

THE EQUITY.

No. 37, 33RD YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, MAR. 9, 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 4,998,304
Total Assets over 89,000,000

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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.

The Bonaventure (Grand Trunk) station at Montreal, was destroyed by fire last Wednesday morning. Loss \$300,000.

The Shawville H. M. Club will hold their regular work meeting on Thursday evening of this week at the home of Mrs. J. A. Cowan.

The Arnprior Watchman has entered upon the twenty-seventh year of its existence, and is showing no sign of decadence.

The town of Carleton Place has subscribed twenty thousand dollars to the Patriotic Fund; Smith's Falls raised twenty-two thousand and Perth seventeen thousand.

W. E. Maitland had a hound poisoned at the animal's kennel in the shed on Saturday night. This is certainly a commingling of sublime audacity with a very dirty and despicable business.

The firm of Gillies Bros. Limited, of Brantford, have presented a complete and up-to-date field kitchen to the 8th Brigade Canadian Field Artillery, C. E. F., which is under the command of Major A. B. Gillies.

Mrs. Geo. H. Davis, of Castleton, Vermont, formerly a resident of Shawville, has been touched by our appeal for smokes for our Canadian boys at the front, and has generously forwarded the sum of \$3.50, to be applied to that purpose. Very many thanks, Mrs. D. We trust that your laudable example will be followed by more of our far-away readers.

HOCKEY

The first of the saw-off games between Campbells Bay and Shawville hockey teams, to decide the championship for this season, and, incidentally, the possession of the Cahill shield, came off at Campbells Bay on Friday evening. Conditions were exceptionally favorable for holding an open-air match and in consequence of that fact coupled with the significance of the contest, the attendance was a record-breaker for Campbells Bay, about \$75 being taken at the gate.

After the recent snow storm, which covered the rink to a depth of several feet, the manager was entitled to not a little credit for the good condition of the ice, thus ensuring, perhaps the most interesting and exciting game ever witnessed at C. B. Several residents said it was the best, and what made it good was the element of uncertainty which was present throughout the whole match from start to finish. It was a case of diamond-cut diamond and at no stage did either team show any marked superiority over the other, considering all points collectively.

The score, which was 5-4 in favor of the visitors, could not have been very much closer, and shows the marked keenness with which every effort was put forth and in turn contested. During the match the score was tied four times, and it looked quite possible that the hour's play would expire with the figures at the 4-4 point, but a lucky side shot put the shield-defenders in the lead, and they managed to maintain it to the end.

Referee Smith handled out a few penalties for tripping, in which the home boys were the chief transgressors. The game, however, was comparatively clean, devoid of any vicious play, and, best of all, there were no accidents worth speaking of.

The next match will be played here on Friday evening of this week. If the boys are all in condition this should be a hammer, and no doubt, many will come out to witness it. The teams are so evenly matched that spectators may rely on seeing a very busy game all through.

About forty Shawvilleites and others from the neighborhood attended the hockey match at Campbells Bay on Friday night, the greater number going by train.

A food sale and tea will be held in the Pontiac House sample room on Saturday afternoon of this week—March 11, by the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian congregation.

Mr. Emerson Mooney, of Onslow Corners section, who is disposing of his moveables by auction next Tuesday, intends removing to the neighborhood of Star City, Sask., there to engage in farming.

THE EQUITY acknowledges with thanks the receipt from Mr. Geo. E. Campbell, M. L. A., a copy of the Statistical Year Book, for 1915, the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and other provincial reports.

A leap-year birthday party was given by Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Howard to their little son Ambrose (aged 4) on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 29, at which there was a goodly assembly of youngsters, who participated in celebrating the glad event, which was the first of the kind to be observed here.

GREAT GAME EXPECTED.—The final match between the Shawville and Campbells Bay teams, to be pulled off on Friday evening of this week should bring out all the hockey enthusiasts of the neighborhood, as the league standing is so close that the coming match is bound to be hotly contested. A very little is needed to turn the scale or clinch the championship for Shawville and it is certain both teams will put forth their best efforts to win. Come early and secure a good position.

Mr. H. S. Barnett, has received an interesting letter from Pte Walter P. Graham, (oldest son of Mr. Ed Graham) who has been in France since the 5th of Sept., but who being engaged with the mechanical transport section (motor trucks) has seen very little of the extreme front, and anyway, the censorship is so strict, that all information respecting the condition of affairs there, or the disposition or location of troops is promptly deleted, which leaves the soldier with practically nothing to write about, except personal matters, the state of the weather, and so on. Walter says there has been an almost continuous rainfall in France this winter, and everywhere there is mud, mud, mud! And they call the country "Sunny France." But he has fairly comfortable quarters, and on the whole is putting in a pretty good time. Up to the date of writing Walter had not received his Xmas parcel (sent from Shawville) but was in hopes of getting it, as Christmas stuff was still arriving.

Attending Grand Lodge

The following members of the Orange Order, representative of the majority of the Lodges in the County, left on Monday afternoon to attend the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, which meets this year at Lacute:

Bros. W. H. Corrigan, Chas. Workman, Wm. F. Smith, J. B. Armstrong, Rev. Charles Reid, Harry McDowell, John Dean, Kenny Hodgins, Herbert Hodgins, D. A. Smith, John McCorriston, Richard Edey.

Hotel Fire at Quyon

The St. Lawrence Hall at Quyon, one of the oldest hostels in the County, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning, the fire starting from the furnace about 2.30. A sample room adjoining the hotel was also destroyed, and a man of the name of Michael Doyle is missing. The hotel of late years has been owned and managed by Mr. Lavolette.

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 \$6,190,400

209 Branches and Agencies in Canada.

A SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT

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

Branches at Shawville and Quyon.

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

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.

AUCTION SALES—J. J. Turner, has the following Auction Sales on for next week:
E. Mooney's, N. Onslow, Mar. 14.
Thos Manary's, Bristol, Mar. 15.

Mr. Lawrence Hamilton left for the West last Friday with two car loads of horses, and other settler's effects.

A St. Patricks Social will be given in the Methodist Church, on Friday night, March 17th. Supper served from 6 to 8 p. m. A select program will also be given. Come and enjoy a good time.

Mr. Erwin Hodgins, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hodgins, of Yarm, has enlisted under Capt. Fisher, of the 139th Batt., Coburg, Ont., and in recognition of this fact, his young friends gave a surprise party at his home on Monday evening last.

Tradesmen Wanted at Ottawa for Engineers

Capt. A. H. Thoburn, chief Overseas Recruiting Officer at Ottawa has received instructions to enlist 50 men for the Engineers to be made up of carpenters, blacksmiths, shoeing-smiths, tailors, harness-makers, farriers and general tradesmen. As only 50 are required at present, those desiring to enlist and who have the necessary qualifications will please communicate at once with the Base Recruiting Office, 194 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

Personal.

Miss Ethel Paul, of the P. O. Department, visited her home in Bryson on Sunday.

Miss Bertha Fletcher spent the week-end with her brother Walter, at Waltham.

Miss Irene Shaw left on Wednesday last for Evesham, Sask., where she has been engaged to teach.

Messrs. Wm Hodgins and P. E. Smiley attended the funeral of the late Norman McCuaig, of Bryson, on Tuesday last.

Births

At Hortons, Pa. on March 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Hamilton, a daughter.

Deaths.

At the home of his parents, 7th line Clarendon, Friday, February 25th, 1916, William Keith, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Almond W. Hodgins, aged 2 months. Funeral to Wesley Methodist Church following day; service by the Rev. John Hurst.

Frank Bissonette, one of stars of the lacrosse world when the game was at the zenith of its popularity in Canada, passed away at the General Protestant hospital, Ottawa, on Thursday night last, after an illness of two weeks from typhoid pneumonia. The deceased had been an employee of the N. W. M. Police Stores for the past twenty years, previous to which he was for a short time in the Justice Department. He came to Ottawa from Kingston to become a member of the far-famed Capital lacrosse club, which held the world's championship for several years. He was a great lover of our-door sport, including fishing and hunting, and for the past seven years was a member of the Kazabazna Hunt Club, by which organization his departure will be greatly missed at its annual gatherings, and deeply regretted by every member. This makes the fourth removal by death from the membership roll since the Club was first organized about 25 years ago.

Results---Not Claims

GOWLING 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,
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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 equalled.

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.

MUSIC.

MISS H. BALLANTYNE

TEACHER OF PIANO, etc.

BRISTOL—McLeod's Hotel.

SHAWVILLE—The Manse.

WATCH LOST—Somewhere in Shawville, on Sunday afternoon, a lady's gold watch, hunting case. Finder will be rewarded by leaving at EQUITY Office.

FOR SALE—Two Registered Ayrshire Bulls, each about a year old. Apply to DAVID McDOWELL, Shawville.

FOR SALE—A Blood Colt, rising 3 years old; color dark roan—almost black. Apply to Mrs. P. DUMAS, Maryland, R. R. No. 1, Que.

LOST—On Portage road between Shawville and Starks Corners, a Bible—Revised Version. Would be indebted to finder, if such there be, for its return. W. B. MACCALLUM, "The Manse," Shawville.

FOR SALE—5 H. P. Stickney engine, in first-class repair—good as new. Good bargain to cash purchases. Apply to THOS. SHORE, Shawville.

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

Clean Seed.

In order to meet the demand for Clean Seed, I have ordered a Clipper Cleaner, said to be the best on the market, and expect by the 15th to be in a position to supply you with clean seed, or clean your own.

All kinds of Produce wanted.
WM. HODGINS.
at the Elevator.

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.

SEED GRAIN

Barley (O. A. C. No. 21) and Banner Oats. Grain that will grow, and prize winning seed. Apply to
JAS. C. GLENN,
Bristol, Que.

THE HARDWARE STORE

Mechanics' Tools

Our stock of Tools is very complete and prices very reasonable considering the high prices now ruling in all lines of Hardware.

Our aim is to sell quality goods, and thereby make satisfied customers, and we never were in a better position to do it.

Poultry Netting

A large shipment just received. See the new lines. American quality Netting, and Blue Ribbon Poultry Fencing—they are the latest and best.

J. H. SHAW.

P. S.—Bargain sale of Crockery and Glassware still going on.

W. A. HODGINS

SHAWVILLE

FARMERS'

ATTENTION!

Reliable Seeds

Our first shipment of
Clover and Timothy
has arrived.

Get prices and see our qualities.

Full lines Early Garden Seeds.

Bibby's Cream Equivalent
Bibby's Calf Meal
Oyster Shells.

CORN

Let us have your orders for Seed Corn, to be delivered about May 1st. Rennie's Reliable Seed Corn (shelled) has confounded all the experts by producing the best crops in Clarendon for past three years.

W. A. HODGINS

WHAT'S COMING TO THE GREAT BULLY

AN ENGLISH WRITER ON THE WAR SITUATION.

What the German Emperor Hopes For and What He Is Sure To Get.

"In the spring," the Kaiser has been hinting to his tired people, "will come peace."

The words sound very comforting in the ears of his soldiers, who have no longer the same enthusiasm for war that they had sixteen months ago, when Paris seemed within their grasp, says a writer in London Answers.

They are a very glib lot, these Huns, and they forget that on the debit side of the Kaiser's promises are already heavily outweighed. They were to be back in the dear Fatherland "before the fall of the leaves"; they need have no fear, they were told, as to a second winter campaign; they were assured Russia would give in when Warsaw was entered.

Method in His Madness.

None of these things has happened; yet they are ready to believe the smooth words of the same voice telling them there will be peace in the spring.

Not that the Kaiser would not be glad to have peace, not merely in the spring, but any time between then and now. He may be mad, but there is considerable method in his madness.

A good chess player knows when he is beaten, and does not go on to be mated. The Kaiser looks ahead, and though his armies occupy much of the Allies' territory, he sees only too well that the task of holding these enormously-extended lines must prove, before long, too great a strain for the depleted manhood resources of Germany to sustain.

Before the vision of the Kaiser passes the spectre of his great prototype, Napoleon, who, within eighteen months of his entry into Moscow, was an exile in Elba.

Peace in the spring would suit the Kaiser very well. He could afford to be generous to the Allies. His terms, we might be sure, would be particularly favorable to us, because our preparations have planted a wholesome dread in his heart, and because he knows that we have a habit of going on to the end, and that, though we begin badly, we generally end well.

Germany Hard at Work.

Also the remark of the acute Italian observer lurks unpleasantly in his mind: "The British only win one battle in any war, but it is the last battle."

But what the Kaiser hopes for and what the Kaiser believes he will get are two different things. He hopes for peace in the spring; he prepares for greater exertions than ever in the spring.

Germany is full of fair words, whose note is the reasonableness of peace at the present time; the words are to hearten the soldiers in the trenches, and to impress such neutrals as are not alert to German guile.

Germany is also full of newly-trained troops, who are to make a last attempt to break through to Paris. German instructors are busy drilling new German recruits, and German engineers are feverishly repairing gaps in the line to re-establish railway communication between Berlin and Constantinople. The Near East, which is one great whispering-gallery, murmurs: "Egypt in the spring."

The German mind is incapable of any honesty. When the Germans talk loudly of peace, it is time to prepare for war; when they hope for peace, one knows instinctively that they believe the reverse will happen.

Potsdam's Biggest Bluff.

"Peace in the spring," is the biggest bluff that Potsdam has yet perpetrated. If it deceives the German people, it does not hoodwink the Allies, who are just beginning to get into their stride in this war.

So far from there being peace in the spring, the most terrible fighting yet witnessed in the campaign will take place. All the signs point in this direction.

Germany is saving her young men for a great offensive in the West, and is using her third-class elderly troops to make good wastage. Russia is equipping enormous armies, and is calling up youths, who will be twenty-one in 1917, a year before their time. Japan has mobilized her industries to supply the millions of Russian troops with munitions of which they stand in great need—viz., rifles and heavy guns.

The war factories of America are pouring a constant stream of munitions into Russia's far-Eastern base, and when the British munition effort reaches its fullest scope, and our twenty new arsenals are in full blast, we shall be able, with the supplies from Japan and America, to equip any number of Russian troops up to six millions.

Italy is constantly calling up new classes to the colors, and long before the spring the Serbians, whom she is to rearm and revictual, will provide 200,000 of the bravest and most seasoned troops in the Balkans. The Belgian army, drawing new formations from the classes recently called up, will be even more formidable by the spring. France is calling to the colors her lads of eighteen and nineteen, and passing all able-bodied Frenchmen into her armies; while Britain and the Colonies are making a feverish effort to have the Empire represented by anything between four and five million men.

By the spring six million men—three and a half million Allies, two and a half million Germans—should be facing one another in the West. In the East, five million men—three million Russians, two million Austro-Germans—should be at grips. On the Austro-Italian Front two million men should be locked in deadly combat; while in the Balkans a million and a half men should be fighting to decide whether the Crescent shall still wave o'er the minarets of Constantinople.

Britain's Answer.

"Peace in the spring" means that fourteen and a half million men will be fighting possibly the decisive battles of the greatest conflict in history.

Twenty months will have elapsed since the day when the first Uhlans crossed the Belgian frontier, the vanguard of a huge army, assured of victory by all the resources that forty years' resolute preparation could give.

The German army then was at its zenith. By all human calculation, it stood to win. In the spring of 1916, when Professor Muensterberg, the friend of the Kaiser, says he knows there will be peace for certain, Germany stands almost as good a chance of being beaten as she did in August, 1914, of conquering Europe for barbarism.

We have been slow, and we have made many mistakes, but we have also done things well. We are not spellbound by this latest German plot; we know what, indeed, the spring will bring forth. Two thousand Government-controlled war factories in Great Britain, working at full pressure, are the best answer to the German bluff.

I have before me a letter from a gunner at the front:

"When the Germans worry us with their Jack Johnsons," he writes, "we send over ten to their one!"

Five to One.

My friend may be exaggerating a little; but it is true that we can command double the shells that the enemy can spare, and if the prophecy of M. Millerand, the former French Minister of War, comes true, in the spring or thereabouts—and there is no reason for the contrary—we should have five shells to every one of the enemy's.

Do you know what five shells to every one of the enemy means? It means that we can smash his most elaborate defensive organization, sweep away his wire, and leave huge gaps for our wonderful infantry to pour through. It means that, as our men advance, we can cut off the German reinforcements from the main body by an impenetrable curtain of fire.

The Kaiser knows this. Only too well he realizes the forces against Germany that should ripen in the spring. He wants peace before Germany is beaten. He wants peace while the German armies still bivouac on enemy soil. He wants peace before his deluded Huns become dangerously weary of the incessant fighting; and, above all, he wants peace before the economic strain on his people becomes too intolerable.

"Peace in the spring!" How little does it correspond with the realities of the situation! Peace, forsooth, with the certainty of fourteen and a half million men then struggling for mastery, with the advantage for the first time on our side.

DOGS LOCATE ZEPPELINS

Became Uneasy During Latest Raid Over England.

The bombardment of Scarborough, England, over a year ago by German cruisers led to some interesting statements as to the sense of hearing possessed by pheasants, and there can be little doubt that the senses of birds and animals are in some instances almost uncanny.

In one of the latest Zeppelin raid nights, a man who possesses a kennel of retrievers said that about the time the Zeps. were over his locality his dogs were plainly uneasy. Shortly after eight o'clock, he states, the dogs commenced to growl and then to snarl.

"I could hear nothing unusual," he states, "beyond the low growling of the dogs, and in the darkness nothing could be seen. I was unable to quiet them in any degree. By and by they did calm down, but it was only for a few minutes that there was peace, for the dogs suddenly jumped up and repeated their antics," aware that there had been a Zeppelin raid, but later, on making inquiries, he found that at the time his retrievers commenced to show signs of irritation the Zeps. were actually in the vicinity. The keen hearing of the dogs had undoubtedly located the invaders.

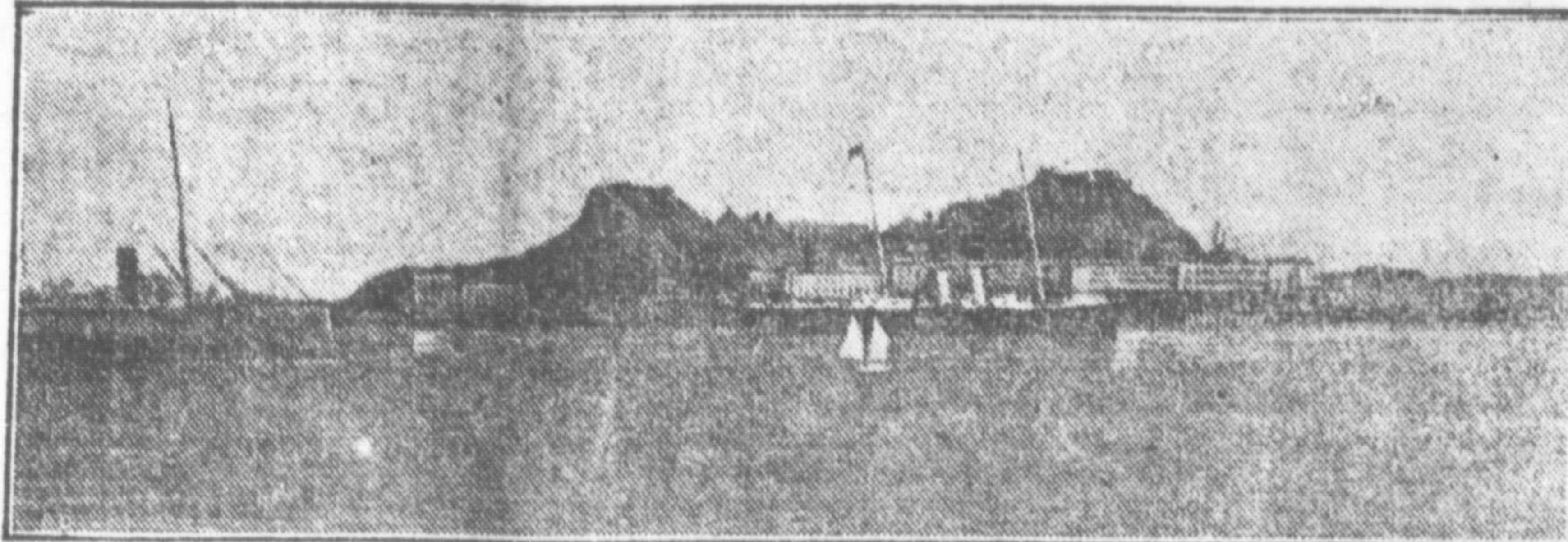
Qualification.

She—Father doesn't want me to marry you. He says you are too thrifty.

He—Why, of that's the case, he ought to like me, eh?

She—But you are so spend-thrifty, dear.

CORFU AND KAISER'S HOUSE IN ALLIES' HANDS



GAS NIGHTMARE IN THE TRENCHES

"THE MOST MERCILESS WAR IN HISTORY."

College Professor Writes of Services as Sergeant in French Army.

The horrors and tribulations of life in the trenches are vividly depicted in a letter written from Champagne to Professor Weston of Williams College, by J. Norton Cru, once professor of French at the same institution, who is serving as a sergeant in the French army. Unmolested and undisturbed, Professor Cru scribbled the epistle in an underground passage while the enemy's big shells exploded above.

Gas is the only thing that is really feared in the trenches, according to Mr. Cru, and the forces are kept busily engaged combating gas attacks. The war is characterized by him as "the most merciless in history." No truce, even for the burial of the dead, is allowed, and consequently innumerable corpses are rotting as they fell months ago in "no man's land." Extreme difficulty is experienced in procuring sufficient quantities of water. When ground is won from the enemy this difficulty is increased because the Germans, knowing the exact locality of the water pumps, keep firing salvos of shrapnel all around them. As told by Mr. Cru, the soldiers because of the scarcity of water do not wash for weeks, the little procured at great peril being used for making coffee, one cup of which is at times allowed a man.

Down in a Tunnel.

The letter is as follows: "I am writing you by the flickering light of a candle end, seated in a red velvet armchair dragged out of some ruined house. It is broad daylight above, but I am in a kind of tunnel in the bowels of the earth, access to which is gained by a series of stairs leading down from the trenches. This tunnel is wide enough to accommodate on each side of a central passage a series of bunks one above the other, ship fashion, and some of us are lucky enough to have straw mattresses. And so, away down underground, I am writing tranquilly while big shells are bursting up above.

"In this vast plain we have little fear of attacks, for it would take time to cross the intervening space between the lines, and our artillery would have plenty of time to act effectively against the assailants. On the other hand, the plain is very favorable for the use of gas, and this is the only thing we fear; consequently we are busy protecting ourselves against gas attacks, and we have now found many ways of combating this treacherous method of fighting.

Dirt Falls in the Soup.

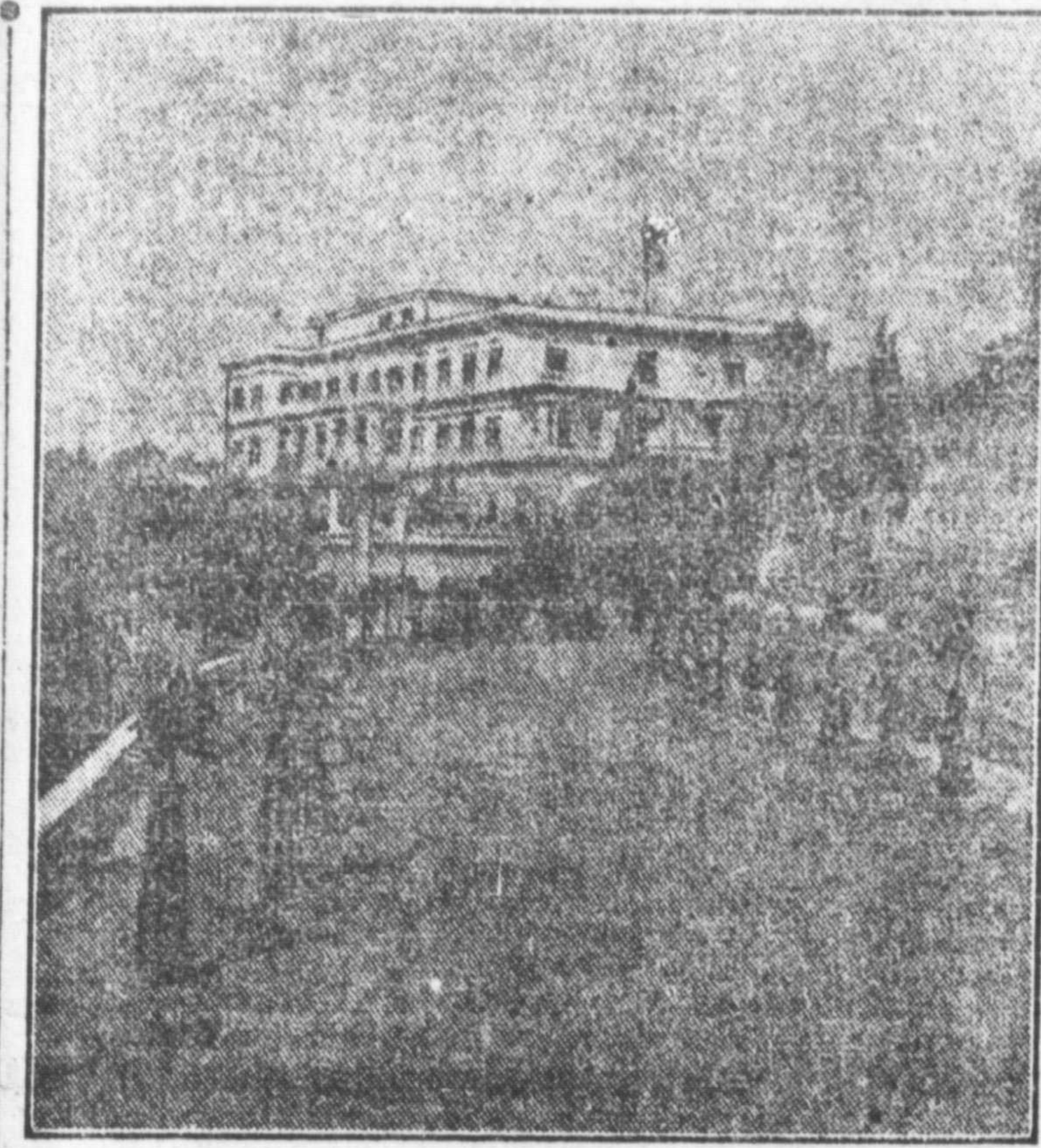
"We live as though hygiene had never been invented. I must say that a man thinks little of germs when he is bombarded with big shells, and he eats with appetite, although much dirt has fallen in the soup from the narrow sides of the trenchlike lanes that lead from the kitchens, a mile or two in the rear, up to the firing line. Sometimes water has to be fetched from a pump after a long journey through winding trenches; sometimes when the ground has been won from the enemy he knows where the pump is and keeps firing salvos of shrapnel all around it.

"Now, Champagne is very dry (no pun intended), and we experienced lately the scarcity of water and the decided objections the Germans had to our approaching the pumps. We went unwashed for two weeks, the little water we got at peril of life being used to make coffee, just one cup a day for each man. Sometimes when I come to think of it I can't believe that I have been here for more than a year playing my part in the most merciless war in history.

"For the first time no truce is allowed, no white flag is used, no possibility of burying the dead or of picking up the wounded, except at peril of life, and that is why so many corpses are rotting as they fell in 'no man's land,' that weird stretch of ground between the lines; that is why so many wounded cry vainly for help and are left to die a horrible death after two, four or even six days of agony. I have seen such things and still cannot believe it.

Africans Take Prisoners.

"At the beginning of the war we had to co-operate one day with the Moroccans. These are star troops for attack, but they adapt themselves with



The upper picture shows the town of Corfu, as seen from the harbor. The Kaiser's yacht, Hohenzollern, is seen at the left, while the vessel at the right is the English royal steamer Alexandra, on which the British royal family have frequently visited their relatives in Greek waters. The great house shown in the lower picture is the Achilleon (the home of Achilles), built for the Empress of Austria, used by the German Kaiser as a summer resort, and recently seized by the Allies and used as a hospital for Serbian soldiers. Both pictures are reproduced from The Christian Advocate.

difficulty to the tranquil life of the trenches. That day they took a large number of prisoners whom we saw pass by, piteous, lamentable, exhausted by our informal bombardment. I can still see those Africans bearing their wounded to the rear across the field where big shells were raining down and throwing eruptions of earth into the air. They walked with their rapid, lithe step, impassive in that

"I saw the post for the wounded, where a crowd of Africans, dressed as we see them in Tunis, were lying on stretchers on the ground, raising themselves on their elbows to drink the coffee which the nurses poured out for them and smoking cigarettes with a tranquil air, their clothes covered with earth, their bandages red with blood, which filtered through. Others lay stretched out, dying amid the whirling of the motors of the Red Cross ambulances ready to carry them to the railway stations.

All that filled and blocked the main street of a little ruined village. The German lines were formerly at the very edge of this village, now they are far back, and out of curiosity I visited what was once our first line. In the wire entanglements I saw what remained of three Germans killed months before. Only skeletons and fragments of uniforms and boots remained.

A Shot From Wife.

McGinnis is no Adonis, and his temper is in direct ratio to his lack of personal beauty. Mrs. McGinnis also is rather peppery of temper and is rather inclined to "get back" at her husband during the course of a quarrel.

One such alternation had been had the other evening, but things soon quieted down and McGinnis had regained his temper and thought his wife had, too. But he was speedily undeceived.

Mac had been playing with the baby and observed, "Every time the baby looks into my eyes he smiles."

"Well," said his wife, with an ominous gleam in her eye, "it may not be exactly polite of baby, but shows he has a sense of humor."

Probably Father.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is about to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. They swing on the gate. "I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live." They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years had married. They met at a party. She had changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition took place. "Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand. "Was it you or your brother whom I used to know?" "Really I don't know," he says; "probably my father."

Why They Grew

Lulu was watching her working among the flowers. "Mamma, I know why flowers grow," she said; "they want to get out of the dirt."

BRUSSELS IS SPY INVESTED.

Agents of "Kultur" Manage to Keep Themselves Busy.

So far as a considerable number of the people of Brussels are concerned, the German occupation constitutes a moral as well as a physical martyrdom.

A private correspondent whose letter has reached the Hague through a friendly diplomatic channel, says that the German system of espionage has reached such a point that the more nervous minded of the people live in a state of perpetual dread.

"There is an army here of more than fifteen hundred spies," he writes. "These are well paid, but they are paid by results; they live extravagantly, and when funds are low more victims must be made. There are spies of every grade and species.

"There is the society woman, such as that relative of von Bissing who succeeded in forming a little court of her own and who herself attends the society teas in private houses and at the fashionable confectioners in order to exercise her espionage; there is the one-time factory agent who, taking advantage of his pre-war connections, worms himself into financial and industrial circles; there is the officer's or professor's wife who frequents middle class coteries; there is the demi-mondaine who keeps an eye on the theatres, the cafes and the boulevards, and there are men in hundreds who penetrate like ants into the innermost recesses of private life.

"The letters we receive from our dear exiled friends we may neither keep nor answer, for a domiciliary visit may be made at any moment, and on the slightest pretext, or none at all, both men and women may be hurried away to the kommandantur, and thence to prison after a mockery of a trial."

"Two days ago I was reading the war report posted at the corner of the Boulevard Botanique an the Rue Royale. There were, a silent little group. A man joined us and began to read the news aloud, with painful slowness, almost spelling out the words. Coming to a number he read 'seven thousand' instead of seventy thousand," the words appearing on the notice board.

He got no further. A man forming part of the group placed his hand on his shoulder and dragged him along to the Kommandantur. We were lucky to escape arrest for having heard him make the blunder.

"In the tramway car from Brussels to Tervuren I saw a man arrested because he carried a parcel wrapped in a copy of a London paper, the date of which was September, 1914.

"In the Rue de Flandre I saw two brewers' men being marched off as prisoners because, after unloading a heavy barrel of beer, they had remarked, 'The Kaiser himself could not do it as neatly.'

"I could cite hundreds of astonishing facts, but it would bore you, as they are all more or less of the same category."

Somehow an engaged couple usually think all the insane people are in asylums.

NOT STRAFING ENGLAND NOW

GERMAN'S BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT.

Intrigues of Von Tirpitz Party Threaten the Imperial Chancellor.

A Scandinavian correspondent of the London Times writes: "I recently had a visit from an old university friend, belonging to a neutral country, who has lived in Germany since the beginning of the war, has associated with well informed industrial circles, and consequently has acquired some inside knowledge. According to him, the most striking fact is the change of tone which has taken place in Germany."

"The 'Gott strafe England' sentiment is a thing of the past. The pre-arranged declarations in the Reichstag about the Barlong affair do not really count. Many university men who signed the various mad declarations about German innocence and British perfidy at the beginning of the war now feel positively ashamed. They excuse their foolishness in putting their names to them by saying that they did not know the exact wording."

Seeing the Light.

"The 'Liberals' also begin in private to admit that the German version of the diplomatic prelude to the war tragedy will not stand closer examination and they even recognize Germany's responsibility toward Belgium."

"The intrigues of the Von Tirpitz party have been and still are a danger cloud threatening the Chancellor. Admiral Von Tirpitz has been inclined to retire, but his staff has so far persuaded him to remain. His inspired press campaign against the Chancellor is not only carried on by Count Reventlow, but to various foreign newspapers have been furnished insidious articles. It is reported, however, that the Kaiser shares the views of the diplomatists and disapproves of the Zeppelin raids on England, which, in his opinion, are senseless, being of no military importance and only calculates to make friendly relations with Britain more difficult after the war."

Mischievous Peace.

"This eventually is still hoped for in German diplomatic circles, which cling to the belief that a peace, whatever its outward appearance, can be so arranged as to create future trouble between Great Britain and Russia."

"The German diplomatic service is still the favorite object of abuse among the German public. It is understood that the Colonial Secretary, Dr. Solf, regards himself as the only possible Foreign Secretary after the war and is confident of defeating the ambitions of Count Von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington."

98 PER CENT. SOLDIERS CURED.

Report From the American Women's War Hospital.

Ninety-eight per cent. of the wounded soldiers treated at the American Women's War Hospital have been cured or improved, according to a report just issued on the second thousand cases handled by that institution. The hospital is at Paignton, South Devon, with Sir William Osler as consulting physician and Dr. Penhallow as chief surgeon.

The report shows that of the surgical cases sixty-three per cent. were cured and thirty-three per cent. improved. The same percentage of cures and improvements was secured in medical cases. In the thousand cases there were but five deaths, or considerably less than one per cent.

The promptness with which relief is given to men on the battlefield immediately after they are wounded is brought out by the statistics of the report. Of the total wounded cases, one-quarter of them had received immediate first aid field dressing, and an additional thirteen per cent. had received this field dressing within fifteen minutes. Another twenty-five per cent. had been treated on the field within one hour of being wounded, while a small remaining percentage were treated within a few hours, and a very few after a long delay of forty-eight and seventy-two hours.

Gas-poisoning is one of the principal causes of the cases treated, and while typhoid has been largely reduced, there were seven cases. The number of amputations was fourteen, which, considering the number of serious cases, was an exceptionally favorable showing.

As showing the different classes of wounds received in action, the following percentages were given on perforating wounds: shrapnel, 12 per cent.; shell, 2 per cent.; bullet, 29 per cent.; grenade, 1 per cent. In surface wounds the percentage of shrapnel injury is greater and of bullet injury less. The wounds from bayonets is the smallest, being less than one per cent.

If a man ever becomes civilized it is through the influence of some good woman.

About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Simple Facts About Cocoa.

Cocoa which is really a corruption of the word "cacao," has become a permanent food supply. Not every one knows that the cocoa of powdery, familiar form is a residue from the manufacture of chocolate. Both cocoa and chocolate are taken from the bean or seed found in a pod in a most odd-shaped gourd-like pod which grows on the bark and trunk of the cocoa tree. These huge pods are cut from the bark and the bean taken out. The beans are then treated to various processes of sweating and drying and roasting, and a final process of grinding. This ground material is full of oil. When this ground material is allowed to solidify at a proper temperature it forms the bitter chocolate of commerce which we generally use for icings and candy.

But in making cocoa a great deal of the oil is separated from the ground portion, and we thus have a dry substance or powder which we call cocoa. Thus cocoa is far less rich in fat than chocolate, although it contains a property similar to the stimulating theobromine of tea and coffee, but its nutritive value is very high—an average bean containing 49 per cent. of oil, 18 per cent. of protein, 10 per cent. of starch and other carbohydrates.

In Various Forms.

In 1910 more than 115,000,000 pounds of cocoa beans were used in the United States. Besides the familiar powdered cocoa, there is the so-called "cocoa nibs," which is merely the cracked cocoa bean. This is often recommended, especially for children, because it gives the nutriment of the cocoa bean without any oil or sweetening. There is also the cocoa shell, which is the shell separated from the cracked bean. This naturally does not contain nutriment, only the cocoa flavor. Both the nibs and the shell can be made into very palatable beverage by boiling for a short period and serving like tea or coffee.

Although the directions for different makes of cocoa may vary, there is one general rule to be followed in making cocoa to which milk is added—and that is, not to boil the milk. Boiling the milk makes the beverage far less digestible and prevents the milk and cocoa from blending thoroughly. The better way is to dissolve the sugar, cocoa and water together and allow this to boil to a syrup, then add the milk and bring to a scald, but do not boil.

A Healthy Winter Beverage.

All cocoa is much improved by being beaten with an egg-beater for several minutes before serving; also most varieties are improved by the addition of a pinch of salt and a few drops of vanilla extract before serving. As a winter beverage, cocoa takes foremost place. The child coming home hungry from school, the grown person chilled from an evening outdoors, the diet of a growing child will all be improved by the use of good cocoa, properly made. If the digestion is rather weak or if the child is under five years of age, it would be better to use the drink of nibs or shells which contain less oil.

A by-product of cocoa, is cocoa butter, which is the solid fat extracted from the cocoa bean. This butter is used extensively in making confectionery like chocolate creams—or for toilet preparations—or wherever a pure vegetable oil is desirable.

Tested Recipes.

Ham, Country Style.—Place one pound slice of ham, cut one-third-inch thick, in baking pan. Cover with milk—about two-cupfuls. Bake slowly, basting frequently and turning once or twice until ham is tender, has absorbed most of the milk and is brown on top. This will take about one-half hour.

Spanish Steak.—Select piece of round of sirloin steak, cut about two inches thick, and brown in little dripping or bacon fat in frying pan. Add one can tomatoes, two sliced or chopped onions, two green or red peppers chopped small (with seeds and white fibers removed). Cover closely and let cook two hours. Season with pepper and salt and serve. Do not add water.

Baked Cabbage.—Trim medium-sized head of cabbage, cut in two and put on to cook in cold water. After fifteen minutes' boiling, drain off water and cook for twenty minutes. Drain dry, chop fine, season with salt, pepper and butter and put in buttered baking dish. Have ready two beaten eggs, mixed with four tablespoons cream. Pour over cabbage and set in dish in oven to cook for twenty minutes, or until well browned over the top.

Foamy Sauce.—Beat yolk of one egg until thick and lemon-colored and add three-fourths cup powdered sugar gradually, beating constantly. Mix one-fourth cup powdered sugar with one teaspoon corn starch and one-eighth teaspoon salt and pour on gradually one-half cup scalded milk. Cook in double boiler three minutes, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and occasionally afterward.

Combine mixtures, flavor with one-half teaspoon vanilla, grated rind of one-fourth lemon and one tablespoon lemon juice, and then add one egg white beaten stiff.

Fig Pudding.—Run three ounces of beef suet and one-half pound figs separately three times through meat chopper and work thoroughly with the hands afterward. Have ready two and one-third cups stale breadcrumbs which have been soaked in one-half cup with milk thirty minutes, two well-beaten eggs, one cup sugar and three-fourths teaspoon salt. Combine mixture. Butter individual molds, garnish bottom of each with four strips of figs radiating from center. Fill molds two-thirds full, place on trivet in kettle containing boiling water and let steam one and one-half hours. Water should reach two-thirds of way up side of molds. If steamed in one large mold time required is three hours.

Fig Paste.—Chop 1 pound figs coarsely and reduce to a pulp by boiling in 1 pint of water. When soft pass the whole through a fine sieve; add to it 3 pounds powdered sugar; mix well and evaporate the whole over boiling water until the paste becomes quite stiff. While evaporating process is going on make a mold that will hold it by removing the nails from the sides of a wooden box, tying the parts minus the bottom together with string. Stand this on the marble slab or dish and pour the warm fig mass into it, letting it remain until cold; then remove the strings and open the frame, leaving the paste in a square mass. Now with a sharp, thin knife, cut the mass into small pieces and roll them round and thin into fine sugar. They may be packed in boxes, using plenty of fine confectioners' sugar between the pieces.

Don'ts For Parents.

Don't always be saying "Don't!" It is better to take a little more trouble to prevent trouble than always to be devising pains and penalties.

Don't forget that your child must always be doing something.

Don't fail to find new outlets for their superabundant energy.

Don't let them grow up thinking that they can't do wrong.

Don't make a habit of distrusting your boys. Distrust is often the cause of deceit.

Don't forget the potent power of suggestion. Keep on telling the child he is bad or wicked, and he will become so.

Don't treat all children alike. Don't forget that each child has an individuality, each one keyed up to a certain pitch.

When a child exhibits an irritating trait, just pause and reflect about the law of heredity before chastising him. Don't forget the bairn's origin.

Don't forget a child needs persuasion; an ounce of encouragement is worth a ton of birch-sticks.

Household Hints.

Cook the cauliflower entire; the leaves and stem which surround it are delicious served with it.

The clothes wringer will last twice as long if the pressure screw at the top is loosened after using.

A daily bath, into which a little bicarbonate of soda is put, will allay the burning of the feet.

Try to induce children to eat each at least one apple a day. It will keep their systems in good condition.

The end of the rib roast can be sawed off and corned. If boiled with cabbage it will make a good lunch dish.

To insure the creamy sauce being smooth, always rub the butter and flour together until smooth and add to the hot milk.

When a window is difficult to raise, pour melted lard between the frame and the casing and put a little also on the cord.

Do not allow moths to breed in your house. It can be prevented by eliminating the garments that have had them in and by keeping a watchful eye on all closets and chests.

SON KILLED IN THE WAR

French Mother Selects a Substitute And Adopts Him

A remarkable incident fraught with intense human interest is told by the Paris correspondent of the *Dagens Rhyeter*, of Stockholm. A French mother, who conducts a pension in Paris, recently received the following pathetic letter from the captain of a French company in the Dardanelles, telling of the death of her son:

"Your son died like a hero, and that certainly should mitigate your grief. He was a brave French soldier, always in good humor overflowing with enthusiasm and full of energy. Unfortunately, we have been as yet unable to give him burial, as his body lies now where it is dangerous to reach him, but rest assured, Madame, our entire company will at the first opportunity avenge his death and kneel down beside the grave of your dear son and offer prayers to heaven for him."

This letter came to the mother some time ago. She continued working in her kitchen as usual from 5 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. On Sundays she ate in the dining room, dressed in deep mourning. She spoke of nothing but her son. Recently at breakfast she appeared in her every-day dress and surprised every body because of her good humor. She announced that she had received a letter from her son and placed the letter on the dining room table.

There was intense surprise. Was the news of her son's death a mistake? Was he really alive?

"This is a letter from my new son," she replied smilingly. "Just read his charming letter, gentlemen, I am anxious to see what he is like, whether a blond or brunette, tall or short, and he asks whether he can call me 'mother.'"

It developed that this French mother did as thousands of other mothers in France have done who have lost their only sons in the war. She went to one of the many bureaus and asked that she be provided with another son, and then, as in a lottery, she blindly selected one from a long list of young soldiers who have no relatives—soldiers who never receive letters or presents from home. She knew nothing more about him than that he was a French soldier, alone in the world. That was all she cared to know—he be educated or illiterate, it did not matter.

She at once sent him socks, underwear, handkerchiefs and neckties, telling him that he now had a home where a warm meal and a comfortable bed always awaited him. She wrote him every detail of her life, told all about her husband, her niece and her favorite cat; also about her dog, who was 12 years old and whose teeth were falling out. She assured him that when "Grandfather" Joffre granted him a leave he would not have to walk homeless in the streets of Paris. Should he be wounded he had a mother now who would nurse him.

And the smiling woman read the letter she had received from her new son, filled with thanks for the things she had sent him—the tobacco, the socks, the underwear, the handkerchiefs and the neckties and he closed his letter with the following words:

"Mother rest assured that I will do everything in my power to be worthy of you as a son."

HAS ANTI-ZEPPELIN BULLET

Englishman's Device Breaks Into Sparks When Fired

After many months experimenting, J. A. Sambrook of Ellesmere, Port has invented a bullet which travels at a tremendous velocity and emits a trail of sparks, which, he asserts, will pass through a Zeppelin like a comet through space and instantly blow it up.

The invention consists of an ordinary sized bullet charged with a special preparation which ignites with its passage through the air.

The bullet can be fired from an ordinary rifle, and is easily adaptable to aircraft and machine guns.

Tired of It.

The men about whom London Answers tells the following story were the roughest, rawest lot of recruits the sergeant had ever had to tackle. He worked hard at them for three hours, and at last thought they were getting into some sort of shape. He decided to test them.

"Right turn!" he barked. Then before they had got fairly under way he gave the order: "Left turn!"

One burly yokel slowly left the ranks and madd off toward the barrack room.

"Here, you!" yelled the sergeant angrily. "Where are you off to?"

"Ah've had enough," replied the recruit in disgusted tones. "Tha doesn't know tha own mind for two minutes runin'!"



Home From the Front on Leave

PATRONIZING STRANGER: "About your feeding, young man. Is that satisfactory at the front?"

Returned Hero: "Look at me; don't I look well fed? The table-dolty at the front is all right. It's the dolty questions you get asked at home that give you the pip!"—London Tit-Bits.

CHEERO!

Mr. Albert James Simcoe was recovering from a rather severe attack of influenza. That is to say, he was passing through the stage during which the patient is clearly convinced that everything is going hopelessly wrong, and that, on the whole, life is not worth living.

He was just striving to decide upon whether he would burst into tears, or make one more futile effort to smoke, when the door opened violently, and Mr. James Reddaway entered.

Mr. James Reddaway was a bluff, hardy ruffian who never naughted influenza or anything else, and consequently rather despised those who did. Still, he was not altogether unsympathetic.

"Hallo, Simmy!" he cried, in a voice that sent half a dozen entirely new and original pains shooting through Mr. Simcoe's skull. "What are you sitting there laughing at? Cold better?"

Mr. Reddaway never conceded that any of his friends' ailments amounted to more than "a cold," or, at the most, "a touch of liver."

Mr. Simcoe smiled wanly, with the expression of one who means to bear up, if only for the sake of others.

"I am a little better than I was, I think," he said, in hollow tones. "Come in and close the door."

"Right-ho!" returned his visitor. "But, phew! you are stuffy here. What about opening the window an inch or two at the top?"

Mr. Simcoe shuddered. "Heavens, don't do that!" he gasped. "I am chilled to the bone as it is."

The other stared at him, grinned, and then drew forth something from his pocket.

"My word! You look about as happy as a drowned puppy," said he. "But I've got something here that will rouse you up, and set you on your legs in a jiffy, my boy!" And he slapped a neatly sealed waxed package on the table.

Mr. Simcoe turned back-lustre eyes on it.

"What is it?" he asked feebly. "What is it? Why, Cheero, that's what it is!"

"New stove-polish?" he enquired. Mr. Simcoe exhibited no enthusiasm. "Stove polish, you ass! No! It's a tonic—one of the finest things out. Haven't you seen it advertised in the papers?"

I have not looked at a newspaper for a week," interrupted Mr. Simcoe, rather irritably. "I want to get well!"

"So you will if you take a few doses of this stuff!" exclaimed Mr. Reddaway. "Aunt of mine, nearly dead — took this — went to a dance, and stayed till three in the morning. Chap I know — miserable blighter, just like you — cried if you spoke to him — three doses set him singing comic songs! Sold at all chemists. If you don't get what you ask for, see that you want it! Shall I measure you out a dose now?"

Mr. Reddaway's energy was getting on the invalid's nerves, and Mr. Simcoe waved a protesting hand.

"Not now, thanks! I've — I've just had my tea. It is very good of you, old man. I will try it a little later. How much is it?"

"Ten doses," replied his friend promptly.

Mr. Simcoe passed his hand wearily across his aching head. "How much in price, I mean."

"Oh rats!" exclaimed Mr. Reddaway. "See how it acts first. No cure, no pay but you'll pay all right."

Mr. Simcoe did not feel capable of arguing the point.

"I wish you would take it now, though," persisted the other. "Then you'd be able to come out for an hour or two."

Mr. Simcoe laughed sepulchrally. "Go out," he exclaimed. "Why I should be a dead man before I got ten yards! If you only knew how ill I feel, even now!" And he gave vent to a dismal sigh.

"Oh, well," observed his visitor vaguely, "no use your going anywhere if you feel like that! I must be off now. But you'll take that stuff won't you?"

"Yes, I'll try it," said Mr. Simcoe wearily. "It can't do me any harm, I suppose?"

"Harm!" snorted Mr. Reddaway, rather indignantly. "I should rather think not! Sure you won't have that window open? Fresh air — oxygen, and all that, you know?"

"No, no!" returned Mr. Simcoe, a little snappishly. "And do close all the doors after you, old chap."

"Right-ho! S'long!" said Mr. Reddaway, and departed his exit resembling the passage of a healthy young tornado.

When the last door had banged, with a jar which shook the house, Mr. Albert James Simcoe raised his throbbing head.

"Curse his infernal tonic!" he said bitterly.

After a pause, he repeated his anathema in a still more vindictive tone. Then summoning up all his energy, he rose and tore off the wrapper viciously. Contrary to his expectations, the bottle bore no gaudy label, and, indeed, was unmarked save for the dose-lines on the side.

After some ineffectual attempts, Mr. Simcoe withdrew the cork, and smelt gingerly at the contents.

"Faugh!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "Stinking stuff! Cheero, indeed!"

A wave of nausea passed over him. He took the bottle, and determinedly marched to the window, where in a wire-work stand, a row of consumptive geraniums, belonging to his landlady, reared their long, straggling stems in quest of sunlight. Mr. Simcoe distributed the contents of the bottle impartially among these derelicts.

"There!" he muttered, with grim humor. "Now, perhaps, they'll up and dance and sing comic songs!"

Curiously enough, he felt decidedly better after this. He replaced the empty bottle on the table and sank back in his chair. He thought he

could do that smoke now. He was tentatively fingering a cigarette when the street door below opened, and there came the sound of hurried footsteps on the stairs.

There entered Mr. Reddaway, wide-eyed and breathless.

"That bottle, Simmy, you haven't —" Then his eye caught the object he had mentioned. He snatched it up, examined it, and then gave vent to a howl of despair.

"You've drunk it — you've drunk it!" he cried, accompanying his chant with a sort of frantic war-dance around the table.

Mr. Simcoe started at him with his mouth agape.

"What on earth is wrong?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Reddaway's frenzied eye fell upon him.

"Pummick-stump — stomach-pump! Emetic!" he gasped incoherently.

"Was — was it poison?" faltered Mr. Simcoe.

Mr. Reddaway clutched at his hair wildly.

"Poison, yes, for you! Especially if you've taken the lot! A mistake! Chemist — strong drugs — morphia — strychnine — Heaven knows what! But what am I fooling here for? Take some emetic, man! Hot salt and mustard — and cress — anything — quick!"

Mr. Simcoe, somewhat to his own surprise and certainly to his visitor's, commenced to laugh.

"I haven't taken a drop of it," said he. "I — I gave it all to the geraniums."

Mr. Reddaway stared at the speaker uncomprehendingly for a moment, then his eye wandered to the plants by the window. As he finally grasped the truth he jumped into the air with a whoop of relief, and mopped his perspiring forehead.

"Why the dickens didn't you say so before!" he cried. "That ass of a youngster at the chemist's gave me the wrong bottle. And the queer part of it is that what you should have had was meant for old Rigby, your own governor!"

"Why is he poisoning himself?" asked the puzzled Mr. Simcoe.

"Been poisoning himself for years, from what I could learn," replied Mr. Reddaway. "It seems that he is full of drugs and muck as it is. This was a sort of anti-thingamy — sort of hair of the dog that bit him, don't you know! This would only have tickled him up a bit, taken in doses; and I thought you had bolted the lot! Lor, you did give me a start!"

"And what has become of the what-dye-call it — Cheero, which you should have had?" asked Mr. Simcoe suddenly.

Mr. Reddaway rubbed his head in a worried way.

"That's the deuce of it — old Rigby has got hold of it!"

Mr. Simcoe commenced to laugh again, with a kind of weak gurgle.

"Will he take it, do you think?" he said, when he could speak.

"Dare say," growled Mr. Reddaway, who, somewhat inconsistently, was beginning to feel a dawning resentment at his friend's action regarding the geraniums.

Mr. Simcoe wiped his eyes and tried to keep his face straight.

"Will — will it make him dance and — and sing comic songs?" said he weakly, carefully keeping out of his friend's reach.

"Shouldn't wonder," returned Mr. Reddaway, a little shortly. "Hallo! Somebody else."

A timid tap at the door heralded the maid-of-all-work.

"Note from the office for you, sir — no answer."

"Great Scott!" groaned Mr. Reddaway. "I've let you in for it, Simmy! They've found it out, and think it's all a practical joke on your part. It's the Grand Order of the Push for you! Never mind. I'll go at once and explain everything to old Rigby; and, what's more, I'll make that young blighter of a chemist go, too!"

Mr. Simcoe had torn open the envelope whilst his friend was speaking, and was now staring at the contents with bulging eyes.

"Great heavens alive!" he exclaimed. "Listen to this!"

"Dear Mr. Simcoe, — I trust that you are recovering from your attack of influenza, and that you will speedily be well enough to resume your duties at the office. It may aid your convalescence to learn that, in view of the increased cost of living, I have decided, this afternoon, to give my employees a twenty-five per cent. rise of salaries all round."

"I am, yours faithfully,"

"(Signed), JOHN RIGBY."

"Well, I'm —" began Mr. Reddaway, his eyes opening widely.

"Wait, here's a postscript!" interposed Mr. Simcoe breathlessly.

"By the way, have you tried the much-advertised new tonic, Cheero? Owing to a somewhat stupid mistake, a bottle of it reached me today, and, out of curiosity, I tried a small quantity. The effect was certainly remarkable. I would advise you to afford it a trial."

J. R.

Mr. Reddaway leapt to his feet with a wild whoop.

"What did I tell you?" he shouted. "Cheero! It's Cheero that has done it! He took one dose, and here's the result. Another one, and he'll make you all partners! You owe me something, after all Simmy. Now you'll have to come out. We must celebrate this. Dash your feeling queer. Put on all the clothes you can find, and come along!"

"I do believe I will," said Mr. Simcoe. "That Cheero of yours must be very wonderful stuff, after all!"

"It is," returned Mr. Reddaway; even when you take it by proxy!" — London Answers.

The Parson (to loafer) — "Are you a teetotaler?" The Loafer — "Yes, sir; sure I'm — I've never been drunk in my life. . . . It gives me such a headache next day."

"What a distinguished-looking man your father is. His white hair gives him such an aristocratic look." The Dissipated Son — "Yes, and he can thank me for it."

HISTORIC PENS

Those Used for Signing Peace Treaties are Very Valuable

Who will get the pen with which the peace treaty will be signed which shall end the present war? The collecting of historic pens has been quite a fad for some years past, especially in Europe. The pens with which peace treaties are signed bring the highest prices if they happen to find their ways into the market, and there are many collectors who would be willing to give thousands of dollars for the pen which shall declare an end to the present war of wars. Usually, however, such pens remain the property of the States concerned.

When it became known that peace had been declared between Japan and Russia pen manufacturers all over the world sent supplies of their pens to the commissioners who were engaged in arranging the terms, hoping that the document would be completed through the agency of their wares. To avoid any unfair discrimination between the pen manufacturers it was decided to use a quill in signing the treaty.

It was also a quill pen that was used in signing the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain after the war of 1898. This particular pen was afterwards sold for \$125.

The pen used by the commissioners in signing the memorable Treaty of Paris fell into the hands of the ex-Empress Eugenie. Aside from its historic interest it is also of great value, for it is mounted in solid gold and encrusted in diamonds.

Aside from the collectors there are many who consider it lucky to possess a pen that has been used in signing the reprieve of a person condemned to death.

Queen Victoria always retained possession of such pens. One of these she presented to Mme. Alhani, the singer.

Pens which have been used by famous authors often fetch high prices at auction. Dickens used the same quill pen to write "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit" and "Bleak House" which was sold some time ago for \$117.

BURDEN OF THE WAR.

Britain Can Finance a Debt of Twenty-five Billion Dollars.

Even if Britain should end the war with a debt of \$5,000,000,000 (approximately \$25,000,000,000) the burden would not be crushing according to Lord Inchcape, the English financier and statesman.

Such a load, said his lordship at a National Provincial Bank of England stockholders' meeting over which he presided recently, would mean an annual charge of only \$300,000,000 (about \$1,500,000,000) reckoning 5 per cent. interest with a 1 per cent. sinking fund.

To this his lordship added an estimated \$100,000,000 (\$500,000,000) annually in pensions. Before the war, he remarked the country's annual expenditures were \$200,000,000 (\$1,000,000,000) making the total:

Interest and sinking fund\$300,000,000
Estimated pensions 100,000,000
Fixed charges on pre-war basis 200,000,000
	\$600,000,000

Present English taxation, continued Lord Inchcape, is bringing in nearly \$400,000,000 (\$2,000,000,000) annually. He explained that this would mean another \$200,000,000 (1,000,000,000) would have to be provided every year and expressed the opinion that this could be done either by "additional taxes or by a reduction in extravagant expenditures not only private but public."

His Lordship appeared to think a \$25,000,000,000 debt a possibility but about the maximum.

WOULD APPLY KULTUR.

German Editor Suggests Starving Belgians to End the War.

Here is one way to end the war. First, let Germany confiscate all land in Belgium and Northern France now in its occupation, and send all the dispossessed landowners to the centre of Germany and Austria, installing German people in their places.

Then let the inhabitants of the occupied territories be subjected to starvation. That would arouse such a world-cry for peace in the lands of the Entente Powers that their Governments would be compelled to sue for peace.

Such, at least, is the conclusion of Herr Rudolf Geller, the editor of the Prague Tageblatt. He strikes the note of brute force in his very first sentences:

"Experience in Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein has shown that if the Central Powers would achieve, as the Chancellor said they must, frontiers which would protect them from attack in the future, they must drive out the entire population from the occupied territories and replace the present inhabitants with Germans."

"Why should we shrink from such an undertaking? Our enemies are trying to starve us. They spare neither grey hairs, women nor children. The world at large has been turned against us by a lying press. Repressals are necessary. Russia stripped Poland of all supplies, and left the Poles to starve or depend on German good will."

Men are just like children. Quite so; the daily work of one half of the women in this world is to make allowances and excuses for some men.

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, MAR. 9, 1916.

The speech from the throne at the opening of the Ontario Legislature last week forecasts legislation to provide for taking a plebiscite on the liquor question. A "dry" Ontario is evidently among the probabilities of the not very distant future.

German airships made another raid over portions of England on Sunday night and dropped about forty bombs. Three men, four women and five children were killed and thirty-three persons injured. The damage to property was insignificant. Three Zeppelins took part in the raid.

The Germans are reported to be attaching imitation periscopes to floating mines in order to deceive enemy ships, in the hope that the latter may attempt to ram them under the impression that they are submarines. The trick is certainly a crafty one, but the device may have little practical effect now that it has been discovered.

The report of the enquiry into the destruction by fire of the Grant-Holden-Graham company's factory at Ottawa a few weeks ago, shows that the fire is believed to have been deliberately set; but nothing seems to have cropped up to directly connect it with Hunnish agencies. This is not surprising. Those engaged for the enemy in that kind of enterprises do not proclaim their accomplishments from the housetops.

The big battle in the neighborhood of Verdun is still being waged with intensity at certain points and latest reports say the French defenders of the stronghold are maintaining an unbroken front with comparatively small losses while the enemy casualties have been appalling. The impetuous infantry attacks of the Germans have slackened and they are now depending more on the work of their big siege guns to reduce the fortress. It is said that a few days more should decide the issue.

The record of the past week's underwater warfare included the destruction of two large liners. One, the P. & O. liner Maloja, hit a mine one mile from Dover pier and sank with considerable loss of life. The other ship, reported to have had on board over four thousand people, was the French auxiliary cruiser Provence, which before she was taken over for naval purposes by the government, was the fastest vessel in the French mercantile service. She was either mined or submarined in the Mediterranean, and over three thousand of those on board perished with her.

Enquiry into the Saskatchewan scandals last Friday brought out a statement that the politician chairman of the Highway Commission of the province awarded a contract for a bridge to a company in which he held one-third of the stock. Another witness swore to being blackmailed out of money for partisan political service under threat of having his hotel license taken from him. The case of the province looks like the repetition of those of some other provinces in the past. Many electoral successes made the government leaders careless and the government follows reckless. —Montreal Gazette.

NEW NICKEL PROCESS TO BE DEVELOPED

Large Corporation Being Formed to Refine Matte in Canada.

Ottawa, March 1.—The statement of Mr. W. F. Maclean, M. P., during the budget debate last night that a new process for nickel refining has been discovered in Canada by which 100 pounds of matte could be converted into 50 pounds of metal in 48 hours, applies to a new process of which Prof. L. H. Burrows, formerly of Washington, is the inventor and which is being financed by Ottawa and Toronto capitalists.

It is claimed that the new process will not only revolutionize the nickel industry but will also prove applicable to low grade iron ores such as exist in the Laurentian range.

Associated with Prof. Burrows in the proposition are a number of Ottawa men, including A. W. Fraser, J. W. Hennessey and E. Seybold, as well as prominent Toronto and Sudbury capitalists.

A parent company has been incorporated under the name of the Burrows, Refining Co., but another company, which will undertake the actual work of refining, is now in process of incorporation and will be capitalized at 5,000,000.

The company will begin operations at once, and unless unforeseen delays occur, they will be producing nickel alloy within three or four months. They have acquired extensive nickel deposits in the Sudbury district, and the estimate of their engineers is that sufficient nickel is now in sight to keep their plant busy for fifteen years.

The nickel deposits will be developed first, but later on the immensely valuable deposits of iron up the Gatinian and in the Laurentians will be developed, the company states.

The preliminary plant will be established in Ottawa in connection with the proposed new iron and steel industry. The head office of the company will be in Ottawa.

At least fifty million dollars will be involved in the development of the various enterprises. The price paid for the nickel deposits alone run into the millions, it is claimed.

February British Marine Losses

London, Mar. 3.—An official communication issued last night concerning marine losses says:

"British wrecks reported to the board of trade in February aggregated sixty-nine, involving a loss of 420 lives. Included in the wrecks were 42 steamships, of a total tonnage of 56,856.

"Ten of these steamers were sunk by enemy warships with a loss of 36 lives; five by mines, with a loss of 176 lives; one by a mine or submarine, with a loss of eight lives, and one by bombs from a Zeppelin, with a loss of thirteen lives.

"Of twenty-seven sailing ships lost six were sunk by enemy warships."

Over 3,000 Perish when Cruiser Provence goes Down

The destruction of the French auxiliary cruiser Provence on February 26th is the worst ocean tragedy that has occurred since the war began.

The French ministry of marine reports that there were nearly 4,000 men on board when the big vessel was sent to the bottom of the Mediterranean, by either a floating mine or torpedo.

It is stated that on board the Provence were the staff of the third colonial infantry regiment, the third battalion, the second company of the first battalion, the second machine company, and one extra company, in all nearly 4,000 men. So far as is known only about 800 were rescued.

Serious Explosions near Paris

Paris, March 4.—Twenty persons were killed and a large number injured in the explosion near St. Denis, in the suburbs near Paris, this morning.

A French ammunition factory at La Courneuve, a suburb of Paris, blew up today, the explosion killing and injuring many women and men employed in the manufacture of war munitions. Early reports received at the prefecture of police said that the casualties numbered more than 200 and that all available ambulances were needed at the scene.

The explosion occurred near the fort called "Double Couronne" at Courneuve, near St. Denis. Part of the ramparts east of the fort were blown up. The cause of the disaster has not yet been ascertained. A quantity of explosives, including hand grenades, were stored in this position.

GinPills FOR THE KIDNEYS

What They Have Done

"I suffered a great many years with kidney trouble; tried several remedies, and also doctors' medicine, with no result.

Two years ago I read an ad. in a newspaper of "GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS," and sent for two boxes. They did me more good than all the medicine I had ever taken. After I used the first two I sent for two more boxes, and I am satisfied, and also know, that Gin Pills are the best kidney remedy made.

I used to have to rise three or four times in the night; now I can sleep and don't have to get up at all, thanks to GIN PILLS. Am seventy-two years old.

ALEXANDER LA DUE, Watertown, N.Y.

50c a box at all Druggists. Sample free upon request to

National Drug & Chemical Co.

of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

YARM

March 1.—What! Everybody dunned up? Even No. 9 shows signs of being snowed in.

Many of the Westerners including Messrs. Berta McDowell, Silas Jones, Henry Greenshields and Elliott Belsher are thinking of again leaving for their homes in the West.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Almond Hodgins in their recent bereavement of their infant son.

Mr. Erwin Hodgins was among the number who joined the 139th Battalion for overseas service and intends training at Cobourg, Ont.

Miss Fernie Belsher, who is teaching at Simmons, Que., spent the week-end under the parental roof.

A social evening was spent at Mr. H. B. Hodgins' Monday night, Miss Adams supplying the music.

Mr. W. C. and Percy Belsher have been sawing with their gasoline outfit and Thursday was spent at Mr. Thos. A. Elliott's.

Miss Martha Rylands, who has been visiting friends around Yarm for the past week, returned to Campbell's Bay Tuesday.

A very pleasant evening was spent at Mr. Leonard Belsher's Friday, when a

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.

G. W. DALE PRACTICAL TINSMITH Shawville, Que.

SHAWVILLE SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

R. G. HODGINS, Prop.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

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Custom Sawing.

number of young people from Shawville and Yarm drove there, in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

Mrs. Irwin Smith's little daughter, who has been very ill, is now recovering.

A cooking demonstration by Miss Campbell, Macdonald College, will be held in Yarm School for the benefit of those taking part in School Fair.

Miss Harriet Elliott has returned home after attending the marriage and reception of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Elliott.

Mr. Lawrence Hamilton spent Sunday at Yarm.

We are sorry to report that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Strutt's little daughter has been very ill from pneumonia.

Mr. Ellis Hodgins expects to leave soon for Semans, Sask., and intends taking a car-load of horses.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Ray Wilson, who has been ill for several months, is recovering again.

Mr. Thomas Palmer, who has been suffering from fractured ribs, is able to be around again.

There are reports afloat that the boys who have been in the lumber camps for the past few months are about to return home again.

THE DEACON.

HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

Amateur Chemists Should Fight Shy of Dabbling In Them.

SCIENCE IN THEIR MAKING.

These Terribly Destructive Agents Are the Outcome of Serious Research Work—Smokeless Powders and How They Are Produced.

A word of caution to amateurs who wish to experiment with high explosives—don't. The manufacture of high explosives is now a highly specialized branch of chemistry and chemical engineering, and great technical knowledge and experience are necessary if one wishes to go through life whole. Another caution—not one of the present explosive compounds has been discovered and made practical by an amateur; they are as much a growth of scientific research as is the manufacture of aniline dyes.

The bases of the most terribly destructive explosives are very innocent substances themselves and of high importance in the arts of peace. Cotton and glycerin are the two most important raw materials used for high explosives; next come phenols, benzol, toluol, etc. Cotton is by far the most important, as its nitro compounds are the base of all smokeless powders used in cannon and rifles and explosive shells and torpedo heads.

Smokeless powder is now the most important military product of gun cotton and nitroglycerin. Broadly speaking, smokeless powder is a gelatinized form of gun cotton or gun cotton and nitroglycerin in varying proportions, with small proportions of other substances to modify its action or to stabilize it. The general method of making each of the two types is as follows: Gun cotton powders are made by dissolving a mixture of dinitro and trinitrocellulose in a mixture of alcohol and ether, working the mass until a plastic jelly is formed and then working this up with its other ingredients and finally pressing the mass into threads and cylinders or cutting up sheets of it to make small grains.

Smokeless powder for big guns and smaller rifled cannon is usually made in the form of perforated cylinders of varying sizes by forcing the plastic mass through dies. These cylinders are from an eighth of an inch to an inch in thickness and from half an inch to two inches long, the size and number

or perforations varying with the size of the gun for which intended. The cylinders are perforated so that the flame from the combustion can burn them more evenly, thus securing uniform pressure in the gun and its maximum effect.

Smokeless powders are exploded by direct flame, from a friction or electric primer, the combustion being almost instantaneous. Set afire in open air smokeless powders burn fiercely, but without explosion. Unless badly deteriorated by age and consequent formation of excess of free acids, smokeless powder seldom explodes by concussion. When excessively acid it will explode spontaneously.

In appearance smokeless powder resembles yellow or amber celluloid, has a horny texture and can be cut with a knife. The powder used by the United States is a gun cotton powder, a small proportion of diphenylamine and calcium carbide being added to stabilize it. The process and methods of manufacture are closely guarded secrets.

Nitroglycerin smokeless powders have as a base both gun cotton and nitroglycerin. The gun cotton is dissolved in the nitroglycerin, a jelly-like mass being formed. This is then dissolved in acetone or a mixture of alcohol and ether, stabilizing ingredients added and the whole worked into a plastic mass. This mass is then pressed into sticks or perforated cylinders or granulated from sheets by the same process as gun cotton powder, and the finished product is similar in appearance.

Nitroglycerin powders have a greater explosive force than nitrocellulose powders, but have the drawback of being unstable and irregular in action. In fact, all smokeless powders have these defects. The perfect smokeless powder is yet to be invented, and meanwhile those who handle and store it must keep a constant watch for signs of deterioration and consequent liability to spontaneous explosion.

The most stable and effective type of smokeless powder is the English "cordite," so called because molded into strips or cords of varying length and diameter. The new type cordite is composed of approximately 65 parts of trinitrocellulose, thirty parts of nitroglycerin and five parts of mineral jelly or petrolatum, acetone being used for making the jelly and dissolving the nitrocellulose.

Originally petrolatum was added to cordite with the idea that it would lessen the erosion of the charge on the rifling of the gun. Later it was discovered that the petrolatum acted as an almost perfect stabilizer by preventing oxidation mechanically. Cordite formerly contained a higher proportion of nitroglycerin, but this formula has been abandoned for the later one, as the old powder was too subject to decomposition.

Blasting gelatin is similar in composition to this type of smokeless powder and is made by dissolving gun cotton in nitroglycerin. The proportions of each varying as to the class and uses of the explosive. In all smokeless powders effort is made to retain some of the solvent used, as this makes it safer to handle and more uniform in composition. Camphor and similar substances are sometimes added as stabilizers.

Australia's Bottle Tree. The bottle tree is a native of Australia. It has a trunk of extraordinary expansion and disproportionateness which is greater when the ground is rocky. In fertile soil the trunk forms a uniform cylindrical column, from whose summit the branches issue as from the neck of a bottle, hence the name.

Candid. "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes." "But will you?" "Oh, that's different. I don't know."

No man is born without faults. He is best who has the fewest.—Horace.

Horses Wanted!

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

G. A. HOWARD.

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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.

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

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Colts, Cattle and Sheep taken as cash in payment.

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A Box of Matches

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

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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.



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Will be in Fort Coulonge every Wed-
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To Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and
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March to October, 1916, inclusive.
Tickets good going every Tues-
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For particulars, tickets, etc., apply to
C. A. L. TUCKER,
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Many of these Towels are worth 25 per cent more than
we have marked them. A feature of good house-
keeping is to buy Towels and all other Linens
early. You will certainly pay more for them later.

Bath Towels in pure white 16 by 34 12½ cts. each.	Huckaback Towels in white with red borders 16 by 39, 12½ cts. each
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scolloped ends with embroidered borders, 25
by 45. 75c. each.

Table Linen from 45c. to \$1 per yd.

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Fence Posts for Sale.
A large quantity of Cedar Fence Posts,
cut in 8 and 9 foot lengths, at Alex. Sen-
man's swamp, a short distance east of
Shawville, convenient to draw. For
further particulars apply to
W. H. BARR, or
WM. CAMERON,
R. R. No. 2, Shawville.

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TIME OF MEETING:
Austin - First Tuesday,
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Starks Corners, Second Thurs.
Wyman, - - First Friday,
Shawville - First Saturday,
Yarm - Last Saturday,
of each month.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THE sole head of a family, or any male
over 18 years of age, may homestead a
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 of
three years. A homesteader may live
within nine miles of his homestead on a
farm of at least 80 acres, on certain con-
ditions. A habitable house is required
except when residence is performed in
the vicinity.
In certain districts a homesteader in
good standing may pre-empt a quarter-
section alongside his homestead. Price
\$3.00 per acre.
Duties.—Six months' residence in each
of three years after earning homestead
patent; also 30 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 \$5.00
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 is 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.

ANSWERING THE CALL

HOW BRITISH COLUMBIA'S SONS
WENT TO THE WAR.

Great Powerful Men Poured in From
the Remote Forests, Mountains,
and Plains of the Far West and
Performed Prodigious Feats to
Reach Recruiting Stations—The
Worst Part of the War.

"The Lion roared, and the cub came
in."

AYE! she roared—and no
where was her call heard
plainer than in far-off Brit-
ish Columbia. Yet how did
those in the remote forests,
mountains, and plains know that
their country needed them?
Some seemed to hear it on the
wind; others saw it in the sky. In
one district, for instance, north-east
of Fort George, there were seven
forest rangers, each with different
sections to guard. These had a signal
among themselves. A beacon fire
on a certain mountain meant that
there was news, and acted as sum-
mons to a previously arranged spot.
Three weeks after war was declared
this beacon flared up, and at once
the seven rangers cached their pro-
visions, and hastened to the meeting-
place. They learned of the war, and
caching five canoes they packed
themselves in the remaining two,
and made their way down the Fraser
River to enlist.

Another instance was that of
"Rusty" Cameron, a trapper. At the
beginning of August, 1914, he secured
his winter supply of food and hit
the trail for his lonely cabin in the
"Nation" River district. After three
weeks of paddling and tramping he
arrived at his destination, built
himself a new cabin, and set out to
visit an outlaw trapper. This out-
law had been sought by the police
for seven years, having been accused
of murder, but he always foiled any
attempt to capture him. "Rusty"
Cameron usually brought in his pro-
visions, and took out his furs, and it
was for this purpose that he was now
about to visit him. On his way he
met a young surveyor, who informed
him of the hostilities.

One of the most famous regiments
to leave Canada is the 30th Battalion,
which was organized in British
Columbia, and consists of men taken
for the most part from the rougher
or adventurous class. There are men
who travelled by horse and canoe
day and night to join the regiment.
Men who had shot rapids which had
never before been navigated, as it
was too slow to "portage," for, as
one said, "Well, I wanted to get
down before the war was over."

There were two men in the regi-
ment who had been cowboys down
in Mexico, but at the call they
boarded the first boat going to Can-

ada and enlisted on their arrival.
Being asked why they had come so
far to enlist, one said:
"Only to have a swat at the
Germans."
In stature there are not many re-
giments to equal them, and when Sir
Sam Hughes was inspecting them be-
fore their departure, he remarked to
the officer commanding:
"I have to look up pretty high to
see your men."
Then, again, there are nowhere in
the Empire men who have endured
more hardships in their efforts to
reach a recruiting station than have
some bold Yukoners.

To Fort McPherson the mail
goes but once a year on account of
its distance from the nearest centre,
Dawson City, for it is situated with-
in the Arctic Circle. Even then it
must be taken in by dog teams, ac-
companied by Indian guides.
The mail squad generally consists
of five men and four teams, each
team hauling six hundred pounds of
food. This expedition is entrusted
to the Mounted Police, as it requires
men of steel.

But there is one man, and only
one, that has ever made that six hun-
dred and forty-mile journey alone,
bearing His Majesty's Mail. Many
have attempted that perilous trip by
themselves, but where they lie to-
day only the silent northland knows.
To Trooper Forrest, the most
famous guide in Yukon, belongs the
honor of having blazed the trail with
an axe from Dawson to Fort Mc-
Pherson.

Forrest was with a companion, on
one of the many rivers of this coun-
try, when informed of the war. These
two men, not having any
canoes, as the ice was on the river
when they had come in, felled the
trees with their axes, and whip-
sawed the wood into the required
shapes for building a boat.

Now, whip-sawing is not a very
easy thing to do. In simple lan-
guage, it is cutting lumber by means
of a stick and a long, thin piece of
bide, but it is the only way when no
saw is available.

One of the most interesting things
among the Yukoners band of men is
the dog "Jack." Jack is a huskie,
the kind of dog which is used for
pulling the sleighs in this region.

Now they have brought him all the
way down and intend taking him to
the very Front. For, as his master
remarked:
"If Jack can't go, I guess none of
us wish to go."

For more than once this Arctic
dog has been his sole companion in
many a long, weary night.

As one man stepped off the train
at Prince Rupert, who had had a
strenuous time getting in from the
bush, he was heard to remark:
"Well, thank God the worst part
of the war is over." Meaning that
which he had endured was war in it-
self, and many B. C.'ers re-echoed
"Hear! hear!"

Canucks Fought in U. S.
It is estimated that 48,000 Cana-
dians enlisted in Union regiments
during the American Civil War. The
killed in the U. S. war included 18,
000 adventurous fellows from Can-
ada.

WARRIOR ASSELIN.

French-Canadian Nationalist is Rais-
ing a Fighting Unit.

Politics makes strange bed fel-
lows, they say, but its vagaries can-
not be more peculiar than those of
war. For example, Oliver Asselin,
Nationalist, founder of the National-
ist League of Quebec, brilliant advo-
cate of the Nationalist creed, is go-
ing to war across the seas for the de-
fence of the Empire. Strange, is it?
asks a writer in The Canadian Cour-
ier. Possibly. But Oliver Asselin,
who is a major in the Canadian
army, says that his politics must
stand aside just now for civilization
has been attacked and the time for
fighting—not talking—has come.
"My Nationalist views are just as
strong as ever," he says, "but just
now the battle call is supreme."

General Sir Sam Hughes offered
him a command—and received a sur-
prise. Oliver Asselin said he would
be glad to raise a fighting unit and
go with it as major, but the com-
mand would have to go to a veteran
from the trenches, some one of ex-
perience in modern warfare. The
offer was accepted and a Langemark
hero came home recently to assume
the leadership of "Asselin's Battal-
ion"—the 163rd.

His has been a varied—and lively
—career. It began on a farm near
St. Hilariou, Que., on Nov. 9, 1874.
Rimouski College is his "alma
mater"; then he taught school a
couple of years across the border.
He returned to Canada in 1901 to be-
come private secretary to Sir Lomer
Gouin. But while he had been wan-
dering around he had begun contrib-
uting to the papers. It was not
very long after he reached Montreal
until he was appointed city editor of
La Presse. In 1902 he organized
the Nationalist League and founded
the weekly paper, La Nationalist, as
the party organ.

From 1902 to about 1912 he wrote
and spoke at public meetings. The
Nationalist creed had no more bril-
liant exponent, either with pen or
voice, than the fiery French-Can-
adian. He took hard knocks, and
gave back some terrific blows. He
was attacked by all parties, yet he
never became embittered. In fact,
Oliver Asselin remained an intimate
friend of many who considered his
politics deplorable.

Although a most busy man, he
entered the United States army and
served ten months with the force
that was sent to overcome the Span-
ish in Cuba. That was his first and
only taste of warfare until he began
to raise the unit he is now forming.

Major Asselin is no longer merely
the Nationalist orator and author;
he is the soldier ready to risk all at
the call of civilization which needs
assistance.

An Atrocity.

Captain von Altheim was quartered
with his lieutenant of reserves—a col-
lege professor in civil life—in the house
of a Polish priest who had no living
language to his tongue but Polish and
Russian. The captain rubbed up the
dusty memories of his own school days
and made shift to converse with his
reverend host in Latin. Afterward he
asked his comrade what he thought of
the performance. The ex-professor's
expression of pain was hardly dimmed
by the thickness of his spectacles.
"It was only one more of the hor-
rors of war," he said resignedly.

Cape of Good Hope.

Due to the cowardice of his crew and
his own somewhat timid nature, Bar-
tholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of
Good Hope while seeking a passage for
India. In 1487 he rounded the cape,
but did not know it at the time, being
too far out to sea. When the crew dis-
covered they were on the wrong side
of the mainland they became panic
stricken and insisted on returning at
once. Fearing mutiny, Diaz turned
back and soon caught sight of the cape.
Thus did he discover Good Hope while
on his way homeward.

Human Ignorance.

Speaking of his life, the aged sci-
entist, Fabre, said shortly before his
death: "Because I have stirred a few
grains of sand on the shore am I in a
position to know the depths of the
ocean? Life has unfathomable se-
crets. Human knowledge will be eras-
ed from the archives of the world be-
fore we possess the last word that the
gnat has to say to us. Scientifically,
nature is a riddle without a definite
solution to satisfy man's curiosity.
Hypothesis follows hypothesis, the
theoretical rubbish heap accumulates
and truth ever eludes us. To know
how not to know might well be the
last words of wisdom."

Very Annoying.

"I can't bear these men novelists,"
declared one lady.

"Why not?" the other inquired.
"They calmly tell you that the hero-
ine wore a gown which fascinated a
duke and not a word as to what it was
made of or how it was trimmed."

CANADA GETTING BUSIER.

Dominion to See Great Expansion
During Present Year.

The telegraph wires from every
part of the Dominion bring news of
growth and prosperity. The demand
for Canadian pulp wood, already
high, will be seriously increased by
the prohibition of its export from
Sweden. Vancouver expects soon to
get into the ship-building business
in a large way. Metallurgical inter-
ests say that Canada is about to see
great expansion in the zinc and cop-
per trade; a plant is being erected at
Welland to produce zinc and give
oxides from concentrates. This is a
new industry for Canada. A zinc
refinery is being established at Fair-
view, B. C., and at Trail, B. C. The
metal is already being produced on a
commercial scale. The Trail smelt-
ers are now refining copper also.
Meantime, at the other end of the
Dominion, the Maritime Provinces
stand to profit by the great coal
shortage in France and England.
This should make 1916 a better year
for the coal trade. From the Pacific
Coast again comes the news that a
company at Nelson is erecting a
plant to refine molybdenite, a steel
hardening element. One of our steel
corporations in Ontario is installing
equipment for the manufacture of
special forgings. Prince Edward Is-
land is to have a factory for making
potato starch and dextrine—a by-
product formerly imported from Ger-
many. Meantime the only business
news of really unfavorable color is
that automobile tires are going up in
price and steel and glass for build-
ing, too—because we are selling all
we have abroad. Not bad news!—
Canadian Courier.

Jack Frost Wants to Fight.

Jack Frost is a fine name for a
man wishing to join the Canadian
army. But Jack Frost can't get in.
Being nineteen, he is smaller in
stature than the fairy that goes by
the name, and, therefore, Jack Frost
of Chesley, Ontario, couldn't get into
the Bruce County Battalion.

But the Chesley Jack Frost is a
"germinal monomaniac," which,
when interpreted, is to say that his
soul is obsessed with an insatiable
passion to kill Germans. He argues
that his pathological condition is
hereditary, because his father is now
fighting in Flanders.

"If only we could pull him out,"
said his mother as Jack's rejection
slip from the army came back.

A few days ago Jack arrived in
Toronto with a few cents, requesting
that he be steered where he can get
in the army.

"I want to join the bantams," he
said proudly.

"They aren't organized yet."
"I know I am too small for a re-
gular soldier, but I must get in some-
where. They need men and the doc-
tor says I'm all right for my size."

The real story was gleaned by con-
tinuous questioning from the little
chap, who, having been in close con-
tact with the Bruce Scouts for so
many years, has developed the Scot-
tish reserve that finds expression in
the words, "I dinna like to talk about
myself." For several months wee
Jack has worked in a factory, hoping
to save up enough money to get to
Toronto.

"My, I wish I was big," he said.
"But I'll get in yet. They can't
keep me out, surely. I want to go."

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. H. ISON, Artist.

When you want the best value for your
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

A. F. CAMPBELL,
BOX 455

Amnrior, Ont.

A Reliable Salesman . . .

WANTED

For Shawville and District to sell our
Hardy Fruit Trees and General Nursery
Stock.
Special list of Hardy varieties for the
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
Liberal Commissions, Exclusive Territory
French and English Printed Matter.
STONE and WELLINGTON.
The Fonthill Nurseries,
Established 1837

TORONTO ONTARIO.

THE PONTIAC HOUSE, SHAWVILLE

For Sale or to Let.

The Pontiac House is offered for sale
with proper furnishings for the business
on reasonable terms, and in the event of
my not selling within the next two
months, I will offer to rent the premises
for one or two years if I get a suitable
tenant. The cause for selling or renting
is, that we are now 30 years in this busi-
ness and are getting tired of the close
attention and long hours which it re-
quires, and—we are getting old. How-
ever, we sincerely thank the public for
their past patronage, and hope that they
will see fit to continue the same in fu-
ture in the event of any change.

C. CALDWELL.

Shawville, Feb. 21, 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.

FOR SALE

DESIRABLE PROPERTY IN BRISTOL

Lots Nos 9 and 10 in the 3rd range
of Bristol, 3 miles from Maryland
C. P. R. Station and 3 miles from
C. N. R. Station at Bristol. Rural mail
and rural telephone. Large dwelling
house, bank barn (concrete foundation)
61 x 33, wing 30 x 40 and large silo in
connection; also cedar barn 30 x 40,
with shed attachment, 25 x 30; and a
frame barn 30 x 60. All other necessary
outbuildings. Well watered and fenced.
Soil clay loam.

Also a bush lot being No. 8 in the
6th Range of Bristol, one mile from
Maryland C. P. R. Station. For further
particulars write or call on
JOHN ANDERSON,
Maryland, R. R. No. 1, Que.

FARM FOR SALE

160 acres rich loam soil—50 acres under
cultivation; 5½ miles from railway; 1½
miles from school, in Goose Lake section
of Saskatchewan. Terms: \$22.00 per
acre; \$1000 cash, balance in half crop
payments. Write to
IVAN THOMSON,
Shawville, Que.

FOR SALE

The estate of the late Geo. Telford,
being lot 14 in the 7th range of Bristol.
Soil clay and loam. Good buildings, well
fenced, and lots of water. 2 miles from
Maryland station, convenient to school
and church. Fall plowing done. For
particulars apply to
MRS. T. G. CLARK,
R. R. No. 1, Wyman, P. O.

Property for Sale

A desirable property with all necessary
buildings—1½ acre of land.
For particulars and terms, apply to
IRVIN SCHWARTZ,
Box 153, Shawville.

For Sale

A quantity of mixed Seed, containing
the following varieties:—Grass Seed,
Early Red Clover, and Alsike. These are
all well mixed for sowing purposes. Will
be sold at 20 cents per pound.
All orders promptly attended to. Cash
and bags to accompany order. Write
or phone
ANSON G. MURPHY,
R. R. No. 2, Shawville.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVEN-
TOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
MARION & MARION,
364 University St., Montreal.

FIRE NOTICE RENNIE'S SEEDS

We desire to advise our customers that although we have suffered a very large loss in Sunday's (Feb. 20th) fire, we have sufficient stocks stored at our warehouse at Long Branch and other warehouses in the city, to enable us to fill orders complete and to take care of the coming season's trade. We commenced shipping Monday, 21st, at noon and orders will be handled in our usual prompt manner.

RENNIE'S SEEDS
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA
All our branches have been supplied with their season's requirements.

A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY
(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

(CHAPTER IV.—Cont'd.)

For a moment he was non-plussed, but the devil of island insolence had possession of him, and he knew that Kitty was watching him. Still on his knees he reached for a long stick from the fire, and bending forward, tossed it so the hot end of it fell upon the nearest Indian's bare foot.

Quick as thought the Chilcote turned, and for a moment the women drew their breath and feared for what was to come, but the camera clicked and the fire still divided the aggressor from his victim.

"Got you my beauty," said the unconscious artist, "with quite your most engaging smile on," and utterly careless of the dumb wrath in the man's eyes, he put his camera into its case and walked back, laughing, to his friends.

Mrs. Rolt and Jim, who had returned too late to interfere, did not join in his laugh, but the sullen faces of the out-raged four, and the sight of Emma, the beautiful, peeping out to see if all was safe again, were too much for Kitty who laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, surely, Mrs. Rolt," protested Anstruther, between his peals of laughter, "there is nothing to look so serious about. One would think that you have been photographed. I didn't hurt the sulky brutes, and if they didn't like being photographed, what matter. You aren't afraid of Indians in this country, are you?"

"No, but we don't want enemies. At any rate, for goodness' sake, stop laughing. You can see how they hate it."

It is a curious trait of the Indians, at any rate of the Far West, that they themselves seldom or never laugh, whilst the merest hint that you are laughing even in the mildest way at them, puts their backs up immediately.

Like the vast plains and dumb forests through which they roam, they are by nature sombre, and a laugh is as much of an outrage to them as a thrush's song would be to the forest silence.

CHAPTER V.

If Anstruther had not been young and reckless, and the ladies accustomed for years to look upon all Indians as inoffensive, there would have been but little sleep in the white people's camp that night.

The Indians did not sleep. Through all that long night the hunters of the Chilcote sat round their fire, smoking and muttering among themselves, casting now and again evil glances toward the spot where the white people lay.

Constant contact with men, armed with weapons of precision, has taken the courage out of the grizzly; it has had the same effect upon a tribe which is naturally one of the boldest and fiercest in Western Canada, but the instincts of the savage remain, and anyone with half an eye would have recognized that dull glow in the forest gloom as a storm centre.

An hour or two passed by, the night deepened, the drone of growling voices went on and then a figure detached itself from the gloom and slipped without a sound into the firelight circle.

Just then Jim Combe stirred in his sleep, and throwing one arm restlessly from his blankets, turning over on his side towards the Indian's fire, muttering in his sleep.

As he did so, the figure glided back into the shadows.

The bushes which seemed to have

crept nearer to the fire listening, until their back leaves were tipped with red light, swallowed him up and for a full minute the droning ceased.

The silence which followed was more ominous even than that incessant muttering. The intent scrutiny of those watching eyes made itself felt. At last the chief spoke.

"The white dog dreams in his sleep," he said, "but his eyes are shut," and at once the figure returned and took its place in the muttering circle. Good hunter as Khelowna was, he made a mistake. His forest training should have taught him that the hunted feign often. If he had remembered that, Jim Combe might not have recognized in the fifth figure Davies' murderer, an Indian who had been wanted by the police for that last three years. As it was, Jim Combe knew what kind of a gang was travelling the Risky run that fall, and the hand which was beneath the blankets closed quietly round the lock of his Winchester.

But he did not stir in his place. He wanted that man's life as every cowboy in the district did, who had ever heard of poor old "Lofty" Hart, shot through his cabin window as he read his home letters by lamplight, but he was not prepared to risk the safety of the women for the chance of taking a murderer.

So he lay still and watched, his whole body crying out for sleep and his half closed lids heavy as lead.

Just before the grey dawn came into the sky, he saw Khelowna hand something to his visitor, who put it into his shirt front and rising stole away.

One of the dogs, which had lain all night just outside the edge of the firelight, rose and attempted to follow him. It was his own dog probably, for though it covered at the chief's low growl, it took no other notice of his command. Stealthily one of the younger bucks, reached for a billet of wood, and hurled it with so sure an aim, that the beast rolled over screaming with pain.

With a well feigned start Jim Combe sat up in his blankets, but he was too late. Davies' murderer had vanished.

"Cutliss dog," said the Indian who had thrown the billet, and rising went after the beast, which was crawling away on its belly, dragging its hind leg after it and howling at every movement.

The dumb beast is not allowed to complain in an Indian camp, and as this one would not cease howling, the bigger brute clubbed it over the head with a great tent peg; clubbed it until it lay very still.

That is the Indian method of making a sleigh dog obedient and one reason perhaps why no Indian dog ever shows any sign of affection for its master. When the beast lay still the Indian passed a rope round its neck and tied it up to a tree. The dog was not dead yet, and as it might possibly be made to work again, he did not want to lose it, but it was too nearly dead to bite, so he took one of its hind legs and moved it sideways. The leg moved easily from the thigh in a ghastly unnatural fashion, and the Indian laughed.

"Leg broke," he said. His shot with the pine billet had been a good one. Under that grey blanket by the white man's fire a lover of dogs felt his flesh creep and his hands clench, but Jim Combe, having been trained in a hard school, had learned when to interfere and when to bide his time. He could

not help the poor beast now, and his first duty was to look after his boss's wife and that dear curly little head under the blue robe. After this the grey dawn began to come, a sad weird light, sifting through the pine trees, whilst the fires died down, and the tink chick-a-dees began to call among the boughs, warning their woodmates that those silent footed things who use the "fire-sticks" were moving again in their lairs, and would soon be creeping up towards the high places whither the full-fed stags were already sauntering for a day's siesta after a long night's feed.

With the first hint of light, a busy stir began in the Indians' camp, even before that the women must have been moving in their lean-to, for Emma, bent and old, began to put out strangely compounded packs, blankets rolled and corded, and bloody parcels of meat.

Then the lean-tos came down, and they too were dissolved into packs, and before the dawn had come, the Indian camp was completely dismantled, the pack-horses loaded with hides and meat, and everything ready for a start.

The Indians were apparently not going to stay to cook breakfast.

It had been a successful hunt even for the Chilcote, and every living thing in camp, except the braves, carried packs. Of course the braves would neither pack any thing nor allow their saddle horses to be packed so long as there was a tottering old woman, a child, or a dog in camp, which could possibly be made to stagger under another pound.

When the procession had wound away into the woods, the toothless old princess leading, bending under a mountain of rugs, followed by bundles under which tiny bare legs tottered, and dogs upon whose backs clattered pots and pails, by the fire there still lay one bale of cedar matting.

The young buck who had thrown the pine billet came round, kicking the charred sticks and peering amongst the young pines stripped of their feathery frondage, and growing giants, brutally gashed and wounded so that their life-blood would ooze slowly away from them, leaving them dry and fit for the camp fire, but though he turned over the brush bedding and looked at every extemporized peg on which anything could have been left hanging he found nothing.

The camp was empty, nothing had been left behind. Then his eye fell upon the bundle of cedar matting. It weighed nothing, so that he might have tied it on behind his saddle; it was worth nothing, so that he might have left it where it was, but his eye wandering around to find some one on whom to lay the worthless burden fell upon his victim of the night before, crouching where it had been tied, its head stretched out along the ground, not dead, but vowing to escape notice.

That was just what the Indian was looking for. Seizing the dog's rope, he untied it from the tree and dragged the unhappy beast towards the pack.

At the first jerk the dog howled with anguish, and Mrs. Rolt, whose ears were always open to a beast's cry of pain, turned sharply on her heel. The howl was of course rewarded with a cure and a kick, and then, screaming at every movement, the poor brute was jerked along the ground, its broken bones rinding together as it went.

In its agony it tried to bite its tormentor, and in a moment a club was in his hand again.

"Oh, won't someone stop the brute," cried Kitty, almost in tears, but the elder woman, white with rage, said nothing. With her riding crop in her hand, and her fine nostrils wide and twitching, she was almost within striking distance of the Chilcote, when a strong hand caught her and swung her unceremoniously out of the way.

"You swine," she heard, as she was pushed on one side, and though it was not pretty English for Anstruther, her heart went out to the boy for it, as his fist crashed into the big Indian's face, dropping him like a pole-axed ox.

Kisheewew, for it was the chief's son, struggled to his feet. "Want more do you," drawled the English voice, now quiet and steady, and again the fellow went down and Anstruther stood over him heady to repeat the dose as often as the man should require it.

But a woman's voice cried to him. "The rifle, Frank; the rifle," and he was only just in time to put his foot upon it before the figure at his feet had got possession of it.

At that moment a man who had come running back from tending his horses stepped, white-lipped and stern, in front of Kitty Clifford, so that she saw neither Kineeshaw nor the other Indians who had returned at the sound of the fighting, but she heard a rifle shot ring out, and if she could have seen from where she stood, she might have seen Jim square his shoulders and put his head back like a man who prepares to take a shock. But neither Anstruther nor Jim fell. Khelowna, though he had fired point blank into the group, had not dared as much as that yet. It was only the wretched dog which, with a strange instinct, had crawled for preservation to Mrs. Rolt, that turned over under her very feet, and stretched itself in death. The blood of it splashed her skirt.

Then Jim jumped forward. "Drop them guns, you dogs," he roared. "Anstruther, cover those men and stand still. If they stir, shoot. Now Khelowna, drop that gun, or—" and his rifle said the rest.

(To be Continued.)

Rich Yet Delicate—
Clean and Full of Aroma.

"SALADA"

is blended from selected hill-grown teas, famed for their fine flavoury qualities. Imitated yet never equalled.

Of Interest to Farmers

The Man Who Did It.

"He never will win out. He can't. If he should dig nuggets of gold out of his potato hills and raise a hundred bushels a year he never could pay for that farm. It's so steep he would break his leg if he should fall off."

So they said, and went away shaking their heads as if they had figured it all out. And yet, he did pay for the place and bought another fifty off the man adjoining him on the north. How? Why? It was a big mystery to the neighbors who had prophesied his utter failure when he first came on the farm. Somebody thought he might have had a windfall from some unknown source. "Wife may have had some money laid to her." But those who had lived near him and kept their eyes open knew this was not so. They could tell you just how it was all done. They had watched and they had wondered, and they had become more and more ashamed of themselves the more they watched and the more they wondered. For what they never had done, this quiet man had accomplished as easily as falling off a log. Listen. This is the secret of that man's winning out:

He found out what his farm was good for and then made it do it. He sent a little package of the soil of his farm to the experiment station for analysis. The report came back: "Grow potatoes." Now, he never had made a specialty of potato growing; he was not particularly struck with the outlook; but the wise men had said potatoes were the thing, so potatoes it should be, and he went at it. He learned the potato business to the last syllable. He could tell people more about potatoes than they ever knew. If the message had come to him to raise wheat on his place, wheat it would have been. He would have mastered the wheat business. But how those hills did roll out potatoes! No need that the fields should turn out nuggets of gold. They did yield potatoes, and potatoes bring the gold. And gold was what he needed to pay for the farm.

The folks about him were buying automobiles and other expensive things. The young folks spoke to father about it once or twice that it would be fine if they had a machine too. "Let's pay for the farm first, boys," he insisted, and that was the end of it. They knew that the old wagon and harness would be the thing until the last payment was made on the mortgage.

Then, too, he held a steady man on his job. He did not make a great splurge this year and next year drop down to two or three acres, just because the price was low the year before. Every year he had just about the same acreage, and the long run found him with a profit on the right side. When the neighbors said they were sick of raising potatoes to give away, he smiled and said, "Let's stick to it, boys! We'll come out all right if we do." And when they followed his lead, they found him to be a true prophet.

The finest part of it was—and don't you think it was this that helped him to win out?—that he forgot to sit up nights worrying. There were those who sometimes went around with their under lips hanging down, mourning because everything was going to the dogs. Might as well give up farming. The more glum they looked, the more he smiled. "No, boys, it never paid to find fault and give up. Sticking is what wins! Might be a great deal worse with us than it is. This is a pretty good old world. Let's make it a little bit better. We can do it!"

That kind of talk is catching, and before they knew it the folks round about were just as cheery as the new man. They were beginning to see that that sort of a thing gets a grip on success. They went over and made inquiries into the simple art of getting there. Now was the time when we might suppose that a man would turn on his neighbors and say things; but he did not. He only smiled the more and told them all about it the very best he could.

That is the way he did it.—Edgar L. Vincent in Canadian Countryman.

A Lesson in Economy.

Two years ago I visited a young farmer in the northern part of Ontario county; a cousin of mine, by the way. My first visit had been made nine or ten years previously, writes C. C. L. in Farm and Dairy. "You have a fine line of new im-

plements," I remarked on our tour of inspection of the buildings.

"I had the most of them when you were here 10 years ago," was the astounding reply. "There is nothing new on them, but the paint. I calculate to keep the implements looking new. If you want to get comfortably wealthy on a farm, you must do it by economizing. The best way to economize in implements, I have found, is to spend a little more on paint."

Almost unbelievably, I examined all of that machinery. There was no checks in the wooden parts, no rust on the metal parts. Every place there had been paint when the implement left the factory, paint had been applied ever since as needed. At the time of my visit the spring plowing was over and the plows stored in the implement shed. I found them all carefully cleaned, the bright parts greased to prevent rust, and a dab of paint applied here and there as needed on the plow handles.

The average life of an implement on the farm I am told by implement dealers, is about five years. I should estimate that on a 100-acre farm similar to that run by my cousin, the investment in machinery runs about \$800. At that rate the young fellow has already saved himself \$800 on implement bills by using paint and grease judiciously. Perhaps this explains in some measure why he got rid of his mortgage so rapidly.

A House for the Farm Butchering.

Farmers' hog killing for home consumption is not usually done until quite cold weather. It is generally done out of doors, and it frequently happens that the day appointed is cold, raw, and snow-squally. In bad weather butchering out of doors is very disagreeable work, causing people to catch cold, making butchering day dreaded. I am of the opinion that on every farm where there is much butchering to be done, there should be a building on purpose for it, says a writer in Michigan Farmer. It should stand as near the water supply as possible, and if not built in a conspicuous place, may be a plain, cheap structure.

My father built such a one, in which we could scald, dress and cut up our hogs, and be warm and comfortable, even on the coldest day. At one end there was a chimney, a big fire-place, and crane, that would hold two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel was let down through the floor to the ground, in order to make it stand firmly, with the top leaning against the platform on which the hogs were dressed. There was a rope and pulleys attached to a rafter overhead for hanging up the hogs, that could be used for handling large hogs in the scalding barrel. The building was also used for cutting up the hogs, trying out the lard, as well as washing clothes, making soap, boiling potatoes, and pumpkins for hogs, and cider for apples butter and mince pies.

WORLD'S CHAMPION COW.

In a Test Gave More Than 46 Quarts of Milk a Day.

By producing 721.4 pounds of milk, containing 35,536 pounds of butter fat, in seven days, Ormsby Jane Segis Aaggie, a pure-bred Holstein-Friesian, has surpassed the world's best dairy record and become the champion.

The lady with the ponderous name is owned by Pine Grove Farm in Elm Centre, N.Y.. She is 6 years old and the test was officially made under the direction of the New York State Agricultural College.

The rules observed were: A large, roomy box stall, light blanketing, thorough grooming, cows exercised every day, water always before them, fed four times each day, milked four times and the animals allowed plenty of time to rest by so arranging the work that nothing interfered with the quietness of the stables.

That the official figures may be readily understood by the reader, it is well to explain that 721.4 pounds of milk is equivalent to over 326 quarts of this remarkable cow averages more than forty-six quarts each day, and, furthermore, 35,536 pounds of butter fat, when churned, will make over forty-four pounds of commercial butter. At 35 cents per pound the seven-day butter yield of this very profitable cow would be worth about \$15.50.

While Ormsby Jane Segis Aaggie's breeding is not remarkable in ultra-fashionable lines, she traces to some splendid individuals of the great "black and white" breed.

She weighs 1,500 pounds, has a straight back line and is well shaped enough to please the most exacting critic as to fulfilling the requirements of the ideal Holstein type. Naturally she is a great feeder, consuming large quantities with apparent relish. Her ration consisted of bran, ground oats, oil meal, hominy meal, cotton seed meal, salt, powdered charcoal, beets, ensilage and alfalfa.

There are now seven Holstein cows that have produced over 40 pounds of butter in seven-day tests and their average is 40.96.

Telling the Tale.

The old soldier was telling his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were very sceptical as to his veracity. "Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and—" "Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance wagon." But the old man shook his head. "No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon."

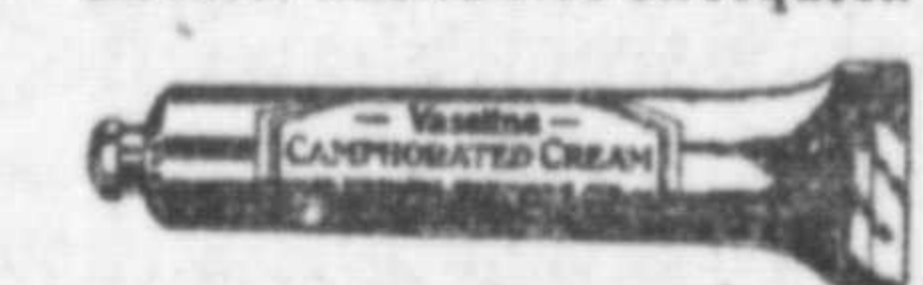
Vaseline

Trade Mark
Camphorated Cream

For chapped hands and lips and all irritations of the skin. All the virtues of "Vaseline" Camphor Ice, in the form of a cream.

For sale at chemists and general stores everywhere, in clean, handy tin tubes. Refuse Substitutes.

Booklet mailed free on request.



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

THREE VITAL QUESTIONS
Are you full of energy, vital force, and general good health? Do you know that good digestion is the foundation of good health? Pains and op-

pression in stomach and chest after eating, with constipation, headache, dizziness, are sure signs of indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the great herbal remedy and tonic, will cure you.

AFTER MEALS TAKE

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

AND BANISH STOMACH TROUBLES

At all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c, and \$1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WHITE & CO. LIMITED, Craig Street West, Montreal.

Watch Your Colts

For Coughs, Colds and Distemper, and at the first symptoms of any such ailment, give small doses of that wonderful remedy, now the most used in existence.

SPORN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Sold by any druggist, harness dealer, or delivered by

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



Woman's Health Needs Constant Care

Work and Worry Leaves Her a Victim of Many Distressing Ailments

Every woman's health is peculiarly dependent upon the condition of her blood. How many women suffer with headache, pain in the back, poor appetite, weak digestion, a constant feeling of weariness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pallor and nervousness. If you have any of these symptoms you should begin to-day to build up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under their use the nervous energy of the body is restored as the blood becomes red and pure and the entire system is strengthened to meet every demand upon it. They nourish every part of the body, giving brightness to the eye and color to the cheeks and lips.

Mrs. Jas. S. Francis, Oakwood, Ont., says: "I should have written long ago to tell what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me, but I suppose it is better late than never. In June, 1913, I had to go to an hospital for an operation for female weakness. I was in the hospital for a month, before I was able to get home. Three weeks after this I started for a trip to the Pacific coast, in the hope that my health would further improve. On the way I stopped to visit a sister in Southern Alberta, and on arriving at her home (after a 35 mile drive), I was completely done out. I found my sister ill, her baby having been born the week before. As there was no one to help, I had to take care of the child and do the household work, and in the three weeks that passed before my sister took charge I was completely worn out, and again nearly ill. However, I started on my westward trip, and decided to stop off at Banff, where I remained a week, but it did not seem to help me, and I resumed my journey. On the train I took sick, and could not eat, and as I was alone my condition was pitiable. Finally the porter wired ahead to North Bend for a doctor to see me. The doctor wanted me to leave the train and go to a hospital, but I determined to continue my journey to Vancouver. The medicine the doctor gave me did not help me, and I was getting worse all the time. And then a young man who had the opposite berth asked me if I would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gave me a box he had. I used these and the porter got me two more boxes, and by the time I reached my journey's end I was feeling some better. I stayed two months on the coast, and continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that time. I had gained in weight and appearance, and when I started for home I felt better than I had done for years. Now I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house, and both my husband and my young daughter have been benefited by their use. I bless the day that young man on the train gave me his box of pills, otherwise I might never have tried them, and would have still been an invalid."

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

MILLION WORKING FOR NAVY.

Official Figures Given — Fighting Strength Over 300,000.

The magnitude of the work going on in the navy is shown in a letter from the Admiralty to Sir Gilbert Parker, answering his inquiry in the British House of Commons. The navy proper had 146,000 officers and men when the war broke out, now increased to 320,000, with authority granted for a further increase to 350,000 officers and men, besides 67,000 naval reserves. There are also 85,000 men engaged in work at Royal dockyards and other naval establishments and several times that number on Admiralty work under contract and subcontract.

There are also the men engaged in getting coal for the fleet, dockside workers and civilian crews of colliers, oilers, mine-sweepers, supply ships, etc., and men and women engaged in making clothing and preparing food.

Thomas J. Macnamara, Financial Secretary of the Admiralty, adds: "If asked to put the matter in a sentence, I should say that for every man in the navy, of whom there are something like 300,000, there are certainly two persons and possibly even three at work on ship construction, repairing and contributing to the general efficiency and fighting ability of the fleet."

An aggregate of more than a million persons engaged in various branches of naval work is thus shown.

GUARD THE BABY AGAINST COLDS

To guard the Baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little ones stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist; that the health of the little ones will be good and that he will thrive and be happy and good-natured. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In Relief Work



LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER, one of London's wealthiest society women, who is indefatigable in relief work. Her husband is a brother of the Duke of Roxburghe.

HOW AMERICANS VIEW THE GREAT WAR.

By Chas. M. Bice, Denver, Colo.

In the U.S. the individual right of property has always been regarded as one of the most sacred of all human institutions. Trespass here, upon property rights is one of the blackest of sins, and hence Imperialism finds it impossible to understand America. But it is just this abhorrence to the sin of trespass that has lent the peculiar sanctity to all American treaties with Canada as with the rest of the world, for which the country is noted.

The U.S. has 100,000,000 of people Canada has 10,000,000, and though we need many things that Canada possesses, it is unthinkable that "We should take what we want and explain afterwards" a la German policy. There is not a fort from Maine to Victoria along the 3,000 miles of the Canadian frontier, but if we adopted Germany's policy we would have to erect fortifications all along the route, and keep one or two millions of men drawn from farm and factory to defend them, and our neighbor would have to do the same. In some European states the nation is everything, the individual nothing. Thank Heaven! This worship is confined to the Central Powers, and chiefly to one of these. Absolute power is always prolific of mistakes, and this is the sequence of endless adoration, for it destroys the ruler's power to think in straight or consistent lines. Flattery is sure to conceal weakness, and no man is so unfortunate as the man who is put on a throne and lifted up beyond the reach of plain truth-telling.

No ruler is charged with more serious diplomatic blunders than the Kaiser.

He was dead sure that England would remain neutral, because of a little dispute with Ireland. Italy will be a German ally because of the Triple Alliance. Belgium will be neutral, and allow us to trespass on her property and destroy her homes if we promise indemnity when the war is over. France is unprepared and weak and we will have Paris within three weeks.

An alliance with Turkey will bring on a holy war, in which all Islam will join. Japan will hold Russia in check, and leave us a free hand in the Balkans.

The Czar will be attacked by Bulgaria, Italy and China, etc. These are but a few of the Kaiser's many diplomatic blunders, but they demonstrate the danger of elevating a man to the throne in whose presence fawning men burn incense, and pour forth flattery to nauseate.

The Kaiser was the first to send forth a hostile and aggressive army, but he had no difficulty, it seems, in convincing his people that it was in self-defense—to save the empire from Russian barbarism, and like nonsense.

But Belgium's gallant defense cost Germany the most important weeks of the war, and her high water-mark in the war was reached when she was with in twenty miles of Paris.

Intoxicated with the prospect of victory, like Napoleon at Austerlitz, the waves are fast ebbing away to a fatal Waterloo that surely awaits him.

The question America is seriously considering is, shall Germany be allowed to lay ruthless hands upon smaller states whose territory she may chance to covet? If it is not to be rebuked, where will it end?

We recall that a German professor published in the North American Review two or three years ago, an article in which he said that "once Germany is victorious in Europe, the 'Monroe Doctrine' will go, and the U.S. will receive the thrashing she so richly deserves." That this echoes the sentiment of the German people

there can be little doubt, and the duty of preparing is thus made evident. The same war vultures with black wings that brood over Europe as heralds of poverty, sorrow and death, are liable to migrate to new fields, and America may be the next to supply the harvest of death. But I greatly mistake if they find America as unprepared as peaceful Europe was when the Kaiser set hostile foot on Belgium soil.

The martial spirit of this great country is being aroused as never before since 1861—goaded on without doubt by the tragic lessons taught by the present relentless struggle.

A nation that sneers at its solemn treaties is not to be trusted in any way, and the only safety for America lies in being abundantly prepared to repel any aggression, and assert her rights, come what may.

This conviction is rapidly settling down upon American thought to-day, and every effort is being put forth to strengthen her defenses, and increase her naval strength.

The capacity of a democracy to quickly employ its resources is proverbial, as history demonstrates.

Like Canadians, born and matured under civil and political freedom America has a heritage to fight for, and has never been found lacking in those stern qualities that make the invincible, daring and unconquerable soldier.

Were a Boon to a Paisley Man

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED PAIN IN HIS BACK.

Mr. Jas. A. Bryce Tells Why He Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills to All Who Suffer from Kidney Disease.

Paisley, Ont., Feby. 28th (Special). "I can highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from pain in the back," says Mr. Jas. A. Bryce, well known and highly respected in this neighborhood. "I had been troubled with a pain in my back for about a year.

"Reading the self-examination page in Dodd's Almanac led me to believe that my trouble came from my kidneys so I sent and got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before they were done I was feeling as well as ever.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were certainly a great boon to me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys. By putting them in condition to do their proper work they accomplish the cures so regularly reported. Healthy kidneys make pure blood and the man or woman who has pure blood coursing through their veins can laugh at nine-tenths of the ills of life.

WAREHOUSE FOR GERMANY

Holland is Aiding the Enemy With Foodstuffs

The London Daily Mail sent an investigator to Holland to ascertain the effect of the British blockade. He contributes a three-column article, the gist of which is that after patient and careful enquiry, he has come to the conclusion that Holland is being used by the Germans as a warehouse from which goods are taken daily to the German factories, cities and troops.

"The Dutch cities," he says, "are swarming with German merchants, agents and spies, trading freely. Dutch commerce is inextricably entangled with German interests and German capital."

MURINE Murine is prepared by our Physicians, as used for many years in their practice, now dedicated to the Public and sold by Your Druggist. Try Murine to Refresh, Cleanse, and Strengthen Eyes after exposure to Cold Cutting Winds and Dust and to restore healthy tone to Eyes Reddened and made Sore by Overwork and Eye Strain. Some broadminded Physicians use and recommend Murine while others perhaps jealous of its Success, talk and rush into print in opposition; those whose Eyes need care can guess why, as there is no Prescription fee in Murine. Just hand your Druggist 50c and you have a Complete Pkg. Eye Book—Murine—Dropper—and Cork Screw—ready for use. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Eye Troubles—No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye Free. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago

Janet Knew An old tenant on Queen Victoria's Balmoral estate used to be greatly concerned when the Queen went driving on Sunday afternoons. She even ventured to speak about it. The Queen, who allowed a good many liberties to her tenants, smiled, and said to the woman—"But, Janet, the New Testament tells us distinctly that the Sabbath was made for man."

"Aye," said Janet, severely, "I know it does; and I think none the more of the New Testament for that."

Will Crush Germany. The British Ministry replies to the Kaiser's encouragement to his people with declarations of still firmer determination, and more certain hopes of victory. In spite of the German successes, the British statesmen assert that the crushing of Germany is near at hand, and that England will soon enter the field with a force of men and a supply of ammunition against which Germany's waning resources cannot hope to contend. The English bankers are also full of defiance to Germany. They point out how Germany's credit is rapidly failing, while the resources of Great Britain are scarcely touched.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Off to School, Full of Vim and Pep—Don't cram their little "tummies" with greasy meats, starchy potatoes or other indigestible foods. One or two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk make a warm, nourishing meal that supplies all the material needed for their growing bodies. The perfect food to study on, to grow on, to play on. The crispness of the shreds encourages thorough chewing, which develops sound teeth and healthy gums. Being ready-cooked, it is so easy to prepare a warm, nourishing meal with Shredded Wheat in a few moments—no kitchen worry or work.

Made in Canada.

GERMAN SLOW CANCER.

Progressive Deterioration of the Enemy's Military Strength.

An allied diplomatist, discussing the progress and prospects of the war with a Reuter representative, mentioned the feelings of depression and impatience that are expressed in various quarters. In regard to this he said:

"Yes, I suppose people are looking for big victories, and fail to discover anything of this character during the past months. People seem to forget that we are wearing down the enemy and that every month his losses in killed and wounded are such that in many respects they cannot be replaced. This we know for a fact.

"Apart from the question of public opinion, there are also indications that all is not well in enemy military circles. News reaches us of disputes among the German generals, and there is reliable information that the Emperor's illness—whatever may be its nature—has had a depressing effect.

"So far as the enemy is concerned, there can be but one result. I should liken his position to that of one who is afflicted with slow cancer."

Proud Father—"I believe my dear, that the baby knows as much as I do." Mother (gazing at the infant)—"Yes, poor little fellow."

Female Help Wanted...

In large hostelry, underwear and sweater factories. Vacancies in all departments, with openings for experienced or inexperienced help. Highest wages and moderate priced board. Apply immediately.

Penmans Limited, Paris, Ont.

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES And How to Feed Mailed free to any address by the Author H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S. 118 West 31st Street, New York

LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!

Lessons Free New Method—Learn To Play By Note—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Cornet, Harp, Cello or to sing. Special Limited Offer of free weekly lessons. You pay only for music and postage, which is small. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Everything illustrated, plain, simple systematic. Free lectures each course. 16 years' success. Start at once. Write for Free Booklet To-day—Now. U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 252, 225 Fifth Ave. New York City

KENTON SEEDS Before placing your order for seeds, see our 1916 Golden Jubilee Catalogue it is free Seed Corn (75 lbs. on cob) Wisconsin, No. 7 1.80 Bailey Learning, White Cap Golden Glow 1.75 Longfellow, North Dakota Comptons 1.90 We pay railway freight in Ontario and Quebec on all orders over \$25.00

GEO. KEITH & SONS SEEDS 124 KING ST. E. TORONTO

Notice to Stallion Owners

The inspection of stallions under the Ontario Stallion Enrolment Act, will commence March 23rd, 1916. All applications for enrolment and inspection, accompanied by the proper fee, must be in the Secretary's office, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, by March 13th. In case of applications received after March 13th, inspection will only be made at increased expense to owners. Address all communications to R. W. Wade, Secretary, Ontario Stallion Enrolment Board, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

WOMEN BEST ARMY COOKS.

British War Office Finds Them Efficient and Economical.

The work of the British "Woman's Legion" has demonstrated conclusively that trained women operating in their own sphere—particularly in the camp kitchens—are immensely superior to untrained men.

Last August the employment of the first women cooks was sanctioned by the War Office. The scheme was put forward by Lady Londonderry when the appalling wastefulness and inefficiency in the various camp kitchens became evident.

One hundred women cooks were taken. Twenty were installed at the Convalescent Hospital at Dartford Camp, and the plan was spread to Epsom, Eastbourne, and Alnwick, and will be to Blackpool, always with a marked improvement. At the Blackpool Convalescent Camp alone 160 women will be employed.

An Army School of Cookery at which women instruct has now been inaugurated for the training of military cooks who will serve at the front. Thirteen women are already engaged in this work.

Use Any Household Recipe

with Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal, and bake anything from it. If you like, eat hot from the oven. It won't ferment. It makes most delicious baking, prevents indigestion, is very nutritious, relieves constipation or "money back." That's why a leading physician says it's a god-send to humanity. Especially try it in porridge, pancakes, and gems, but carefully follow directions on package for making porridge. For an early breakfast, cook the night before in a double boiler without stirring and warm in the morning by setting in boiling water while dressing. At grocers' 10c and 25c.

Made by the Roman Meal Co., Toronto.

Not Backward.

Country School Teacher—"You notice that boy who stands at the foot of his class? Well, last summer he was the brightest boy in school."

Committeeman—"He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

More Portable Shape.

A Lancashire weaver recently joined the army, and, after being at Plymouth three months, was allowed home on a week's furlough.

Visiting his old factory, he was encountered by the genial head of the firm with a smile, and—

"I hope they made a new man of you?"

The soldier replied: "Aw! tell 'em what they've done, sir. They've ta'en th' hump of my back 'n' put it on mi chest, and it's a lot easier to carry now."—London Answers.

NOTICE TO STALLION OWNERS.

The inspection of stallions under the Ontario Stallion Enrolment Act will commence March 23rd, 1916. Stallion owners will notice that horses inspected in the Fall of 1914 do not require to be inspected at this time but all other horses inspected previous to the Fall of 1914, which were not then eight years old, must be inspected in order to be enrolled for 1916. Application should be made at once to the Secretary of the Ontario Stallion Enrolment Board, R. W. Wade, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

In the Same Boat.

Sam had come home from school—hungry as usual. Tossing his spelling book on the kitchen table he hastened to the pantry and began an investigation of cake box, cupboards, and cookie jar.

Suddenly the back door bell rang. Leaving his unprofitable search, Samuel went to answer. On the steps stood an unshaven, long-haired man whose clothes needed a tailor and a laundry worker.

"I'm hungry," began the stranger, in a low, agrieved tone, "and should like something to eat."

"Well, so'm I," confided the boy, "but you know I've ber a huntin' for ten minutes an hain't found a thing!"

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 yrs. old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly, J. B. LIVESQUE. St. Joseph, P. O., 18th Aug., 1909.

A Fine Stream.

A country gentleman in Ireland, having a small sporting estate to sell, advertised it, and soon afterwards a gentleman called to see him about it. "Well, sir," said he, "I have been over that estate you advertised, and find it all right except that fine trout stream you mentioned." "It runs through the wood in the lower part of the meadow," said the landowner. "What! That little brook? Why, it doesn't hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you were to empty a pail of water into it it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream do you?" "Faith," said the owner, blandly, "if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

The best yeast in the world. Makes perfect bread.

MADE IN CANADA

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Quite the Contrary.

"My husband tells me that he was out late last night with your husband."

"That isn't so. I want you to understand that my husband was out with your husband."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Clerk—"I'd like to get a week off, sir, to attend the wedding of a friend." Employer—"A very dear friend, I should say, to make you want that much time." Clerk—"Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."

SEED POTATOES

SEED POTATOES, IRISH COBBLERS, Delaware, Carman. Order at once. Supply limited. Write for quotations. H. W. Lawson, Brampton.

AGENTS WANTED

LADY OR GENTLEMAN WANTED in every town. Attractive proposition, big money, write Jarvis, 344 X Bunnymede Road, Toronto.

\$2 PER DAY, SALARY AND COMMISSION for lady representative in her home district. Work pleasant, educative, experience unnecessary. Nichols Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

PROFIT-MAKING NEWS AND JOB OFFICES for sale in 2nd Ontario towns. The most useful and interesting of all businesses. Full information on application to Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St. Toronto.

LOAN WANTED

TEN YEAR LOAN OF \$30,000 ON ONE of the best equipped Wheat & Stock Ranches in Southern Alberta. Willing to give mortgage back for \$38,000 at 8 p.c. interest paid the first year, after that one-tenth of principal. J. M. Tuft, Alberta Block, Lethbridge, Alta.

FARMS FOR SALE

IMPROVED QUARTER SECTION, half mile from town of Raymore, Saskatchewan. Clay loam; well located, \$22 per acre, part cash, balance half crop payments, or \$20 all cash. J. R. Booth, Heyden, Sault Ste Marie, Ont.

FARMS WANTED

WANTED — FARM, ABOUT HALF improved or relinquishment of 160 acres or more in Ontario. Must be bargain. State price, location. Address Box 64, Fort William, Ont.

HELP WANTED

WOOLEN MILL HELP. CARDERS, spinners and weavers. We will pay experienced help while learning weaving. Good wages paid in all these departments, and steady work for months to come. For further particulars, apply to the Shlensky Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

MACHINERY

ENGINE, MARINE AND STATIONARY, new and second-hand bargains. Best Guarantee Motor Co., Hamilton, Canada.

FOR SALE

PEDIGREE NEWFOUNDLAND puppies for sale. Also few Persian kittens. R. A. Gillespie, Albert, Quebec.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

Go To BERMUDA
40 Hours From Frost to Flowers

Restful Isles of Summer Loveliness

S.S. BERMUDA sails from New York March 1 and 8
S.S. EVANGELINE sails from New York March 2 and 11.

Fares, including meals and berth, only \$25 and up. Apply for tickets and booklet.

H. D. PATTERSON, Gen. Agent.
Canada S.S. Lines, Limited,
46 Yonge St., Toronto,
or any ticket agent.

BERMUDA
The Ideal Winter Resort

Beautiful Drives, Saddle Riding, Golf, Tennis, Yachting, Fishing, and Sea Bathing. Present Garrison of the Ottawa (35th) Regiment.

—TEE—
Princess Hotel

is open from DECEMBER to MAY
Situated on the Harbor of Hamilton. Accommodates 400.
Rates: \$25 per week and upward.

HOWE & TROGER,
Managers.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Bermuda is reached by the steamers of the Quebec S.S. Co., 32 Broadway, New York.

The Shawville Boot and Shoe Store

LOOK HERE!

We are giving
20 p. c.
Off all

Felt Goods and Overshoes

for the balance of
the winter.

P. E. SMILEY,

LOCAL NEWS.

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

The Rev. Father Frank L. French of Renfrew, left last week for Europe, as an army Chaplain to the Canadian forces. Before his departure his congregation presented him with a purse of \$1,000.

Rev. L. Wittick, pastor of the Arnprior Lutheran Church, has publicly expressed himself as in sympathy with the Allies, and says he feels confident they will win in the end, having almost illimitable resources at their command.

Shawville ladies gave a leap-year party in the Orange hall on Monday night, at which there was a good attendance. Mr. Geo. Beach, of Calumet Island, assisted in furnishing the music, contributing to make this feature particularly entertaining.

The 207th, Ottawa and Carleton Overseas Battalion, C. E. F., by Lt.-Col. C. W. McLean, are recruiting about 150 selected men to train and qualify for non-commissioned officers. The qualifications are: age—lots of it—height 5 feet 8 inches, chest 38 in., and the ability and tact to handle men. Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, once said that the backbone of the British army is the non-commissioned officer. That statement has been amply proven in the present war. The members of the 207th N. C. O. class will be given a thorough course of modern military training, and every opportunity to make good. The selections will be entirely based on merit. Full particulars can be obtained from Capt. A. H. Thoburn or Lieut. P. Mahoney, Base Recruiting Office, 194 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont., Telephone Queen 1535.

Household Science

There are still a few vacancies for the Spring Short Course in the School of Household Science, Macdonald College, P. Q., which will commence March 20th and extend to June 8th. The course includes work in cooking, home nursing, household accounts, household administration, household furnishings, laundrying, millinery and needlework, with either dairying, horticulture or poultry as an optional subject. This course is tuition free to farmers' daughters belonging to the Province of Quebec. The other expenses are board and lodging \$4.00 per week, and laboratory fee for the course \$5.00. For other residents of Canada, the tuition fee for the course is \$25.00. Full particulars will be sent on application to The Registrar, Macdonald College, P. Q.

Death of Mrs. W. H. Walsh.

A former old resident of Bryson passed away at Sorel, Que., on February 28, in the person of Margaret Donahue, wife of W. H. Walsh, Esq., formerly of Bryson and Montreal.

Mrs. Walsh, who was 64 years of age, had been in failing health for some time, peacefully breathed her last at her home there in the presence of her husband and one of her daughters, and fortified by the last rites of her church.

The funeral took place to the parish church on March 2nd.

She leaves to mourn her loss besides

her husband the following surviving children: John Kelly, Ottawa; Hannah Kelly, Boston; W. T. Walsh, Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. Albert Green (Minnie), New Glasgow, N. S.; Mrs. P. E. O'Brien (Lena), Montreal; Harry Walsh, Kansas; and Mrs. A. W. Moore, (Daisy), Oakland, California; also two brothers, R. and D. Donahue of Clarendon.

—Com.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE WILLIAM BLAKELY.

On Wednesday, February 23rd, 1916, the death occurred of William Blakely, Esq., at his residence, Arnprior, Ont. The deceased was born in the township of Bristol 69 years ago, and was the son of the late Malcolm Blakely.

He married Miss Annie Steele of Onslow, who survives him together with five children, one daughter, Sadie, and four sons—Malcolm, John and Robert at home, and William now on active service in France; also three sisters—Mrs. Charles Graham, Arnprior; Mrs. James Drummond, Bristol and Mrs. Charles Taber, Wyman, and two brothers—Rev. Malcolm Blakely, of Alice, Ont., and Robert, of South Dakota.

The late Mr. Blakely always took a deep interest in public affairs, acting for a number of years as director of Pontiac Agricultural Society No. 1; chairman of the Bristol School Board, and also as mayor of the township.

He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church and in politics a staunch Conservative. He was a good neighbor and a reliable and generous friend, and his home was noted for its hospitality.

He was an Orangeman from his early manhood and was W. M. of L. O. L. No. 46 for twenty-six years.

The funeral service on Friday afternoon, the 25th ult., was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Faulds, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McLean at the late home of the deceased, after which a large number of friends and brethren accompanied the remains to Norway Bay cemetery where they were met by many others.

A short service was conducted, followed by the impressive burial service of the Orange Order, when the body of a much loved and honored brother was laid to rest.

—Com.

No Nervous Strain.

Crawford—The elephant sleeps only five hours out of every twenty-four. Crabshaw—Very true, but just stop and consider that the elephant doesn't have to attend lectures or the opera, listen to sermons or war talk or lend an ear to some fellow's description of his newest baby or car, and you will realize that he has a pretty soft time of it, taken all in all.

No Hope.

"Your digestive system is all out of order," said a doctor, after examining a patient. "The best advice I can give you is to discharge your cook and get a new one."

"It can't be done, doctor," answered the patient sadly. "I'm married to her!"

Back Thrust.

Mrs. Puritan—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower, I'd have you know. Mrs. D'Accusic—That may be, but they might not be allowed to land today.

Why He Was Quiet.

"What did he have to say for himself?"

"Nothing. His wife was with him."

THE MARKETS.

SEAWVILLE

Flour per barrel \$6.00
Wheat, per bushel, \$1.08.
Oats, per bushel, 36c.
Beans per bushel, \$3.50.
Butter tubs, prints and rolls 28c.
Potatoes per bag, 1.35c.
Eggs per dozen 25c.
Hides per 100 lbs. 13.00
Felts 75 to 1.00 each
Horse Hides each 2.50
Calfskins each 75 to 1.00
Veal Skins, each 90c

OTTAWA.

The following are last Saturday's quotations:

Butter, in prints 30c to 35c
Butter in pails 29 to 32c
Eggs, fresh, per dozen 30 to 35c
Potatoes per bag, \$1.40
Pork per 100 lbs. \$12.00 to 13.50
Beef, per 100 lbs., \$6.00 to 8.00
Oats per bushel 45c
Hay per ton 18.00 to 24.00

In Memoriam.

In loving memory of Mrs. Herbie C. Hodgins, who died March 8th, 1915, at Clarendon.

One year has passed, our hearts still sore
As days go by we miss her more;
A bitter grief, a shock severe,
We little thought death was so near.
HUSBAND, MOTHER AND SISTER.

THE WAR AND ITS CAUSES

(By the Rev. W. J. Baugh, Rector of Lacolle, Que.)

For forty years or more the Prussian hordes have worked away. To well prepare for what they loved to speak of as "The Day," The Day to conquer Europe—the Day to rule the sea, And impose "Superior Kultur" on the children of the free.

For forty years they feared to lose a man in any cause. They were such very peaceful folk, they'd nought to do with wars. We see today the kind of "Peace" they always had in sight, A "peace" to fill a million graves—a myriad homes to blight.

A Servian killed the Austrian Heir, and anger burned like fire. The Serbs, however, did their best to cool the Austrian's ire; The Russians said they'd see fair play—but tried to put off strife. The Kaiser saw the very chance he'd wanted all his life.

He told the Austrian Emperor to send a last reply, Which meant that little Serbia must be a slave—or die; The whole of Europe looked aghast—then calmly said "Take care," The war-lord glared, and made reply, "The Day has come—beware!"

But not with Russian, Frank or Serb do Prussian hordes begin, In quiet, peaceful Belgian homes the Krupp-gun starts to din; We thought the Belgians quite secure, by treaty signed and sealed, The theory that 'tis but "A scrap of paper" is revealed.

We value peace, and life, and home, but honour stands supreme. To fight is now our duty—the truth we must redeem; Can we see nations bullied, and Treaties torn to shreds, Support a scheme of "blood and iron," and still hold up our heads?

No—Let the dogs of war be loosed, to rush into the fray, And crush the treacherous, murderous host who worked for such a Day. Take firm the sword—stay not the hand, till tyrants are no more, Till peace and righteousness and love shall reign the wide world o'er.

CANINE SLAUGHTER.

When Dogs Threatened Paris During the Reign of Terror.

It is a curious fact that the French capital was once threatened by a horde of hungry dogs. This event was associated with many other and more startling ones of the reign of terror. It was due to a very natural cause. The greater part of the aristocrats who had fled or gone into hiding kept dogs, and very few were able to make arrangements for the care of their animals when they hurriedly left their homes.

The dogs, abandoned, took to the streets and shortly began to congregate in two packs, one occupying the Champs Elysees and one the Bois de Boulogne. Soon they became a public danger, as is evidenced by the duly recorded fact that Santerre, the brewer, proposed a law that all dogs should be hanged. So, in September, 1793, when thousands of starving animals were seeking subsistence in a city not over-provided with food, drastic measures were adopted against the Champs Elysees pack.

Two battalions of the national guard surrounded the area, leaving a gap toward the Rue Royale, while hundreds of men and boys "beat the cover." The game was driven up to the Place Royale, where troops made a battue of it. Three days consecutively was this repeated, and more than 3,000 dogs lay in the place.

It is said that one Gaspardin, who was ordered to remove the carcasses, being short of means to effect this, applied for the royal equipages. To the revolutionists this appeared a timely jest and the application was granted gleefully and with applause. So Gaspardin packed the dead dogs in the gilded coaches and made a state procession through

Untrue.

"Your leading lady is not true to life."

"What's the matter?"

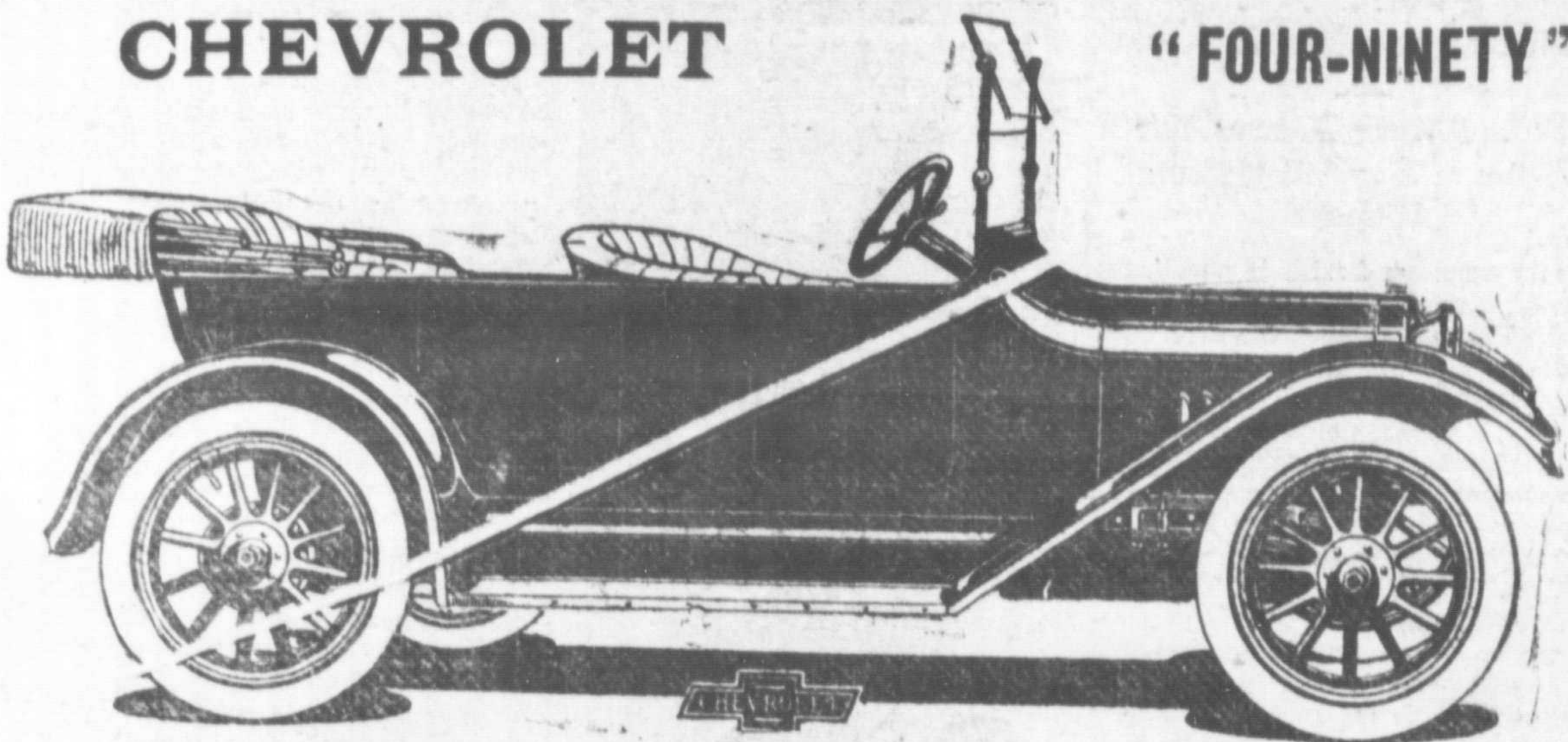
"In the first act she receives a telegram, and you have her open it without fear or trembling."

Falkland Breezes.

Probably nowhere else does the wind blow so hard and steadily as in the Falkland Islands. Tree growth is practically impossible owing to this peculiarity, and with such force does the wind sweep that region at times that potatoes and turnips have been known to be blown out of the ground. Grass, however, grows luxuriantly.

CHEVROLET

"FOUR-NINETY"



PRICE \$675.00 F. O. B., OSHAWA, ONT.

All over the country people are talking about the CHEVROLET FOUR-NINETY. Its big roomy stream line body seats five passengers without cramping or crowding. But the biggest thing about the car is not its size and beauty for the price, but its perfection of design.

Valve in Head Motor, Selective Sliding Gear, Transmission, Liberal Construction of Brakes, Electric Lighting and Starting System, Low Centre of Gravity, with a 10 inch road clearance.

Call and see the car or write for particulars.

Also Hudson and Studebaker Cars.

THE MacLEAN MACHINE WORKS, AGENTS,
CAMPBELLS BAY

QUEBEC.

SHAWVILLE MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

T. SHORE - PROPRIETOR.

MONUMENTS

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

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

FENCING AND CEMETERY WORK A SPECIALITY

All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.

YES SIR, It's You I'm After

I want your Clothing and Furnishing trade, and
I here quote a few reasons why you should
patronize this store:

1. Here you will find the largest and best assorted stock of Men's and Boys' Ready-to-Wear Clothes to be found in the County of Pontiac.
2. My prices are from 15 to 20 p. c. lower than any of my competitors, as my expenses are so much lower; I employ no staff of clerks; I employ no book-keepers, and give no credit, thereby making the above saving, and am giving it to my customers instead. I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU at any time that I can give you a Suit or Overcoat at 15 p. c. cheaper than you can secure same for elsewhere and then give you a better made and wearing garment at that.
3. My store is by no means the largest in town, but can proudly point to the fact that

My stock of Clothing is the largest and best kept stock in town.

Every suit is enclosed in glass front show cases, free from sweeping dust, moths and germs of any sort.

4. My experience in buying and selling clothing dates back to my childhood days, therefore am well acquainted with all the ins and outs of the clothing game.
5. My guarantee goes behind every garment I turn out, and if said garment does not give entire satisfaction, I am always willing to make it right. I STAND BEHIND MY GOODS.

Now I have given you five good reasons why you should buy your clothes here, and I can prove to you that every one is a positive fact:

Drop in and let us talk over about your New Spring Suit, as you will surely be wanting one after you discard your winter togs.

For this spring my stock is larger and more complete than ever, and prices are as low as ever.

Don't fail to see my No. 532 Blue Serge, all wool Suit at \$16.00. This suit cannot be duplicated in the county at less than \$22.00.

Remember I am sole agent for "Hobberlin" Made-to-Measure Clothes. Fit guaranteed or money refunded.

ARCHIE DOVER