Shawville.

FOUND ASTRAY—Since Tuesday, Jan. 4th—a low-set black and tan hound; answers to name "Jack." Had on collar with brass buckle and ring. Information that will lead to his recovery will be thankfully received. W. E. MATTLAND, Shawville.

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

## 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.

### ONSLow CORNERS.

Jan. 29.—Death has again visited our section and grasped as its victim Mrs. Matt. Daley, of Aylmer, Que., aged 33 years (formerly Mary Ann Murdock) only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murdock, at her parents' home.

She leaves to mourn her loss a bereaved husband and twin babies, aged 15 days; also a heart-broken mother and father and five brothers—Tom, Frankie, Mick, James and Paddy.

She was always of a bright, cheery, nature, always pleasant, and will be sadly missed in the home and community, as she was highly respected by all who knew her.

The bereaved husband and relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community in their hour of sadness.

Her remains were laid at rest in the R. C. cemetery, North Onslow, a large concourse of friends and sympathetic neighbors attending the last sad rites.  
—Com.

## THE HARDWARE STORE

## Stock and Poultrymen

We can now supply the following at very reasonable prices:

Bibby's Cream Equivalent

" Calf Meal

Pratt's Stock Foods

" Poultry Foods

" Baby Chick Foods

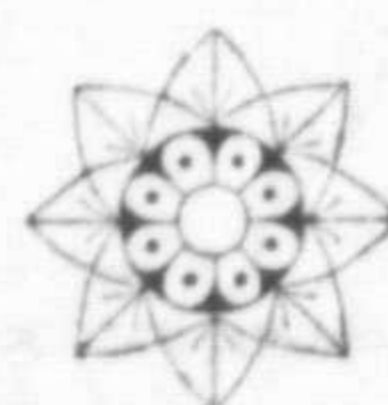
Crushed Oyster Shells

No better Goods than the above.

J. H. SHAW.

## W. A. HODGINS

SHAWVILLE



## DRESS GOODS

Wool Dress Goods is the dearest article on the . . market today . .

We have a fair stock of

## Navy and Black Serges

at 60 and 75c. per yd.

These are the only Woollen Dress Goods which we can get at any reasonable prices, and we advise an early selection.

Our Spring Prints and Wash Goods are now on the way and will be displayed in a few days.

## W. A. HODGINS



## About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

### Help for Home Laundries.

Every woman who has wrestled with the problem of looking well on a small income realizes that the ability to do things for herself goes a long way toward its solution. A crumpled blouse or a soiled vestee will spoil the effect of an otherwise smart costume, but professional cleaning is always expensive, and apparently one must be born with a talent for laundry work just as one must be born with a talent for music. So if you have a knack for wielding a smoothing iron and applying soap and water rejoice, and if you haven't—well perhaps even then you may find these suggestions worth while.

Never wash your sheer blouse, collar, etc., without mending any tiny rips or breaks that may have appeared, nor without removing possible stains. There are, of course, many proprietary cleansers and stain eradicators on the market, whose merits have no part in an article like this. But it is well to remember that most, but not all, fruit stains and those made by tea or coffee can be removed by pouring boiling water over the spot. Blood stains should be soaked in cold water, then washed in cold water, then in warm water with plenty of soap. Ink spots should be rinsed in repeated cold waters, then soaked in milk. Neither cold water nor milk will fix a stain.

Never wash white and colored fabrics in the same water, and in washing colored fabrics do not fail to "set" the colors. One method of doing this is to soak the garments overnight in a solution made by dissolving one ounce of sugar of lead in eight quarts of cold water. Another method is to rinse in salt water, using two rinsing waters. A third is to put a cup of vinegar in the final rinsing water. Wash colored fabrics in warm, not hot water, and do not rub soap on them; dry them in the shade and as quickly as possible. Some domestic science experts wash fine colored clothes in starch water instead of with soap. Use a quart of strained starch to four quarts of water, and a quart of the starch to eight of the water in the second.

Wash silk, crepe de chine or Georgette crepe garments in lukewarm soapsuds, rinse in water of the same temperature and press before they are quite dry. Never use board or wringer for these delicate pieces, but pat and press with the hands. Corduroy skirts are washed in the same way, and if they are pinned carefully upon the line and allowed to flap in the wind you will find it unnecessary to iron them. Where white silk garments show signs of turning yellow it is well to add a little borax to the water in which they are washed.

If you have found the ordinary starch unsatisfactory when "doing up" your fine lingerie try making starch either of borax or gum arabic. The borax method is the simpler in that it is merely added to the rinsing water (two heaping teaspoonsful of borax to five quarts of water is the proportion) and gives the garments when ironed just the right amount of crispness. To make gum arabic starch use half an ounce of the gum arabic to a cup of boiling water. Dilute to suit your taste in stiffness and use as you would the common laundry variety.

Never iron your dainty dress accessories on a sheet that is not immaculate nor with an iron that is not above suspicion. If you are the fortunate possessor of a gas or an electric iron, so much the better, but keep any kind clean. See to it that your board is well padded and evenly covered, otherwise the lumps may mar the appearance of your finished work.

### Dainty Dishes.

**Raisin Sauce.**—One cup quartered raisins, one and one-half cups cold water, one-half cup sugar, juice one-half lemon. Simmer raisins in water until soft, add sugar, boil gently fifteen minutes and just before serving flavor with lemon juice.

**Carrot Croquettes.**—Boil carrots tender in two waters, mash smooth, add beaten egg, one large teaspoonful melted butter, pepper and salt to taste, and set paste aside until cool enough to handle. Form into croquettes, roll in fine crumbs, set in cold place for one-half hour or longer, and fry in deep fat until well browned.

**Amber Pudding.**—Into one pint scalded milk stir one cupful yellow corn meal and one quart sliced sweet apples. Add one-half teaspoonful salt and one cupful molasses. Mix all thoroughly; add two quarts of milk, and pour into large buttered dish and bake in slow oven four hours. When cold, a clear, amber-colored jelly will have forced through the pudding and apples will be rich brown.

**Red Cabbage.**—One medium-sized head red cabbage, one large tart apple, one onion, two tablespoons beef drippings or lard, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, three cloves, one tablespoon salt, one cup vinegar, one-half cup water. Shred cabbage and wash in cold water. Melt drippings in heavy kettle, add cabbage, onion in which cloves have been stuck, apple in quarters and remaining ingredients. Cover

tight and simmer about two and one-half hours, adding more water if needed.

**Nut Croquettes.**—One cup stale ground crumbs, one cup milk, one or two slightly beaten egg yolks, three-fourths cup broken walnut meats, one-third teaspoon onion juice, one-half teaspoon salt and few grains pepper. Mix and form into balls containing about one tablespoon each; roll in extra crumbs, dip in beaten egg diluted with one-fourth cup water and roll again in bread crumbs. Let stand until wanted, then fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a bit of bread in forty seconds.

**Oyster Shortcake.**—For the filling: One quart oysters, two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one scant cup milk, salt, pepper and celery salt. For the shortcake: Two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon lard, butter or drippings, three-fourths cup milk. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder of shortcake, and mix with milk. If cake is to be made in one instead of several individual portions, divide dough into two parts and roll each thin, place one above the other, putting small pieces of butter between, and bake. For individual service roll dough thin, cut into small rounds, put two together, with bit of butter between, and bake. For filling make sauce of butter, flour and milk. Have oysters ready, cooked in enough of their liquor to thin white sauce, when added, to consistency of thin cream. Season, put portion between layers of shortcake and some on top and serve.

### Handy Hints.

**For Damp Feathers.**—Throw some salt on the fire and hold the feathers over it, shaking them vigorously. Don't put them so near the fire that they will burn.

**To Clean Cloth.**—To clean black cloth or serge, take a large handful of ivy leaves. Steep them well in boiling water and leave until cold. Sponge the material with this infusion and it will be both clean and revived.

**For Toothache.**—Take a fresh cabbage leaf and roll it with the rolling-pin to crush all the veins. Then hold it to the fire till it is as hot as can be borne. Tie it on the face before going to bed. This is a simple, but an almost certain cure.

**Bright Saucepans.**—If saucepans or kettles have to be used over a smoky fire, try smearing a little grease over the bright parts. This will prevent the smoke from blackening them. If washed afterwards in hot water the pan will be as bright as ever.

**Cure for Creaking Shoes.**—Take a fine awl or a darning needle and insert it carefully between the soles of the shoes. Then introduce a little paraffin oil. A small oil-can such as is used to lubricate sewing machines may be used for the purpose. This will quite take away the creaking.

**How to Keep Butter in Hot Weather.**—Put the butter into a basin. Then take an ordinary plant pot, put a cork in the bottom and see that it is perfectly clean. Then fill with water and leave for one hour longer, then empty and place over the butter. The moisture from the plant pot keeps the butter nice and firm.

For women of limited means it is best to have two or three pairs of inexpensive corsets, rather than one expensive pair. Try to change your corsets every day. Never wear the same pair two days running. The corsets that are not in use can be straightened out and aired. An expensive corset must be sent to the cleaners occasionally, but it is quite possible to clean a cheap pair at home; of course, they may not look so well as the one cleaned by a professional cleaner. This is how to clean corsets. Stretch on a board and scrub with a brush dipped in soapy water, to which a little borax has been added.

They should be scrubbed until as much dirt as possible has been removed, and then they should be rinsed in clear water. Pin the corsets out flat on a board to dry in the air, but not in the sun.

### FAMOUS INN CLOSED.

"The Three Pigeons" Has Many Literary Associations.

"The Three Pigeons," one of England's oldest and most famous inns, and the sole existing tavern of Elizabethan times, was closed recently by the Middlesex Licensing Justices in accordance with a movement inaugurated some time ago by the temperance leaders to restrict the number of licensed inns. The inn was used as a background for the low comedy scenes in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and is alluded to in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." The inn perhaps has had more literary associations than any other English tavern.

### A Failure.

"I hear old Gotrox has lost every dollar he had in the world." "You don't say! What was it—failure?" "Yes, heart failure."



A MERRY "DINNER TABLE" IN THE DESERT

Fortifying the inner man and making ready to receive the Turks with a dose of shrapnel. British gunners in Egypt enjoying a joke with the mid-day meal, "somewhere in the neighborhood of the Suez Canal."

## Father and Son

"Don't want to go into the business!" echoed Robert Long, angrily. "What do you mean by that, pray?" "I'm afraid I take no interest in it, you see," returned his son apologetically, "so I'm sure I shan't make a success."

"Really! What do you wish to do, then, may I ask?" "Haven't you guessed, father? You know how fond I am of music. I hope to go abroad and study—take it up professionally. Just listen!" he added, as his father stirred impatiently. "Think of the big incomes that well-known composers make!"

"Yes; and think of the crowds of them who can't earn a bare living!" Mr. Long retorted harshly. "Music, indeed! I've seen you about lately with Miss—Spence, didn't you say her name was?—a nice, attractive girl. One of these days you'll be wanting to marry a girl like that."

"I mean to ask her directly I can." "Well, you'll be able to in a year or so if you come into the business with me."

"But I hate it! I want to study music, I tell you!" "And I won't allow you to waste your time and my money!"

Both were flushed, and had raised their voices. The young man pressed his lips together determinedly. "You don't give me any choice in the matter, then?"

"I'll take you as a partner directly you're capable, but I refuse to pay a penny-piece towards your musical education, as you call it! That settles the idea, I suppose—hey?"

Owen Long realized that his father would be quite capable of keeping his word. He swung round in anger and disappointment. Without funds he would have to give up the career he desired. It seemed hard and unjust.

"I wasn't very keen on the grocery business myself when I was your age, Owen; but I had to get over that, and so will you. Understand? Don't let me hear any more of this nonsense, then!"

The young man left the house in a fury.

"He could afford to pay my expenses if he liked! It wouldn't cost so very much!" he muttered, scowling at the pavement as he walked.

He was still frowning when he came to the huge premises of the International Stores, Limited. Outside a door marked "Office," he paced up and down.

"Hello! In a bad temper to-day?" The girl's merry voice made him turn hastily. Hilda Spence slipped a hand through his arm in the half-tender manner she sometimes showed him.

"Well, and I've enough to make me bad-tempered!" "I'm sorry. That means you've interviewed your father, I suppose? But I warned you that in all probability you'd be disappointed. What did he say?"

Owen Long growled a response. "Many business men would agree with him, too. Perhaps your father knows best, after all."

"Now, don't you side with him!" "It's difficult for most people to earn a living at music, don't you think? There are plenty of clever men who have to give lessons to irritating children at about sixpence an hour! Even being partner in a grocery would be better than that, surely?"

"You've a very poor opinion of my ability, I must say!" He shrugged his shoulders. "But nobody understands!"

The girl shot an aggrieved glance at him. "There's a vacancy in our export department, as it happens. That might suit you better. And, meanwhile, you might keep up your music. Perhaps you'll think it over?"

"I don't see the slightest use!" "Good-night!" called Hilda Spence, hotly, nettled at his tone.

She had boarded a bus almost before he moved. Standing rigid, he watched it disappear.

Mr. Long at first would not give way in one single particular, but finally he agreed that experience gained in the International Stores, Limited, might prove valuable.

"Yes; you'd better go there," he said, grudgingly, "if they'll give you the chance."

"I don't want it, mind," answered the young man, sullenly. "But it'll be better, anyhow, than—"

"Than helping me with the shop?" "Yes; that's what I mean."

So Owen Long duly entered the export department of the International Stores; but he took no pains with his work there, and did not even try to give satisfaction. He seemed to care little whether he succeeded or failed.

His manner was morose and forbidding. After a while his fellow-employees avoided him. He was friendly to none, and walked home alone, now that Hilda Spence ignored him.

Soon his slackness gave rise to complaints. Frequently he left duties undone, and by degrees the head clerk grew tired of pointing out these omissions.

"I shall have to report you to the manager if you don't improve!"

"Just as you like, of course."

"Don't let me have to speak to you again, Long!"

They were all prejudiced against him by reason of his surliness. He courted unpopularity, telling himself that he did not care.

"Well, how are you getting on at the International?" his father would demand occasionally.

"Oh, pretty badly, as you might have expected!"

When the manager heard of his delinquencies he was summoned and lectured.

"I've not had much to do with you, Long, but I've been watching you. You'll leave at the end of the month if you're not careful!"

Owen Long only nodded casually, and left the room.

"The chief ought to deal with him, sir!" said the head clerk irritably.

"Yes; an interview in that private office would mend his manners—eh?"

Gross carelessness on Owen Long's part in the following week involved the firm in a serious loss. The head clerk, furious, consulted the manager, and the latter stamped up and down his office.

"That settles it!" he stormed. "The chief shall see him! He'll be discharged, of course!"

They rubbed their hands together as they thought of Owen Long's approaching ordeal. The whole office stopped work, whispering in satisfaction, when a summons arrived from the chief's room.

"Wants me? Oh, right you are!"

Owen Long followed the messenger, with a faint sneer; but when he came face to face with the old man in the private study he began to hesitate and stammer.

"So you are reported to me as incompetent, lazy, and insolent to your superiors! Your name?"

"Long—Owen Long, sir."

"Indeed! The managing-director stared. 'It also happens to be mine!' He stayed silent for a long while. At last he glanced across again.

"Have you any explanation or excuse to give?"

"No," answered Owen Long gruffly. But presently he found himself telling of his distaste for commercial life and his love for music.

"And I don't see why I should be forced to do things I hate! I won't, either! I don't care if I starve! Whatever you choose to say or do won't worry me a scrap!"

Suddenly he felt ashamed of his outburst, and reddened. His loud, angry voice died away, and he waited nervously. The old man nodded slowly, without glancing up.

Fumbling in his pocket he produced a case.

"Do you recognize this photograph?"

Owen Long, wrinkling his brows, all at once gave a cry of surprise. "Why, it's my father, taken about twenty years ago! We've a copy at home!"

"He's my son!" stated the old man, thickly. "Twenty years ago! Yes; for twenty years I haven't seen him. We haven't exchanged a word!"

"Then you—you're my grandfather?" "Listen!" The managing-director of the International Stores was brushing a hand across his eyes. "When Robert—your father—was your age he—he, too, wanted to be a musician, but I refused. I couldn't understand or appreciate the craving. It was inherited from his mother—my wife."

You never knew her, boy. She was quite young when she was taken away from me.

"I made your father enter trade. Eventually my will conquered his. Not before he'd left home, though. He ran away without a penny, and a few months later he was forced to come back. His pride was broken. He had starved at his music. And he let me set him up in business, but I—I wasn't his father any more. My victory cost a lot, boy—more than it was worth—far more!"

The old man gazed at Owen Long. He was half smiling, but his voice was unsteady.

"And now the same thing's happened again, eh? He won't have you a musician? Ah, but I was wrong! And he's wrong, in his turn. You'll leave him. You'll go away, and he'll be left alone, just as I've been, these twenty years!"

The head clerk and staff of the export department positively staggered ten minutes later. They had waited for Owen Long to slink back in disgrace and humiliation. Now he came walking with the dreaded chief, whose hand rested on his shoulder.

"Long is leaving the firm," he instructed curtly.

They passed outside to where an electric brougham waited.

"Now, we'll go to your home, Owen."

At the house he became suddenly nervous.

"You first, my boy. Say that I'm here. Ask him—"

The young man darted in, calling to his father, clutching his shoulder.

"He's come?" Robert Long blurted. "He swore he never would come to me again!"

In an instant he was hurrying out to the kerb, helping the old man to alight.

"Father! I'm so glad—so glad!" Presently the three sat together.

"This lad of yours, Robert, must have his heart's desire. You mustn't thwart him as I thwarted you. Maybe he's been inconsiderate and headstrong, but overlook that. I'm rich, Robert, and there's nobody I can spend my money on except you two."

Half an hour later Owen Long was back at the International Stores, waiting outside as he had been accustomed to until Miss Spence appeared.

At first she would not greet him or listen; but, continuing by her side, he poured out his news.

"And you'll be away a long time?" She had betrayed her interest at last.

He took her arm, pressing it tightly. "Listen now! I've been misleading you purposely. I'm not going."

She gave a start. "Owen, you actually mean—"

"I've decided to stay. I can't leave you. Besides, I'll help my father with his shop. I was a stuck-up fool to think it wasn't good enough for me. His health's been bad lately, too. He's been in pain, and I never knew. Somehow I—I want to stop with him. We're the best of friends again."

"But what does your grandfather say? It seems ungrateful, after he's promised—"

"He understands. He'll give me the money my studies would have cost. That means we can get married as soon as ever you'll say 'Yes.'—London Answers."

An ignorant man is usually ignorant of the fact that he is ignorant.

## From the Middle West

BETWEEN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Items From Provinces Where Many Ontario Boys and Girls Are Living.

Three Lethbridge men have already won the D.C.M. at the front.

Fred Turgeon of Crystal Springs, Sask., has been missing since last fall. At Regina there are 27 first-class teachers, 106 second-class, and 54 third-class.

At the Saskatoon Normal School this year there are 28 first-class, 93 second, and 74 third-class students.

For taking a hunk of coal valued at \$1, Harry Harasyn was fined \$25 and costs in the police court at Winnipeg.

It is said that a supply of 40 cars a week for four months would still leave grain in the district around Oyen, Alta.

Lethbridge must seek a new chief of police, the result of Chief Skelton's appointment as a captain of the Killies.

The city of Calgary will offer a reward of \$250 for the return of the lost waterworks plans and the conviction of the thief or thieves.

There is still a small quantity of grain unthreshed in Alberta, considerable of that small quantity being in stock in the northern districts.

Many wolves have been killed this winter around Brancepeeth, Sask. Rabbits died off, consequently food for the wolves became scarce and they grew bold.

In Winnipeg the other day a young lady found a roll of \$700 under a street car seat when she bent to look for an orange lost from a parcel. The owner was found.

Clearing the 500 miles of sidewalks in Winnipeg and removing the snow from the centre of the street pavements is costing the city \$3,000, as the result of a recent snowstorm.

The sum of \$40 in bills conscience money was sent to the city treasurer of Saskatoon recently. A note said this amount had been wrongfully taken from the city some time ago.

Following negotiations which have been under way since August of last year, the Imperial Oil Company, capitalized at \$50,000,000, has decided to make Regina the distributing point for the Canadian west of a huge oil refining plant.

### GERMAN LOSSES 3,500,000.

Colonel Repington Looks for Final Effort Against Russia.

Colonel Repington, military expert of the London Times, says the German military situation is "not brilliant," notwithstanding Germany's successes. He figures that Germany has probably lost 3,500,000 out of the total of 9,000,000 men she was able to mobilize. Colonel Repington continues:

"If the war continues in the future as it has in the past Germany will find herself some time between May and October unable to maintain her army effective with the men of military age then at her disposal. She must therefore before that date force a decision on one front or another."

Reviewing the probabilities, Colonel Repington thinks that the main attempt will be made against Russia. He regrets that Russia's new offensive in the south synchronizes with quiescence on the part of the other Allies, and sounds a warning against what he calls "the pleasing fancy that Russia is going to win the war for us," adding, "We must firmly decide to win it ourselves."

The writer reiterates his previous warnings of a possible German dash against England. "Desperate needs," he says, "often entail desperate remedies."

"England, therefore, ought not to neglect a single precaution," concludes Colonel Repington.

### A Common Delusion.

"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?"

"Thinking I was too busy ever to make a big mistake."

Lakes free from ice owe their immunity to their depth, and to the presence of springs.

## Three Extension Dining Tables



54.—Made of selected hard wood in surface oak finish. Extends to six feet. 3 well finished leaves to fit. Top diameter 44 inches. Price ..... \$9.95  
55.—A solid, substantial, well constructed table. Made of selected hardwood in surface oak finish. Large pedestal on a platform with claw legs. Extends to six feet. Three well finished leaves with each table. Top 44 inches in diameter. Price ..... \$11.70  
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CITY HOUSE FURNISHING COMPANY,  
1340 St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal, Que.



## Khakiette

### I.

The manager was in a furious temper.

He was a Swiss, or professed to be, and for three years he had controlled the fortunes of the big hotel with a marked business ability, and greatly to the satisfaction of the directors and shareholders. But matters had not been going well. Trade had passed beyond the stage of slackness, for it was almost stagnant.

"You're sacked!" he roared. "You impudent cub! How dare you open my private letters!"

The young secretary flushed. "I only opened one letter," he said. "It came to me with the rest of the correspondence, and I opened it by pure accident. It was not addressed to you personally, but to the manager."

"And I suppose you read it?" asked the manager, with angry eyes. "Yes; I read it," answered the secretary quietly.

"Then go and draw what's due to you and clear out!" blustered the manager. "And, by gad, if I find you hanging around the place five minutes from now, I'll use my boot to you! Do you hear?"

Fred Hepwith had his hand on the knob of the door. He turned back and faced the manager.

"Now, look here, Mr. Lugarde," he said grimly, "I'm British, and on British soil, and I'm about fed-up with some of you aliens! I gather from that letter that you are trading on your own account, and using the name of the firm. I saw orders for champagne and stuff to be sent to Amsterdam, and it looks fishy. However, that's not the point. The point is that I'll take no more impudence from you! Give me another word of it, and I'll put you in bed for a week for repairs!"

As Hepwith packed his bag later, he thought of Maisie. They were in the same boat, for the little firm of jewel merchants who had employed pretty Maisie as typist had collapsed, and shut their office on the outbreak of the war. Hepwith was going to do the straight thing now, and if he had been sure of Maisie he would have done it before. But Maisie had many admirers, and Hepwith was very much in love.

"It will mean starting the world over again when I come back," he thought. "Perhaps I'd better not see her or say a word yet. I'll come along at the very last moment, and ask her straight out."

On the way to the railway-station Hepwith lingered outside the pretty little house in which Maisie resided with her Aunt Mildred. Maisie was playing the piano and singing softly. Hepwith longed to open the gate and lift the knocker, but he satisfied himself by blowing a kiss at the lowered blind. Then he took a firm grip of the heavy bag and turned away.

Exactly a month later, Private Hepwith, in khaki, looking an inch taller, and as straight as a ramrod, swung round the corner of the same street with a drilled step. Then he stopped, aghast. A motor car was drawn up before Miss Mildred's house. Miss Mildred came out, with some white, fluffy thing tied round her hair. Then came Maisie, wearing an opera-cloak and bareheaded. A man followed, his dress-suit gleaming and his fur overcoat unbuttoned.

"Lugarde!" muttered Hepwith. The car drove away, and he heard Maisie laugh. The private stiffened himself, threw back his head, and marched on, but his lips were twitching.

### II.

Khakiette nursed one slim, black-stockinged leg, and glanced approvingly at Miss Maisie Hartley, her new governess. She was the colonel's daughter, and she had arrived at the mature age of twelve. The colonel himself called her "Kid," but the regiment called her "Khakiette." She wore an amazingly short skirt of pleated khaki cloth and a blouse to match, with a big rosette of ribbons. "I just love soldiers, Miss Hartley," she confessed, "and specially the 'cruties!' I know them all, but, of course, I've got my favorites. I could drill them just as well as the sergeant if they'd only let me swear at them; but, of course, I couldn't do that, for it isn't lady-like. But doesn't it make 'em buck up?"

Maisie glanced at her pupil, very much amused, but rather startled.

"I made three bulls at six hundred yards yesterday morning," went on the colonel's daughter, holding out a bag of rather moist acid-drops. "Ginger just steadied the rifle for me, but he didn't really hold it. Rifles are jolly heavy, but they do kick, but I can shoot straight without anyone to help. Ginger is such a nice boy! He ought to be an officer. And I don't know why they should call him 'Ginger,' for he has such pretty golden hair! He clipped my pony for me, and made him just shine."

Maisie was beginning to think that the pretty, motherless child had been having too much of her own way. The colonel had needed a companion for his daughter more than a highly-qualified governess, and Maisie had answered the advertisement.

It was only a temporary appointment, for Khakiette would have to return to school when the regiment received marching orders; but it was a

pleasant change for Maisie, and the colonel paid handsomely.

"I don't want the kid worried with lessons just now, Miss Hartley," said the colonel. "She'll have plenty of lessons at school. I may never see her again, you know, and I want to keep her with me until the last. Take the motor-car and the dog-cart, and do just what you like. Have a good time."

It was a big, rambling house, full of wonderful pictures and quaint things, and there were servants at Maisie's beck and call. She had the prettiest bed-room she could imagine, looking out over the camp and sea. She could watch the men drilling and marching, and the grim battleships moving across the distant horizon.

As Maisie, next morning, was arranging her little trinkets, Khakiette, followed by a big St. Bernard dog, came across the cliffs. Khakiette paused to place something under a stone. The fair-haired sentry—her favorite, Ginger—brought his rifle promptly to the salute. Khakiette answered the salute, and, as she ran down to the house, the sentry took a packet of cigarettes from under the stone.

Khakiette burst into Maisie's bedroom like a whirlwind. She pulled herself up, and, gripping the edge of the table, gazed with wondering eyes at a photograph in a silver frame.

"Goodness!" she cried. "Wherever did you get this, Miss Hartley? It's my Ginger!"

"You must be wrong, dear," said Maisie. "It's just the photograph of a boy I—I—"

She felt the color rising in her cheeks. Khakiette's big, clear eyes were watching her, and suddenly they sparkled into laughter.

"I know, I know!" she cried. "You're blushing, Miss Hartley. And Ginger is just a dear. I like him better than all the boys put together. It's Private Hepwith, isn't it, now? I shall tell him you're here—"

"If you do, Gladys, I shall never forgive you!" said Maisie, her face scarlet. "Mr. Hepwith does not want to know anything about me. If he did he wouldn't have gone away without a word or a line, as he did. And I wish to hear nothing about Mr. Hepwith," she added finally.

Khakiette looked at her pretty governess steadily, with her large brown eyes.

"Oh, very well, Miss Hartley," she said, in her outspoken fashion, "I don't mind! Only, if I didn't want to hear any more about anybody, I'd chuck his photograph away!"

### III.

One of the tires of the colonel's motor-car collapsed with the report of an exploding shell. This was the second offence. The first puncture had occurred thirty miles away, and had delayed them an hour or more. Now it was dark.

Khakiette jumped out of the car. "I'm not going to sit in this silly thing any longer," Miss Hartley, she said. "We can walk home over the cliffs in half an hour easily. Will you come?"

Khakiette set a rapid pace with her long legs, but she did not chatter, and Maisie had time to think. She had not seen Fred Hepwith, and she was very angry with him. If he had cared for her at all, even as an ordinary friend, he would not have gone off in that cavalier way without a good-bye or a letter.

Lugarde had told them that Hepwith had been turned out of the hotel in disgrace. To please her aunt she had gone to the theatre with Lugarde, but Maisie neither liked the man nor trusted him.

"What's that?" cried Khakiette suddenly. "Didn't you see a light—one quick flash?"

"No, dear, I saw nothing."

"Must be blissful imagination," said the colonel's daughter. "Dad will be sending the bellman round to look for us, Miss Hartley. Do you know, I got quite serious this morning, planning the future. I promised to marry my beloved Ginger when he became a captain and won the Victoria Cross—I don't think!"

"Oh, Gladys, please don't!" pleaded Maisie, laughing. "Your slang is really dreadful!"

"And the beast had the impudence to tell me—a common private, mind you—that he knew a girl a jolly sight prettier."

A dark cloud drifted over the moon. Through the patches of mist, far over the sea, a point of light trembled like a star. Then Maisie staggered in the gloom, and nearly fell. The cry of terror that rose to her lips was frozen there. A dark shape lay stretched at their feet, and Khakiette stooped and touched it.

"It's a man!" she said hoarsely.

"Gracious! It's Ginger!"

The lad in Khaki lay on his back, his eyes closed, and there was a smear of blood on his forehead.

"Oh, Fred, Fred!" sobbed Maisie. She sank upon her knees, and, lifting his head, pressed it against her breast. Khakiette still stooped, but she was not looking at them. Her brown eyes had suddenly become fixed and eager. A silver arrow of light pierced the darkness close to the verge of the cliff, about three hundred yards away.

Khakiette threw herself prone on the ground, and levelled the unconscious sentry's rifle. Then came a sharp report, and a flash, and a long-drawn cry of pain, and the guard turned out.

"I'm glad I didn't kill him, dad," said Khakiette, nursing one of her

## A King Without A Country

King Peter, of Serbia, is in worse condition than the King of the Belgians, in that he is "without a country," the enemy being in sole possession.



KING PETER OF SERBIA.

There is some doubt as to the whereabouts of King Peter of Serbia. He has been reported to be in Italy, but the latest news advises refer to him as being at Saloniki and speak of a contemplated visit to the King of Greece.

long legs, "though he deserved it. Who is he, dad?"

"A German spy, posing as a Swiss, kid," answered the colonel, "and calling himself Lugarde. You got him in the very act of sending a signal to a German cruiser. Do you know, I'm a bit proud of you, kid!"

"Then, old dear," said Khakiette, "you must promise. You're awful rich, and when the war is over, I want you to find my lively old Ginger a splendid situation, so that he can marry Miss Hartley. Is it thumbs up?"

"It's thumbs up, kid," answered the colonel. "Sure as a gun!"—London Answers.

### TURKS ARE VEGETARIANS.

Simplest of Fare Composes Menu at Constantinople.

The fighting Turk is largely a vegetarian, according to a sketch recently prepared by the National Geographic Society, which tells of the staples of the Turkish table and describes some of the favorite dishes of folk upon the Bosphorus. The sketch is as follows:

"Turkish fare is distinguished by its simplicity. The Turkish kitchen might be put at one end of the scale and the French kitchen at the other. The complexities of Parisian cookery demand a long and careful education for a clear comprehension of their values and for a proper appreciation, while the dishes of Constantinople, at least those which appear upon the tables of Turks in the ordinary fortunes of life, are rudimentary."

"Vegetables, fruits and grains are the staples of the Turkish kitchen. Breakfast on the Bosphorus consists of a small cup of Turkish coffee and a roll. At noon there is a bowl of sour milk (yaourt) and bread. Thick Turkish coffee is taken again in the afternoon to keep up appetites for the principal meal, which comes at night. This meal includes, probably, 'pilaff' (meat and rice), several kinds of vegetables, pastry and thick coffee. The workman's meal is still more simple—a chunk of bread and an onion or a bunch of grapes."

### THE HERRING INDUSTRY.

Proper Curing Make Canadian Equal to Scotch Product.

To dispose of 600 barrels of cured herring at \$11 per barrel, f.o.b. Nova Scotia, while his neighbors were getting only \$4 to \$4.50 per barrel, was, last summer, the fortunate experience of a fish packer at Goldboro, Guysborough county, N.S. This highly satisfactory result was secured by discarding the old-fashioned Nova Scotian style in packing in favor of the modern Scotch method of carefully packing the fish in tight, well-made barrels that will retain the pickle and preserve the flavor. This was done in consequence of the representations of Mr. J. J. Cowie, inspector of pickled fish for the Fisheries Branch, who, at the request of the Goldboro firm, secured an expert from Scotland to take charge of the work. As a result of this valuable object-lesson, Mr. S. Y. Wilson, a large dealer of Halifax, has determined to put up some 2,000 barrels next summer in the Scotch way.

### FALLS FOR OLD MYTH.

Germany Hears of Fabulous Sum of Gold Hoarded in Britain.

London is in a broad grin over a recent German discovery that England is nearing the end of her financial resources, and that, in consequence, the government is about to lay its hands on a sum equalling \$5,000,000,000, which lies in the British court of chancery, an accumulation of years of money which has no known owners. It is a revival of an ancient myth, a recrudescence of a tale of fabulous sums held in chancery, belonging to no one. The legend has gone the world over; literally thousands of persons, many of them Americans, have spent much time and vast sums to get a share of the mythical pile of glittering sovereigns which are supposed to be piled up in some subterranean vault of the courts of justice. The British Government, the American Government, and every American minister and ambassador to England since Lowell, have tried, for the benefit and protection of Americans who believe themselves heirs to these great sums which lie unclaimed, to explode the myth, but in vain. Now Germany has got hold of it. The Cologne Gazette, one of Germany's greatest newspapers, has made the discovery.

### HOMELESS WAR REFUGEES.

A Million Serbs Are Dying of Famine and Plague.

From 800,000 to 1,000,000 Serbians are dying of famine, pestilence and exposure. Men, women and children of all ages, driven from their homes by the invasion of their country, have taken refuge in Montenegro, Albania, Rumania and Greece.

War has ravaged the country completely. Towns, villages and isolated hamlets have been destroyed before the onrush of the Austro-German and Bulgarian legions.

It is charged by members of the Serbian Government that combatants, women as well as men, were wantonly put to death in great batches by the Bulgarians.

The hordes of homeless war refugees that fled into the barren mountains of Albania and Montenegro took neither clothing nor food with them. Many of them are living in caves like wild animals, with no means of combating the disease which is sweeping through them.

### The Belgian King.

The King of the Belgians is not at all what the public imagines him to be. He is not in any sense a dashing soldier, nor does he ever look like one. He is a quiet young man, who might pass for an Oxford don or a student of science. He has very fair hair, but is always untidy in a rather pleasing manner, and a light complexion which becomes entirely pink when he is hot or shy. He is near-sighted, and generally wears glasses, which give a certain staring effect to his blue eyes. His jaw is heavy and suggests tenacity, but his face is lightened by the frank and boyish eyes and noble forehead.

Some people would rather wait that they are always being misunderstood than try to make themselves clear.

### THE MIDDLE-AGED SOLDIER.

A Plodding Man Whose First Strength Is Spent.

"I saw him first, my middle-aged man, one afternoon on the boards of an improvised stage in the sand dunes of Belgium," writes Arthur Gleason, in the Century. "On that last thin strip of the shattered kingdom English and French and Belgians were grimly massed. He was a Frenchman, and he was cheering up his comrades. With shining black hair and volatile face, he played many parts that day. He recited sprightly verses of Parisian life. He carried on amazing 20-minute dialogues with himself, mimicking the voice of girl and woman, bully and dandy. His audience had come in stale from the everlasting spading and marching. They brightened visibly under his gaiety. If he dared to make that effort in the saddening place they were ready to respond. When he dismissed them the last flash of him was of a smiling, rollicking improvisator, bowing himself over to the applause till his black hair was level with our eyes."

"And the next day as I sat in my ambulance, waiting orders, he trudged by in his blue, the color of heaven once, but musty now from nights under the rain. His head of hair, which the glossy black wig had covered, was gray-white. The sparkling, pantomimic face had dropped into wrinkles. He was patient and old and tired. Perhaps he, too, would have been glad of some one to cheer him up. He was just one more territorial—trench digger and sentry and filler-in. He became for me the type of all those faithful, plodding soldiers whose first strength is spent. In him was gathered up all that fatigue and sadness of men for whom no glamor remains. "War is easy for the young. The boy soldier is willing to make any day his last if it is a good day. It is not so with the middle-aged man. He is puzzled by the war. What he has to struggle with more than bodily weakness is the malady of thought. Is the bloody business worth while? Is there any far-off divine event which his death will hasten? The wines of France are good wines, and his home in fertile Normandy was pleasant."

### ABOUT DREAMS.

Why Scientists Say They Often Come True.

"When dreams come true" is the slogan of the Romancer, the battle cry of the Dreamer; it is that attempt of mind to conquer disappointment and despair, to overcome the handicaps of unrealized ambition.

And yet scientific men say that dreams really do come true to a certain extent, far more often than the average individual knows.

The scholarly examination of dreams and dreaming leads to the point where it is seen that the somnolent vision springs in some measure from hopes, from ambitions, from the association between everyday occurrences, jumbled together in an unconscious mind.

When the dreamer awakes he carries with him, in most cases, some traces of his dreams. If he has had a fitful night, with "sleep frightened from his pillow" by nightmare and horrors, his nerves the next day will be rarer and his poise less sure. He will be more likely to have accidents occur to him, especially if he is dreading some ill luck.

When something does slip and a catastrophe occurs, he swears he had a premonition the night before. Those individuals who have been aware of the truth of his bad dreams and have witnessed the accident also become firm believers in the prophetic quality of dreams.

If the sleeper rises in the morning from pleasant dreams the chances are a hundred to one that he will be refreshed and happy. His optimism and firmness of nerve will make his path smoother for the day and many a trifling crisis will be turned to a successful outcome by his self-command.

The individual who makes much over the art of divination of dreams is convinced that dreadful events will follow dreadful dreams. In so far as he himself is concerned science says that it is perfectly possible for such a belief to have convincing realization.

### He Was Let Off.

A schoolmaster was giving his pupils instruction in the elements of physiology, and, among other things, told them that whenever they moved an arm or a leg it was in response to a message from the brain. "The brain always sends a message down your arm or leg whenever you wish to move the particular member," he explained. At length a mischievous boy roused his ire by his apparent inattention to the lesson. "Hold out your hand," cried the irate pedagogue. No response. "Why don't you hold out your hand?" "Please, sir, I'm waiting for the message from my brain," said the lad, coolly; and he was let off for his sharpness.

### What Spies Were Told.

We hear on the best authority, says the British Weekly, that the G-man spies who have been shot in England spoke with great anger of their Government. They were told: "If you succeed, well and good. If you are caught, the English will never kill you. They will imprison you, and in a few months we shall be over to release you."

### PURELY PERSONAL.

Chatty Paragraphs About Some Well-Known People.

Lord Knollys has a collection of thirty-two rings given him by different Royalties.

Prince Alexander of Teck wears a gold and enamel wrist-watch which was a present to his Royal Highness from the Tsar.

Mlle. Dussan, the Princess Mary's governess, is now acting as secretary to her Royal Highness. The Princess receives over 200 letters a day.

The silver inkstand in Mr. McKenna's room at the British Treasury has been used by forty-four Chancellors of the Exchequer. It was presented to Pitt when Chancellor by the Cabinet.

Mr. Marconi has still in his possession the apparatus with which he made his first experiments in wireless telegraphy in the garden of his father's house in Italy. He was then fifteen years old.

Sir Guy Laking, the King's Armorer, has in his possession a helmet of the fifteenth century which is worth \$10,000. Only one other helmet of the same period in perfect condition is known to be in existence.

Prince Leopold, the eldest son of the King of the Belgians, who is a new pupil at Eton, is one of the best gymnasts at the school. He began his gymnastic training at five years old. He is also a good rifle shot.

Lord Kitchener is never called in the morning; he awakes regularly himself at 6.30 when he has his private letters and a cup of tea brought to him. He rises at seven o'clock, and retires, if his duties at the War Office permit, at midnight.

The Earl of Crawford, who is serving as a private in the R.A.M.C., is a collector of walking-sticks. The latest addition to his collection is a heavy rose-wood, ivory-headed one, which Lord Crawford found in a captured German trench.

Lady Scott, the widow of the explorer, is a keen motorist and a first-rate driver. She is now driving a Red Cross car at the Anglo-French Hospital near Chaumont, in the Marne Canton. A large number of English ladies are at the hospital, among them being Lady Elizabeth Keppel.

The Baroness Cederstrom, or, to give her the name by which she will always be remembered, Madame Patti, is an assiduous theatre-goer, and makes a habit of a regular theatre week in London from time to time, coming up specially from Wales to see all the latest plays.

Monsieur Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador to Britain, is the chess champion of the Diplomatic body in London. Working out chess problems is the popular diplomatist's favorite recreation, and after a hard day's work at the Embassy, he will often sit up far into the night solving intricate chess problems.

Mrs. Creighton, widow of the late Bishop of London, who lives at Hampton Court, is interesting herself in the work of the women patrols—an admirable movement designed to keep a restraining hand on girls whose occupation lies in the neighborhood of war camps. She is one of the ablest women historians of the day.

Who is the best speaker in the British House of Commons? For logical argument, Mr. Asquith; for fiery emotion, Mr. Lloyd George; for sarcasm and invective, Mr. Winston Churchill; for scornful and stinging rebuke, Mr. Tim Healy; for clever argument, Sir F. E. Smith; for ingenious humor, Mr. Jerry MacVeagh; for impetuous oratory, Lord Hugh Cecil.

### CZAR PROMOTES SOLDIER.

Private Becomes Sergeant for Bravery in Seven Battles.

During the Czar's recent visit to the front near Minsk the soldiers generally refused to believe that their visitor was really the Emperor, for he wore only a private soldier's overcoat without any decorations of any sort, and the only precautions for his safety were those usually taken by a staff or inspection officer when his work takes him to the trenches. A correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company writes from Minsk:

"On one occasion the Emperor went into the advanced trenches at a time when a considerable infantry fire was going on. He seemed to enjoy the sensation of being under fire."

"His Majesty spoke to a veteran from the Ural provinces and asked him how many fights he had seen."

"Seven was the answer. The soldier had fought at Port Arthur and in the present war took part in the battles of Lodz and Gorlice."

"How many children have you?" asked the Emperor.

"Seven, captain," said the soldier, still refusing to believe that it was the Emperor.

"And how many wounds?"

"Seven, also."

"Then you shall have seven heads," said the visitor.

"This was the reference to an old Russian proverb which says that a sergeant has seven heads. It means that the soldier was promoted by Imperial fiat to the rank of Sergeant."

### Where Kindness Killed.

"Henry," she murmured, fondly gazing at her slender lord and master, "you are quite the style, your narrow, sloping shoulders are the correct thing."

Then she added dreamily, "I wonder, Henry dear, if bow-legs will ever come in."



## THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, FEB. 3, 1916.

Lloyd George, the British minister of munitions, in a recent statement, says the war is only beginning. This may be interpreted to mean that the old British lion is just getting into shape for the scrap.

The United States Government is not satisfied with Germany's treatment of the Lusitania affair, and now insists that the country responsible shall make a disavowal of the outrage. If this request is not acceded to Uncle Sam will be compelled to take some action in order to preserve his self respect.

Paris has at last experienced a rather serious attack from German airships, but which like those upon London, is of no military advantage. The raid occurred during a fog on Saturday night. Several heavy bombs were dropped and 24 persons were killed, most of whom were in bed, and 27 persons were injured.

Canada's two great cities did nobly for the Patriotic Fund in response to last week's appeal. Montreal's contribution amounted to \$2,379,875 and Toronto's, \$2,302,000. In proportion to size Ottawa, Hamilton and several other cities and towns did as well. The centres of population are most assuredly putting up the big end of the money to help make comfortable the dependents of those who have gone to fight the country's battles.

### Some Liberals Want Election.

The Parliamentary correspondent of the Montreal Gazette, under date of January 27th, writes:—

Despite the promise of political harmony contained in the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Dr. Michael Clark at the opening of the debate on the address, there are indications that a determined attempt is being made by a section of the Opposition, if not by the Opposition as a whole, to bring about a general election. Tactics which have been pursued by the Opposition since the opening of the session show either a decision to force the Government to the country, or an extraordinary condition of disunion in the party itself.

The speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the member for Red Deer, and Hon. Frank Oliver were moderate in tone and indicated an intention not to attack but to offer such reasonable criticism as might assist the Government in carrying on the business of the country under war conditions.

That intention has not been apparent in the speeches of such Liberals as Hon. Wm. Pugsley, E. M. MacDonald and Frank Carvell, which abounded in wild assertions involving charges against the Government, the Shell Committee and the Davidson commission, although the report of Sir Charles Davidson has not been presented to the House and his investigation has not been concluded. To what extent these attacks have the countenance and endorsement of the official leader of the Opposition is not known, but the history of the last ten days has shown that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is either in accord with the conduct of his maritime lieutenants or is unable to restrain them.

The purpose of the attacks made by Messrs. Pugsley, Carvell and MacDonald has been obviously to weaken the confidence of the country in the Government and two weeks have been consumed in pursuit of this object. It is well known that the central Liberal organization at Ottawa, which is under the direct control of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has distributed tons of campaign literature during the past year. The whole trend of the Liberal conduct since the session opened has been at variance with the statement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he "would never seek to open the gates of office with a bloody key."

The apparent Liberal desire to bring about an election is said to be based upon the belief that the Province of Quebec can be relied upon to rally to the support of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and that the agitation in that province with regard to the bi-lingual schools in Ontario can be used effectively against the Government. It is believed also that the Liberals rely strongly upon the strength of the foreign vote in the western provinces and expect that large numbers of men in the expeditionary force in Great Britain and France will be unable to poll their votes under the Soldiers' Vote Act of last session, an eventuality which Opposition members believe would be of great advantage to the Liberal cause should a general election be brought about.

### Quebec Legislature.

Quebec, Jan. 28.—Mr. George Campbell, Conservative member for Pontiac, criticized the Gouin Government in an able speech in the Legislative Assembly on Thursday, when he replied to a statement made earlier in the week by the Hon. Mr. Taschereau, Minister of Public Works, to the effect that the Government was not sleeping.

"I don't think the word 'sleeping' is

a good word to apply to this administration," said Mr. Campbell, "because they have for many years not been in a sleep, but have been in a trance, and," he added, "they are under the hypnotic spell yet."

As a lumberman, he pointed out the folly of the Department in not allowing balsam to be cut when it was under size. He said the Government had been warned frequently of the folly of their action, but they objected to the cutting of balsam at all, and the result was that balsam in the Ottawa River District was dying out. "Two years after the balsam had gone they woke up one day and said they would change the law," commented Mr. Campbell, who said today the engineers could go through the Lake Expansé region and they would not find one of these trees on it. This action had been a direct loss to the Government and a direct loss to the country. The administration lost alone in duties no less than three quarters of a million dollars, besides the money that could have been produced in operating the timber.

Mr. Campbell here quoted from the report of the Minister of Lands and Forests for 1914, declaring that if anything showed that the Government was asleep it was their own reports. The report stated what steps had been taken by certain inspectors to get rid of the pest nuisance in the lumber districts.

"I happened to be in the woods when these men were making their investigations, and they must have known more about the pests that were on them than the pests that were in the forests," (Opposition laughter).

Mr. Campbell here quoted another report showing how the birds had disappeared in the woods of the Upper Ottawa district, and how through forest fires no less than 500 square miles had been burned bare and very little done by the Government to master the outbreak. He said that in the reports the Government, while they mentioned the revenue they received from timber, they did not mention the tremendous areas they had allowed to be destroyed by fire. "Either they did not know, or they were asleep," said Mr. Campbell.

Mr. P. Cousineau, leader of the Opposition—"How many miles did you say in the Upper Ottawa district had been burned down by fire?"

Mr. Campbell—"Nearly 500 square miles, and the timber was burned as bare as the floor of this House."

Continuing, Mr. Campbell said that every thousand feet of that timber being destroyed was a loss to the Government of two dollars in dues, and that was the kind of business that the Government were doing and they claimed to be wide awake. The Gouin government of this province was just about as much awake as Rip Van Winkle was in the Catskill Mountains.

Mr. Campbell criticized the report entitled "The Riches of the Forests of Quebec," published under the authority of the Department of Lands and Forests, and said that it contained statements which were either made in ignorance of actual conditions in the forests, or statements that were dishonestly made to deceive the people. "Since 1906-7," declared Mr. Campbell amid Opposition cheers, "this province has lost more timber than it did for fifty years preceding that time, and the Government knows it, but, of course, they will not publish it."

Mr. Campbell next criticized the fire ranging system of the province and the allowance made for the men who carried out the business of fire ranging, and he said that when the Government was talking of the miracles they had performed they should remember the untold harm they had done to the forest districts.

"When the Minister of Public Works conceived, labored and brought forth the idea of the Bordeaux jail, he must have been under the influence of a twilight sleep and he must still be suffering the pangs of travail."

Concluding, Mr. Campbell said that the lumbermen and the settlers were getting on better together now than ever before. That was as it should be; but it was due to the good sense of the lumbermen and the settlers and not to the Government. If the Government had recognized at last the importance of this it appeared to him that it was a deathbed repentance; but it was better to have a deathbed repentance than no repentance at all.—(Opposition cheers.)

Bonnycastle Dale contributes the leading article in the February issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont. writing with his usual skill on observations, which he has made of wild animals in British Columbia. "Roughing it de Luxe" by Judson Gaylord is an account of a visit to a Quebec club for millionaires as set down by one who was successful in invading the millionaires' stronghold. "Wilhelm the Hawk: A Tragedy of the Prairies," by James S. Jones, is the biography of a hawk whose dominant characteristics are analogous to those of a human Wilhelm now much in the public eye. "The Home Trail" is the tale of a heart-breaking trek to Oxford House and is related by R. J. Fraser. F. V. Williams contributes a story, "The Ranger's Friend," and a cover design illustrating the story, which portrays a fight to the death between a moose and a pack of wolves. The regular departments are well maintained and the number as a whole is an attractive one particularly to sportsmen and lovers of out-door life in its various phases.

Equity Advs. Pay.

## LAME BACK

### Spells Kidney Trouble

There's no use putting on liniments and plasters to cure that ache in your hips or back—the trouble is inside. Your kidneys are out of order. GIN PILLS go right to the cause of the backache and heal and regulate the kidney and bladder action. Then you get relief, permanent relief!

Many a man and woman who has been doubled up with shooting pains in the back having to stop work and lie down to get a little relief, has found new health and comfort in

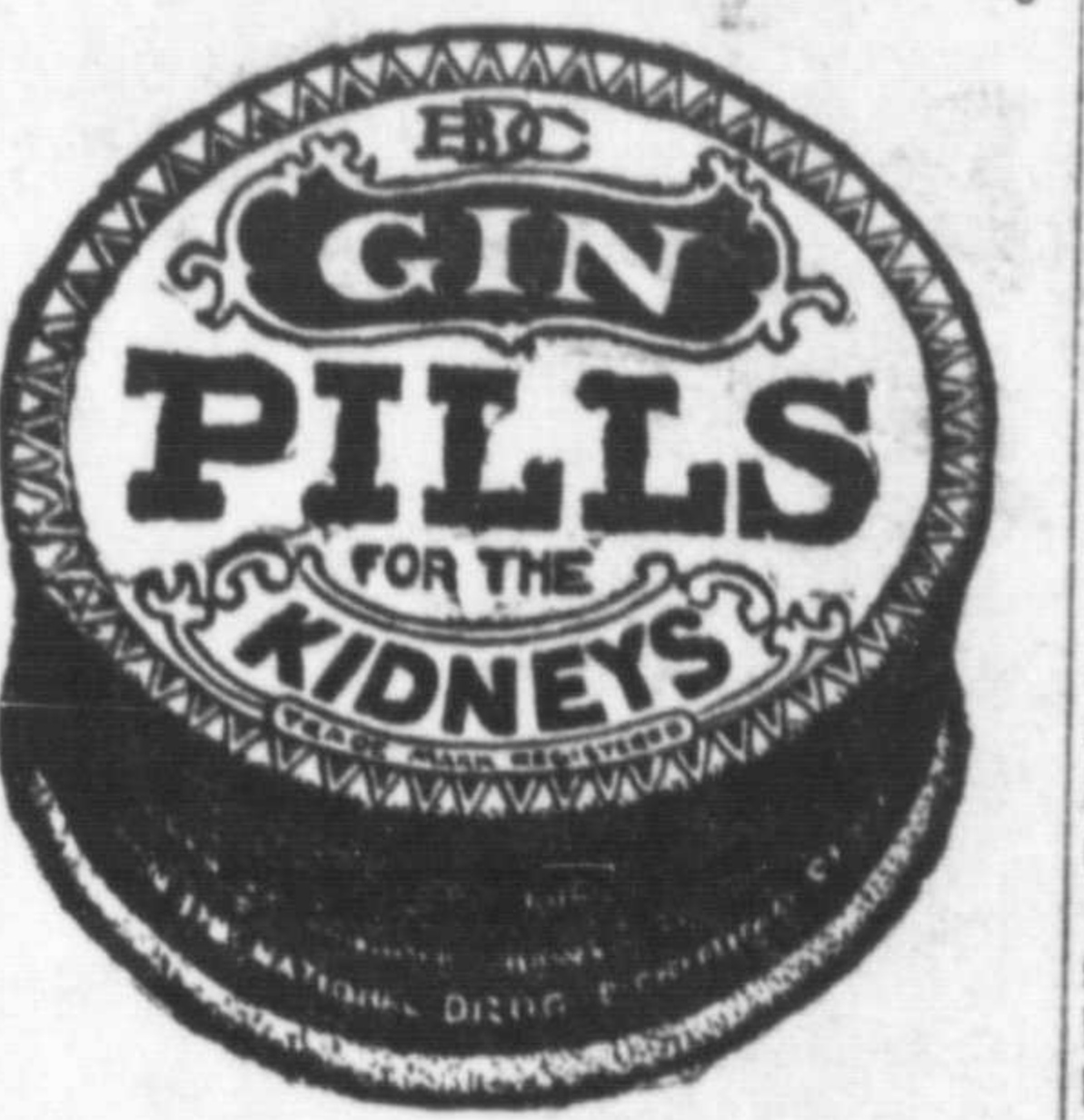
## GIN PILLS

FOR THE KIDNEYS

Two boxes completely cured Arnold McAskill, of Lower Selma, N.S. "I have never had any trouble with my back since," he says.

If you have a lame back—or any sign of Kidney trouble—get GIN PILLS today and start the cure working. 50c. a box, six boxes for \$2.50—and every box guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. Trial treatment free if you write

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited  
Toronto Ont.



## STRATHCONA STORIES

BECKLES WILSON RECALLS EPISODES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

The Late High Commissioner for Canada Was Related to the Originals of Two Dickens Characters—First Purchase of a Black Fox Skin Showed Lord Strathcona's Talent as a Trader.

ONE of the best stories in Beckles Wilson's "Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal" tells of the death by drowning of one of his boyhood chums at Forbes, Scotland. Nine-year-old Donald called on the bereaved family, and "with a gravity far beyond his years, consoled with them, and on leaving begged that they would accept a slight token in memory of his friend. He handed them, over all of his pocket money, amounting to a shilling and some odd coppers. "Thus was the child father to the man."

It is interesting to know that Lord Strathcona was related to the Cheerybyle brothers, those delightful old men in Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," who were always so considerate of each other, of their employees, and their mother. Lord Strathcona's paternal grandmother was the sister of Mrs. Grant, the mother of the brothers, whom Dickens happened to meet while on a visit to Manchester.

One morning in the early days of the present century an elderly individual, of no very prepossessing appearance, called at the office of the High Commissioner for Canada in London, and asked to see Lord Strathcona. He was told that his Lordship was far too busy to see any but those who had appointments with him.

"Well," was the confident reply, "he'll see me if you tell him my father drove him to Aberdeen when he sailed to Canada."

The message was delivered, and the man admitted. Five minutes later he appeared with a five-pound note in his hand. He repeated his visit three weeks later with a similar result. A month or so later back he came again. The secretary protested to Lord Strathcona that the man had had two five-pound notes already.

"Oh, well," said Lord Strathcona, in his quiet way, "I cannot see him. Give him another five-pound note, and tell him he need not come again. You may add that his father did not drive me to Aberdeen when I went to Canada. As a matter of fact I walked."

Black fox skins were the most valuable pelts in the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company, as they are to-day, and Lord Strathcona's story of his first purchase of a black fox skin is decidedly amusing as well as showing the diplomatic talent he was afterwards to find exercise for in a far greater sphere. He was then quite young, and was stationed at Tadoussac post, at the mouth of the Saguenay. News one day came to his bourgeois, as the officer in charge of a post was called, that a trapper named Dugas had several fine skins, but that for some fancied grievance had announced his intention of not selling them to the company, but of taking them himself to Quebec. The man, a half-breed, was camping about twenty miles away. Mr. Smith was sent to investigate and buy the furs if he could. He was insultingly received, but he was resolved not to lose his temper. Not a word was said about the furs. He assisted the old squaw, whom he addressed as "Madame" Dugas, to boil the pot, and cut firewood. He helped to skin a rabbit, gave the trapper tobacco, retailed news and anecdotes of mutual friends, sympathizing with Dugas in his grievance against the bourgeois, for whose hasty conduct he apologized. But what was even of more potent effect, was a little book of nie-

tures and a couple of sticks of barley sugar which he had thoughtfully slipped into his pocket for the children. These naturally won the heart of the squaw and her children. Still not a word about furs. He rolled himself up in his blanket when night came, and went to rest. Up at dawn he first collected faggots, and then caught some fish for breakfast. The meal over he announced his intention of going farther on a visit to another trapper, and thanked them for the hospitality which he would long remember. "Perhaps," he added, "you will still be here on my way back. If so, we may meet again—who knows?" He then shouldered his pack and was shaking hands, when Dugas, who had been standing by in a fit of sulky astonishment, cried out, "You no want my furs?"

Whereupon Smith said: "What? Monsieur Dugas, you have furs to sell? Ah, that will make Mr. H. sorry, very sorry to think that he should have lost his temper. What a pity!"

"Tenez," said Dugas, and he brought forth from his lodge a bundle of several very fine skins, one of which he threw over his arm, stroking it lovingly. "That is the best fox I ever trapped. This other is nearly as good. I said I would not sell them to the bourgeois, and I won't. You are a young man, and perhaps you do not know the value. In Quebec I would get thirty pounds; but I do not wish to leave my family and go to Quebec. You may have them, and if your bourgeois says they are not worth thirty pounds you may send them back to me. I will not take the money now. Voila," and he pressed the bundle of skins upon the young trader.

The upshot was that he paid the sum of £23, all the money he had on him, and he and Dugas parted the best friends in the world. Dugas even accompanied him to the camp of the other trapper, and insisted on advancing the funds to pay for the latter's small catch out of what he had himself received, the money to be returned at Mr. Smith's convenience. The furs proved to be worth twice what he had paid.

### SQUINTING AT THE STARS.

It Helps the Astronomer in Calculating Their Distances.

While lecturing recently to an audience of children at the Royal Institution, London, Professor H. H. Turner explained how astronomers measure the distances of the sun, moon and stars.

The importance of a squint was explained with the aid of a match and a cigar. Putting the cigar in his mouth and lighting the match, he told them it was by squinting that he judged the distance at which to hold it.

Then, taking another cigar, which was about twelve inches in length, he explained how in that case it was not necessary to squint so much, as the point of distance to be measured by the eyes was further away.

This was done to illustrate the fact that, just as the brain calculates the distances of things seen by means of the angle of the squint, so astronomers tell the distance of the stars by reckoning the amount of "squint" involved when looking at them.

Two telescopes are placed apart at an exactly measured distance. The astronomer then looks through the two telescopes at the same time and, having got them to the angle at which he can see the particular star, just reckons up the amount of "squint" and reels it off in millions of miles.

### Not What They Seemed.

A marquise who was in residence for a few days at a Parisian hotel discovered that her pearl necklace, worth \$15,000, had disappeared from her room. Suspicion fell on a messenger boy, who admitted his guilt, but declared that the necklace had been taken from him by his mother. The mother corroborated her son's statement, expressing astonishment that so much trouble should be made about "a trashy little trinket," which, she explained, looked so cheap and tawdry that she had given it to her daughter-in-law. This young woman, in her teens, displayed an equal contempt for the "bits of things." She told the police that she had given the necklace to her little girl to wear, but she had removed about half the beads. All the missing pearls were found in a box among buttons and hooks and eyes.

### The Lilies.

Two thousand years ago it was supposed that water lilies closed their flowers at night and retreated far under water to emerge again at sunrise. This was Pliny's view, and it was not impeached until the English botanist John Ray in 1688 first doubted its veracity. The great lily of Zanzibar, one of the grandest of the lily family, opens its flowers, ten inches wide, between 11 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. They are of the richest royal blue, with from 150 to 200 golden stamens in the center, and they remain open four or five days. It is not generally known that there are lilies that have nocturnal habits—night bloomers as well as day bloomers. They are very punctual timekeepers, too, opening and closing with commendable regularity.

### Poor Loser.

"Good morning, Dods-waiter," said the first commuter after he had settled himself in a seat and partly regained his breath.

"Morning, Gadson," said the second commuter somewhat shortly.

"You don't seem pleased to see me." "I should say not. When I saw you running just now I made a bet with the gentleman on my left that you wouldn't catch this train. Drat the luck! I've lost \$5."

## Horses Wanted!

Good sound Horses, suitable for war purposes, will be taken every Saturday at my stables in Shawville.

G. A. HOWARD.

## TAILORING

Now is a good time to leave your order for a suit before goods advance any more in price. While our present stock lasts we will sell at usual prices.

Readymade Suits, Overcoats, Caps, Woollen Mitts.

MURRAY BROS., SHAWVILLE.

## SILOS SILOS SILOS

Encourage Home Production.

We are prepared to manufacture Silos of any size, complete, ready for the Silage.

Estimates cheerfully furnished Consult us before placing your order.

Colts, Cattle and Sheep taken as cash in payment.

DONALD FRASER. A. A. ARMSTRONG.

P. S.—Wood, Timber and Lumber of all kinds for sale.

## Tommy Needs the Smokes

25 Cents

contributed to

Canada's Tobacco Fund

organized by the

OVER-SEAS CLUB

will send

50 Canadian manufactured Cigarettes

1 lb. Canadian manufactured Tobacco

A Box of Matches

A Post Card addressed to the giver, so that the Soldier who receives your gift may express his thanks.

Give 25 Cents Today!

It will send as much tobacco to the front as you can buy yourself and send for a Dollar!

Every Cent is Spent on Tobacco.

The Over-Sees Club pays ALL the organization expenses. To provide the Canadian Army at the front with tobacco requires 70,000 pkgs. weekly. Will you give 25c a week?

Send your contribution to THE EQUITY, the nearest Post Office, or your Banker. If you send to the Editor of THE EQUITY, we will acknowledge your gift, and pay it into the Bank for you.





## THE EQUITY,

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

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

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Legal advertising, 10 cents per line for  
1st insertion and 5 cents per line or each  
subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding one inch  
inserted at \$5.00 per year.

Local announcements inserted at the  
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structions accompanying them will be in-  
serted until forbidden and charged for  
accordingly.

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lished free of charge. Obituary poetry  
declined.

### JOB PRINTING.

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

JOHN A. COWAN,  
Publisher

### Professional Cards.

#### DENTAL.

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

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NOTARY PUBLIC  
Shawville, - - - Que.

### R. MILLAR, L.L.L.

ADVOCATE.  
Campbells Bay, Que.  
Will visit Shawville every Saturday.

### D. R. BARRY, K.C.

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

### GEO. C. WRIGHT, K.C.

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

#### PHONE BELL

### J. ERNEST GABOURY, LL. B.

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

### GEORGE HYNES

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

### UNDERTAKING

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

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

Hull Driving Club.  
Winter Racing Carnival  
Ottawa, Ont.  
January 27th to February 2nd, 1916  
Round trip tickets will be sold  
at lowest one-way first-class fare  
and one-third.

Good going Thursday, January  
27th to Wednesday, February 2nd.  
Return limit, Thursday, February  
3rd.  
For particulars, tickets, etc., apply to  
C. A. L. TUCKER,  
Agent, Shawville.

# SPECIAL SNAPS.

## Some Specials left from our Sale Mackinaw Coats.

1 only black Hudson Bay Mackinaw Coat. all  
wool, with belt. Size 38. \$5.00 for 3 75.

3 only colored Hudson Bay Mackinaw Coats,  
all wool, very dressy. 38, 40, 44. \$7.00  
to clear at 5.00.

## Gent's Fancy Vests.

1 only Gent's Fancy Knit Vest, color dark  
green. \$2.50 to clear at 1.00.

1 only Gent's Fancy Knit Vest, color dark red.  
\$3.50 to clear 1.50.

## Men's Pants and Coat.

2 only pairs of Heavy all Wool Pants. 38, 40.  
\$3.50 to clear 2.25.

1 only Heavy Etoffe Coat with large collar.  
Will give strong, serviceable wear. Size  
40. \$5.00 to clear at 3.50.

## Boys' Overshoes.

4 only pairs Boys' Overshoes. Sizes 1, 4, 5.  
Formerly \$1.25 to clear at 95c.

Fresh Herrings, Fresh B. C. Salmon,  
Fresh Haddock, Fresh Halibut, Fresh Pike,  
Smoked Finan Haddies, Salt Herrings.

# G. F. HODGINS CO.

### NOTICE

As my wife has left my bed and board  
without just cause, I shall not be respon-  
sible for any debts contracted by her in  
my name.

JOHN FARRELL.  
Ottawa, Jan. 12, 1916.



PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given  
that the undermentioned LANDS and  
TENEMENTS have been seized, and  
will be sold at the respective time and  
place mentioned below.

CURATOR'S WARRANT.  
FIERI FACIAS DE TERRIS.  
Superior Court.

Province of Quebec,  
District of Pontiac,  
No. 1323.

IN RE: J. P. LANDRY, Insolvent,  
& DAME J. P. LANDRY, creditor,  
petitioner & O. LAMARRE, Curator.  
1. That part of lot number twenty  
three (23) of the second range of Duha-  
mel township, in the county of Temis-  
caming, viz: a village emplacement  
containing fifty (50) feet in front by one  
hundred and five (105) feet in depth,  
now known and designated on the  
official plan and in the book of reference  
of the cadastre of the village of Ville  
Marie, in the county of Temis-  
caming, as being lot number seventy four (74)  
of said village of Ville Marie.

2. That part of lot number twenty  
three (23) of the second range of Duha-  
mel township, in the county of Temis-  
caming, viz: a village emplacement  
containing fifty (50) feet in front by one  
hundred and five (105) feet in depth,  
now known and designated on the official  
plan and in the book of reference of the  
village of Ville Marie, in the county of  
Temis-  
caming, as being lot number seventy six  
(76) of said village of Ville Marie.

3. That part of lot number twenty  
three (23) of the second range of Duha-  
mel township, in the county of Temis-  
caming, viz: a village emplacement  
containing fifty (50) feet in front by one  
hundred and five (105) feet in depth,  
now known and designated on the official  
plan and in the book of reference of the  
village of Ville Marie, in the county of  
Temis-  
caming, as being lot number eighty (80) of said village of  
Ville Marie.

To be sold at the registry office of the  
county of Temis-  
caming, in the village of  
Ville Marie, Que., on the TWENTY  
THIRD day of FEBRUARY, 1916, at  
TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

BERNARD J. SLOAN,  
Sheriff's office,  
Bryson, Que., 11th January, 1916.  
[First published, 22nd January, 1916].

A Queer Lack.  
"Wouldn't you like to visit the great  
lesert?"  
"Indeed I would, but I haven't got  
the sand."

Usually the Way.  
Mamie—She is trying to keep her  
marriage a secret.  
Maud—How do you know?  
"She told me so."

Failures are but the pillars of suc-  
cess.—Old Proverb.

Flies Flee Blue.  
A French scientist is authority for  
the statement that flies have a distinct  
objection to the color blue. This was  
first discovered by a farmer who keeps  
a large number of cows in several  
sheds. One of these sheds happened  
to be painted blue on the inside, and  
in this the cows were little troubled  
by flies. He blueed all the walls and  
thus protected all his cows.

The Menu.  
"Will you have some of the tomatoes  
and lettuce with French dressing?"  
chirped the young wife.  
"No," returned the husband, musing  
on his bachelor dinners, now forever  
gone. "My salad days are over."  
"Well," spoke up the wife sharply,  
"the next course is the roast."  
And she served him a large portion  
piping hot.

Scandal.  
Scandal is that which gives us pleas-  
ure in the thought that somebody else  
has done something which we have  
escaped doing because we were not  
similarly situated.  
Scandal furnishes an occupation for  
women and newspapers. It began in  
the Garden of Eden and will end a few  
minutes after the last man has left the  
earth.—Life.

His Standard.  
Purchaser (bringing back his pur-  
chase)—This dog is the most ferocious  
beast I ever came across, and you said  
he was as gentle as a woman. Dealer  
in Canines—That's straight. My wife's  
the only woman I know anything about.

Not Used to It.  
Alyce—I'm learning to paint on chi-  
na. Grayce—Don't you find it hard to  
become accustomed to such a hard sur-  
face?—Indianapolis Star.

Prosperity tries the heart with keen-  
er temptations, for hardships may be  
endured, whereas we are spoiled by  
success.—Tacitus.

Better a blush in the face than a blot  
in the heart.—Cervantes.

### UNDER AN AVALANCHE.

A Remarkable Experience and Rescue  
In the Italian Alps.

Human beings occasionally live  
through incredibly long imprisonments  
after their dwellings have been over-  
whelmed by avalanches. On March 19,  
1755, avalanches buried the village of  
Bergemolto, in the Italian Alps, and  
on April 25 three women were dug out  
alive from a stable in which they had  
been immured for thirty-seven days in  
the dark beneath the mass of snow  
which lay forty-two feet higher than  
the roof. With them had been buried  
a little boy, six goats, a donkey and  
some hens.

The child, the donkey and the fowls  
soon died, but the goats helped the  
women to survive, their milk supple-  
menting the thirty or forty cakes and  
the pocketful of chestnuts upon which  
they depended for food. Hope of find-  
ing the women alive had been aban-  
doned when far in April the brother  
of one had a dream in which she ap-  
peared to him for rescue.

The weather then at last made ex-  
cavation possible, and the women were  
restored to the world and presently to  
health.

### WHISTLER'S BREAKFASTS.

They Were Famous Functions When  
the Artist Was In Funds.

An invitation to one of Mr. Whistler's  
"breakfasts" was prized by many per-  
sons almost as much as a royal com-  
mand, more by some. Mr. Whistler  
brought together about his dainty, long,  
narrow breakfast table in its long,  
narrow room with pale yellow washed  
walls a symposium of those persons in  
London most noted for wit or endowed  
with rare original talent of some kind.  
Sprinkled here and there for the sake,  
no doubt, of half tones were others  
whose chief qualification was the power  
of chastened and judicious apprecia-  
tion.

These symposiums were held by  
Whistler in his splendid studio, 33 Tite  
street, at present the studio of Sargent.  
Whistler did not steadily occupy that  
place, which a depleted treasury some-  
times caused him to forsake tempora-  
rily. According to the widely known  
story, when the bailiffs came in to dis-  
possess him for debt he pressed them  
into service as extra men to help serve  
one of his famous breakfasts, after  
which he would retire to a low, ram-  
bling workshop up an alleyway off the  
Fulham road. There in solitary quiet  
he would bring forth another master-  
piece to startle the world and furnish  
him with the means of re-entering  
beautiful Tite street and taking up the  
thread of his more princely existence.  
—Princess Lazarovich-Irebellanovich  
(Eleanor Calhoun) in Century Maga-  
zine.

### CREMATION IN INDIA.

The Brahman's Funeral Pyre and the  
Ceremony of Burning.

After the body of a Brahman has  
been anointed with sesame oil the  
big toes are bound together and the  
two thumbs. It is then lashed to a lit-  
ter made of two long parallel poles, to  
which are fastened seven transverse  
pieces of wood. The shroud is very  
simple, a large piece of cloth wrapped  
round the body and bound with ropes  
of straw. If the dead Brahman leaves  
a will his face is not covered; other-  
wise the shroud is brought up over the  
head.

The burning ground, or ghat, is usu-  
ally near a river that those who have  
taken part in the ceremonies may puri-  
fy themselves as quickly and as easily  
as possible. Before erecting the fune-  
ral pyre a shallow pit is dug and  
partially filled with dry wood; the body  
is covered with splinters of dry wood  
and sprinkled with panchagar, an in-  
flammable liquid, and placed on the  
pyre and covered with branches and  
roots, like a hut.

The nearest relative or heir then  
takes a lighted taper and sets fire to  
the four corners of the pile and leaves  
at once to perform the ceremony of  
purification. The carriers, being of the  
lowest caste, remain until the body is  
entirely consumed.

A Paradoxical River.  
On the African shore, near the gulf  
of Aden and connecting the lake of  
Assal with the main ocean, may be  
found one of the most wonderful riv-  
ers in the world. This curiosity does  
not flow to but from the ocean toward  
inland. The surface of Lake Assal  
itself is nearly 700 feet below the  
mean tide, and it is fed by this para-  
doxical river, which is about twenty-  
two miles in length. It is highly prob-  
able that the whole basin which the  
lagoon partly fills was once an arm  
of the sea, which became separated  
therefrom by the duning of loose sand.  
The inflowing river has a limited vol-  
ume, being fullest, of course, at high  
tide, and has filled the basin to such  
an extent that evaporation and supply  
exactly balance each other.

Three True Steels.  
Iron and carbon steel, vanadium  
steel and tungsten steel are pointed  
out by Professor J. O. Arnold, British  
metallurgist, as the three true steels.  
The second kind is iron and carbon  
steel with 5 per cent of vanadium,  
the iron carbide having ceased to ex-  
ist, and vanadium carbide being pres-  
ent, and the third kind is iron and  
carbon steel having 11.5 per cent of  
tungsten, the iron carbide having been  
expelled by the tungsten. Iron and  
carbon steel hardens at 730 degrees C.,  
vanadium steel just below 1,450 de-  
grees, its melting point, and tungsten  
steel at 850 degrees to 1,200 degrees.—  
San Francisco Chronicle.

### HELP FOR HOMELY MEN.

Facial Decorations and Other Ways to  
Tone Down Ugliness.

If my face is too wide a beard length-  
ens it; if my face is too narrow it ex-  
pands as if by magic with the addition  
of what have sometimes been affection-  
ately called "mutton chops" or "siders."

If my nose projects, almost like a  
nose trying to escape from a face to  
which it has been sentenced for life, a  
pair of large, handsome mustaches will  
provide a proper entourage—a nest, so  
to speak, on which the nose rests con-  
tentedly, almost like a sitting hen; if  
my nose retreats backward into my  
face the aesthetic solution is obviously  
galways.

A stout man can do wonders with his  
appearance by adopting a pointed  
beard and a suit of clothes, shirt, neck-  
tie and stockings with pronounced ver-  
tical stripes. A thin man, on the other  
hand, becomes at once substantial in  
effect without being gross if he culti-  
vates side whiskers and wears a suit  
of clothes, shirt, cravat and stockings  
with pronounced horizontal stripes.

If my face lacks fierceness and dy-  
namic force it needs a brisk, arrogant  
mustache, or if it has too much of these  
qualities a long, sad, drooping musta-  
che will counterbalance them.

### The Dancing Mania.

The "dancing mania" of the middle  
ages came on the heels of the great  
plague known as the "black death."  
It was some sort of nervous disease  
and is now supposed to have been  
what is known as "St. Vitus' dance."  
It began in the year 1374 at Aix-la-  
Chapelle and spread all over Ger-  
many, the Netherlands and Italy. The  
dancers formed circles hand in hand  
and appearing to have lost all reason  
continued dancing, regardless of the  
bystanders, for hours together until in  
their wild delirium they fell to the  
ground in sheer exhaustion. Panting  
and foaming at the mouth, they would  
suddenly spring up and begin the  
dance again, to be again exhausted,  
and so on until they died. The mania  
involved millions of people.

### Old Saws and Sayings.

A few old sayings on the subject of  
food come to us rather as a surprise in  
our age of daintiness and refinement,  
yet they have their raison d'etre not-  
withstanding. "Meat is much, manners  
are more;" "Cease your chatter and  
mind your platter;" "The ass that  
brays most eats least;" "The wing with  
the liver to him who's the giver;" "He  
can give little to his servant who licks  
his own trencher."  
Apropos of this remark it is amusing  
to note that "manners" was the name  
given to the remnants of a meal. These  
came to the servants as official por-  
tions; hence our well worn expres-  
sion before emptying a dish, "Leave  
the last slice (or whatever it may be)  
for manners."

### A Queen Who Was a King.

Only once in the history of the world  
has a queen been officially known as a  
king. This was in Hungary, when the  
Hungarians gave the name of king to  
their Queen Mary in order to avoid  
the infamy which the laws of that  
country cast upon those who are gov-  
erned by women. She bore the title of  
King Mary till her marriage with Sigis-  
mund. After that she took the title of  
queen.

### The Frankness of Youth.

Callers were at the door and Pobble  
was told to show them to the parlor.  
He did so, and while his mother was  
fixing herself up he sat there rather  
embarrassed. Presently glancing  
around the room, he said:  
"Well, what do you think of our stuff,  
anyway?"

### Hopeless Case.

Optimist—Cheer up! There isn't a  
cloud on your horizon! Pessimist—  
That's just my luck! I'm even cheat-  
ed out of the silver linings! Oh, what's  
the use

George Washington Outdone.  
"Pop," said little Rollo, "why are  
parlor ornaments called ornaments?"  
"My son," replied Rollo senior, "I  
cannot lie! I don't know."—Philadel-  
phia Ledger.

### Weather Effects.

The weather affects man in more  
ways, it appears, than many suspect.  
For example, it is believed that pres-  
sure variation due to fluctuating winds  
have peculiar pathological effects, that  
certain electrical conditions of the air  
induced by low atmospheric pressure  
have a pathological effect on nervous  
subjects and that solar radiation has  
secular effects which vary according  
to the season.

### His Strong Point.

Employer—What special qualifica-  
tions have you for business? Applicant  
—Every place where I ever worked I  
reduced the firm's expenses before I  
left. Employer—Ah, an efficiency ex-  
pert! Applicant—No; I usually started  
in at \$8 a week and when I quit I was  
getting \$5

### Babies' White Clothes.

According to a London oculist, if  
white clothing for babies could be  
boiled, in a generation there would  
be a 20 per cent decrease in the num-  
ber of persons with defective vision.

### The Heaviest Meal.

"When do you take the heaviest meal  
of the day?" asked a bachelor of a mar-  
ried man.  
"When my wife cooks it," came the  
reply.

### HOMEMAKERS' CLUBS.

#### TIME OF MEETING:

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

When you want the best value for you  
money in ..

### SHINGLES

at \$1.65 per M. and up  
Also Laths, Dry Lumber, Clapboards  
Flooring, End Matched Hardwood Floor-  
ing, Mouldings, Doors, etc., try

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TOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free,  
MARION & MARION,  
364 University St., Montreal.



### SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

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

Duties.—Six months' residence upon  
and cultivation of the land in each  
three years. A homesteader may live  
within nine mile 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  
cool standing may pre-empt a quarter  
section alongside his homestead Price  
\$3.00 per acre

Duties.—Six months' residence in each  
of three years after earning homestead  
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-  
stead right may take a purchased home-  
stead in certain districts. Price \$3.00  
per acre. Duties.—Must reside six  
months in each of three years, cultivate  
50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.  
The area of cultivation subject to re-  
duction in case of rough scrubby or stony  
land. Live stock may be substituted for  
cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C. M. G.,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior  
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of  
this advertisement will not be paid for.

### HELP PROTECT THE DEER.

And other Game during Close Season  
by reporting at once to the undersigned  
any violation of the Game Law you be-  
come aware of. Liberal compensation  
paid for convicting evidence. All cor-  
respondence strictly private and confi-  
dential.

### N. McCUAIC

Prov Game Warden.  
Bryson, January, 1916.



### Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to  
the Postmaster General, will be received  
at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the  
18th February, 1916, for the conveyance  
of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed  
Contract for four years, six times per  
week on the route

ONSLOW CORNERS R. R. No. 1  
Via Rutledge and Doherty P. O.'s, from  
the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further in-  
formation as to conditions of proposed  
Contract may be seen and blank forms  
of Tender may be obtained at the Post  
Offices of Onslow Corners, Rutledge  
and Doherty, and at the office of the  
Post Office Inspector, Ottawa.

P. T. COOLICAN,  
Post Office Inspector,  
Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Ottawa, Jan. 3rd, 1916.

### FARM FOR SALE

A very desirable property, being Lot  
No. 13, in the 7th Range of the town-  
ship of Clarendon, containing 100 acres,  
and the South Half of Lot No. 14, con-  
taining 70 acres, more or less—two miles  
from Shawville. Comfortable dwelling  
house, new frame barn (30x60) with  
cow-house in one end, and all other out-  
buildings necessary on a farm erected  
thereon. Two good wells, convenient  
to house and stock yard. Soil loam.

For further particulars apply to  
E. C. HODGINS, or  
L. E. HODGINS,  
Shawville, Que.



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

### CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd).

Then he became conscious of the strained immobility of his hosts, and stopped.

"He is a relative," the Vicar repeated, "but not an acquaintance."

The conversation flagged awkwardly for a few minutes; then the visitor looked at his watch.

"It's time to go, I think."

In the garden the Vicar stopped short.

"Pardon me," he said to his guest; "I forgot a message to my wife. I will catch you up the road."

He went back into the house. His wife was standing where they had left her, quite still, her eyes on the floor.

"Sarah," he began, and paused in the doorway.

She started, then recovered her self-possession, and came up to him.

"Did you forget anything?"

He hesitated, looking away from her. "You perhaps feel lonely when I am out so much?"

"No, Josiah; I'm used to being alone."

"Yes," He paused again.

"I was wondering—whether you would like Dr. Jenkins little girl to come and sit with you sometimes. She is a nice, quiet little thing, and you were always so fond of children."

The words died in his throat as he saw her draw back from him, her hands outstretched, her eyes widened, full of dread.

"No, no! Josiah. Oh, don't bring a child in here!"

His face had turned to stone.

"You mean, Sarah—?"

They stood still and looked at each other. He was brave enough, but not she. Her eyes sank; her old hand fluttered against the skirt of her gown.

"I—I'm not so strong as I was—and children are so noisy—"

He had not flinched. "It is as you prefer," he said, and went out.

She watched him from her window as he walked up the lane; a black and sunless blot upon the landscape; correct, professional, with stubborn shoulders still unbowed under the weight of grey and of shame. Then she sat down at her neat work-table to darn his socks.

The church clock struck the hour; and, looking up, she saw the door of the board school open and a crowd of little girls coming out, laughing and chattering, their satchels swinging from their wrists. She put down her work.

"My eyes seem failing lately," she said aloud. "They ache when I sew."

Then she arose and pulled her stiff, white curtain aside, very carefully, not to spoil its starched perfection, and looked out at the children.

She shrank away, as Spotty used to shrink when any one crossed the yard, and drew the curtain forward again. But she peeped between its frilled edge and the shutter to see the children.

"Johnny dangerously ill. Diphtheria. Crying for you."

Jack repeated the words to himself over and over again. The wheels of the train hammered them out; the rattle of the windows, the breathing of his sleepy fellow-passengers, the heavy thumping of the thing that ached somewhere inside his head.

He was in the top of his head the not quite sure which all worried and pursued him with their senseless iteration. Sometimes the refrain would break off for a moment and let him hear another one that was going on more softly underneath it, scarcely audible, but always going on: "You'll come too late; you'll come too late; you'll come too late."

Surely that must be St. Albans, that blur of brown streets in the shadowy landscape as the train rushed past. He would soon be home now. But it was a long time since Molly's telegram had called him from his breakfast in Edinburgh and set him tearing to the station for the first train back to London.

He raised the window blind and looked out. It was growing dark already, but it grows dark so early in winter. Patches of snow gleamed faintly here and there in the level pasture land.

Somehow he had never realized till to-day what the child was to him. Indeed, he had never had much time for thinking about his personal affections; there were always so many things to do, what with the hospital and the microscope work, and chance jobs of coaching students for examinations, to make both ends meet. One couldn't afford to neglect opportunities for earning a few odd pounds here and there, with three mouths to feed and Johnny's education to save up for. And when he did get free, he was tired or worried about patients, or rushing across the Continent in express trains in response to wild telegrams from Theo.

Poor Theo! The periodical tragedies with his duchesses and countesses had a trick of coming at such inconvenient times; and they were so real to him, while they lasted. Only a year ago he had tried to asphyxiate himself with charcoal fumes, together with the misunderstood and beautiful young wife of some ambassador. The farewell telegram had come when Jack was down with influenza, and he had dragged himself out of bed and caught the mail for Brussels. He had arrived just in time to open the windows and to keep the scandal out of the papers, and administer the first restoratives and then consolation and fatherly advice to the two grown-up children. They had probably forgotten each other's existence by now.

"You'll come too late. You'll come too late."

It was a bit hard that it should be diphtheria, the very disease that he had toiled and labored over, that had been the centre of his secret hopes for the last three years. He was nearly convinced now that he was on the track of discovery; but what use are discoveries if they cannot save the child you love?

He lowered the blind again and leaned back in his corner with closed eyes. He had been tired when he left Edinburgh; and now his head throbbed like a steam-thresher.

Ah, the staircase . . . and the door that creaked when his uncle pushed it open . . . and the room with the sloping ceiling . . . the two rafters . . . He started and opened his eyes. He had slipped back somehow to childhood, to the vicarage at Porthcarrick, to the room of horrors. It was some years now since he had last been troubled by that particular nightmare, the same which had haunted him after Helen died. He brushed one hand across his forehead; it was quite wet.

"Tickets, please!"

As the door jerked open he sat up straight and realized dimly that he had been bargaining in his sleep with some unknown god; promising to forget Porthcarrick, to wipe out the image of the gable room, if the child might but live.

His sister met him under the disinfectant sheet on the landing of the stairs. Her face wore a strangely passive look, as if she had been suddenly awakened, as if her eyes were still heavy with sleep.

"Molly," he said, and paused; then again, in a whisper: "Molly—?"

She leaned her head against his shoulder.

"You're too late."

They went into the room. It had already been put in order; a shaded lamp burned beside the cot where Johnny lay like a big wax doll, his yellow hair spread round him. A bunch of snowdrops had been placed in his right hand. Jack knelt down and stayed a long time motionless and silent. At last he uncovered his face and kissed the rigid baby hands. As he rose, the sleeve of his coat brushed against the lamp-shade and tilted it back. A band of yellow light fell across the cot and lit up the profile of the little corpse. It was like Helen's.

Jack stood quite still beside the cot. The minutes dragged by heavily, and he stood looking. Something seemed to have dried up in him, and withered. One made so many mistakes in life, and when one found them out they mattered very little; indeed, nothing in the world mattered much.

Something moved on the other side of the cot. It was Molly; and as he looked up their eyes met. She put out her hands as if he had struck her.

"Ah, don't look so hard! He wanted to tell you; it was not his fault, it was mine!"

"It was mine," he answered wearily, and turned away. "I might have seen."

He crossed the room and leaned upon the mantel-piece, looking down into the fireless grate. Molly came to him.

"I couldn't tell you, dear; it might have made you hate him. He has no one else in the world that will love him faithfully, only you and me; and me he has forgotten. If you were to desert him—"

She broke off. Jack had not moved, and his face was still hard. She slipped her arm about his neck, as Helen used to do.

"Remember, he is not quite a human being. It is not fair to blame him if he hurts us; he can't understand responsibilities, any more than an angel might, or a skylark. It's not his fault that he has genius. And if I bore a child to him, he bore one to me: his first symphony. Anyhow, if there ever was anything to forgive, I forgive it long ago. Some one must pay for the music."

He shook his head with a hopeless gesture.

"You don't understand. It wasn't of you I was thinking. You can't be quite forsaken while I live; and at the worst you're a grown woman and can defend yourself, as far as any creature can, in a world like this. But if you and I had happened to die, there are so many chances in life; and the child had lived, and fallen into uncle's hands—I wonder, did he ever think of that?"

She drew his head down, against her cheek.

"Dear, that is morbid and unjust; it's not like you, you are always so just. There was never much danger for Johnny; surely either you or I could always have managed to save him from that, if only with a little chloroform. And anyway the fates have been merciful; whatever they may do to us, they have at least spared the child. Jack, you have no right to be bitter against him, the child has suffered no wrong. He has hurt no one but me, and I have not complained."

"Don't be afraid," he answered, sighing. "It will make no difference; nothing will ever make any difference. He's her son and he has a right to me. I must just bear it."

A knock at the street door roused him.

"That sounds like a telegram. From Edinburgh, perhaps; I was to have shown some sections to-night. For me, Susan? No, there's no answer."

There was a little hush after he shut the door.

"Is it from Edinburgh?" Molly asked, looking round. Jack was standing by the table, the telegram still in his hand. As he turned his head to answer, the look on his face cut her to the heart. Something faint and bitter, scarcely a smile, flickered for an instant round the bearded mouth.

"No," he said. "Something wrong with one of the duchesses, I suppose."

He handed her the telegram. It was dated from Paris.

"A dreadful misfortune has happened. Come to me.—Theo."

She laid the paper down in silence and went back to her place by the dead child.

Jack passed a hand across his eyes. A dim reflection of his childish misery flitted before him, and vanished; a half-forgotten image of a bird flying away from an open cage. He went back to the cot.

"Molly, how much money have we in the house?"

"Three sovereigns and a little silver."

He looked at his watch.

"I'd better take the gold and write you a cheque to go on with. Where's the carbolic, dear? Ask Susan to call a hansom while I get disinfected; I've only just time to catch the boat-train; it starts at nine from Charing Cross."

He stood a moment silent, looking down; then stooped, and drew the sheet over Johnny's head.

THE END.

A Hard Job.

One afternoon in the trenches an Irish soldier discovered that one of his company was wearing a nice new pair of boots. "How did you manage to get hold of them?" asked Pat, enviously. "Well," said his friend, "I stole out of the trench last night, and found them on a German I killed."

Pat became thoughtful and that night disappeared. Early next morning he staggered back into the trenches carrying a pair of boots. Making for his friend he whispered: "I've had the hardest job of my life. Had to kill about fifty of the blighters before I got a pair to fit me."

## Vaseline Camphor Ice

Soothes and smooths chapped hands and lips. Keeps the skin soft. Sold in metal boxes and tin tubes at chemists and general stores everywhere.

Refuse substitutes.

Free booklet on request.



CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.  
(Consolidated)  
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

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## POULTRY

### LESSONS FROM FAILURES.

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

When failures occur in a small way they do not seem to be very serious, but a failure on a big scale with large amounts involved may mean, at least, temporary disablement and place the individual beyond recovery for some considerable time. In the poultry game it is so easy to dream of immense possibilities, and, based on cost per hen, average production and profit, just by a little multiplication arrange the profits and immensity of the business to perfectly suit the desire of the operator.

Knowledge and the application of it seem to be absolutely essential, and whether secured through expert help or actual experience on the part of the owner, it is most unreasonable to look for any degree of profit without them. In the time that it takes one to gain the knowledge or experience in the necessary details for profitably growing and breeding of poultry the good values of the original stock may be lost and entirely ruined at a loss of most of the first expenditure. If the start is small improvement can be made, and, if necessary, a fresh start made, with but little loss. The dream of the possibilities in the first place may be quite correct, but without the application of known ways of securing results they never could be realized. Quite true many variations of systems are used, but the close analysis of each will be bound to furnish evidence of supplying the same essentials. Where better results are obtained the required elements are furnished in better balance and in more satisfactory manner.

Watching the operations of a big start for amassing of big profits in a nearby well equipped plant has prompted this article. Here was the case of a man, rich in business experience, being a very successful manufacturer, but woefully lacking in the poultry knowledge that goes to produce even ordinary results. In his own business accustomed to watch and control every detail, his natural tendency was to keep the same watchful eye on directing the poultry and using really inexperienced workers with the poultry. At the start it was an inspiration to talk chicken, for it conjured up pictures of a manufacturing plant, where all kinds of poultry products were turned out as they might be from a factory, and by using attractive packages and judicious advertising building up a steady trade, that would bring in a continuous profit. Here was the case of a man who actually believed that in a year's time he could, with a hundred-acre farm, mostly laid out in fruit, establish a plant that could produce everything and buy nothing. What a delusion he has found that to be!

But what has been the trouble? In his own business success was not accomplished in a few weeks or a year. No, it has taken a great many years to perfect the organization, and there were many years when the work was hard and up-hill. Could he expect results at once that could be called good unless he could supplement his good equipment with the knowledge and experience that was so essential in his own business? On the plant a 1,400-capacity incubating and brooding equipment was installed, which, together with the 4,000-capacity colony houses, were the best earmarks of good judgment on the place. To handle the building up to this equipment a man who has no special knowledge of poultry was hired to "buy up" for the plant. He certainly bought up the "riff raff" of the community. Men told the writer they offered their culls and good-for-nothing runts, telling the man they were only such, and he seemed satisfied to buy at a lower price and, we suppose, got a higher commission. This foundation stock to work with and a young man in charge who hardly knew a game from a turkey was the nucleus for a producing poultry farm selling prime quality at the biggest profits.

Had the young man been an enthusiast and known what he professed to, he could soon have cleaned out the worst of the truck they had and done something with the balance, but this stuff ate up a good deal the first winter and continued to do so right along. Of course the owner discovered before long that he was wrong and in a proper business way made changes. Advertising for the right man to handle a big plant brought about an arrangement for the daily visit from one who was operating his own plant successfully, but this could not bring the success desired, although it certainly made a wonderful change, and fortunately the suggestions for getting the right kind of foundation stock began to look like added expense.

With a nice start, several thousand chicks well started, and something dependable to work with, here was a fair chance to make a creditable start, but the dollars failed to roll in at once in large volume and the whole plant is left to shift along in a careless way under the guidance of a general farmer with his young son to specially look after the chickens. The owner told the writer that he realized fully that it is a much more complicated matter than he had supposed requiring intimate knowledge. As he

## Fresh from the Gardens

of the finest Tea-producing country in the world.

# "SALADA"

TEA

B 74

Sealed Packets Only.

Try it—it's delicious. BLACK GREEN or MIXED.

said, "I can see it requires an expert who knows all the details."

It reminds us of the remark made by a veteran when he was told of the fine birds a new man had bought. Very promptly he said, "Wait till we see what he does with them. It all depends on whether he is a fancier or not. Otherwise he cannot get results." Many times has this remark come back to us indicating the one thing lacking.

Poultry is not a product of ordinary manufacture. Nature's laws and causes must have the first consideration. Truly a man can mould form and feathers considerably to his own liking, but it is a long process of painstaking effort. Apprenticeship lasts for life and then all has not been learned. Truly, much can be seen in other's failures to warn the thoughtful into better methods. It hurts to see fine equipment, good poultry knowledge. Had this man to depend on this enterprise he would have made it come, for his efforts must bring results, but because he could let go, he does so, when the turning, with a little of the good judgment the experience must have given him, had arrived for obtaining a portion of the profit he planned on.

### KEPT CHECK ON INDIA.

Kitchener Replaced Native Troops With Territorials.

Answering an article translated from the Yamato newspaper, of Tokio, on the unrest in India and the danger threatening England, an Englishman writes giving more information about the British status in India than has been printed anywhere else, revealing something of Lord Kitchener's chessboard tactics hitherto unknown, and incidentally telling of a "little war" in northern India so far not publicly reported.

"Does the 'Yamato' know that for every regular British battalion withdrawn from India for the purpose of the war a territorial battalion was substituted, so that there has been no kind of diminution of power in that respect? The only diminution of power has been the other way, the withdrawal of Indian regiments. Britain's power, therefore, as regards British fighting men, is greater now than it ever has been in India. We have our full 70,000 British troops still in India. And the Mohammedan soldiers, since the mutiny, have never been allowed to fill a whole battalion of an Indian regiment. I believe that no Indian battalion contains more than 400 Mohammedans. So that a combined rising by Mohammedan soldiers is hardly likely. And the ordinary Indian, untrained to arms and without a leader, is quite innocuous. The real danger of unrest is one that has always been with us, not in the Punjab itself, but on the north-western frontier, among the hills-men, to whom a fight is as joyous a thing as it is to Paddy. We have already had one campaign—hardly mentioned in the papers—against these hill-men during this last hot weather, and they were mighty sorry they attempted to twist the lion's tail."

Many a man has built his success on the foundation of another's man's failure.

### DOGS IN WAR.

Six Bring in 49 Russians to Red Cross In One Night.

English police dogs, of which there are six attached to the 21st Flying Column of the Russian Red Cross, have proved their worth in many instances on Russian battlefields, writes an Associated Press correspondent at Petrograd. In one night, near the village of Kute (vicinity of Lovitch), these wise animals hunted out in grain fields, over which the battle surged, and brought relief to 49 wounded men.

The dogs had been brought from London by authorities of the city of Vernaya for use in tracking down thieves and murderers, with which the place was infested. Within a few weeks they enabled the police to round up these criminals. One dog, who still retains his English name "Jack," slightly Russianized, was several times sent to Moscow, Kiev and Odesa to similarly aid the police of those cities.

In times of inactivity of the troops the dogs are frequently used to convey dispatches from one section of the column to another, and always perform their task with unerring fidelity. During battle even under heavy fire they search out the wounded by scent, and the sanitars may be certain the man to whom they are led is still alive, since the dogs instinctively ignore the dead. Having found a wounded man the animals will carry his cap or a mitten back to the sanitars, who follow to the spot. Each animal wears a pair of miniature saddle bags, in which he carries flasks of brandy.

In appearance the dogs resemble the Airedale or the Irish terrier. An exhibition of man-hunting was given for the benefit of the 1st Siberian Corps. A soldier was directed to hide in a clump of bushes two blocks distant in a field. The sanitars released the dog and directed him in the general direction of the spot. After making several wide circles the animal caught the scent and made straight for the hiding-place at top speed, returning presently with a glove. The sanitars tucked a small package in the saddle pocket and away went the dog on his return journey. The sanitars, to carry out the deception, followed, and appeared to assist the hiding man, while the dog looked on with apparent interest.

### Canada's Wealth.

The value of the production in Canada last year from field crops, forests, mines and fisheries is given in the annual number of The Monetary Times at approximately \$1,123,169,535 as compared with \$975,380,006 in 1914. The details for the two years are as follows, the figures for 1915 being necessarily to some extent an estimate, but well within the mark:—

	1914.	1915.
Field crops . . .	\$638,580,300	\$ 788,919,535
Forests . . .	176,672,000	175,000,000
Mines . . .	128,863,075	128,000,000
Fisheries . . .	31,264,631	31,250,000
	\$975,380,006	\$1,123,169,535

And many a man's progress down the stream of life is impeded by his getting stuck on a bar.

## AN IDEAL TONIC

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and you feel down-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 not 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.

## HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know that when you sell or buy through the sales you have about one chance in fifty to escape sale stables distemper. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." SPOHN'S is sold by all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturer.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.  
Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.



**RHEUMATISM**  
**STIFF JOINTS**  
**SPRAINS**

**KILLS PAIN**

**Does Pain Interfere?**  
There is a remedy  
**Sloan's Liniment**

Read this unsolicited grateful testimony—

Not long ago my left knee became lame and sore. It pained me many restless nights. So serious did it become that I was forced to consider giving up my work when I chanced to think of Sloan's Liniment. Let me say—less than one bottle fixed me up.  
Chas. C. Campbell, Florence, Tex.



## THE AGONIES OF NEURALGIA

### A Nerve Trouble, Always Due to Weak, Watery Blood.

Only those who have been attacked with neuralgia can form the faintest idea of what its victims suffer. A tingling of the tender skin, a sharp sudden stab from some angry nerve; then piercing paroxysms of pain—that is neuralgia. The cause of the trouble is disordered nerves, due to weak, watery blood. The cure is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new, rich, red blood, and thus soothe and strengthen the disordered nerves and cure neuralgia. Mr. Louis Martin, Mildmay, Ont., says:—"I am writing to let you know the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me. Two years ago I was a physical wreck. My nerves were all unstrung and I suffered tortures from neuralgia, in the head and throughout the nervous system generally. I was almost unfit for work, and only managed to get along with the greatest difficulty. I doctored for about five months, and in this time took over forty dollars worth of medicine without any benefit. More, I was actually growing worse, and finally had to take to my bed. My nerves got so bad that I could not turn over in bed without help, and the pain was something awful. As I am a farmer, you can easily see that necessary work was being neglected, so I sent for a brother who was in Alberta, to come and take charge of the work. When my brother arrived he at once urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, telling me of some cures that had come under his observation. I got half a dozen boxes, and before they were all gone there was no doubt they were helping me. Altogether I used nine boxes of the Pills, and by that time I was a well man, and it is impossible to say how thankful I was for my release from pain."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### SOLDIERS' LINGO.

#### Battlefield Slang Used In the Great War.

The British soldier, in his fondness for slang, calls all shells "souvenirs." But these "souvenirs," says The New York Times, are divided into "will-o'-the-wisps," "humming birds," "Sighing Sarahs," and "porridge pots." "Woolly Marias" are shells that burst in puffs of white, woolly smoke. "Baby" and "mother" are types of British guns. Bullets are "haricot beans." The emergency ration is known as the "imaginary ration," and barbed-wire entanglements are "fly traps" and "spiders' webs." A battle is a "show," and an important battle is a "picture show." To be captured is to be "scuttled," to be wounded is to be "washed out," and to be killed is to be "put in a bag."

The German soldiers call bomb-dropping from an aeroplane "laying eggs." The pilot of the plane is always called "Emil" or "Heinrich," and the observer "Franz." From the observer's nickname the soldiers have coined the verb "franzing," to make a military observation, and another, "verfranzing," to observe mistakenly or carelessly. The enemy's projectiles they call "woolly bears," or "Rowdy Henrys," or "trailer wagons"; and if they are shrapnel, they are known as "sprinkling cans."

### NO "FRILLS"

#### Just a Statement About Food.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveller suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A travelling man writes: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me."

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use, but finally, to humor her, I tried a little, and they just struck my taste. It was the first food that I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering."

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve, and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October. "My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over, and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand to-day a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do."

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

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.

### A PICTURE OF WAR.

#### A Traveller Describes Devastated Serbia.

Conditions in invaded Serbia are described in the London press by Colonel Govaars, of the Salvation Army, who has just completed a six months' tour of that country in the interests of his organization. The country he speaks of lies in the northwest, from which the Austrians were driven out in their first invasion.

One village, which a year ago had 2,300 inhabitants and 350 houses now has 1,100 inhabitants and only 126 whole houses, according to Colonel Govaars. Of the other houses, 90 were destroyed and 134 so badly damaged as to be uninhabitable. Even those surviving had to be considerably patched up. This village had formerly more than 1,000 draught oxen. Now there are two. Out of 2,000 cows only 14 remain and 27 sheep and goats have to make up for 3,200 or more. There were formerly 70,000 chickens and 17,000 pigs, but only a dozen or so now take their place.

In this same community, said Colonel Govaars, 46 families were wiped out, and families formerly consisting of 30 or 40 members are now represented by one or two. The colonel met a widow who was the sole survivor of a family of 28. When the Austrians occupied the place many civilians were killed in the shelling, others were taken away as prisoners, and an epidemic swept away 305 of the refugees who returned after the Austrian occupation.

"When I reached the district," he continued, "the people were living on corn meal and unripe fruit, chiefly plums. No other food was obtainable, except by the few who lived near military posts and could depend on the charity of the soldiers."

"In another village I met the case of a woman whose husband had been killed in battle while starvation and disease left her only one child out of seven. Another woman I talked with was the sole survivor of a family of eleven. I passed deserted houses, and when I asked what had become of the people, I heard but the one answer, 'Died out.' Miles and miles of rich land lie absolutely waste, covered with weeds and thistles. The great plum orchards of the district were bearing fruit at the time of my visit, but there was no one to pick and dry it. Formerly the farmers used to distil plum brandy on their premises, but all of the copper stills were taken away by the invaders. There was no labor and no means of transportation."

"In another village I stood on the ruins of a farmhouse in which 109 persons had been burned alive. Their bones were collected and buried in a hillside nearby. In one pit the bodies of 90 civilians had been thrown and buried."

### A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN

Mrs. Geo. Huffman, Willington, Ont., writes:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and can recommend them as a wonderful medicine for children. I am the mother of five and have used no other medicine for any of them." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing of the Tablets. That is why once a mother has used them for her little ones she would use nothing else. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### A COLD CURE THAT CURES.

#### May Come In Handy This Treacherous Wintry Weather.

"I've cured my cold," he said. "I'll tell you how I did it. The information ought to come in handy this treacherous weather."

"I boiled a quart of wormwood and horehound together and drank it hot. Then I took two pills, and put one kind of plaster on my chest, another kind on my back and a third kind under each arm."

"Thanks to my governor's advice, I had sense enough to clap a mustard plaster on my stomach also, and to sleep with red-hot bricks at my feet."

"An old lady brought me a bottle of goose oil and showed me how to take it—you suck it, you know, off a quill. My uncle from the country turned up with a bundle of herbs; these herbs made a tea that I took a cup of every half hour. On a cousin's advice I got outside an enormous dose of salts."

"My wife got me to take three pills of her own make—they were brown, bitter and about the size of eggs. They did me good, too."

"The crisis was now reached, and I retired to my bedroom. There, after tossing off a pint of tar balsam, I talowed my nose, steamed my legs in a alcohol bath and took large doses of hot rum, spearmint tea and castor oil, which were severely recommended by a sea captain, my minister and my grocer. Then I took seven different kinds of pills, wrapped round my neck an old stocking of my wife's soaked in hot vinegar and salt and got into bed."

"As I dozed off they burned feathers on a shovel before me."

"That completed the cure. I am now well. I recommend this simple cure to cold sufferers."

Farmer's Wife—"Are you the same man who ate my apple pastry last week?" Laborer—"No, mum, I'll never be the same man again."

### GERMANS SICK OF WAR.

#### Men in the Trenches Are Now Ardent Peace Advocates.

Mr. Romaine Roland of Vienna, who is a strong advocate of peace, contributes a letter to the Semaine Littéraire from a German soldier who is fighting in the trenches in northern France.

"My whole experience at the front," the letter says, "and everything I hear and see in these trenches strengthens my conviction that every man who has anything to do with this war is sick and tired of it. My only wish is to be able to return home and never again have any part in warfare. I can assure you now that the fighting men here to-day are the peace advocates of the future and of peace at any price. All these men who were so enthusiastic to go to the front sincerely hope and pray that they will not live to see another war on this earth, and that their children's children will be spared such horrors in their lives. It is for this reason that these tired, worn-out and disgusted soldiers are willing to continue fighting until a lasting peace is declared."

### She Gives Them All the Credit

#### Says Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Her Well.

Miss Gertie Newman, After Two Years' Suffering, Tells How She Found a Complete Cure.

Boy's Cove, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld., Jan. 24th (Special).—"After two years of weakness and suffering I am again in perfect health and I give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

That is the statement made by Miss Gertie M. Newman, an estimable young lady living here. She is so overjoyed at her recovery that she wants all suffering women to know how she found her cure.

"I had a cold to start with," Miss Newman continues, "and then things just seemed to go from bad to worse. My back ached, I had cramps in my muscles, and I suffered from headaches. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing, my eyes were puffed and swollen and I perspired freely with the least exertion. I was always irritable and in the mornings I had a bitter taste in my mouth."

"Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills I decided to give them a trial. I took a dozen boxes in all, and you can see how they helped me. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all suffering women."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are suffering woman's best friend.

### "HUNGRY ALL DAY LONG."

#### Berliner Zeitung Reveals German's Distress.

Despite the assertions made in the Reichstag that food is ample and starvation in Germany is impossible, the Berliner Zeitung says: "It is difficult to imagine that things could grow worse just now without some crowning disaster. The masses of the people are hungry all day long, many articles of food having reached a price wholly beyond the reach of the families of the working class. Hunger renders the people sullen and deprives them of all joy in victories, though all the bells are ringing and flags wave. The children are underfed, pale and wan, looking like faded flowers. The extent to which the fall in the birth rate occupies the attention of the Government was shown at the meeting of the People's Welfare Association at Berlin. In the meantime we are informed that the military authorities have forbidden meetings convened to discuss the dearth of living."

"For the midday meal," the Vorwaerts says, "one must not arrange matters according to his wish, taste or habit, but must select those foods which are most cheaply obtained. You are advised to hold over water in which sausages have been boiled, which is described as an extraordinarily nutritious fluid, rich in fat. This fluid with plain boiled potatoes is enough for an entire meal."

### Why Roman Meal is Best for Your Child

The intestinal muscles must have waste to properly develop. The growing muscles and organs must have abundant nutrition. The teeth and bones, nerves, muscles, organs, and blood must all have abundant inorganic salts. Roman Meal is filled with branny waste which gives the intestinal muscles exercise, preventing constipation and indigestion. It has more inorganic salts than any other known food. It's the most nutritious food sold. Ask your doctor. Do not stir Roman Meal Porridge. At grocers, 10c and 25c.

Roman Meal is made by Roman Meal Co., Toronto, and your grocer can procure it from any wholesaler.

### Not Afraid.

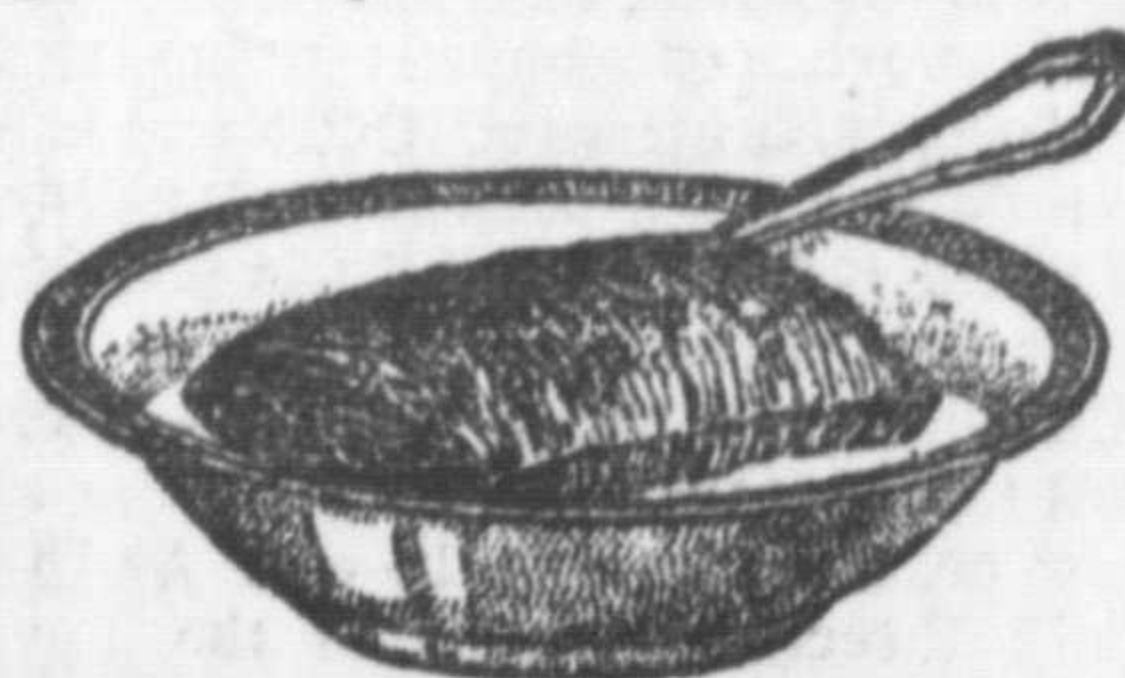
Employer—"Well, what did he say when you called to collect that bill?" Clerk—"That he would break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face there again."

Employer—"Then go back at once and tell him he can't frighten me by his violence."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

Is Your House a Home—or is it a collection of brick walls, carpets, chairs and tapestries? Make it a home by serving for breakfast Shredded Wheat, the food of health and strength. Being ready-cooked it is so easy to prepare a delicious meal with Shredded Wheat in a few minutes. Contains all the goodness of the whole wheat—better than porridges for children or grown-ups. Made in Canada.



### From Erin's Green Isle

#### NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S GREEN SHORES.

#### Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to All True Irishmen.

Over 100,000 men from the Emerald Isle have joined the colors.

Mrs. Ellen Farrey was knocked down by a train near Dromore and killed. Four of her sons are now in the trenches in France.

Belfast Central Mission has organized a scheme for ministering to the needs of soldiers' children, whose fathers are on active service.

Sir Charles Cameron, head of the Dublin Public Health Department, reports that 28 deaths from measles have occurred in Dublin during the past four weeks.

At the half yearly meeting of the Incorporated Law Society of Ireland in Dublin, it was announced that out of the 80 solicitors practising 59 had joined the forces.

Omagh Rural Council have received many complaints as to a sewer in Carrickmore which has caused a great outbreak of disease. Dr. Hunter was instructed to report on it.

In opening the Ulster Winter Asizes at Belfast, Mr. Justice Kenny said that good order prevails throughout the north of Ireland, and general criminality has declined.

A notice has been issued by Major-Gen. L. B. Friend, commanding the troops in Ireland, to Irish gunsmiths, prohibiting the manufacture or sale of firearms or ammunition in Ireland without his consent.

The Donegal County Council at a recent meeting took no action in connection with a communication from the Lord Mayor of Belfast appealing for the council's support and co-operation in regard to recruiting.

An alarming explosion took place in Dublin when a sub-station for the electric lighting of the district situated at the corner of Forbes Street, was blown up and completely destroyed. The cause of the explosion has not yet been ascertained.

### Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by MURINE Eye Remedy. No Smearing, Just Eye Comfort.

Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. MURINE Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or MURINE Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

### Feel Better Filled.

"Mamma, I've got a stomach ache," said Nellie Blyth, aged six. "That's because you have been without lunch. Your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it." That afternoon the minister called, and in course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a severe headache. "That's because it's empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."

### ABSORBINE

Reduces Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Sores, Swellings from Bruises or Strains; stops Spavin Lameness, allays pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 M free.

ABSORBINE, 18c, for mankind—an antiseptic liniment for bruises, cuts, wounds, strains, painful, swollen veins or glands. It heals and soothes. \$1.00 a bottle at druggists or postpaid. Will tell you more if you write. Made in the U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. B. 516, 516 Lyndale Bldg., Montreal, Can.



### MARY, THE TRENCH COW.

#### Has Supplied Milk to Men on Section of the Front.

The Rev. G. H. Donald, in a letter to the congregation of the West Parish Church, Aberdeen, published in the Aberdeen Free Press, says:

"I was walking up a trench for the first time with the signalling officer, and as we trudged along sniffing the air I said to him, 'Hello, there's a cow here!' We very soon found the cow in a dug-out all its own with the superscription, 'Mary' and the little rhyme about the 'crumpled horn' and a 'dug-out that the French had built.'"

"This cow is entered in the books as a 'trench store' and has supplied us with excellent milk. She has been well fed and well tended. Ration biscuits and grass are her staple food. A soldier farm-boy lovingly tends her, and a sentry is set over her while she feeds on the precious grass plot at the edge of the wood lest some marauding villain from the next battalion should covet her."

"She's the picture of content, and the other day a shell burst twenty-five yards from her dug-out and ruined it with bullets and mud."

### TO SAVE EYES

#### Is the Object of This Free Prescription—Try It If Your Eyes Give You Trouble.

Thousands of people suffer from eye troubles because they do not know what to do. They know some good home remedy for every other minor ailment, but none for their eye troubles. They neglect their eyes, because the trouble is not sufficient to drive them to an eye specialist, who would, anyway, charge them a heavy fee. As a last resort they go to an optician or to the five and ten-cent store, and oftentimes get glasses that they do not need, or which, after being used a few months, do their eyes more injury than good.

Here is a simple prescription that every one should use: 5 grains Bon-Opto, 2 ounces water. Use three or four times a day to bathe the eyes. This prescription and the simple Bon-Opto system keeps the eyes clean, sharpens the vision and quickly overcomes inflammation and irritation; weak, watery, overworked, tired eyes and other similar troubles are greatly benefited and oftentimes cured by its use. Many reports show that wearers of glasses have discarded them after a few weeks' use. It is good for the eyes and contains no ingredient which would injure the most sensitive eyes of an infant or the aged. Try it, and know for once what real eye comfort is. If your own druggist cannot fill this prescription, send \$1 to the Valmas Drug Co., Toronto, for a complete Bon-Opto Home Treatment outfit—tablets and all.

### When He Married.

Robert Lowe, the great English Commoner, was exceedingly sarcastic and frequently ungallant. Upon the occasion of a well-known wedding he began to descant on the absurdities of the marriage service. "When I married," he said, "all the worldly goods with which I endowed my wife might have been carried in a bundle over my shoulder." "Ah! but there was your great intellect." "Well, I certainly did not endow you with that, dear," was the rejoinder.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Sirs,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for the past 25 years and whilst I have occasionally used other liniments I can safely say that I have never used any equal to yours.

If rubbed between the hands and inhaled frequently, it will never fail to cure cold in the head in 24 hours. It is also the Best for bruises, sprains, etc.

Yours truly,  
J. G. LESLIE.

Dartmouth.

### So Flat.

Little Boy—"Didn't you get wounded at all?"

Soldier—"No, not at all."

Little Boy—"Not even a slight wound?"

Soldier—"Not even a scratch."

Little Boy—"Why, you might just as well have stayed at home."

### SPEND THE WINTER IN CALIFORNIA

Round trip Winter Tourist tickets on sale daily to California via variable direct and scenic routes.

Four fast modern trains leave Chicago daily from the most modern railway terminal in the world.

Overland Limited (Extra Fare) leaves 7:00 P.M., Los Angeles Limited—direct to Southern California—leaves 10:00 P.M., San Francisco Limited leaves 10:00 P.M., California Mail leaves 10:45 P.M.

Let us help you plan an attractive trip. Booklets, giving full particulars, mailed on application to B. H. Bennett, G.A. Chicago & North Western Ry., 46 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

### Man's Inconsistency.

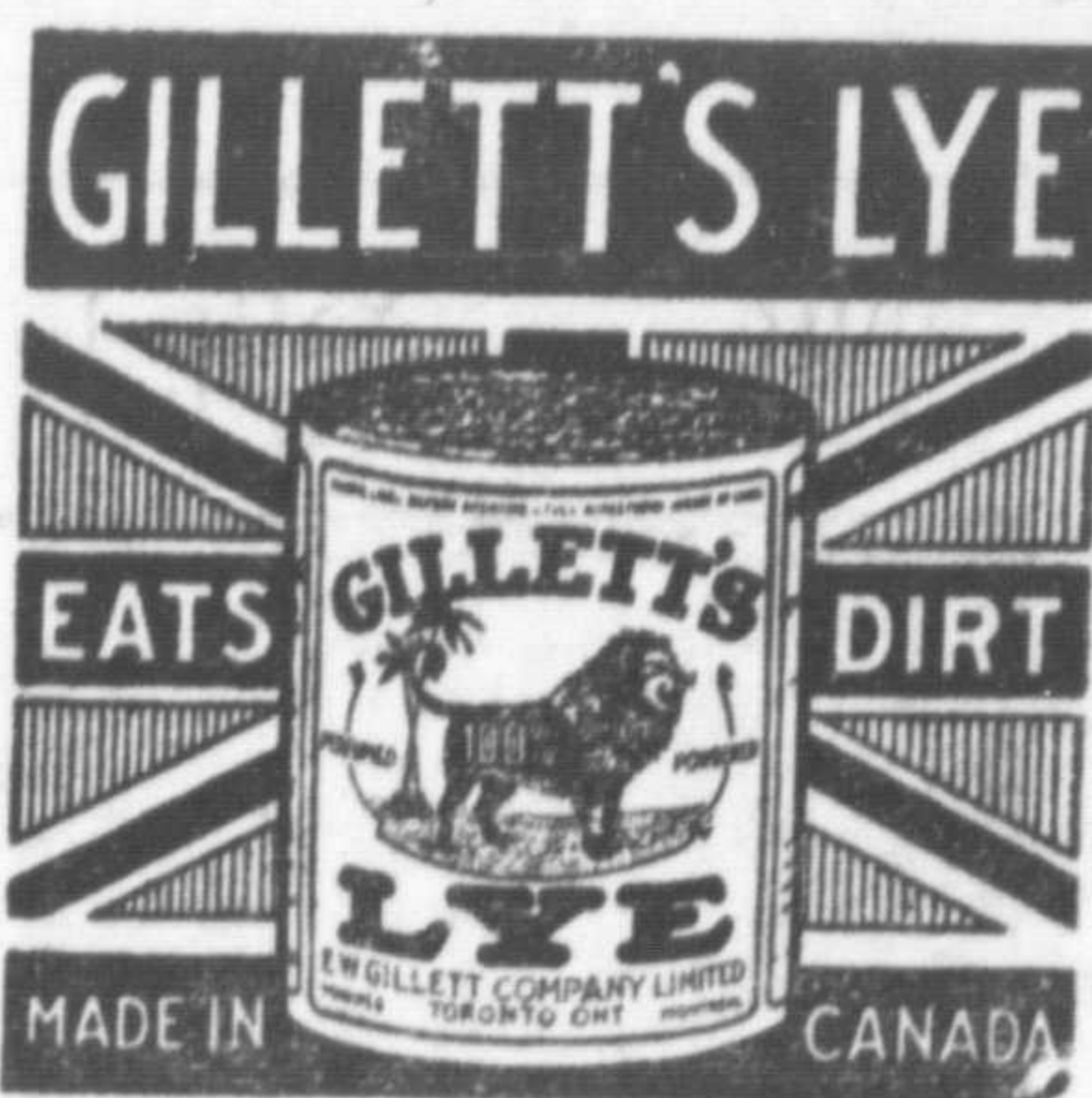
Bride—"There, I knew how it would be. We have not been married a month, and already you have ceased to care for me." Young husband—"Why, my love, what can you be thinking of? You are dearer to me than ever." "It isn't so; I know it isn't. You took meals at our house lots of times before we were married, and you scarcely touched anything. Ma said she knew you were truly in love because you had no appetite." "Of course, dear, but—" "And now you are actually complaining just because I forgot to get anything for breakfast."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

### Why So?

"Oh, yes, we are engaged to be married next spring. But I fear she has not that utter confidence in me that comes with perfect love." "Why so?" "Well, when a fellow looks back—as fellows in love naturally will, you know—and sees her testing the diamond in her engagement ring on the window-pane, don't you think he has good cause to feel a bit dubious?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.



### More to See.

Gosling—"Hullo, old man, how are you? I haven't seen much of you lately."

Maddox—"You have seen more of me than I have of you."

Gosling—"How do you make that out?"

Maddox—"Well, I'm much bigger than you."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Youth is going to do things to-morrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

### FARMS FOR SALE.

FARMS—ALL SIZES—STOCK, Grain, Dairy or Fruit. When you want to buy, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, Ont.

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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.

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METAL STONE FRONT CONSTRUCTION  
The salesman that works every day and night during the year. Send for catalog "W".  
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**DIRK'S RED MITE KILLER**  
One application KILLS all Mites and prevents their re-appearance during the season. Keeps fowls free from body lice. Makes scaly legs bright and clean. Keeps yard, poultry and sweets free from ants. Bedbugs will give no trouble where used. Write today for special trial price. Booklet free.  
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THE STANDARD FOR THIRTY YEARS  
Temperature Right, Day and Night Saves Fuel. Starts Fire Before You Awake. Is Automatic.  
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The Ideal Winter Resort  
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Stays good looking—and old harness looks like new when you give it regular applications of  
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### For Slippery Sidewalks

Try a Pair of our Ice Creepers  
25c. a pair put on your boots or rubbers.

### Viscal Oil

The only Oil Guaranteed Waterproof.  
We sell it, 25c. per tin.

### Cats-Paw Rubber Heels

Wear like iron and give spring and elasticity to the step.

Try a pair on your next shoes, or put them on the old ones. 25c. or 50c. put on.

And last but not least we sell Nugget Shoe Polish—the best polish made.

**P. E. SMILEY.**

#### LOCAL NEWS.

##### Because He Loved a Friend

It was in an attempt to reach a badly wounded comrade that Private James Hart of Renfrew met his death. Down the trench he went after his pal. He had heard he was wounded and crawled out of the safety of his dug-out to get to him. It was evening, and the Huns were concentrating their fire on a weak part of the trench. Hart must have known that it would be almost certain death to pass that point. One can almost see him crouching there, debating the situation. The sight of his chum's still form settled it, and he took the chance. He took more than a chance. He took the contents of a rifle grenade in that very body of his. Badly wounded the stretcher-bearers got him to the ambulance, and inside the van he died. It was a death of deliberate self-sacrifice.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS

to the  
**Soldiers' Tobacco Fund.**

The following amounts have been paid in to the Soldiers' tobacco fund, since the list published on 23rd —

25-cent subscriptions, collected by W. E. Maitland:  
Wm. Barber, Shawville, Que.  
A. H. Hodgins, "  
John Brownlee, "  
Wm. H. Hodgins, "  
Audrey Eades, "  
Thos. Dale, "  
Robert Telford, "  
C. J. Carson, R. R. No. 2 Shawville.  
R. Millar, Campbell Bay, Que.  
Total—\$2.25

Collected by THE EQUITY:—  
\$1.00—D. A. Smith, Shawville, Que.  
.25—Crawford Carson, "  
.25—R. W. Ralph, "  
.25—Harry Creighton, Wyman, Q.  
Total—\$1.75

Total collected and forwarded to date \$63.35.  
Since received, Wm. Moore, Otter Lake, Que.—50 cents.

The second instalment of the above amount (\$23.35) was forwarded to the Secretary of the Overseas Club on Jan. 21st, and we shall be pleased to forward any further subscriptions that come in. It may be well to explain that no record is kept of the money deposited in the change boxes in the stores. If you have a quarter or more to give, and wish to have it known, hand it to the collectors, already named and have your name put in the subscription book. The boxes are only intended for small change.

#### FOR SALE

1 good Driving Horse  
1 1/2 year-old colt, by Landie  
1 good Mare, weight 1400 lbs.  
8 new Cutters, will be sold at cost  
1 pair second-hand Sloops  
1 pair new Sloops  
1 set second-hand Driving Harness  
Call at once and get a snap.  
J. L. HODGINS,  
McConnell Agent.

#### LIVING HIGH IN THE AIR.

Quito, In Ecuador, With Winter Above and Summer Below It.

Quito, in Ecuador, lifted nearly two miles into thin air, has always boasted its "perpetual spring," but in sooth it would be just as fair to call its climate "perpetual autumn." With a temperature that hovers about 60 degrees F. in the shade, the Quitonian passes his life in early April or late October.

He escapes the winter, to be sure, but misses the vernal miracle that redeems the higher latitude. But, whether he feels chilled or baked, he can always turn his eye toward comfort.

Out across the plain, about three miles to the north, the road drops 3,000 feet through a stupendous ravine, and from the high places of Quito one can peer down into a semitropical valley, its coffee trees and cane fields dancing in the heat waves.

On the other hand, when the overhead sun scorches there are a score of snow peaks to refresh the eye. As you study through a fieldglass the huge drifts and wild snowstorms on Antisana, which looks out over the rank forests of the "Oriente," you realize that it is easier and safer to get from where you are to Greenland than to reach those polar solitudes only a dozen miles away.

Groves of eucalyptus in the environs of Quito agreeably relieve the majesty of the scenery, and it is said that this province has a third of a million of these trees. President Moreno introduced them from Australia half a century ago, and it was a saying among even the enemies of Moreno that on the day of judgment he will escape the penalty of his misdeeds with the plea, "I gave Ecuador the eucalyptus."

#### PUZZLED THE JAPANESE.

The Tumult a White Woman's Pair of Black Gloves Caused.

Japanese women never wear gloves. Thousands upon thousands of Nippon natives have never seen a pair of gloves. One day an American girl and I were walking through a small village some distance from Tokyo we were at a loss to understand why such a large crowd gathered around us on the street.

In a small town an American always gathers a crowd, but this crowd was particularly thick and excited, and when the Japanese do any looking they want to do it up close. The natives kept looking at my partner, pointing and jabbering away, wildly excited. The crowd kept getting tighter and tighter, while with our hands on our noses we kept trying to push out. They kept pointing at her hands, then at her face, and not until one of them reached over and felt of her hands did we understand what was the matter.

The girl with me had on a pair of black gloves with the ends under her sleeves, so that the excited villagers

were trying to solve the mystery of how a person could have black hands and a white face. When she drew off her gloves, revealing hands the same color as her face, they disappointedly widened enough to let us through.

No doubt if she had not removed her gloves the legend of the woman with the black hands and the white face that once visited the town would have been handed down for years.—Homer Croy in Leslie's Weekly.

#### Form of Divorce in Old Rome.

In the earlier period of the Roman republic divorces were quite unknown and were rare right up to the time of the Sullan wars. In the old days the husband and wife who wished to separate appeared for the last time before the common hearth, a priest and priestess being present. As on the day of marriage, a cake of wheaten flour was presented to the husband and wife, but instead of sharing it between them they rejected it. Then, instead of prayers, they pronounced formulas of a strange, severe, spiteful character, by which the wife renounced the worship and gods of the husband. From that moment the religious bond was broken, and the community of worship having ceased to exist, the marriage without further ado was forever dissolved.

#### Puzzled.

A little girl has a new baby sister, and she has been somewhat puzzled as to the exact status of the new arrival in the family. She had willingly given up her bed, but something still seemed to trouble her greatly. One day she was found surveying the dining room just at mealtime. She looked at her own high chair, then inquired suspiciously of her father, "Where is she going to eat, daddie?"

#### Conciliatory.

Head Walter (dignified and pompous)—Have you ordered, sir? Despairing Patron—Yes, I ordered a porterhouse steak half an hour ago, and I wish to apologize for my rudeness. With your permission I will withdraw it as an order and renew it as a suggestion.

#### Unnecessary Knowledge.

Aunt Sarah (a splinter)—Now, dear, if you would only watch me closely you might learn how to crochet. Little Bessie—Oh, I'm goin' to get married when I grow up.

#### Coca Leaves.

Coca, from the leaves of which cocaine is produced, was known among the Incas as the "divine plant" long before the discovery of America.

#### A Matter of Figures.

Lobbyist—May I submit some figures in support of my contention? Senator—Well, there'll have to be at least four figures.—Pack.

## WHAT CANADA PAYS!

**Soldiers' Pay and Allowances :: Conditions of Enlistment**  
**Provision for Wives, Mothers and Children**

CANADA is determined that her sons shall be as well paid, and their families as well cared for, as a grateful and wealthy country can afford. The scale of pay for Overseas Service, the allowances from the Patriotic Fund, and the pensions, are on a more liberal basis than those of any other country engaged in the war.

#### SCALE OF PAY

RANK	Pay per day	Field Allowance per day	Separation Allowance per month
Sergeants.....	\$1.35	\$0.15	\$25.00
Corporals.....	1.10	.10	20.00
Privates, buglers, drummers, etc.....	1.00	.10	20.00

The men are, of course, fed and clothed by the Government.

The Separation Allowance is the sum paid by the Government to the wife of each enlisted man, or to the widowed mother if the son is unmarried and is her sole support. This is in addition to the part of his pay which is reserved for her.

One-half of a soldier's pay is withheld by the Government and paid to his dependents. This ensures that at least \$35.00 per month is paid by the Government to the wife of each soldier.

#### THE PATRIOTIC FUND

The Patriotic Fund has been created to assist those dependents of a soldier who need more help than the Government gives. From this Fund the following sums are paid if the need exists:

Wives.....	From \$5.00 to \$10.00 per month.
Mothers of unmarried men.....	
Children of Widowers.....	
Children of married men according to age and number in family.....	\$1.50 to \$6.00 each per month.

Ladies representing the Patriotic Fund pay regular visits to families of men on Overseas Service, and give friendly advice and practical help in case of need.

Many employers have pledged themselves to give preference to returned soldiers when engaging men.

#### PENSIONS

The Canadian scale of pensions ranges, for a private soldier, from \$75.00 per year for certain minor injuries to \$264.00 for total disability. In case of death \$22.00 a month is paid to the widow, and \$5.00 a month for each child. A widowed mother whose son was her whole support receives \$22.00 a month.

#### CONDITIONS OF ENLISTMENT

Age—18 to 45 years.

Height—5 feet 2 inches minimum.

#### HOW TO ENLIST

Apply to headquarters of any regiment, or to any recruiting office, or write for information to

**CITIZENS' RECRUITING ASSOCIATION**  
MCGILL BUILDING, MONTREAL

## We Can Do It

That is, supply you with the kind of  
**STOVE, RANGE, HEATER, FURNACE**  
that will give best satisfaction. Call  
and be convinced.

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Shawville, Que.

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**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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All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.

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Manufacturer of and Dealer in

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Suits \$20 to \$40

**ARCHIE DOVER**