

THE EQUITY.

No. 10, 37TH YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Capital paid up - \$4,000,000
Rest - 4,750,000
94 Branches in Canada.
A JOINT ACCOUNT
is a decided convenience to the soldier.
Either of the joint owners may deposit or withdraw money without further formality.
FORT COULONGE BRANCH, W. W. MITCHELL, Acting Mgr.
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SHAWVILLE BRANCH, A. H. MULHURN, Manager.
PORTAGE DU FORT SUB OFFICE, Open Monday and Thursday.
BRISTOL CORNERS SUB OFFICE, Open Wednesday and Friday.

Fires Break Out

and thieves break in. Don't risk the first, or invite the second, by keeping money in the house.

Put it in The Merchants Bank, where it will be safe from loss—always available—and earn interest at highest current rates.



THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal. OF CANADA Established 1884.
SHAWVILLE BRANCH, W. F. DRUM, Manager.
OYON BRANCH, A. A. REID, Manager.
CAMPELLS BAY BRANCH, D. L. WILLSON, Manager.
BRISTOL BRANCH, C. E. SHAW, Manager.

THE HARDWARE STORE

Paint Bargains

In these days of high paint prices you do not expect to find many bargains, but we have a genuine one to offer—A REAL SNAP.

House, wall and floor paints, in quarts and half gals, being odds and ends of discontinued lines, which we have decided to clear out at

35c. to 50c. per quart

good for inside or outside use. The same quality is selling today at 85c. to \$1.10.

This is a real snap, and I expect will be quickly picked up. If you have any painting to do act promptly.

J. H. SHAW.

CANADIAN FOOD BOARD LICENSE NUMBER 84503

Business notices on this page 8 cents per line.

For boys' suits try MURRAY BROS. The Tailors.

Arnprior Fair and Trials of Speed, September 16th, 17th and 18th. \$1,000 in purses.

The work meeting of the Shawville H. M. Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Geo. Findlay this Thursday evening.

Shawville Academy will open with a full staff of competent teachers on Tuesday next, Sept. See announcement on 8th page.

Shawville Fair is little more than two weeks distant—Sept. 16, 17, 18. Time you were getting your exhibits ready. Call on the Secretary and get a prize list.

The Zion H. M. Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Graham Thompson, Friday, Sept. 6. Program:—The benefit of Music to the Community—by Miss F. Armstrong; Reading by Miss M. Park.

The regular meeting of Austin H. M. Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Jas. Morrison on Sept. 3rd, at 2.30 p. m. Program: Paper on Co-operation between School and Home, by Mrs. Wm. Olmstead. Roll Call—Hints and helps on good behaviour.

School Fairs.

The prize lists have been issued for the Annual School Fairs at Shawville and Quyon, held under the direction of the Department of Agriculture for the province. The dates of these fairs are:—Shawville—(open to the Schools of the township of Clarendon only)—Thursday, Sept. 5th.

Quyon—(open to the village of Quyon and township of Onslow)—Friday, Sept. 6th.

Ask the Secretary for a copy of the prize list of Shawville Fair—Sept. 16, 17, 18.

PRESENTATIONS.—In view of his departure for the West this week, Mr. Elwood S. H. Workman—who has been employed on the printing staff of this paper for the past twelve years—was presented with a nice kodak by members of the Methodist congregation and choir, to which latter organization he had rendered appreciable service for several years. The presentation took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John R. McDowell, 7th line, on Thursday evening last and was attended by quite a large number of the church and choir members, and also other friends and well-wishers of the young man, whose departure although much regretted by them is regarded as a step which should accrue to his advantage in that region of immense possibilities and ever-widening scope for the exercise of human genius.

An address accompanying the gift was read by Mr. Trueman Tuck, to which the recipient replied at some length in most becoming terms, expressive of his sincere thanks, and evincing a keen sense of his appreciation of the gift and the kindly feeling towards him which prompted its bestowal. Light refreshments were served during the evening, which was pleasantly spent in the customary social manner, the host and hostess doing all they could to make their guests feel happy by the warmth of their welcome.

Quite a host of young people, including most of the members of the Methodist S. School, of which he is librarian, assembled at the home of Mrs. Alfred Draper on Monday evening, to give Mr. Irvine Hamilton the benefit of a good social time and also to present him with a kodak, before his departure for the West. The ladies served ice cream and cake, and music and games were enjoyed till nearly midnight, when the gathering accorded Irvine the customary "bon voyage" and then dispersed.

PERSONAL MENTION

The Misses Irish, of Ottawa, are guests of Mrs. Howard Walsh.

Mrs. Matt Wallace and children, of Ottawa, are visiting relatives here and vicinity this week.

Mrs. J. McBride, of Ottawa, has been the guest of Mrs. T. Tuck, in town for some days.

Miss Brown, Montreal, is the guest of Miss Dorothy Ralph, in town.

Miss Maye Cluff, of the Willis Business College staff, Ottawa, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. L. Tucker this week.

Miss Lillian Hodgins has been enjoying a visit with the Misses Barnett, at Norway Bay.

Miss Fern Carkner, of Ottawa, is spending her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Smiley at Green Lake.

Mr. Ed. Sheffield, who has been spending his vacation in Bristol, has returned to his home in Pembroke.

Mr. Archie Richardson, of Ottawa, has been spending his holidays at Green Lake, guest of Mr. P. E. and Mrs. Smiley.

Mr. H. S. Barnett has been taking a few days' respite from business worries with his family at Norway Bay.

Rev. Isaac Norman, formerly pastor of the Clarendon Methodist Circuit, is visiting among his old parishioners at present.

Mr. E. J. Burke, of the Seely Pump Co. staff, Pembroke, is assisting the local agent, Mr. H. E. Mitchem, of Shawville, for a few days this week.

Mrs. Jack Day, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. James McCredie, of Elmside, has returned to Winnipeg and after September will reside in Calgary, Alberta.

Mrs. Harper Lothian, who had a paralytic stroke last Saturday, is confined to her bed with nurse Jean Dodd, of Arnprior, in attendance.—Com.

Mr. Chas Fitzsimmons of Ottawa, who is engaged in selling stock for the International Land and Lumber Co., brought his wife and family to Shawville for a short visit last week.

Mr. C. A. L. Tucker, accompanied by his son George, Miss H. Reid and Dr. and Mrs. Fraser, motored to Westmeath Saturday evening, and encountered a very heavy rain storm by the way.

Bound for the West by Tuesday morning's train, besides those mentioned in another item, were Mr. and Mrs. George Cuthbertson of Bristol; Messrs. Horace Caldwell and Kenny Hodgins of the 8th line.

Mr. L. J. Westbrook, formerly of Macdonald College, who for the past three years has been engaged in farming at his home near Batavia, N. Y., visited Shawville acquaintances for a few days last week.

Mr. Wm. Turfiff, who has been engaged for the past four or five months at Mr. Andrew Martin's farm at Cache Bay, Ont., arrived home last week to enjoy a two-weeks' holiday, although his appearance does not indicate that he is enduring many hardships in his present situation. William looks well.

Messrs. Elwood Workman and Irvine Hamilton, left here Tuesday morning en route for the West. Elwood goes to Lemberg, Sask., to take charge of a printing plant, which his brother-in-law A. S. McDowell, has recently acquired. Irvine is going to Blaine Lake to engage in harvesting. We wish the boys every success.

THE EQUITY had a call Saturday from Mr. William Harrison, of the C. P. R. workshops, at North Bay. Mr. Harrison's visit to his old home neighborhood was occasioned by the death of his mother, whose remains he brought to Campbells Bay for interment at Otter Lake.

HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Ottawa, Ont.

Our instruction is individual, and the school is open during the entire year; you may therefore start at any time. Our rates are \$10 per month; do not pay a cent more.

More than 300 students from other local colleges have in the past joined our classes. Names and addresses are available. Students are assisted to positions.

We are HEADQUARTERS for Short-hand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Spelling, English, Correspondence, etc. Send for circular.

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

Deaths

MISS MARGARET HORNER.

THE EQUITY reports with deep regret this week the death of Miss Margaret Horner, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Horner, of the 10th range Clarendon, which occurred at the Protestant General hospital, Ottawa, on Wednesday, the 21st, following an operation for appendicitis, at the early age of 22 years.

The late Miss Horner was taken to Ottawa on Monday morning, 19th, suffering from the malady which attacked her two or three days previously, and although the operation at the hospital was performed successfully, the disease had apparently advanced to a stage which rendered surgical skill impotent to save her life.

The remains were conveyed by train to Shawville on Thursday evening and were thence taken to the home of the sorely bereaved family in North Clarendon.

The obsequies were withheld till Sunday afternoon, to enable relatives residing in the West to be present. The funeral then took place at 2.30 p. m. to Norman Methodist Church, of which the deceased was a member. The large very attendance present bore testimony to the widespread sympathy felt for the family in this third visitation which has come upon them in a comparatively short time, and also to the high regard and esteem in which the deceased was held by all who knew her.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Isaac Norman, a former pastor of the church which bears his name, who spoke most touchingly of the child-life of the departed in the course of an impressive address.

Eight young lady associates of the deceased performed the function of honorary pall-bearers, whilst the casket, profusely laden with floral offerings, was borne to the grave by six young men, friends of the family.

THE EQUITY joins with many others in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Horner and family, a sincere expression of its warmest sympathy and condolence.

MRS. JAMES HARRISON

At North Bay on August 13th Eliza Cole, relict of the late James Harrison, after an extended illness, which culminated in paralysis. The deceased was in the 80th year of her age. She was a former resident of Thorne township, but for the past 14 years she had made her home in North Bay.

The remains were brought by the deceased's son William to Campbells Bay on the 15th, and the funeral took place from the home of another son, Mr. Sam Harrison, on Saturday the 17th, to the old Otter Lake cemetery, where other members of the family are buried. The Rev. Mr. Stowbridge conducted the funeral service in St. James' Church, at which there was a large attendance.

A BIG DRIVE

FOR STENOGRAPHERS. For the past year the Civil Service Commission has been scouring the country for competent stenographers. On Feb. 16 every Branch of the Service was placed under the Commission which means that the demands are now doubled.

BIGGOWLING Business College.
OTTAWA, ONT.

Make a specialty of preparing candidates for these examinations. Start NOW and be ready for the Fall Round Up. Our school is open all summer.

W. E. GOWLING, H. G. W. BRAITHWAITE,
President. Principal

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Learning office work is like learning any other kind of work or trade or profession.

Machinists are trained by practical machinists, doctors by doctors, dentists by dentists.

The secret of success of the Graduates of Willis College is that they are the only ones trained by expert, experienced office workers for expert office work.

For Stenographer, Secretary or Accountant, we have the best courses available anywhere.

Last year our increase was 45%. This year to date is even better. Still Employers' Demands Exceed the Number of Willis Graduates.

N. I. HARRISON,

Principal.
WILLIS COLLEGE, OTTAWA, ONT.
1304 Sparks Street, entrance between Ketchum's & Sims.
A position for every Willis Graduate

BROWN OPTICAL

COMPANY, LIMITED
EYES EXAMINED
NO DRUGS USED
QUALITY GLASSES
GROUND AND FITTED
MODERATE COST
552 ST. CATHERINE WEST
UP TOWN 4982 Near Stanley St.
MONTREAL, QUE.

FOR SALE.—Single buggy with top, cutter, 2 robes, single harness and horse. Apply to R. W. HODGINS, Shawville.

FOR SALE.—Square Chickering Piano, in good condition—a bargain at \$100.00. Apply 406 McLaren St., Ottawa. Phone Queen 4383. 7-2

WANTED.—A young girl to take care of boy 4 years old, willing to go to New York for winter. Good wages. Apply to Mrs. S. A. Mackay, Portage du Fort, Que.

WANTED.—A young girl to do general housework. Family of three. Good home and good wages to suitable party. (Jennie E. Morrison recommends this lady to any young girl who wishes to accept a position in the city.) Apply to Mrs. A. GOODMAN, 227 Coursol St., Montreal, Que.

The late Mrs. Harrison, who was the last of her family to pass away, is survived by three sons and one daughter, namely, George and William, of North Bay; Samuel of Campbells Bay and Mrs. Hugh Ritchie, of North Bay.

MR. JOHN LUNAM

Word reached Shawville on Monday morning, of the death of Mr. John Lunam, on Sunday night following an illness from pleurisy and pneumonia. The late Mr. Lunam resided about two miles east of Campbells Bay, and was one of the most successful farmers of that section. His wife and a large family survive, also five brothers and one sister.

W. A. HODGINS

SHAWVILLE

Velveteen

For Fall Suiting in Black, Navy

Matolet, Seal Brown, Tobac Brown, Copenhagen, Cardinal, Myrtle Green and Ivory. No better value will be shown in Suit or Dress material.

—Price only 75c. per yard

Corsets

We sell the famous D. & A. Cor-

set. Our new Fall stock has just arrived and we have a complete range of styles.

—Priced from 75c. to \$3.00 pair

Hose...

For this week we offer an extra

good Cashmere Hose (sizes 8½ to 10) at 75c. per pair. This is a line that is worth at least \$1.00 on the present market.

Underskirts

Ladies' Black Sateen Under-

skirts—3 dozen left in stock—worth around \$1.00.

—Our price to clear 75c. each

W. A. HODGINS

CANADIAN FOOD BOARD LICENSE NUMBER 8-3551

DAUGHTER CHOOSES THE FARM

By Katharine Henry.

If you can make farm life attractive to your daughter she will love her home but she cannot live on nothing but hard work. On some farms the work is never done. The working day begins at four o'clock in the morning and ends at eight in the evening and if the sun set later, the work would keep on longer.

True, in one sense the work is never done; one can always find another weed to pick, another plant to hoe or another window to clean. But a man ought to be master of his farm and sometimes call a halt on work rather than let the farm drive him and his children. Every one on the farm is willing to work to the utmost during a period of stress like haying time and harvesting but there must be periods of fun to make up for the hard work.

Probably her work could be made much easier by the use of labor-saving machinery, especially in the house. You do not use the sickle or the grain cradle your grandfather used. You have bought two or three improved reapers since his day; but are your wife and daughter still washing with the old-fashioned wash-board in the heavy wooden tubs that grandmother had and are they still cooking over the same style of stove she used?

If your daughter has been fortunate enough to attend or even to visit a school where the home-making arts are taught, she will not be satisfied to use the awkward, heavy, worn-out tools of her grandmother's day.

A running stream on the farm will supply power for an electric plant at no great expense and save the mother and daughter hours and hours of hard work. An electric washer, electric iron, motor for the butter churn and the new sewing machine and modern oil stove, will not cost as much as one large piece of farm machinery and they will make life a different thing for your home-makers.

A well-equipped bathroom is something which every farm house needs and which the family has a right to demand. It need not be any more expensive in the country than in the city—less expensive if you can run the water under its own pressure. Health, time and labor are conserved by the installation of a bathroom.

Sometimes our farmers' daughters are deprived of pleasures they might easily have. If your daughter desires to take piano lessons, let her have them and help her to plan for an hour each day when she may be free to work on that lesson. When the heaviest summer work is over and she longs to invite a group of friends for a week-end or to go away for a few days of rest and pleasure, let her do so if you possibly can.

It would not cost much to keep a nice little saddle horse for your daughter's use (it could be used for light work too) and I can think of no other one thing that would go so far toward keeping her happy and contented with her life on the farm.

There are so many beautiful and interesting things for a girl to enjoy in the country—skating, driving, the sunsets, the wild flowers and animals, the birds, the farmyard pets—but if she is in treadmill, all heart is worked out of her and she is too tired to enjoy the wonderful beauties surrounding her. It is a small matter to bring home a pair of skates for Annie's birthday or to pick up a new book for her but how often do you do it?

I know one farmer's daughter who, in spite of many obstacles, became a stenographer. Her birthday falls during her summer vacation but she never spends it at home. For weeks before her twenty-first birthday she planned for a bit of leisure and a little pleasure on that one day; but her father chose that date for beginning work on the new shed and she spent her birthday over the kitchen stove, cooking for the carpenters. Do you wonder she vowed then and there that before another birthday she would leave the farm?

There may be a County Young Women's Christian Association in your district. Encourage your daughters to join and help the cause all you can. They will seek associates somewhere. Help them to find worthy and elevating companions. If you can get in touch with the public library of your nearest city or secure a travelling library from your state library commission you can have a supply of excellent books at very little cost. Read some of them yourself and discuss them with your children. This makes conversation worth while, at table, on the road or at such tedious work as weeding or corn husking.

If you have not already done so, read, in the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, how her father, Lyman Beecher, turned drudgery into fun by his stories, wit and conversation. At one time when the family spent a long evening preparing apples for their winter's supply of "cider applesauce" Mr. Beecher and his boys (of whom Henry Ward Beecher was one) vied with each other to see who could tell the most about a given book, Ivanhoe or some other standard book. Mr. Beecher turned into a game even the hard task of chopping and storing the great pile of wood each autumn. Then when the last piece of wood was stored and the last chip cleared away he declared a holiday and took every one in the big wagon for a fishing trip.

The question of money is often a

cause for discontent to the farm daughter.

The fact that you provide your family with ample food, clothing and shelter does not meet the problem. An old darkey who was much poorer after the Civil War than when he was under the protection of his master, explained his happiness by saying, "Free air tastes good, sir."

Your daughter would rather have ten dollars to spend just as she pleases than to have you pay a bill of twice that amount for her. Suppose she does make mistakes and spends some of it foolishly; so do you. How is she to learn to use money if she never has any to use?

When my three-year-old nephew wanted to see my watch I showed it to him but I held on to it. He kept saying: "Let me see it! Let me see it!"

"Said, 'Well, look, there it is.' He looked me squarely in the face and said, 'I want to see it in my own hand.'"

Your daughter wants some money "in her own hand."

Of what benefit is it to her if you have an immense farm and ten thousand dollars in bank, if she has not five cents to use as she pleases? "She will some day inherit a nice sum." Yes—but she needs some of it now.

Try to keep the way open between her heart and yours. Try to see her side of it. When you sell a tract of timber for two thousand dollars what does she get out of it? Or if you do things on a smaller scale, when you sell the cow she helped to raise or the turkeys she fed all summer, does her work get recognition? Does she feel that she has been recompensed?

Perhaps you have a mortgage on your farm and feel that you cannot afford some of the things I have mentioned. Then give her the things you can afford. There are a thousand little pleasures you can give without money and without price. Lawn swings, porch rockers, croquet sets, quilts (old horse shoes) cost little and they have great possibilities in pleasure-giving and homemaking.

If you can afford nothing else you can bring your daughter a handful of wild flowers or a specially choice apple because it is her birthday; you can select a fine chicken for the table because it is a holiday. It will cost nothing for you to give each of your girls a small plot of ground that shall be her very own to plant and market. Her zeal and industry will bring results that may even give you some pointers.

Lights Out.

"Lights out!" along the land
"Lights out!" upon the sea.
The night must put her hiding hand
O'er peaceful towns where children sleep,
And peaceful ships that darkly creep
Across the waves, as if they were
not free.

The dragons of the air,
The hellhounds of the deep,
Lurking and prowling everywhere,
Go forth to seek their helpless prey,
Not knowing whom they maim or slay—
Mad harvesters, who care not what
they reap.

Out with the tranquil lights,
Out with the lights that burn
For love and law and human rights!
Set back the clock a thousand years;
All they have gained now disappears,
And the dark ages suddenly return.

Kaiser who loosed wild death,
And terror in the night—
God grant you draw no quiet breath,
Until the madness you began
Is ended, and long suffering man,
Set free from war lords, cries,
"Let there be lights."
—Henry Van Dyke.

Removing a Stubborn Nut.

Scarcely anything is more tantalizing than trying to remove a nut from a bolt that turns in its socket. The following method will almost always overcome this difficulty and enable the nut to be screwed off with comparative ease: With a cold chisel make an incision in the head of the bolt similar to that found in the heads of screws. Often the chisel incision is sufficient to enable the screwdriver to get a good grip; sometimes, however, it may be necessary to deepen the incision with a file. Frequently the chisel itself answers very well for a screwdriver. Thus gripped it is a comparatively easy matter to start the stubborn nut.

Saturating the threads of the nut with kerosene a few minutes before attempting to unscrew it, often makes the attempt easier, for the kerosene penetrates quickly to the rusted recesses of the nut and softens the rust quite perceptibly.

If for any reason it is not advisable to indent the nut head with a cold chisel, opposite sides of the head may be filed away slightly so as to enable the wrench or vise to get a flat grip. With a sharp file it is only a moment's task to file away the small bit required to do this. The writer has removed very stubborn bolts by both of these methods, and can recommend them as great savers of temper and time.

China imports great quantities of old horseshoes and converts the metal into knife blades.

War times are teaching us that there is no economy in buying the cheapest goods nor the fancy high priced ones. We are depending on the solid values of the good standard brands—the brands that were good in peace time and have doubly proved their worth in war time.

Red Rose Tea—costing today only about 1/4 of a cent per cup—is one of the solid war time values that anyone can afford—and that everyone will enjoy.



It is truly a war time tea

T. H. Estabrooks Co. LIMITED
St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary

Canadian Food Control License No. 6-276

Yards of Beauty.

I was once called upon to plan the landscape gardening around a millionaire's home, and the only stipulation he made was that I must make use of the native wild shrubs. Nor was this a difficult restriction. The stately elder, the sweet brier, the modest wild rose, the unassuming pokeberry, the clinging bittersweet, the ever-gracious wild grape, the ivy, sumac, dogwood, mountain ash—all these and various other varieties of plants converted the bare grounds into an attractive estate.

Beautiful grounds need not be expensive. The most lovely flowers and plants that God ever made grow are found in the woods, along the banks of streams, in fence corners, in fields and shady nooks. They are ours for the asking and the digging. What is prettier and yet so rare as a large bed of wild violets in a shady place near the house? Plant generously of perennials so that they will bloom and grow year after year with little attention and give stability to your landscape effects.

Select them so that you will have blossoms from early spring until late frost. While the best arrangement of trees and shrubs on large grounds requires the services of a landscape expert, a few simple hints will serve to prevent the inexperienced person from making serious mistakes. Plant in masses, with the larger shrubs in back and the smaller ones in front. Leave plenty of open space, which is generally made into a lawn. Avoid straight lines and exact symmetrical arrangement, unless you desire a formal effect, which is generally avoided in beautifying the home grounds.

Use vines profusely wherever possible, selecting those which are hardy and not seriously affected by pests. This applies also to other shrubbery. In selecting trees consider the matter of litter and the shedding of leaves. Some trees, such as horse chestnuts, are beautiful, and have many desirable qualities, but the flowers which they shed litter the ground and will cause stains on clothing that are difficult to remove. While a great many interesting and valuable points about nursery stock may be learned from books and the pamphlets of nursery companies, observation is equally important. Consider the ultimate size of the trees which you plant. Oaks, elms, and other large trees should not be planted near the house, as in time they will shut out too much light, unless pruned heavily, which will destroy their beauty.

The improvement of one's home grounds is usually as contagious as idle gossip, once it is well under way. It is much more interesting and worthy of respect. I feel that the exterior of my own home does not belong to me alone. I have a moral responsibility to add to the attractiveness of the neighborhood in which I live, and therefore my grounds in part at least belong to the owner of every eye that gazes upon it. The architecture of the house, the decoration of the grounds, the walks, fences, and general surroundings are each man's contribution to his community. It is one way in which we can give pleasure and enjoyment to other people.

Whether the house is a log cabin or a mansion, it is, after all, a home, a place of love and adoration. It should be the most restful place on earth. To make it so costs mostly thought and play. The tenant's problem is somewhat different, but a few seeds will make a profusion of pretty plants some of which may possibly be moved. But the attractiveness even of a tenant's home is not a quality that easily dies. I have observed that landowners desire the neat and efficient tenant. Plants and flowers about the house show ideals that go with character. A pretty yard

may be the means of attracting congenial people and making friends.—Mrs. J. L. Nesbitt.

Weather-Tight Sills.

The sill for a frame house should be set in mortar on the foundation wall to prevent the cold air from chilling the floors. If that is not done the furnace will have to be forced just so much more in order to heat the rooms on the first story.

The average contractor will tell you that it is not necessary to use mortar. His argument is that the weight of the house bearing down on the sill will force a tight joint between the masonry and the wood. That is true only when the top of the wall is as smooth as glass, and would happen about once in a thousand cases.

If you wish to save on your fuel bill and obtain the best results from your furnace, see that the joint is made perfectly tight with mortar. The cost is so slight that it will not be noticed. Frequently one is in a quandary to know why the first floor cannot be properly heated, and is likely to place the blame on the furnace when the opening under the sill is the whole trouble.

A little foresight at that place when you build will avoid serious annoyance in the future.

Good Advice.

Robert Louis Stevenson was once called upon to address a Sunday school class of young girls. He told them the parable of the talents, and then went on to say that there were three talents everyone possessed and ought to make use of: "Tongues that they must use to cheer and make happy all around them; faces that they must keep bright as new shillings, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes; and hands that must be kept employed in useful work cheerfully done." Very good advice in these war days for all of us, whatever our age or sex.

A Frenchman has invented an effective silencer for aeroplane motors that is said to reduce the power but 2 per cent.

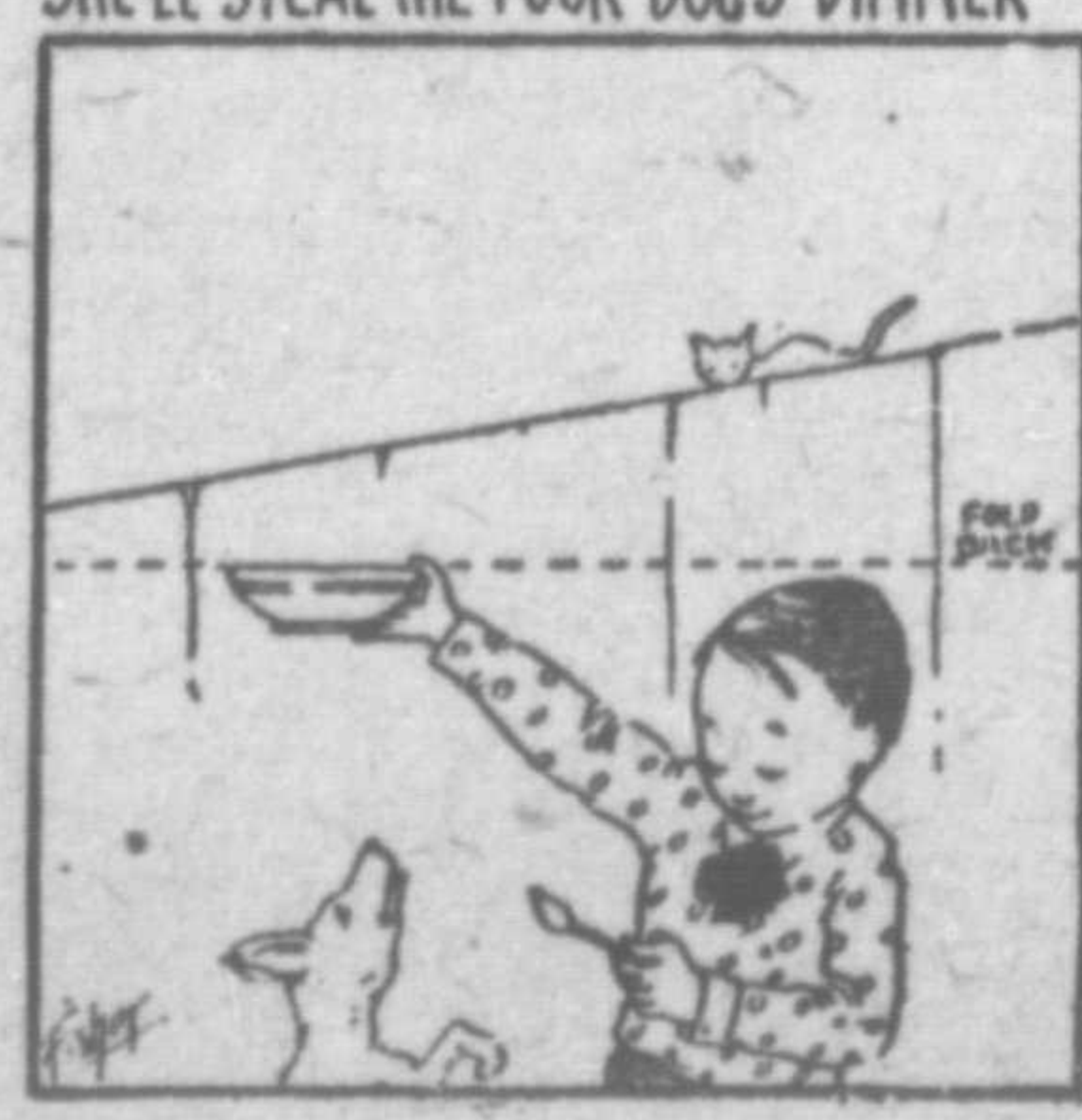
Current in a new electric iron is controlled by a button on the handle, which shifts it off automatically when the implement is idle.

FUNNY FOLD-UPS

CUT OUT AND FOLD ON DOTTED LINES



WHILE FIDO'S SPEAKING FOR HIS LUNCH SHE'LL STEAL THE POOR DOG'S DINNER.



GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By Andrew F. Currier, M.D.

Dr. Currier will answer all signed letters pertaining to Health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not, it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Currier will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnosis. Address Dr. Andrew F. Currier, care of Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Anaemia.

Anaemia means deficiency of blood. If a person loses a quart or more of blood by a hemorrhage, or a severe surgical operation, or in connection with childbirth, it is very evident that he or she has a deficiency of blood, for there has been a loss of a considerable portion of the normal supply of the body, consequently he or she is anaemic.

It a man cuts his throat or ruptures a blood-vessel in his brain, or a dilated artery, called an aneurism breaks there is so great and sudden a loss of blood that he dies, for blood is essential to life.

It used to be thought that because the blood carried humors and diseases over the body, it was a good plan to occasionally draw some of it off, and bleeding for hundreds of years was fashionable practice for almost every kind of ailment.

Sometimes it worked well and people were relieved by it, but very often it was mischievous and a person who had been bled several times in the course of a disease became so anaemic that he was practically or actually killed by the treatment he had received.

A vigorous sugar maple may lose a portion of its sap every spring, it is one evidence of the prodigality of nature in supplying the means which are concerned with life, but let a tree that is sickly or poor or withered, lose a similar quantity of sap and it will promptly die.

A person who has plenty of blood may be anaemic from the poverty of its quality, especially when it lacks the proper quantity of coloring material called haemoglobin which contains iron and oxygen; iron and oxygen therefore are essential to the body and to the blood.

A person who is anaemic is pale, not for a few moments only as in fright or sudden emotion but all the time, the face, the lips, the entire skin are colorless like those of the dead.

The same is true when the skin is of greenish color as is often the case in poorly developed and poorly nourished young girls or in those who are

suffering from tuberculosis, cancer, malaria or lead-poisoning.

When there is anaemia there is almost always loss of appetite, strength, and weight, and poor nutrition.

The anaemic often suffer from buzzing in the ears, dizziness, faintness, and shortness of breath.

All of these symptoms mean not only that the blood is insufficient, poor and deficient in the substances which build up the body, but that the heart by the action of which the blood is kept in motion is unable to do proper work, that the kidneys cannot perform their task, that the lungs do not contract vigorously enough to supply the blood with the proper amount of oxygen, and consequently that the brain is unable to respond to the usual demands by which thought is created.

An anaemic person under any circumstances is therefore more or less disqualified from doing work and in many cases he is entirely helpless.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

X.—Please tell me how I can get rid of a very troublesome corn. Have used various means of removing it, but it has always returned. Do you think it would be dangerous to have the doctor cut it out?

Answer.—In matters like this, at least two courses are possible. You can use a felt corn plaster which protects the toe from the shoe and frequently is all that is necessary, or you can have the corn removed by a competent chiropodist. Of course, it will come back again, as long as you continue to wear shoes.

Reader.—Please tell me the course and cure for varicose veins.

Answer.—They are due to the pressure of the blood current in the veins working against gravity. This results in dilatation and weakening of the vein walls and frequently causes dragging sensations and even pain. Sometimes relief is procured by supporting the veins by a bandage or some other means of support, and if this is not effectual, it is necessary to tie the veins and cut off the circulation from the vessels which are thus diseased.

THAT "FEELING" IN THE FAMILY

"Yes there is some feeling between the Farrar sisters."

"And a very sweet sisterly feeling I hope it is," said a gentle old lady who was passing through the room. The door closed; the two women in the window seat continued their discussion of the sisters whose feeling for each other was in no wise friendly.

Why is this "feeling" so often observed between members of the same family? A certain man who for three years has worked night and day inventing an electrical labor-saving machine meets a friend and pours forth, perhaps in more or less technical terms, his faith in the work to which he is devoting his life. He passes on, comparing his attentive, sympathetic friend with his brother, who sometimes leaves the room with a frown when he tries to talk about the subject nearest his heart. The politely attentive friend probably enough tells the first man he meets that he has wasted ten minutes that morning listening to Brown "rave over that crazy notion of his"; and that very day Brown's brother whirls round in his office chair and confides to his partner: "I don't know one thing about electricity,—the subject gets on my nerves,—but I have faith in John. When he needs more cash he can call on me. Some day there will be one member of our family to be proud of!"

Now, this brother does not weary John with a recital of the names and business reliability of all his customers; why should John be offended because the merchant cannot patiently listen to his "ravings"? Members of a family, as individuals, have rights that are too often overlooked.

A theological student produced several of his sermons one morning and began to read them to an admiring father and mother, and to a married brother who was supposed to be filled with admiration. As he turned page after page he noticed that his brother was nodding and grinning to the infant that lay gurgling in his arms. At last he could stand it no longer.

"I care no more about your baby than you do about my sermons!" he cried hotly as he left the room.

That young man had never held a baby in his arms and did not know the overpowering sensation it gives—especially when the baby is your own. The young father, an accountant, had never risen to the heights to which a man ascends when he reads the words he has written for the help and betterment of mankind. It was easy enough for "feeling" to arise; until both learn tolerance, it will not subside.

An ideal situation exists in a family in which the daughter is a writer of pleasant short stories. Her unimaginative father revels in facts but cares nothing for fiction. He considers it as his duty, however, to read his daughter's stories. One night his

daughter found him in the library so engaged.

"O father, don't waste your time over that!" she cried. "You are too tired." But her dutiful father continued to read of poor Aunt Matilda's grief when she discovered the theft of her Christmas bank. A minute or two later he looked over his glasses at his daughter, who was intent upon her embroidery, closed the magazine quietly and picked up a paper at his elbow. Aunt Matilda was forgotten.

"Eleanor," he presently demanded, "did you know that it was estimated that about seven hundred million dollars' worth of material is wasted in this country in a single year?" "No, father, I didn't," replied the young woman, about whose lips there lurked only the suspicion of a smile. She was not aware of this startling state of affairs and, after five minutes, could not have told whether the country wasted millions or billions of dollars. But she loved her father and admired him for his knowledge of many subjects that interested her not at all. She knew that her father loved her and that he was proud of her work, which others admired. There was not the slightest "feeling" between them.

A broad-minded person can live peaceably with anyone—even the members of his own family.

They Fool Themselves.

Some people think they are never talked about because they never hear it.

"I have learned that mistakes can often be set right, that anxieties fade, that calamities have sometimes a compensating joy, that an ambition realized is not always pleasurable, that a disappointment is often of itself a rich incentive to try again."—Arthur Christopher Benson.

WOOL

Farmers who ship their wool direct to us get better prices than farmers who sell to the general store.

ASK ANY FARMER! who has sold his wool both ways, or better still, write us for prices; they will show you how much you lose by selling to the General Store.

We pay the highest prices of any firm in the country and are the largest wool dealers in Canada. Payment is remitted the same day wool is received. Ship us your wool to-day—you will be more than pleased if you do, and are assured of a square deal from us.

H. V. ANDREWS
13 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

SMOKE TACKETTS
ORINOCO
CUT COARSE FOR PIPE USE

MANNERS AT NAVAL MESS

INEXORABLE LAWS, WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN

Despite the War, There is Little Change in Naval Dining Customs on British Warships.

Nothing puzzles a new-comer so much as the customs of the senior Service. There are laws, written and unwritten, which are inexorable. Woe betide the culprit who innocently breaks any of them! The etiquette of a military mess is not in the least the same as that around which a naval officers' mess is conducted.

The first thing a colonel who came aboard my ship the other day asked me was whether he was supposed to stay all through the dinner, as he had to get away early, says a naval officer. I told him what he might do in that connection, and incidentally mentioned a few other customs, at which he was amazed. I told him, for instance, that it would be as well if he refrained from inquiring after my wife—or any other lady—at table, at any rate until after the King's health had been drunk; that, also until after the King's health had been drunk, it would never do to make a wager or leave the table without the express permission of the president.

Drinking Toasts in Water.

My friend the colonel was much surprised to find that a dinner in a naval officers' mess even in war-time is a very formal affair. The president—a senior officer—sits at the head of the table, with a vice-president opposite. Punctually to time he raps the table with his polished hammer and says very informally, "For what we are about to receive, thank God," whereupon the dozens of orderlies—generally Marines—who have been waiting for the signal, hand round the dishes, the president, of course, being served first, and the vice-president next.

Officers nowadays are rationed, but there is, comparatively speaking, plenty, and three courses are the minimum (a second helping, however, is permitted from the same dish). Sugar, too, abounds. An important item for some of us!

The King's health is drunk before dessert, after the grace "For what we've received, thank God." Then the table is cleared, all tumblers—even if full—being removed, too.

Dessert-glasses having been served, three, sometimes four, bottles of wine are placed in front of the president. Around each is a silver label—say, maderia, port, sherry, marsala. The president starts the ball rolling, first by methodically removing the stopper of each bottle and laying them in order side by side. Then he slides the bottles around with the sun—i. e., from right to left. Not everybody, of course, helps himself from these decanters, it being permissible by order of the King to drink the Royal toast with water, or an empty glass. On the last ship I was in, practically everybody drank the toast in wine; on my present ship hardly anybody does. When the bottles, having gone the round, reach the president again he helps himself, and, having carefully replaced the stoppers, lifts his glass and looks towards his vice.

Quaint Superstitions.

"Mr. Vice—the King!" he gives; whereupon the vice-president says most solemnly: "Gentlemen, the King!" and the toast is acclaimed with "The King! God bless him!" everybody remaining seated. If the ship's band is in attendance the signal for the toast is the moment for the rendering of the National Anthem, when, of course, the toast is drunk standing—as on guest nights.

There is usually a general exodus from the table after grace—before the dessert is served. Those who remain fill up the seats nearer the president, so that the toast and after-dinner party is compact and jolly. Dessert and

coffee are then served. Should an officer not desire to take dessert, he signifies this by crossing his knife and fork on his dessert-plate or finger-bowl.

I had a puzzling experience at dinner the other night. I accidentally touched my glass with my fork. As the tumbler resounded, three voices spontaneously called out "Hunt!" I asked what it meant, and found that when a tumbler rings, according to the belief of sailors, some misfortune is nigh.

"Every time somebody made the glass ring on the ship I used to command," an officer told me, "a seaman sure enough fell overboard." That was why they called out "Hunt!" In doing so they were transferring the bad luck to our enemies! Usually somebody calls out "Save a poor sailor!" and the ringing of the glass, plate or bowl, is at once stopped by placing a finger on it.

Nowadays so many novices abound in the Navy that many of the old and revered customs are falling into decay, if they are not actually taboo. The "pukka" sailor regrets this, and is inclined to look forward to the time when the old customs will come into their own again. Speaking as one of the novices, however, let me say that most of those I have met have easily fallen into the "ways of the many," although some of us believe it could very well do without a few of the curious ceremonies, which apparently are kept up out of sheer devilry.

Drastic Treatment.

For instance, if a man happened to so far forget himself as to take from a dish passed to him by a fellow-officer, instead of taking the dish first from the officer, he is said to be "doing a Marine," and the penalty for this—at any rate, in the gun-room mess—is the dish is upset over his head. What if it happened to be hot potatoes!

Nowadays I notice officers arriving late for dinner, forgetting to apologise to the president. This is a point which in normal times would be considered a grave breach of etiquette. In large messes, such as that at Portsmouth or Chatham, a side-table is laid for late-comers.

Of course, everybody has heard of the toast that is made on Saturday nights at sea. After the King's health has been duly drunk, the wine is once more passed round for the pleasing toast, "Sweethearts and Wives." The cynic has added the tag, "May they never meet." But the toast—a happy one—really is: "To our sweethearts and wives! May our sweethearts soon become our wives, and our wives remain our sweethearts!"

"CUTHBERT" IN FRANCE.

Thousands of Chinese Coolies Are Employed Behind the Lines.

Why an anti-aircraft gun is "Archibald," or, in familiar diminutive, "Archie," is one of the minor mysteries of the great war. A kindred puzzle is how every Chinese coolie has become "Cuthbert"; but so it is. Many thousand coolies, provided by the Chinese labor companies, are at work behind the lines in France and are rendering admirable service.

Physically, they are of a far finer type of Chinese than we commonly encounter in Canada: lithe, quick, supple and tall—often well over six feet—and enormously strong. They are splendid workers; in loading a train with heavy army blankets done up in sausage rolls, they easily did one hundred and twenty to every ninety achieved by European workers, and at high pressure ran the count to one hundred and fifty. They are not fighting men, and their contract requires that they shall be employed only at a stipulated distance behind the battle line; but they are courageous and treat with indifference the occasional enemy shells that come their way.

They are gay and good-natured, cheerful under any discomfort, and extremely fond of music. They sing as they work—strange Eastern songs, often discordant to Western ears—and have appointed song leaders. To the rhythm of these songs they set their labor, and carry it forward with a swing, much as our old-time sailors were wont to do under the head of a deep-voiced chanter.

One song leader, nicknamed Tommy, says an English correspondent, is one of the cheeriest and ugliest men imaginable. "The other day he tumbled off a roof on to a pile of timber. We thought he must be killed, but he wasn't, although the tears were running down his cheeks when we picked him up. A passing doctor looked him over and reported, 'No bones broken, but very badly wrenched and bruised.' When the verdict was translated to Tommy, he smiled and said:

"Me restee two day, then me workee."

"It took much longer than that, but the spi was ready earlier than the flesh."

"Cuthb" has two other marked tastes besides music: dress and—like most Orientals—gambling. On his off days he becomes elaborate in his attire and employs a whole battery of toilet accessories in getting himself up. Singing is popular as a recreation as well as an accompaniment to toil, but he is also immensely fond of phonographs. Sometimes they render classics, sometimes the records are Chinese; and the frequent transition from nerve-trying sounds to the voice of some great prima donna is startling indeed.

During one such period of enjoyment a group of Chinese, dressed in their best, were playing fan-tan and listening to a favorite record when an inopportune shell abruptly dispersed



Irish Avengers—Recruits for the British navy who volunteered as the result of the circulation of this poster throughout Ireland.

the party, scattering the men in all directions, wounding several and tossing the phonograph, uninjured, to the top of a steep bank. An officer who ran up was reassured by a smiling coolie, stripped of everything except a shoe and a few rags by the explosion and clasp of a wounded hand.

"All life!" said "Cuthbert" cheerily. "Clo' gone, cashen gone, lit' finger gone—nem min'. Gotee moosic. All life!"

JERUSALEM

Described By a Correspondent of the British Army

"Jerusalem, says a correspondent of the British Army, is still, as the Psalmist describes it, builded as a city that is compact together. Though it spreads untidily outside the Crusaders' walls, it is a small place, and can be taken in a glance from the Mount of Olives or Mount Zion. Outwardly the city has changed little during the years of war. There has been a little widening of parts of the Jaffa road, and there are trenches and emplacements on the Mount of Olives and Mount Scopus, where invading armies in former ages have been encamped. But there is a striking change in the character of the place and the people that throng its narrow ways. The city within the walls is still a religious preserve, screened off from the common world, and into which the soldier can enter only if he has a special pass. But without the walls the soldiers have taken possession of nearly all the places where the various religious bodies had their abode.

Along the Jaffa road tea-pots invite our soldiers with signboards in strange English to partake of tea, cakes and sweets. Just outside the Jaffa Gate, a primitive place of entertainment is produced by the troupe of a division that boasts professional talent from the neighborhood of Drury Lane in one of its battalions, and a cinematograph booth, which before the war had a precarious existence, has now a nightly crowd of patrons."

THE GOLDEN AGE IN TURKEY

Describing Commercial Conditions in Asia Minor a Century Ago

With all his faults, the Turk is—or was, before he came much in contact with the more commercial civilization of the West—singularly honest and in the best sense of the word simple-minded. In a Quarterly Review article, Mr. W. M. Ramsay gives an idyllic picture of trade conditions in Asia Minor as they existed a century ago.

With regard to the simple ways of Anatolian trade, he says, I give one example: An English friend, an experienced and successful business man in the inner part of Turkey, used to relate what he had heard during a visit to Trebizond more than sixty years ago. Until a few years before he was there, and within the experience of many of business associates, the custom had been that goods for sale in Central Asia were intrusted to native traders, who went in charge of caravans of camels laden with merchandise. A trading journey lasted from a year to eighteen months. On their return these native traders entered Trebizond early in the morning having bivouacked for the last time some little distance outside the city. As they passed along the street they deposited at the door of each merchant for whom they had done business a bag containing the money that they owed him; and when the merchant arose he found the money waiting on his doorstep. Everyone was satisfied; there were no contracts, no accounts, only a reasonable profit. Most remarkable of all, there was never any theft of money from the doors until Maltese immigrants, who began to settle in Trebizond, introduced European "civilization."

In those days there were no large

fortunes; there was no opportunity to make them, for it was impossible for one man to force into his service a large number of persons and so to create a big organization out of which he might make big profits. A very large number of men did business on a small scale; all made a decent living and all were reasonably happy in a humble fashion.

YES! MAGICALLY!

CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You say to the drug store man, "Give me a small bottle of freezone." This will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

A few drops of this new ether compound applied directly upon a tender, aching corn relieves the soreness instantly, and soon the entire corn or callus, root and all, dries up and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that freezone dries in a moment, and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without irritating the surrounding skin.

Don't let father die of infection or lockjaw from whitening at his corns, but clip this out and make him try it.

If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to order a small bottle from his wholesale drug house for you.

BLACK TEETH POPULAR.

Are Preferred to White Ones by the Natives of Tropical Wilds.

Dentists are learning that the wilderness is full of opportunities for wide and lucrative practice.

"Black teeth for human wear are in growing demand," said a dealer in dental supplies. "In some parts of the world they represent all that the unenlightened masses know about the benefits of modern dentistry."

"It is idle to contend that black teeth are contrary to nature and injurious to the character. When the people want black teeth they will get what they want. They will even be encouraged to want black teeth. It would be the same if they wanted green teeth or red teeth or teeth of any other color. Our civilization is strictly commercial."

"Travellers have long noted the strange predilection of half civilized races for wearing black teeth. Natives of the Philippine Islands and most other islands of the Pacific, including the South Sea Islands, are addicted to the fad of black teeth, which they prefer to wear. Sometimes the natural teeth are dyed black with a dye produced from certain herbs and berries suitable for the purpose. But for the most part natives who can afford to do so have all their natural teeth extracted by a dentist and full sets of black ones substituted.

"Hence the great quantity of black teeth manufactured for export and the increasing number of dentists in the tropical wilds of southern countries."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

It is said "The Barber of Seville," Rossini's happiest effort took but thirteen days to compose. His "Semiramide" was his last production in Italy before going to France to live.

Curfew Bells Silenced in England.

The curfew tolls throughout England have been the subject of much prose and poetry. One of the best bits of verse inspired by the night bells of war reads:

No curfew tolls the knell of day;
Night silences all bells.
When dark descends no belfry tells
The hours, no "Venite" swells
To summon those who pray.
For devils from ten thousand bells
Wait to be guided by the bells.

In silence still the hours steal by,
Wrapped in a hushing mystery.

Some day, who knows, the sound of chimes
Again will ring adown the gloom
And deeper tones from 'Minster's boom

Where guns sound in these stricken times,
Some day, from every church and tower
The bells will pour a molten shower
Of glorious chords—not hour by hour,
But in one vast God-thanking rain,
That righteous peace has triumph'd again.

Girls! Whiten Skin
With Lemon Juice

Make a beauty lotion for a few cents to remove tan, freckles, sallowness.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply you with three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Squeeze the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle, then put in the orchard white and shake well. This makes a quarter pint of the very best lemon skin whitener and complexion beautifier known.

Massage this fragrant, creamy lotion daily into the face, neck, arms and hands and just see how freckles, tan, sallowness, redness and roughness disappear and how smooth, soft and clear the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless, and the beautiful results will surprise you.

The Canny Scot.

A man called one day on a friend—a Scottish merchant—who before the war had a large continental business connection. "This war must have hit you very hard," he said. "Verra hard," replied the merchant, shaking his head sadly. "I've over sixteen hundred pounds owing me in Germany, and I'm no sure I'll ever see a bawbee o't." "Indeed," said the other: "that's hard luck." "Loah!" answered the Scotsman, "it is so, butno' a'together, for I own five thousands pounds tae thae same Germans."

No Self-Starter.

The energetic automobile salesman had just delivered the fair customer her new car, and everything was lovely. He had scarcely entered the office, however, when he received a telephone call. She said:

"I thought you told me this car was a self-starter."

"So it is."

"Nothing of the sort. I have to push a button to make it go."

MONEY ORDERS.

When ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

Getting His Number.

There was a rush of wind, a cloud of dust, and the car rushed on, leaving the old gentleman sprawling in the roadway. He picked himself up and dashed up to a policeman, yelling excitedly:

"That motor car knocked me down!"

The policeman took out a business-like notebook and said:

"Did you notice the number, sir?"

Lachute, Que., 25th Sept., 1908.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gentlemen, Ever since coming home from the Boer war I have been bothered with running fever sores on my legs. I tried many salves and liniments; also doctored continuously for the blood, but got no permanent relief, till last winter when my mother got me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT. The effect of which was almost magical. Two bottles completely cured me and I have worked every working day since.

Yours gratefully,
JOHN WALSH.

His Choice Limited.

Aunt—Do you know you are playing with two very naughty little boys, Johnny?

Johnny—Yes.

Aunt—You do? I'm surprised. Why don't you play with good little boys?

Johnny—Because their mothers won't let them.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Roses, chrysanthemums, tomatoes and many other flower and vegetable plants must be sprayed with sulphate of nicotine or tobacco water as often as required to keep them free from aphids. The under sides of the leaves and the stems must be covered.



Laborer Digs Up Buried Treasure.

A jar containing gold coins to the value of about £400 has been dug up by a laborer named Albert Hill, who engaged in excavating work at Elms, Lincolnshire. The earliest date on the coins, which include spade guineas, was 1734, and the latest 1828. As a result of the find a treasure inquiry was held at Alford, and the jury decided that the coins were treasure trove. Hill, who is 63 years of age, has a wife and 17 children, and it is hoped that he will be amply rewarded.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Cyclamens from seed sown last autumn require six inch pots for blooming. Old plants should be kept outside and not permitted to dry out. When they start new growth repot and stand in a cold frame.

FOR SALE

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER FOR SALE in New Ontario. Owner going to France. Will sell \$2,000. Worth double that amount. Apply J. H. & Co. Wilson Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto.

WELL EQUIPPED NEWSPAPER and job printing plant in Eastern Ontario. Insurance carried \$150,000. Will go for \$1,200 on quick sale. Box 93, Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto.

PEDIGREED NEWFOUNDLAND Puppies, that noble breed now nearly extinct. We have some very fine ones. R. A. Gillespie, Abbotsford, Que.

PEDIGREED BLACK SIBERIAN Fur Hares weighing fifteen pounds at maturity. Charles Reasbeck, Van-kleek Hill, Ontario.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED—\$1,000. YOU can make it in your city with our fast selling Combination Cooker. One salesman banks \$388.55 the first month. Another agent sells 20 in two hours. Others cleaning up \$10 daily. No capital necessary. Goods shipped to reliable men on time. Territory going fast. Write quick to secure your field. Combination Products Co., Thomas Bldg., Foster, Que.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

SMOKE TUCKETTS ORINOCO CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1 WHITE SHOE DRESSING LIQUID and CAKE

For Men's Women's and Children's Shoes

ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles; Lymphangitis, Pile, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stomach Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is a SAFE ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE

Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. \$2.50 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Dook 5 FREE

ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strains, Painful, Knots, Swollen Veins. Concentrated—only a few drops required in an application. Price \$1.25 per bottle at dealers or delivered.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 516 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

HIRST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR

The Good Old Family Friend

For over 40 years Hirst's Pain Exterminator has been taking the pain out of rheumatism, lumbago, lame back, neuralgia, sprains, toothache and similar complaints. Buy a bottle, read the directions on the circular in the package. At dealers, or write us.

HIRST REMEDY COMPANY Hamilton, Canada

HIRST'S Family Salve, (50c). HIRST'S Pectoral Syrup (50c). Bound and Blotage, (35c) BOTTLE

35c

PLUG

Myrtle Cut T&B CUT OR

Geo. E. Tuckett & Son

SMOKE TUCKETTS T&B

PLUG

SMOKE TUCKETTS T&B

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THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, AUGUST 29, 1918.

Canada's supply of coal from the United States for the coming year will, it is stated, be 200,000 tons less than was imported this year, which means that the drain on the national woodpile will be heavier than usual.

Ottawa lost one of its foremost citizens last Thursday by the death of Mr. R. J. Devlin, the widely known hatter and furrier, who for many years carried on the successful business on Sparks St. which ultimately developed into the R. J. Devlin Co., Limited. The late Mr. Devlin's business success was attributed largely to the unique, snappy character of his newspaper advertising. The first thing constant readers of the Ottawa dailies invariably looked for was Devlin's ad.

The German submarine operators on the American side of the Atlantic last week are reported to have captured the Canadian trawler Triumph and converted the vessel into a raider, with which in a few days heavy toll was taken from the Canadian fishing fleet on the Grand Banks. The trawler has been armed with two guns and fitted with wireless, according to the reports given out by survivors of vessels that have been sunk. Steps have been taken to round up the raider before she has a chance to cause much further damage.

The story of the progress of the war on the western front makes cheerful reading these days. Since Marshall Poch launched his brilliant counter offensive against the Marne salient on July 15, a succession of marked victories has been achieved by the Allied armies. A great extent of territory has been wrested from the grasp of the invaders, and the prisoners taken during these operations now number about one hundred thousand. The Canadian army is credited with having bagged ten thousand of these in three days of its record breaking push of fifteen miles. The British forces have been conspicuously in the line light during the past week, and their progress is giving grave concern to the enemy, who at some points has been forced back and beyond the old Hindenberg line which has been tapped at three places. If the Allied pressure continues, as there is every indication it will, there is a likelihood of a general retirement of the enemy all along the line. The tide of battle is turned, and many discern in the situation a glimpse of the end.

Premier and Colleagues Return from England

Sir Robert Borden, Hon. C. S. Mewburn, minister of militia, and Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, minister of naval service, arrived in Canada last Friday, after an absence of ten weeks in England.

On his arrival in Canada the Premier gave out a statement to the Canadian Press, part of which is herewith quoted:

"There is most effective and harmonious co-operation between the armies of the United States, Great Britain and France. From Sir David Beatty as well as from Admiral Sims and Admiral Rodman, I know that this is equally true of the British and American navies.

"The Canadian army welcome the opportunity to fight side by side with their kinsmen of this commonwealth. The citizen soldiers of both countries are essentially of the same type, and the Germans have already found them equally formidable.

"During the German offensive in the early spring months the Canadian divisions were not engaged; but during recent weeks they have won as conspicuous a victory as ever fell to their lot since the outbreak of the war. Driving forward on a considerable front they hurled back the Germans fourteen miles and captured nearly ten thousand prisoners and more than 150 cannon. Their casualties numbered considerably less than their prisoners and they hold all the ground which they captured.

"The men from both countries have learned to realize most vividly the savage malignity of Germany's purpose and methods. They are determined that this war shall be fought to a finish and that there shall be no repetition of its horrors. The devils by whom German militarists are possessed must be cast out; the spell with which they have bound the German people must be broken. Until then Germany cannot become regenerate. It may be a hard lesson but the German people must learn it.

"As the mastery of the air passes more and more completely to the Allies, the German people will more and more realize through war carried to their own territories, the martyrdom to which they relentlessly subjected other nations. It may be a hard lesson but they cannot be saved from themselves unless they are compelled to learn it.

"It is equally the duty of the Allied nations to purge Germany of her mad-

ness by unsparing use of economic pressure until she has given convincing manifestations of sanity and a clean spirit. Let no selfish purpose or divergence of interest impede united action to this end. An assassin state must be barred from the society of decent commonwealths until they are convinced of its sincere repentance.

"As one of the free nations of the British commonwealth, Canada undertook her part in this war of her own free will by the voice of her parliament and under a compelling realization of her duty to that commonwealth and to humanity. She fights with no aggressive or selfish purpose but to secure the peace of the world, to safeguard liberty and to maintain public right. She is thoroughly conscious that vast responsibilities will rest upon the Allied nations and especially upon British and American commonwealths when conditions of peace come to be determined.

Ontario's New Ministers Elected by Big Majorities

Toronto, Aug. 22.—Official figures as announced by the returning officer for the Northeast Toronto byelection, increase Hon. Dr. Cuddy's majority over the independent soldier candidate, Wm. Varley, to 5,303.

Hon. George S. Henry's majority in East York was 2,726, according to the official figures given out tonight following the returning officer's final count of the ballots. The vote was as follows: Hon. Mr. Henry 3,474; Mr. Galbraith 743.

Alberta Needs Harvesters.

Calgary, Aug. 22.—That there would be a shortage of men to harvest Alberta's crop was the statement of Secretary Higginbotham of the United Farmers of Alberta yesterday morning. The crops have developed much better than expected and there is a scarcity of labor at many points.

Destructive Tornado in Minnesota.

Tyler, Minn., Aug. 22.—Between 30 and 35 persons were killed and more than 100 were injured by the tornado which struck Tyler about 10 o'clock last night and tore the town to pieces in a twinkling. Twenty-seven bodies have been identified.

The tornado tore through the heart of the town, sparing only one building, a motion picture theatre in which 200 people were sheltered. The greatest loss of life was in a restaurant. Eighteen persons were in the place when the brick walls collapsed. Sixteen were killed and the other two were seriously injured.

Warning on Flour

Ottawa, August 21.—The Canada Food Board has received reports that certain grocers are not complying with the regulation which forbade the sale of white or standard flour to any person for private consumption who does not purchase from him substitutes of not less than one pound of substitutes to four pounds of white or standard flour. The board, in an official statement, reminds dealers that this regulation applies to all parts of Canada, and that the dealers who fail to govern themselves accordingly are liable to a heavy fine, and also to cancellation of their licenses.

Regulations now in force not only require the purchase of at least one pound of substitutes to every four pounds of standard flour, but also require the use in private households of at least ten per cent. of substitutes in making bread, rolls, pastry or any other product in which standard flour is used.

MURRELLS

August 24.—Mrs. Daniel Stewart, of Litchfield, accompanied by Miss Florence Pirie spent Sunday with Mrs. Geo. Horner.

Mrs. Elliot Robinson and children of Renfrew are visiting in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. C. McCagg, of Ottawa, spent the past week at Mr. George Connelly's.

Mr. Robert Nicholas arrived home from the hospital on Saturday, and we all feel glad that she is better again.

Miss Lillie Chapman is spending her vacation under the parental roof.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Sparling, of Milestone, Sask., are at present visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Telford.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Stewart of Bristol were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Stewart on Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Aggie Eades is visiting her sister Mrs. Robert Robitaille.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ringrose and family are visiting at Mr. Albert Somerville's.

A number of the Murrell women attended the H. M. Club at Mrs. John Smiley's on Wednesday eve.

PLAINTOK.

Army Horses Good-Tempered.

It's a weary, wicked world if you are an army horse. You may or may not approve of shoes, but you've got to have them just the same. The French authorities have an ingenious contrivance which so pinions a horse that he has absolutely nothing to say in the matter. It holds his head, and holds his feet and holds his body, and forcibly prevents him from expressing an opinion, or choosing his shoes, or making a protest in any way. If they would only let a fellow get in just one real horse-size kick one could—but what's the use. In the meantime the farrier gets in his fine work, and then it is too late. Yes, it's a hard, cold, cruel world, so it is. Still, shoes are not so bad and they give a dandy left to one's hind hoofs in arguments later on in the camps.

Copenhagen Chewing Tobacco IS THE WORLD'S BEST CHEW



It is manufactured tobacco in its purest form.

It has a pleasing flavor.

It is tobacco scientifically prepared for man's use.

FELT THAT HE NEEDED "PEP" STORED MUCH FROZEN MEAT

Little Fellow Simply Had to Spend a Nickel of the Dime in His Possession.

Frank Groninger, attorney, has a pink-cheeked, tow-headed youngster, whose name to every one who knows him, is synonymous with effervescence, overflowing spirits. He is a thinker, too, this small Jack.

It was he, who some years ago (he has now attained the mature age of eight years), after gravely meditating on the phenomenon that ensued when things were planted in the ground—i. e., that duplicates of the thing planted accommodatingly took root and grew up out of the ground—was discovered in the yard by his mother, carefully patting and slapping down a pile of wet mud with his small spade.

"What are you doing Jack; planting something?" Jack's evident reluctance to disclose the nature of his agricultural activities aroused his mother's suspicion. Grasping one of the miniature garden tools at Jack's feet she dug vigorously into the wet mud. A glint caught her eye, and in horrified silence she scraped the mud from her jeweled gold watch.

But, if Jack didn't succeed in growing nice little timepieces, that a small boy could hear tick undisturbedly, he has kept right on being active. Hence, his mother's surprise the other day at a reply of his.

Jack's father, before leaving for his office, gave Jack a dime. Afterward Jack's mother seeing the coin in his hand, admonished him to put the dime away and save it.

"O mother," Jack exclaimed indignantly. "I simply got to spend a nickel of it to give me some 'pep.'"

FAMOUS FOREST QUITE GONE

Absolutely Nothing Left of the Once Beautiful Woods That Were the Pride of Verdun.

Lovers used to stroll arm in arm through the well-ordered forests of Verdun. To stroll arm in arm where these forests once stood is no longer possible, Gouverneur Morris writes in Collier's. You must go alone. If there has been rain you should have nails in your boots. The smooth convolutions of the hills have been tortured and turned into ridges and hollows like the Atlantic ocean during the equinoctial gales.

I doubt if there is to be found one single square yard of the original forest floor. I doubt if there is to be found one single perfect example of a shell crater. One crater breaks into the next, and there, merged into one shocking hollow, are a dozen which at the first moment of looking appeared to have been but one.

It has been well but truly "worked," that forest floor; but not for 100 years can it ever again be worked by man in any peaceful and profitable pursuit. Rich soil (doubly rich now), it will be shunned by the farmer with his plow; a prospect very rich in copper and iron, the prospector will shun it, for here, buried and half-buried, the shells, great and little, which did not explode at all, are as thick as temptation in the life of every man.

Eating More Fish.

Reports received by the Canada Food Board regarding fish sales in all parts of Canada show increases in the amount of fish which is being used as a substitute for meat and other foods needed overseas. In one Ontario city the sales from January to April inclusive showed an increase of more than 75 per cent. over last year. Sales are almost evenly divided over the week. Until last year, fish was not bought to any large extent except for Fridays.

Pilgrims Seek Peace.

Organized pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady of Victories, the famous old church in Lower Town, Quebec, are taking place daily. The pilgrimages will keep up the whole of the month of June, all the pilgrims beseeching heaven for the blessing of a return to peace. The pilgrimages have been composed of members of the bar and the notarial professions, financial and business men, office clerks and members of various mutual benefit associations.

Windsor's Fuel Pile.

Permission has been given by the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board for Windsor to issue \$50,000 in debentures for the purchase of 5,000 tons of hard coal, which will be used as a reserve pile next winter.

German Authorities, in First Days of War, Mobilized All Resources of Refrigerating Plants.

Berlin has 2,200 tons of frozen meat in its municipal cold storage depots. The supply is replenished from time to time so that it remains at that figure. On their present meat ration of one-half pound, the Vossische Zeitung says, the Berliners are assured of meat enough to last all Greater Berlin two or three weeks, even if there should be a temporary stoppage of replenishments.

How the cold storage of pork has helped Germany to "stick it" is explained in an article in the Chemiker Zeitung. Early in the war, realizing the serious effect of the British blockade on the meat supply, the government directed the refrigerating industry to mobilize its resources on the largest possible scale. It was ordered to make preparations for dealing with millions instead of thousands of pigs. Cold storage plants were enlarged, new ones built, and the system so extended that today there is hardly a local community without its own refrigerating facilities.

Every fortress has a freezing plant of its own. In case of siege it will assist materially in the preservation of perishable foods, especially meat, eggs, fish and butter.

"The German authorities," says the article, "have taken advantage of cold storage to the fullest extent, thereby greatly easing the economic conduct of the war."

TELL OF LONDON'S HISTORY

Collection of Wonderfully Interesting Relics in the Whitechapel Art Galleries.

In a small space in the Whitechapel art galleries there is a fascinating collection which reconstitutes the history of London from the days when the Britons watched the galleys of the Romans sweeping up the Thames river. There are bits of Roman pottery found in the Thames mud. Photographs and prints show how bits of the old Roman wall may still be touched by living hands. And so throughout the long story of the great old city there are remembrances of its varying phases, of its ceaseless change: a beautiful piece of carving by Grindling Gibbons, or one of his school, in St. Paul's grotesquely carved brackets of wood that once supported the beams of Tudor houses; iron brackets beautifully wrought by ancient craftsmen; leather jacks, out of which some Falstaff quaffed his sack; clay pipes, smoked in Queen Elizabeth's day by men who sailed the Spanish main; the old Whitechapel parish register, telling of citizens who died of plague, or born and married in the days before the great fire, and when bells of old St. Paul's rang for joy and sorrow.

These, and many other relics, bring back the spirit of oldtime London to men and women who go to the quiet and restful place from the rush of modern life in Whitechapel.

Darkness Above the Sky.

The projectile of the gun with which the Germans have been shelling Paris from a distance of seventy-five miles must rise in its trajectory to a height of twenty-four miles above the earth. The Scientific American says it is probable that at that height there is so little air that the sky loses its blue appearance, because there is hardly enough of it to produce the refraction of light which gives it its luminosity.

"If we could accompany this shell on its course," continues the Scientific American, "we should probably find the sky growing darker and darker, until it becomes nearly black. In the black sky the sun would show as a ball of fire, while the stars which were not obliterated by the sun's light would also be visible. Below us we should have the reflection of sunlight from the earth and from the denser strata of the atmosphere."

Can Sleep Anywhere.

A soldier who enlisted and was sent to Houston was sent out to the trenches for training, and while on duty he was granted two hours' rest. He was allowed to sleep on the firing step of the trench, which, he said, is nine inches wide. He said when he comes back he will be able to sleep out in the window sill.

SHAWVILLE FAIR

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
September 16, 17, 18, '18.

Apply to R. W. Hodgins for Prize List and all information required.

SHAWVILLE SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

R. G. HODGINS, Prop.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Doors, Sash, Dressed Lumber, etc.

Custom Sawing.

SHAWVILLE MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

T. SHORE - PROPRIETOR.

MONUMENTS

I have on hand the finest stock of Marble and Granite Monuments ever placed before the public of this district. Prices are such that it will be to intending purchasers' interest to consult me before placing their order elsewhere. Nothing too large—nothing too small.

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All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.

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MILITARY, INDUSTRIAL, AGRICULTURAL and EDUCATIONAL, gathered together in a few acres at the

CENTRAL CANADA

EXHIBITION

OTTAWA

September 7th to 16th, 1918

Increased Prizes for Live Stock, Farm and War Garden Products—Military Features—Government Exhibition of War Trophies—Aerial Feats—Dominion and Provincial Government Exhibits—Auto Show—Dog Show—Poultry Show—Better Baby Show—Pure Food Show—Horse Racing—Better and Bigger Midway.

"Big Time" Vaudeville Acts from the New York Hippodrome, in a first class programme.

Magnificent Mammoth Fireworks Display with Spectacular presentation of the Battle of the Somme, with Tanks in action.

Special old-time Mardi Gras Festival on the closing night, Saturday Sept. 16th—Countless other attractions.

SEE LOCAL AGENT FOR RAILWAY RATES

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FOR SALE

Strip of land running from government road to the river, part of the front of Lot 6, Range 1, Bristol. Splendid pasture lands, well wooded and timbered, unfailing water. Fifty or one hundred acres as purchaser may desire.

J. A. MACFARLANE,
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Good Stock and Dairy Farm—Part of Lots 4 and 5, 1st Concession of Bristol.

100 acres valuable bush. Will sell 115, 120, 200 acres, or what block as purchaser may desire.

For particulars apply to the owner.
D. J. CHAIK, Bristol, Que.

FOR SALE

1 Holstein Heifer, 14 years old,
1 Holstein Bull Calf,
1 Durham Bull Calf,
1 Durham Heifer Calf,
1 year-old Shropshire Ram,
Also some Ram Lambs.
All registered.
Apply or phone JOS. BROWNLEE,
R. R. No. 2, Shawville.

Fowls for Sale

About one hundred Fowls—hens and this year's chickens—chiefly Barred Rocks. Apply to
JAS. ARMSTRONG,
Shawville.

HOMEMAKERS' CLUBS.

TIME OF MEETING:

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

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

ORANGE HALL, SHAWVILLE:

O. Y. B. LODGE, No. 304, meets 2nd Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m.

E. S. H. WORKMAN, IRVIN HAMILTON
W. M. Rec.-Secy

L. O. L. No. 27, meets 1st Tuesday of each month

HERB HODGINS, REG. HODGINS
W. M. Secy

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER meets on the 14th of each month.

H. N. HODGINS, REG. HODGINS
W. M. in Com. Com. Scribe

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

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

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

Local announcements inserted at the rate of 8 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents for subsequent insertions.
Commercial advertising by the month for longer periods inserted at low rates which will be given on application.

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

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

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GLOVES

Ladies' Silk Gloves, black and white, pure silk, double finger tips. 75c. per pair.

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A very special assortment of many new kinds and materials. 50c. to \$1.50 each.

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New goods, fancy weave, mercerized, both vests and drawers. 50c. a garment.

OVERSIZE HOSE

Black only, cotton, garter top. 40c. and 50c. a pair.

SWEATER COATS

These are smart looking Sweater Coats that combine both style and comfort and at the same time good values. Some are made of brushed wool with large collars and fashionable sashes to match, others are in the plain weaves, good weight and style. \$6.00

G. F. HODGINS CO. L'TD.

Rheumatism, Kidney, Stomach and Asthma Trouble Promptly Cured.

VICTORY RHEUMATIC AND KIDNEY CURE
LARGELY USED WITH VERY GREAT SUCCESS.

For rheumatism or kidney trouble, this medicine has no equal, and it is highly recommended for indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick or sour stomach, headache, bitter taste in mouth, loss of appetite and asthma. If you have a sore back or sluggish kidneys, two to five doses will remove the trouble.

A. J. Miller, grocer and baker, Renfrew, writes: "I had rheumatism in my shoulders for over a year. I used two bottles of your Victory Rheumatic and Kidney Cure, and I am free from all pain and stiffness."

C. McCabe, R. M. D. No. 5, Renfrew, writes: "I was troubled with rheumatism for over fifteen years, and at times unable to work. Two bottles of your remedy cured me."

Mrs. Harry Grace, 500 Plaut St., Renfrew, writes: "I was troubled for years with indigestion and tried all kinds of medicine. Two bottles of your Victory Rheumatic and Kidney Cure completely cured me."

Mr. D. M. Robertson, Renfrew writes: "I have not had an attack of asthma or coughing since I took the fourth dose of your remedy."

Sufferers should secure a supply of this splendid remedy at once from Shawville Drug Co., Shawville, Que.; Coulonge Supply Co., Fort Coulonge, Que.; J. L. Rochester, Ltd., Rideau St., Ottawa; M. Joyce, Quyon, Que.; or direct from the manufacturer W. F. Ritchie, Box 296, Renfrew, Ont.

Price 75c. per bottle. In remitting for mail orders, add sufficient to cover postage.

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For "The Old Reliable"

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

Thousands of Orchard trees need replacing.

War Garden call for small fruits, early bearing fruit trees, Asparagus, Rhubarb plants, etc.

The demand for Ornamental stock in towns and villages is large.

Secure a paying Agency with liberal commissions. Experience not necessary.

STONE & WELLINGTON
(Established 1837)
TORONTO, ONT.

Equity Advs. Pay.

HAVE TO KNOW MULE NATURE

Drivers of Patient Animals Realize They Have Peculiarities and Must Be Humored.

An old flea-bitten, hammer-headed, ewe-necked bell mare, slowly picking her way across the corral at the remount station at Camp Zachary Taylor, followed by a long string of mules walking in single file, heads down and ears wagging, served as illustration for an officer attached to the big cantonment who had just finished remarking that "horse nature and mule nature and human nature were mighty contrary things any way you take them."

"Now, take those mules," he said. "The education of a pack mule is a thing that must begin early. He has just two purposes in life."

"One is to carry 225 pounds day after day patiently and uncomplainingly, and the other is to follow the bell mare of the train, regardless of where that animal may go. Well, there is in that corral an illustration of the effectiveness of our training. The old mare has started after a drink of water and there goes every dad-blasted one of those fool mules after a drink of water."

Investigation revealed that the pack mule is not the only member of his family that has peculiarities that can be played upon or must be humored. It was learned that the larger mules, once teamed up or paired, must thereafter be worked together if each is not to suffer a loss in efficiency. Two strange mules will not work together anything like so well in the beginning as they will a few weeks later, after they have become well acquainted, and then if they are parted the whole process must be gone over with again.

Triplets.

R. Learn, who lives on the 5th concession of Malahide, has a cow which recently gave birth to three calves. They are all well.

Watch Heart in Lobar Pneumonia.

Deaths of pneumonia patients are due either to heart failure or to septicemia, seldom, if ever, to insufficient aeration of the blood in the lungs, says Dr. E. P. Hershey of Denver in his prize answer to the New York Medical Journal's question, "How do you treat lobar pneumonia?"

Dr. Hershey says the heart must be watched and stimulated with digitalis. If it can be obtained the appropriate vaccine is to be used. In spite of prejudice, he recommends the ice bag. If the patient be alcoholic he must have whiskey or brandies; if not, all liquor must be cut out. A generous diet, but without meat, is necessary. Open-air treatment is conquering ancient prejudice. Sudden rise of temperature on the third, fifth or seventh day is no cause for alarm, and depressing medicines at this time may mean death.

COPENHAGEN CHEWING TOBACCO

Copenhagen is used differently from ordinary chewing tobacco.

Take a small pinch, for a start, and put it between the lower lip and gum, in the centre.

Afterwards you can increase the size of the pinch to suit the strength of the chew you desire.

Copenhagen is strong, because the tobacco of which it is made is cut into fine grains, which makes it impart its strength thoroughly and quickly.

Hence, a little "pinch" goes a long way, showing that Copenhagen is not only an unusually economical chew, but also one of the finest quality, being made of the best, old, rich, high-flavored tobacco.

Shortest Railroad.

You have heard of shortest railroads before. Always they're the most abbreviated ever. But off-hand one would grant the prize to Missoula, Mont. It has a railroad only 100 feet long. It connects the Northern Pacific with the C., M. & St. P., and is used as a transfer. It has no equipment, no employees, and no stations, yet the company that owns it gets 50 cents for every car that passes over its rails. Sixteen thousand have done so thus far. Think of it!—Popular Science Monthly.

Observed Mother's Day.

The Canadian troops find an opportunity during the lull in the battle for recreation and amusement. At any time the great battle may make an unprecedented demand on the troops, but until that time, Canada at home, should not worry unduly over its men in France.

Among the peace activities of the corps has been the observation of Mothers' Day on May 12. Canadian Y.M.C.A. officers, who were prominent in the movement, declare that unprecedented demands were made upon their special stationery, which was placed at the disposal of the men in their canteens so that mothers at home might hear from their sons.

One hundred and fifty thousand specially-printed sheets of notepaper were placed in such establishments by the association. In addition 25,000 special cards, bearing a message to mothers, were printed by the Y.M.C.C.A., and given to the men to send home. The message which expresses the unalterable determination of the soldiers of Canada to prosecute the war until victory is secured, reads in part:

"It is really you, our mothers and our homes, for whom we are fighting. When the gift of freedom is ours then we will come home and lay it reverently at your feet, for it will be hallowed by the blood of many comrades. Then we shall devote our lives to service in our country, in the upbuilding of happy homes and noble citizenship. Pray for us that this high and holy vision may never fade from our minds, and that we may be given courage and patience to finish our task. What a glorious homecoming there will be. Till then we remain where we are, fighting for our mothers and homes."

Few Cowpunchers Left.

War and the moving pictures have depleted the ranks of cowboys to round up, cut out and herd cattle. Cattlemen are all complaining because of a scarcity of labor on the cattle ranches. The army has drawn heavily on the ranches for men, especially the cavalry. The draft took many more, while the moving picture companies have commandeered other cowboys to make the Western films. This has led to the older cattlemen returning to the saddle for work on the ranges to take the place of the young men who have gone.

Some Old-Day Battles.

The great odds in numbers which the British army has had to face on the western front is no rare experience in its annals. Wellington has borne witness to that fact in his remarks that Talavera was the only battle in which he had a numerical superiority, owing to the presence of the Spaniards, who, while showing much personal gallantry, were badly led. At all his other battles he had fewer men than the enemy. "At Salamanca I had 40,000 men, and the French perhaps 45,000. At Vittoria I had 80,000 men against 70,000. At Waterloo the proportion was still more against me. I had 58,000 to 58,000; Napoleon had near 80,000. The whole army in the south of France under my command was considerably larger than the force of Soult at the battle of Toulouse, but in numbers actually employed in that battle I had less than he." All of which goes to show that strength and success do not necessarily lie with mere weight of numbers. There are other factors vastly more essential.—Christian Science Monitor.

Braking Airplane While Flying.

A braking mechanism for airplanes has recently been introduced, according to the Popular Science Monthly. This consists of two rectangular planes of small area, mounted on a shaft that runs along the rear edge of the main plane, and passes through the fuselage. The control is by means of a hand-wheel and connections, which act in conjunction with a handbrake.

When an airplane is flying at a rate of a hundred miles an hour the air pressure is not less than 30 pounds to the square foot. It will thus be seen that the added resistance of a few extra square feet of canvas has a very great retarding action on the speed of the plane.

City of Montreal 6%—Five Year Gold Bonds

The Security of the Metropolis of Canada.

Issued in coupon form in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1000, with privilege of registration as to principal.

Principal and semi-annual interest—May and November—payable in gold in Montreal or at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal in New York.

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? Does your Boy need a New Suit for School? - The time will soon be here.

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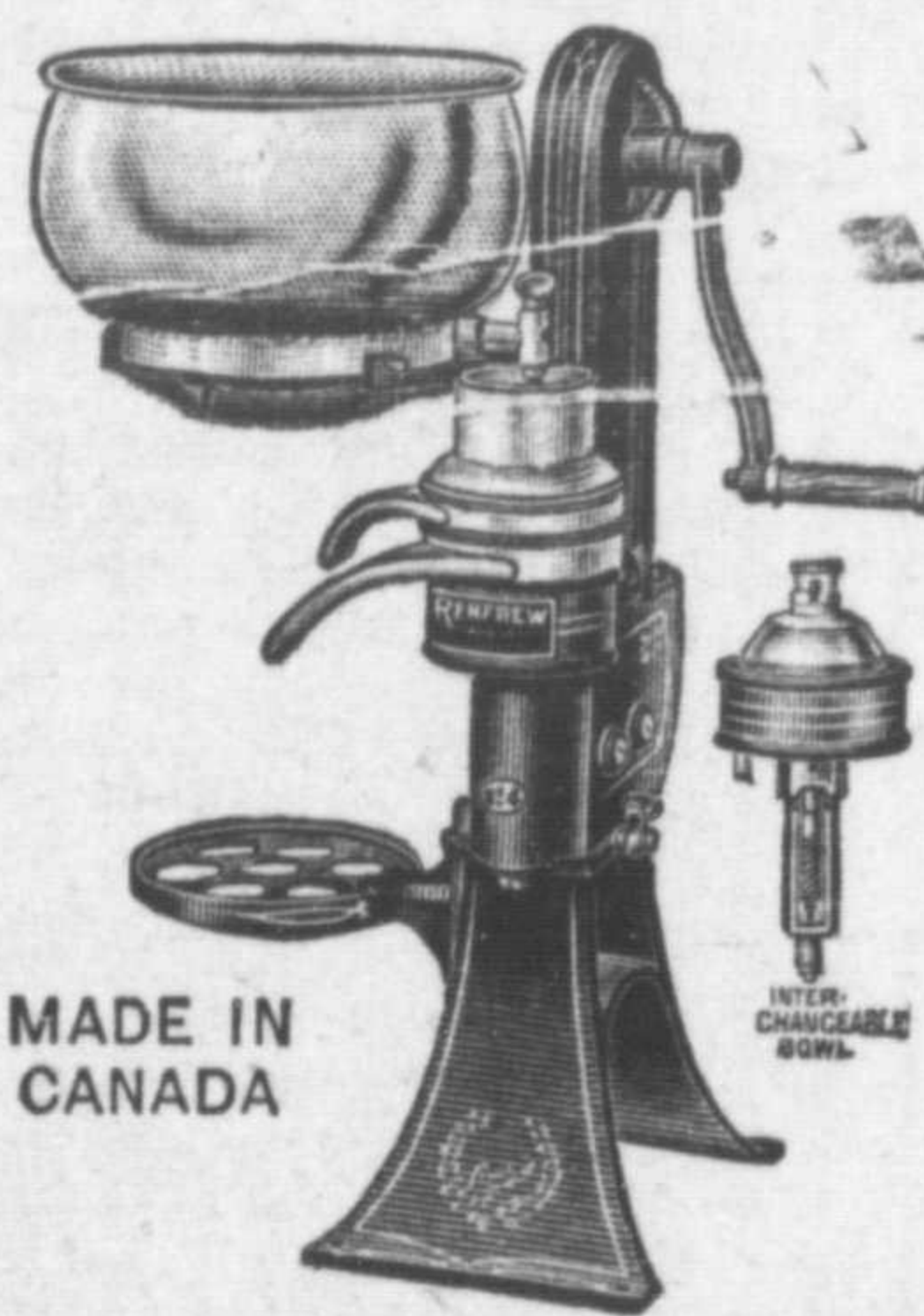
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OTTAWA—MONTREAL:
Lv Ottawa Central (A) " 9.00, a. m.
Lv Ottawa " (C) 12.55, p. m.
Lv Ottawa " (B) 4.30, p. m.

OTTAWA—MONTREAL via Short Line:
Lv Ottawa Central (A) 5.50, a. m.
Lv Ottawa " (A) 6.40, a. m.
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OTTAWA—PEMBROKE:
Lv Ottawa Broad St. (B) 8.00, a. m.
Lv Ottawa " " (B) 4.45, p. m.

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Fresh From The Gardens
Sealed Packets Only
Black-Green or Mixed

Try a Packet To Day

His Great Decision

Which Shows the Attitude of Our Southern Neighbor At the Beginning of the War, and How the Republic's Noblest Sons and Daughters Rose to the Occasion.

By Edith Brown Kirkwood.

CHAPTER III.

"A heap of fellows who have monkeyed around the home garage for the fun of the thing have found they were preparing for something worth while, Chapman." Ted had said when Crane had gone to him with his plan. "Predestination, as a belief, is somewhat out of date but preparation has been the angel entertained unawares by a lot of huskies."

When Clinton learned that Crane was not to enlist for the trenches, it smiled anew.

"I might have known," muttered Mr. Mann to himself. "He'll always find the easy spot. He'll go over and ride around, bringing the fellows who have fought and bled into the hospitals and think he's done a man's job."

Crane found it harder to go to Marjorie than he had dreamed it would be. He resorted to the telephone to learn whether she would be at home during the evening.

"Marjorie," he found it difficult even to call her by the old shortened name of school days—"if you're going to be in, I want to run up awhile. May I?"

"Something's wrong. You never asked to come before. What is it?" "You haven't heard?"

"Heard what? Is something wrong?"

The note of anxiety in her voice sent him sick, suddenly, with the consciousness of preciousness lost.

"I want to come to say good-by, Marjorie. I'm leaving Clinton to-night."

"Crane! You're leaving—Clinton!" Then as if to recover herself she added with a pretense of her old spirit:

"Why the suddenness?"

"I'm going to war, Marjorie. I go to the city to-night with Ted Speer and then I'm off for France as soon as the boat can get me there. Suddenly! Most of the big decisions of life come suddenly. I want to come to say good-by. May I?"

Crane noted the quiver in her voice and he bowed his head on his arm as he listened to her answer:

"You know you need not ask me to come to my house—ever. I—I—will you come soon?"

A different Marjorie stood at the gate awaiting him. She held out both hands to him while he approached and there was no mistaking the light in her eyes. There was sadness

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above the crowd. "I'm very, very proud of him."

"You feel proud!" exclaimed Mr. Mann. "Why should you?"

"Unfortunately, Father," the girl continued with quiet dignity, "I have no right to feel proud but I do."

The sharp reply, already framed, died without utterance before the clear gaze the girl turned upon her father.

"Humph!" he returned, suddenly occupied with his plate. "Humph! I only trust he'll not make a fool of himself. I can't picture him on a battlefield. I don't suppose he'll be called upon to do much that takes courage. He's picked the ambulance corps."

When Marjorie came from her room to announce that she was going out, Mrs. Mann asked:

"Shall I walk with you?"

"No, thank you, Mother." For some unaccountable reason Marjorie felt a new frank friendship with her mother.

Mrs. Mann, remembering her own girlhood, respected, without questioning, her wish to be alone. The train bearing Crane to war and Ted Speer back to his city duties, had gone. Truth to tell, Crane had left his visit to Marjorie as a next-to-last rich privilege, reserving the remaining one for his mother.

Mrs. Mann, however, knew as well whom Marjorie was seeking as if Mrs. Chapman had called for her at the door.

(To be continued.)

THE ARMY'S WATER SUPPLY.

Tommy is Forbidden to Drink Water That Has Not Been Tested.

It is an old story that a soldier will drink anything if thirsty. Any kind of water he comes across is good enough for him under such circumstances.

But water may be dangerous. The most inviting spring may be polluted with filth and disease germs. Like-wise, and more particularly, a well. Water that is "sparkling clear" is the more open to suspicion on that account; for sewage is an excellent precipitant of dirt.

France is a very old country—older by ever so many thousands of years than ours, so far as its habitation by a human population goes. For this very reason its sources of drinking water are much more likely to be polluted.

Hence the precautions taken by the medical authorities attached to our armies over there. Positive orders forbid any soldier to drink any water that has not been tested and found wholesome. Chemical, as well as bacteriological, tests are made—the former as a precaution against poisons. The Huns poison wells—a thing no fighters other than savages ever did before.

Where germs merely are concerned, our public health service has hit upon a very interesting rough and offhand test, which is being utilized in connection with our military activities abroad. It determines whether a given sample of water is (1) pure, (2) impure or (3) polluted. Impure water is not necessarily dangerous; polluted water is worse than unsafe.

Even pure water contains animal organisms. But the latter are of species characteristic of pure water—unless distilled. Impure water has its own characteristic microbes. Like-wise polluted water. Thus it is possible to determine the degree of purity of any water by examining under the microscope a sample drop.

When water safe for drinking purposes is not obtainable, resort is had to distilling outfits that are carried on motortrucks accompanying the regiments.

A MAID OF FRANCE.

One of the Heroines of the War of Whom There Are Many.

When the work in your war garden seems tedious and you straighten your aching back and look longingly toward the inviting shade of the trees or toward the armchair on the awning-covered porch; when you mutter to yourself that it will not matter much whether the weeds do choke the beet patch—it may help you to finish your task if you call to mind a story told in My War Diary by Mrs. Mary King Waddington.

In a village near ours, says the author, a girl of thirteen is running the farm. At the beginning of the war it was a thriving farm with a man and his wife, six sons and one daughter. Then the blow fell, and all the men in France were mobilized; the father and his two eldest boys went off at once—four hours after the decree of mobilization was received in the village. The farmer had no time to put his house in order, but left the farm in the hands of his wife and the two big boys, aged fifteen and sixteen. The man and his two eldest sons are now dead, the two next are in the army, and the poor mother, a wreck physically and mentally, cries all day. The girl and the two little boys do the whole work of the farm. The youngest, who is only ten years old, cannot accomplish much, but he does manage to watch the cows and to carry cans of milk to baskets of butter.

I see the girl sometimes: she is perfectly well, never complains and never asks for anything—except occasionally for a warm petticoat, or a hood to keep her head and neck warm and dry when she is working in the fields. There are hundreds of girls doing that work all over France.



TO PROTECT CEREALS AND COARSE FLOURS IN SUMMER.

The coarse flours and cereals are specially susceptible during the warmer seasons of the year to the attacks of insects, particularly small beetles and their grubs, which may cause the loss of valuable foodstuffs, not so much by what they actually destroy but by rendering such infested foodstuffs undesirable as human food.

Millers and manufacturers realize, as a rule, the importance of handling such food products as rapidly as possible to prevent insect infestation, and also know how to deal with such pests. The retailer and consumer are chiefly concerned in the matter of protecting such foodstuffs.

Retailers should keep their stores free from insect infestation or cereals in sacks, or even in sealed packages, will become infested. In addition to such preventive measures, every effort should be made to avoid large stocks and to dispose of cereal products rapidly. Care should be taken to avoid the breaking or damaging of packages.

Consumers should only purchase small quantities of cereals and coarse flours. Sealed packages which have been damaged should be avoided. If cereals are bought in sacks they should be heated when received at home to a temperature of from 130 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, and then left for nearly an hour in the oven while it cools off. This treatment will kill any insect eggs or grubs that may be present.

As many of these pests enter the house from out-of-doors, great care should be taken in storing cereals and wheat substitutes; whenever possible they should be kept in tightly closed tin boxes or other indestructible receptacles that can be tightly closed. If due precautions are taken, a very considerable saving in the aggregate of foodstuffs will result.

The Summer Stove.

During these blistering hot August days the blessing that the summer stove is to the overburdened cook on the farm cannot be measured. There is nothing to equal it for comfort, and summer stoves should be considered absolute necessities for farmers' wives.

Gas stoves are a possibility in cities, but in small towns and in the country, where there is no gas, the gasoline or oil stoves are very satisfactory. Investigation will prove that they do not "explode," as a few women still believe. The farm woman has become so familiar with the coal-oil lamp that she does not fear it. There is no more danger or difficulty in using oil for cooking than there is in using oil for lighting.

It shows intelligence and common sense to take advantage of all the labor-saving, the time-saving, and the comfort-producing methods at hand, and of the many offered none will exceed in the results gained the summer stove.

Since the oil stove requires frequent cleaning and trimming, many women prefer gasoline. Even a two-burner alcohol stove gives some relief during the hottest part of the summer. One of the best aids, of course, is the fireless cooker.

Eight years ago we bought our oil cookstove with three burners, paying \$11 for it. We clean the stove two or three times a summer, clearing all the oil out of the pipes, removing all the small particles of dirt or soot that have collected, and wiping off all oil that may have collected anywhere in it.

The stove that I have had the best success with has a short drum—that is, one in which the flame is near to the cooking utensil. Long burners are not advisable, because the food to be cooked is too far from the flame.

A portable oven as large as a cookstove oven may be purchased for about \$6, and after a little practice the housewife can use it for baking as well as the range oven. In choosing an oven it is best to get one to cover two burners, as thereby the heat radiates better and one gets better results in baking.

I often cook several things in our oil-stove oven at the same time, as

It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman

Comfort Lye

may be necessary to repeat this treatment several times, exposing the fabric to the sun and air between treatments.

Bleaching solutions can be used with white goods only, as any reagent which will remove stains will also remove colors.

Doughnuts can be very satisfactorily made of cornmeal or of potatoes and barley flour.

Canuck BREAD MIXER

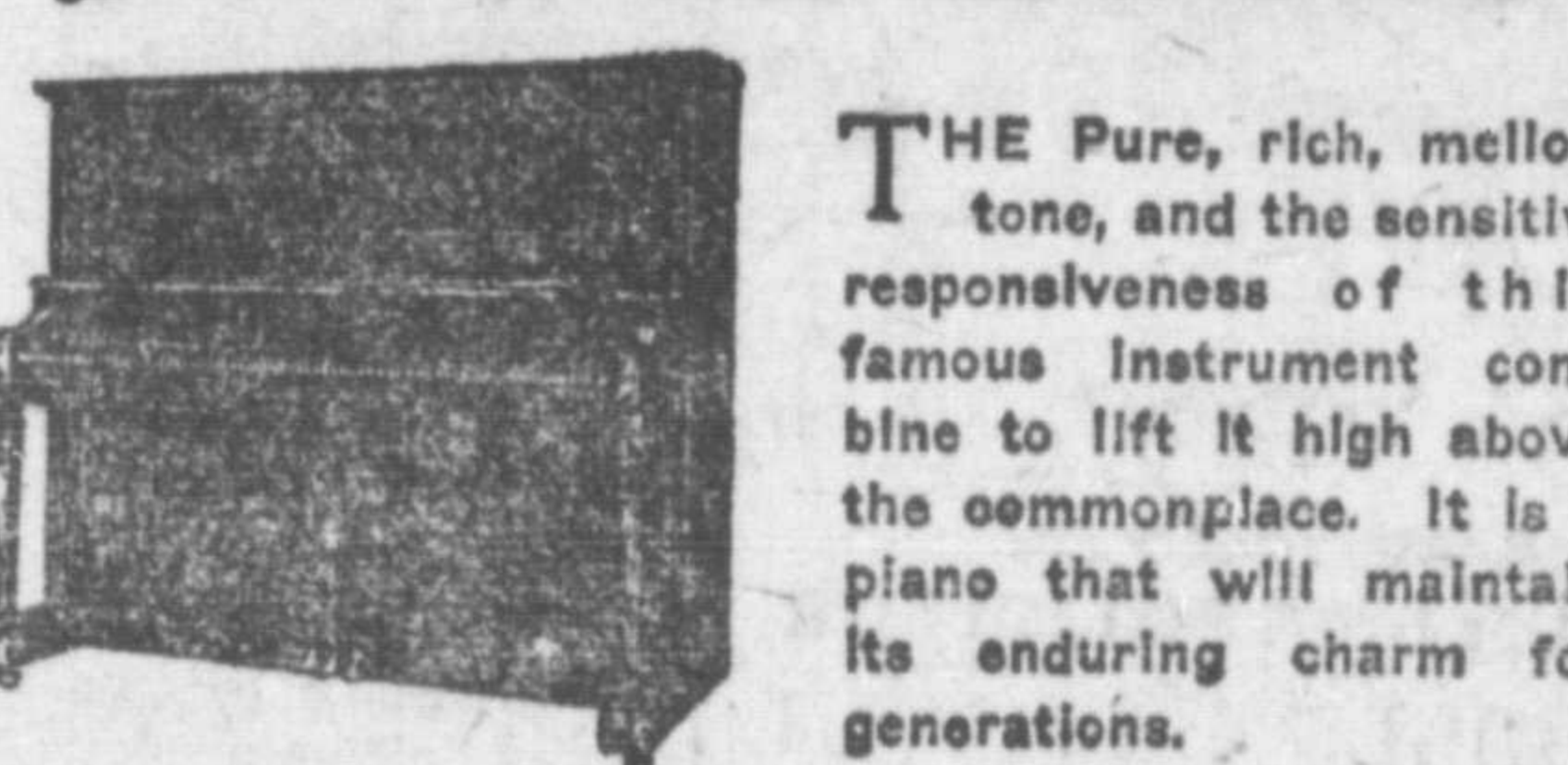


Eliminates all guess work. Makes light, wholesome bread, rolls, etc., without trouble. Saves flour and helps conserve the Nation's food supply.

Convenient, quick and clean—hands do not touch dough. Delivered all charges paid to your home, or through your dealer—four loaf size \$2.75; eight loaf size \$3.25.

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THE Pure, rich, mellow tone, and the sensitive responsiveness of this famous instrument combine to lift it high above the commonplace. It is a piano that will maintain its enduring charm for generations.

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Seal your fruits, jams and jellies with Parowax, for safety. Air can't enter to start mold and fermentation. Your preserves keep perfectly—retain their delicious freshness and flavor till opening time.

Pour a thin coat of melted Parowax on the jelly glasses. Put covers on the fruit jars and dip in melted Parowax. Contents are truly preserved, and you are insured against waste and disappointment.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

When youth takes flight on the wings of years beauty of complexion goes too, unless you give your skin proper and daily care. Use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream will enable you to appear youthful when you are no longer young. Its distinctive remedial effect upon the tissues of the skin keeps the complexion colorful, soft and free from blemish. It does actually "heal" and beautify your complexion. Since 1885 there's been nothing else "just as good." Take no other. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

Warm days, household work, and kitchen heat, all cause perspiration and shiny, oily skin. You can avoid this by using Ingram's Vaseline Sovereign Face Powder, 50c. It blends perfectly with the complexion. A light touch hides little blemishes, makes your complexion smooth, soft and flawless. A full line of Ingram's toilet products, including Zedenta for the teeth, 25c, is at your druggist's.

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Each time you buy a package of Ingram's Toilet aids or Perfume your druggist will give you, without charge, a large portrait of a world-famed motion picture actress. Each time you get a different portrait so you make a collection for your home. Ask your druggist.

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R.G. LONG & CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

KELLY, OF THE FORT GARRY HORSE, RECOUNTS HIS ADVENTURES IN WAR

Canadian Survivor of a Hundred Battles From Ypres to Vimy Ridge Was Plucked From the Sea When a U-Boat Torpedoed a Hospital Ship.

Edwin J. Kelly enlisted September 14 in the Fort Garry Horse in Winnipeg. At Valcartier, the unit was disbanded as cavalry and sent across as part of the Sixth Battalion of the first Canadian overseas expedition, in all 30,000 men. After a brief training on Salisbury Plain, he was sent across the Channel as part of the Strathcona Horse, and thence to Ypres.

"Fifteen days in the front-line trenches the first time out," he says, recalling the early days over there. "And what a campaign it was! Each piece of our artillery could fire but eight shells a day because of the shortage of ammunition. Think of it, eight shells for each of our guns against the constant rain of German shells!"

The First Gas Attack

"You all know the story of the first German gas attack. I shall never forget it. Thick, heavy gas rolling across No Man's Land upon us. We had never seen it before. We had no gas masks—nothing in the way of protection. The odor, a thick, heavy, nauseous smell. The first effect was to cause sniffles. Then choking and coughing. Then men began turning green, their eyes rolling and gasping for breath. A terrible dry taste in the mouth. I saved myself by wetting my handkerchief from my canteen and holding it over my face. Fourteen thousand out of twenty thousand of our men lost their lives in that fearful wholesale asphyxiation."

But Kelly forgets all the horrors of Ypres in his glowing account of how the Entente Allies rallied from this terrible blight after having been beaten back more than two miles and losing many guns, only to counter-attack with bayonets and tenaciously avert a rout. It was first around Ypres after the gas attacks that Kelly and his Strathcona Horsemen first saw evidence of the German cruelties inflicted upon women and children and Canadian soldiers crucified.

Soon after Ypres the Fort Garry Horse was reassembled as a separate unit and fought in the line as infantry until the middle of June, 1916. After a fifteen-day hike the demounted horsemen arrived at the Somme battlefield, where they were brigaded with a division of Indian cavalry and given horses. In the fighting that followed, says Kelly, cavalry was employed by the Allies for the first time since the battle of Mons in 1914, and then ensued the first test for the Allies of the availability of cavalry in modern trench warfare.

A Disastrous Charge

"On July 13 at Mahalt we moved out for a battle that we called the battle of High Wood. In the attacking party were the Dicken Horse, the Hindu, or Indian, horsemen and the Dragoon Guards. Until 5 in the morning we stood awaiting the signal to attack at Sausage Ravine, so called because of the sausage-shaped shells the Boche was giving us. At the given signal away we swept. We, in the centre went away over three lines of German trenches. Our flanks failed to come up, and, unable to hold the captured German guns, we had to fall back. Out of 175 in our squadron who went in but eighteen came back. I figured then I had a charmed life. We brought back seventeen prisoners at that."

"Our fighting there did not seem to strengthen the hope that cavalry was adaptable for operations against the German trenches. The ground is so uneven because of the thousands of shell holes everywhere in No Man's Land. Horses would stumble and throw their riders. It was hard to keep any kind of a steady formation. Cavalry fit in better in the open country fighting, as, for instance, at Cambrai, after General Byng's tanks had opened the way and started a general German retirement. That is why little has been heard of the operations of cavalry to date. When we got, the Hun going back to Berlin the cavalry will have a conspicuous part in the warfare."

The Battle of Death Valley

In the Somme campaign of 1916, says Kelly, 250,000 casualties were suffered by the Allies in fifteen days. The Metz woods changed hands fifteen times. At Troons woods the dead lay three deep and trenches were so impeded it was impossible to get over the wall of bodies. Of the style of fighting he gives this graphic description in connection with the capture of "Regina trench" in the fighting around Courcelles.

"There was a sunken road between our front line and the German front. We had orders to take that trench. Seven times our boys went over the top in seven distinct waves. I was with the first wave. We went up to the German line, but lost so many men in that first wave we were compelled to fall back. I met the second wave coming up out of the sunken road and went with them against the Hun stronghold. Every time our boys would jump up out of this sunken road we would be subjected to a deadly machine-gun fire. There seemed to be a million German machine guns in action."

"Six times I went forward with six different waves, only to be repulsed

and thrown back against the next wave. On the seventh attempt we took Regina trench. Talk about a charmed life! I wasn't so much as scratched. But 10,000 men went down in two hours in the fighting that day. We called that sunken road 'Death Valley.'"

Another Close Call

Kelly's next close call came after the battle of Arras, when attached to the First Indian Division. The Germans were falling back to the new Hindenburg line and it was while engaged in the capture of the town of Romcourt that Kelly's Canadian unit came in contact with the Crown Prince's Death's Head Hussars. It was in the fighting that followed that Kelly had three horses shot under him and was himself wounded.

"We had just entered the town when the Death's Head Hussars came up suddenly on our left," he said. "We had to reform hastily and charge them. In a cavalry engagement you seem to single out one man in front of you and go after him. I remember running one fellow through with my sabre so far that as my horse swung ahead my arm was drawn back with the weight of the German impinging on my sabre and I was nearly unseated. But I managed to stay in the fight unharmed. Out of 115 of us who went into that charge but twenty-three came back. The remainder were killed or wounded."

"This was the day on which I had three horses shot under me and the day on which I was wounded. Early in the morning we had charged down into the town of Aphey and driven out the Germans. But they came back with re-enforcements and our position was untenable unless we got help. The captain called for a volunteer to go for re-enforcements. I volunteered as a dispatch rider, but got only a short distance out of Aphey when a German machine gun camouflaged in an old house cut down my horse. I had to make my way back to Aphey on foot, there got another mount and set out again. This time I was successful in bringing up two troops of cavalry."

Waiting For the Red Cross

"My second horse fell under me about 10 o'clock that morning after we had left Aphey and were pressing on after the retiring Germans. A sniper got him under the girth and I went down with him, but escaped injury. I had until now been in action two years and one month without being hurt. It got to be sort of a joke. I remember one night fifteen of us crawled out of our trenches at midnight on a ration party. That meant we were going back from our front line trench to get something to eat at our base. When we got back to the front line trench again there were but four of us. I so reported to my captain and I remember how he laughingly remarked: 'And of course, Kelly, you had to be one of the four!'"

"But I got mine the afternoon of March 25, after losing two horses in the morning. We were galloping along in the open country in pursuit of the retiring Germans when a shell dropped directly under my horse and exploded. The good old steed was blown to pieces, but, he saved my life. Fragments of shell raked my legs and arms, but not my body, because the bulk of the horse intervened between me and the animal. Down we went in a mass. I remember calling out to my pals as they swept by, 'Are you fellows going to let me die here?' Two of them dropped off their horses and tried to make me comfortable. They thought at first I had been killed outright. They cut off my clothing, bandaged my wounds, gave me a flask of liquor, made me as comfortable as possible and rode on after the Germans."

"For thirteen hours I lay there in the snow until the Red Cross got me. It was snowing hard all the time, and I feel sure I would have died but for that. I learned afterward I had suffered twenty-four distinct wounds. My left knee was fractured and the right knee blown away. My legs and arms were perforated with fragments of shell. A piece of shrapnel buried itself under my right eye close to the nose and cut the optic nerve. When I came to I was in the clearing station on my way to Havre."

Torpedoed by the Huns

Kelly's final and miraculous escape from death came while en route from Havre to Southampton, on the steamship La France. Arms and legs strapped in splints, he was carried aboard ship with many other wounded "bound for Blighty." On the same ship were more than a hundred German prisoners.

"Two and a half hours out we were startled by a sudden sharp impact against the side of La France, followed by a terrific explosion," said Kelly. "It was a torpedo from a U-boat. Immediately the water poured in the hold and the ship began to sink by the bow. We wound up were down on the second deck, as were the German prisoners. I remember falling out of bed into the water. The German prisoners had stampeded and were trampling the wounded."

"Some good fellow got hold of me

and tried to help me up the gangway. But we were jostled by the crazed Germans and rolled down the stairs. My bandages and splints were all jostled loose and the salt water poured into my wounds, causing intense pain. Eventually we got on deck and I was literally dragged to the side, where they were launching boats. The German prisoners, however, had seized a number of the boats while the crew was bravely trying to save the wounded, and when we got to the deck but few boats were left. Two fellows picked me up, and counting 'one, two, three' threw me over the starboard side in the direction of a boat well filled with our wounded and German prisoners. Luckily I landed square in the middle of the boat."

"For two and a half hours we floated around in the sea. The U-boat stood by for a time and actually shelled the frail craft laden with wounded, and incidentally with their own men who had been our prisoners. The La France went down before our eyes within fifteen or twenty minutes, carrying with it many of the brave crew and the brave Red Cross nurses who had stood by until the last minute supervising the rescue of their charges. Eventually we were picked up by a trawler and taken to Southampton. I spent nine months in a Scottish hospital and was sent home with my discharge."

"And here I am still alive after all my adventures. My brother predicted when I went away that no German shell ever would get me. I seem to have had a charmed life to have come through it all. My only regret now is that I cannot go back and stick there for the big finish. For some of these days we are going to win the war and whip the Hun."

Half-hour noon-day "sings" in big factories are becoming quite the thing.

A POWERFUL PRESCRIPTION

How An English Doctor "Cured" a Native Invalid

In his interesting volume, *A Soldier's Memories in Peace and War*, Maj. Gen. Sir George Younghusband tells of his varied experiences on a trip through the Salween Shan States during the Burman War. Every white man, he says, and especially an Englishman, is ipso facto a skilled medical practitioner wherever in the byways he wanders. On the present occasion only some quinine, a few pills, a bottle of chlorodyne and a pot of vaseline composed our medical outfit; and so we could not spare much for stray patients. This little medical store was, however, saved in a curious and effective manner.

At one village there was an old woman sick with fever who asked to see the white wise man. We explained that there were no medicines to spare. But one of the natives said that did not matter. He had himself been ill at Moulmein and went to an English doctor, and the English doctor wrote some charms on a piece of paper, and that made him quite well. In proof whereof he produced a prescription written by the English doctor, which he had put in a little bag and worn ever since round his neck.

At his earnest solicitation, we wrote a charm for the old lady. It read however, "May God make you well soon," instead of *Ac. Ros. iii. T., Cal. praep. gr. xxx.* and the like. To the great surprise of the amateur doctor, but apparently to the surprise of no one else, the old lady "turned up" the next morning before the caravan started and said that she felt quite well.

A good citizen is known by the food he eats.

THE WEEKLY SERMON

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and her paths are peace.—Proverbs, iii, 17.

Solomon, the wisest of men, is here pointing out the way of happiness. We are all aiming at happiness. But how few know in what happiness consists? And, having a false aim, when, after toilsome effort to grasp it, they find but a bauble which leaves them empty and miserable. What then is happiness—true happiness which will not mock the seeker? This question every one should ask deeply at life's threshold or he will be doomed to failure.

Happiness does not consist in mere gratification of sensual desires—that is but the animal's pleasure. Nor is it to be found in riches, knowledge or power. What temptation, anxiety and care in the lives of the rich; what hard questions and dark evils confront the deep thinker, and how, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!" All these we may have and be utterly wretched.

Happiness is only found by those who know its secret, who have a true ideal of life and its purpose. To get it we must first attain self-mastery. "My mind a kingdom is," says the poet. There is no greater empire than the faculties, the powers, the passions of a human soul. And no one can be happy if his own being is a chaos, if he be the helpless slave of his caprices. It is only when one's myriad desires and impulses are held in the grip of a masterful will that he is safe, that he can walk on a wise path, that he can be happy. Until one has this wise self-control he has not learned the first letter of the alphabet of happiness.

Live to a Purpose

The secret of happiness, again, is found in work. We were not made for idle ease but for activity. Every one should live to a purpose. Work, and work for a purpose, fills the speeding hours with joy. When one has health and exerts his mind and muscles he drinks the foam of the brimming cup of existence. A wealthy business man says: "Show people how to work, and teach them to love it. He found his pleasure not in his money, but in his work. The plain, every day worker, in field, shop, at desk or in the domestic sphere,

need envy no courtier, prince or millionaire on earth."

Happiness, further, comes from unselfishness. To be happy we must try to make others happy. Selfish people can no more have glad hearts than they can have genial faces. Nature has made us social beings. And it is only when we practice brotherhood that we taste true pleasure. Wrote Tolstoy:—"I am happy when I can perform an act of kindness, but to right an injustice is my greatest happiness." Love is the noblest human emotion. And when it moves us to sacrifice for the sinning, the poor, the wretched, the woe-begone, we experience the purest of raptures.

Within Reach of All

Once more, the secret of happiness is found in religion. Man's unhappiness comes from his greatness. This is because his sense of the divine causes an infinite want. This greatest need religion alone can fill. Says the Psalmist:—"My flesh and my heart crieth out for the living God!" To meet the tasks, temptations, evils and sorrows of life we must have infinite help. We must have an Invisible Friend. We must have a Heavenly Father. Having all else, but lacking this eternal solace, no one can but be poor, empty, unhappy and wretched. Simple, genuine piety makes a heaven on earth. Religious souls, walking with God by day and overshadowed by His Spirit at night, are of all the happiest. Faith and hope irradiate their every phase of life.

The means of happiness, then, are within the reach of every one. Self-mastery, work, unselfishness and piety, all can have. Why, then, so much unrest, dissatisfaction and consuming longings? Says the saintly Fenelon:—"Unhappy man! Not in thy condition but in thyself lies the cause of thy misery!" Do not, then, waste time envying the good fortune of others. Each one carries a paradise or a purgatory in his own bosom.

The Maker meant all his creatures for happiness. And He has given to all the means of happiness. The tragedy of life is that so many fail to find it.

Be not, then, deceived by the lure of false prizes, but see wherein lies true happiness and grasp it now and here.—Rev. J. B. Brown.



Her Whole Wordly Possession a Cow—Old French refugee safe behind the lines after losing her lifelong home to the Huns. Everything was destroyed except the cow and all her family were murdered or carried away captive.



Hilda's Day At Home.

Every morning Hilda went to the garden to take care of the roses on the little trellis at the end of the walk. She cut those that were wide open, trimmed out the withered leaves and trained the climbing vine so that the little buds could be seen when their petals began to unfold.

It was a pleasant morning task, and usually Hilda sang when she was doing it; but this morning she did not even hum a tune, although an oriole in an elm beyond the garden fence was singing to her with all his might, and in the green meadow, a little farther away, a dozen bobolinks were sipk-spunk-spinking! so happily that melody seemed fairly to be bubbling out of them.

And how cheerfully the morning sun was shining, too! The grass and the leaves so glistened with dew that there were smiles as well as music all around Hilda. Yet she did not smile or sing as usual. She did not even care whether her scissors slipped and cut off a baby bud.

Of course you can guess that something serious had happened—or was going to happen. This is what it was: her brother, Thad, with her father and mother, had gone to the city to be away for the whole day, and Hilda had been left behind, alone. They had driven away soon after the sun was up, and Hilda was sure that the day was going to seem as long as a month. To be sure, there was nothing new to be seen in the city—Hilda had gone there several times with her parents—but there was a camp of soldiers near the city, and all through the spring Hilda and Thad had been looking forward to a visit to it as soon as school closed.

The worst of it was that Hilda as well as Thad had the promise of the trip that day; but only yesterday Mrs. Hurley, a neighbor, had asked to be taken along, as she had some errands to do in the city. So Hilda had politely stepped aside and had tried not to be cross in doing it. Thad had to go because he needed some new shoes and other things.

It was all simple enough, and of course Hilda could not blame Mrs. Hurley for wanting to go, or her own parents for giving Mrs. Hurley her place in the carriage. Nevertheless, she was not singing as usual as she trimmed the roses.

Hilda's father had called back when they drove out of the yard, "The day won't seem so long if you try to guess what we are going to bring you!" That cheered Hilda at the moment, but it did not take her long to think of the things that she most wanted; and when she had done that, the minutes dragged slowly, instead of hurrying faster.

Hilda carried her roses into the house and placed them in a vase on the dining-room table. Then she watched the road until the R.F.D. man came along and left the mail. But he left nothing for her.

"By this time Thad is seeing all those soldiers!" sighed Hilda, when she felt that it was surely time to eat the luncheon that her mother had left on the pantry shelf.

While she was eating a second piece of cake the wonderful thing happened that changed everything—the thing that showed why the birds had been singing so merrily and the sun shining so brightly upon her early in the morning.

FIGHTING NAMES

Many Strange Appellations Found in Muster Rolls of the Army

A particularly valorous, gay and resourceful Tommy was private Robbins of a certain famous English regiment. Among his mates he went by the unilitary nickname of Twitters. His captain, visiting him as he lay wounded in hospital, learned in the course of casual conversation how he came by it.

"If you'd 'appened to notice me 'ole nyme on the roll, sir, you'd not 'ave to harsk," Twitters told him with a grin. "Me a hinnercent byby, and never knowin' the trick they was playin' on me—a shyme, I calls it. But they says I 'owled proper at parson when he christened me, all the syne."

"I remember your name—classic names aren't so common in the army that I'd be likely to forget it," the captain told him, "but I don't seem to see the connection. Nestor, wasn't it?" "Yes, sir," assented Twitters. "Boomin' silly nyme, if it was me poor mother's fancy. Got it out of a book she did. Nestor! Put it with Robbins, sir, and you'll see where the Twitters comes from. Nest o'robins, sir. No wonder I 'owled at parson!"

No wonder, indeed. But if the unfortunate Twitters' mother, in jocular or sentimental mood, it is hard to guess which,—had given him a name to live down, the muster-rolls of the army show other instances, some of which have been recently pointed out in a British newspaper, where punning parents have bestowed on their offspring names to be lived up to. Certainly the two soldier brothers,

a curious sound, faint and distant at first, then clearer and closer. It was the clatter of the hoofs of many horses on the highway. Hilda ran from the pantry to the front door. A long column of soldiers riding on horses! Hilda could hardly believe her eyes. The soldiers that she had so wanted to see were not at the camp at all, but were really coming where she could see them!

When the head of the long column was near the house an officer gave a sharp command. A bugle blew, and the column came to a halt. Another command, and another trill of the bugle, and the men leaped from their horses; and in a moment they and the horses were scattered here and there in the shade of the trees that bordered the road. As far down the road as Hilda could see were men and horses, hundreds and hundreds of them—perhaps thousands!

Then a tall officer who saw Hilda standing in the doorway came into the yard and spoke to her very politely, with his hat in his hand.

"May I have a drink of water?" he asked. "It is a hot day for a practice hike, even on horseback."

Hilda hurried in for a dipper, and then went with the officer to the well beneath the elm at the end of the house. Others saw them and came running. Hilda went for more dippers and for glasses. How eagerly the soldiers drank the clear, cold water, and how they laughed and chatted with her! They asked what her name was, and some of them told her of little girls in their own far-off homes. The tall officer even lifted her to the saddle of his horse and led the horse round the yard, while the others clapped their hands and called her "the little colonel."

Hilda ran into the house and brought out the roses that she had cut in the morning. She gave them to the soldiers at the well, but the biggest one of all she gave to the tall officer. He held her up and kissed her as she fastened it to his coat.

Then the bugle blew, and all the soldiers left the well and the shade of the trees. The line took form again, four mounted men abreast; and when the bugle blew, the line started on its way. Hilda stood in the yard all the time that it was passing, waving her hand and throwing kisses, and there was not a trooper in all the long line whose eyes did not brighten at the sight of her; and away down the road, as far as she could see, the tall officer rose in his stirrup and looked back and waved his hat.

Finally, the last clattering squad of the long column had disappeared, and Hilda could see only a cloud of dust in the distance.

"My, what a wonderful day!" she exclaimed, when at last she went to gather up the dippers and the glasses, and then to the house to finish her cake. "How glad I am that they left me at home! I should have known that something beautiful would happen! It always does."

When her father and her mother and Thad got home in the early evening, Hilda lost no time in telling her story; nor did she wait even to find out what they had brought her.

"I wish that I had stayed at home, too!" said Thad. "There was nothing much to see at the camp except a lot of tents; but you stayed right here, and a whole regiment of soldiers came riding to make you a visit!"

March, would find it difficult to dilly-dally about their duty or hold back from danger, bearing such incentives to adventurous advance as the names Quick and forward. Bright Steele, Loud Cannon, Noble Bannerman, Nott Fearing, Luckie Hazard, Strong Spearman, Savage Hope and Goode Schott are in the ranks; they could hardly be elsewhere. So is their comrade, whose first name was properly invented to match his second, in a combination that ought to help him earn a Victoria Cross some day—Private Duand Dare.

Even in the naming of girls the influence of the great war is felt, although it is not in England, but America, that compliment our historic ally, France, in the christening of little Miss Marsellaire French. And it was doubtless inevitable that, during the great drive for the 1st U.S. loan, there should arrive in some household a young Miss Bond, whose given name should be Liberty.

In all the Allied countries babies are being named for the favorite leaders and generals of the war; but it is perhaps, only in France that the name of the most popular of all its heroes can be gracefully feminized. There are said to be scarcely more infant Joffres engaged in thoughtfully sucking the fists that may some day clutch the marshal's baton than there are of baby Joffrettes, cooing unconscious of the superwomanly burden of French mothers to-day, which it is to be hoped they may never need to bear when they grow up.

The average annual fire loss in the United States is about two dollars for each inhabitant.

The Shawville Boot and Shoe Store

Cheapness in Shoes - -

Does not depend upon their price
but upon the service they give

And on this score low prices and real cheapness were never so far apart as they are today, because good service giving leather is higher than ever in cost.

To maintain the low price of cheap shoes it is necessary to use even more inferior leather than usual. That can result in one thing only—less service, less wear, therefore less economy.

In buying we look for service, value, style and comfort in shoes, and we do not let a "bargain price" blind us to the lack of them.

P. E. SMILEY,
THE HOUSE of QUALITY.

Pictures of home folks carry warmth and comfort to the heart of a soldier. Make an appointment to-day.

H. IMISON,
Artist in Portraiture.

Your family, friends and business associates want your portrait. A nice range of folders to choose from.

H. IMISON,
Artist in Portraiture.

Local and District.

Mr. Bert Wainman, our new jeweller, has his family in town now, and is confronted with the problem of securing a dwelling house which, as usual, is hard to procure in this town, which never has any vacant houses.

Fishing expeditions to the back country have been of frequent occurrence of late, but the result, somehow, has not obliterated to any great extent the necessity of visiting the meat shop with punctilious regularity.

The whistle of the steam thrasher is now heard daily from some point in the neighborhood of the village. Quite a number of farmers this year are adopting the western method of threshing from the stock as a means of both saving time and economizing labor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smyth, of Kinburn, Ont., announce the marriage of their eldest daughter, Pearl, to Cadet Harold S. Richardson, of the Royal Air Force, third son of Mrs. Louise Richardson, of Hastings, Ont. The marriage will take place quietly on August 28th.

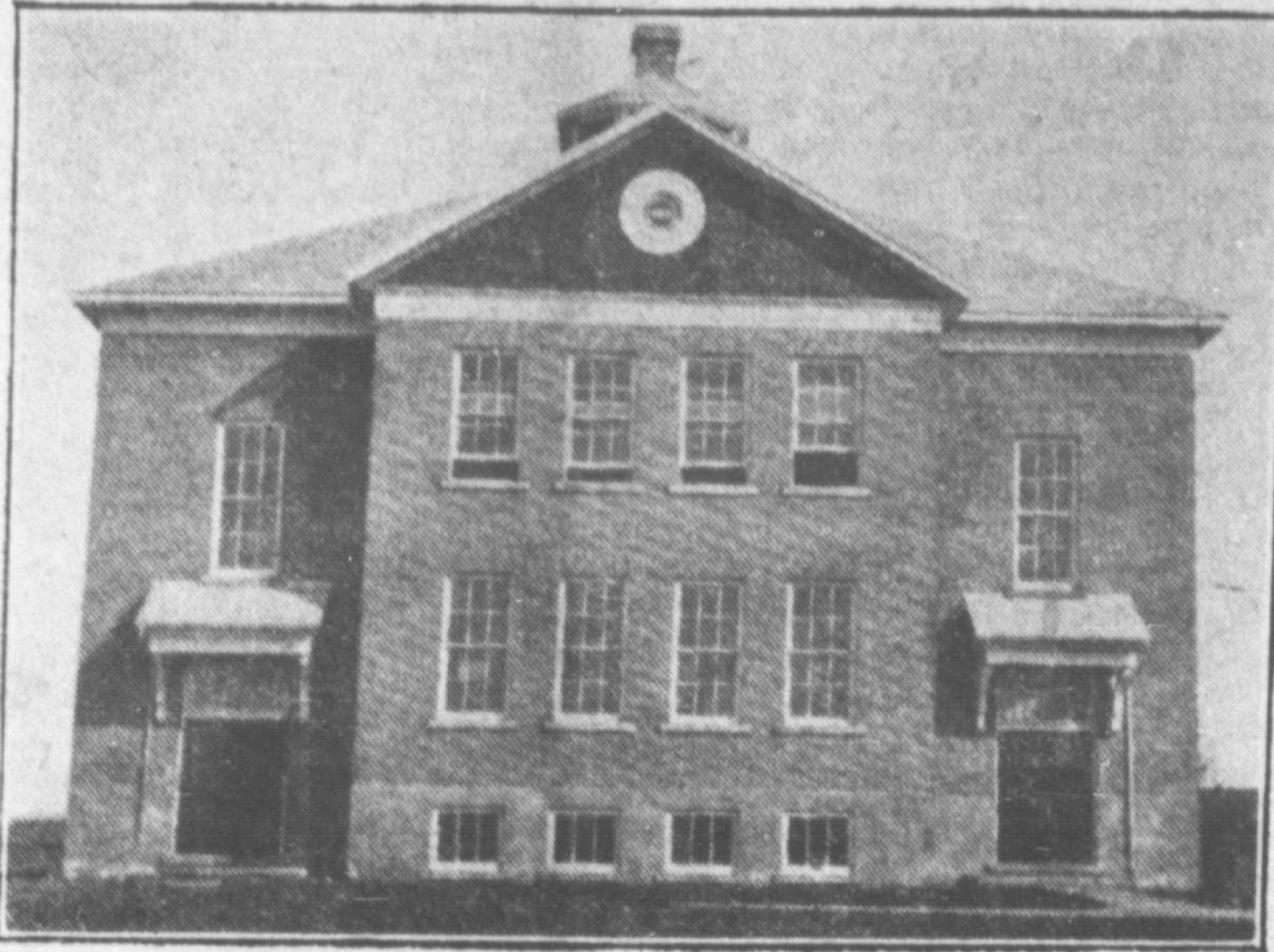
The weather for the 10 or 12 days following the big storm was particularly favorable to the work of saving the most abundant harvest that this district has been blessed with in many a day. Some farmers are considerably handicapped for lack of help in consequence of so many young men being called for military service, and are having to toil very hard—early and late—to keep abreast of the work.

Bristol Corners is on the eve of a boom in business enterprises, according to a well-known citizen of that town. These will consist of a butter factory to be erected this fall by Messrs. Robinson & Lewis; also an elevator by Messrs. Dwyer & Cohen. In addition to these it is said Mr. R. A. Grant of Elmside intends erecting a large store on the site of the old Craig store, burned down some years ago.

The casualty lists last week contained the names of four Pontiac boys who were with the Canadian forces in France. Their names are: Pte. Adrien Poisson, of Bryson; Pte. Wilfred A. St. Jean, of Coulange; Pte. Smith of Weirstead and Pte. Emery Little of Clarendon Front. All three were reported wounded. In the recent heavy fighting in which the Canadians were engaged, their casualties are reported to have reached about 10,000, the great majority of whom were wounded.

At the home of Miss Iva Cowan last Friday evening—the eve of her departure from Shawville—Miss Laura Woodley received a "linen shower" from her young lady friends in town, in anticipation of her approaching marriage to Mr. Frank Fortier, of Montreal, who is presently engaged in connection with mining operations at Kimberly, B. C. The event is to take place at Winnipeg on Sept. 3rd. Miss Woodley left Shawville bearing with her the best wishes of many friends for her future happiness and success in

Academy Opening



Shawville Academy re-opens for the School Year 1918-19 on Tuesday, Sept. 3rd.,

With the following Teachers:

MISS IDA M. MOYNAN—Prim. Room and Domestic Science.
MISS ARAMINTA McDOWELL—Second Room Elementary.
MISS MARGARET ARMSTRONG—Third Room Elementary,
MISS GLADYS DUNN—Junior Model.
MISS DORA BLACK, B. A., Asst. Prin. and French Specialist.
MR. H. DANA HUNTING, M. A., Principal.

Most things can be anybody's gift—your portrait is distinctively, exclusively yours. Make an appointment to-day.

H. IMISON,
Artist in Portraiture.

Births

At Clarendon, on August 20 to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Hodgins a daughter.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE W. J. POUPORE

Brief notice was given in last week's issue of the death of Mr. W. J. Poupore, who passed away at his home in Westmount, Que., after a short illness, at the age of 72 years and 3 months.

The late Mr. Poupore was born on Allumette Island, on the 29th of April, 1846, and was of Norman French descent. He was a nephew of the late John Poupore, who represented Pontiac in the Legislature from Confederation to the year 1874, and was also Federal member for the county from 1878 to 1882.

The subject of this sketch received his elementary education near the place of his birth, and then took a course at Ottawa Business College; he also devoted a year to the study of law. He began business as a merchant in Chichester in 1870; in 1872 he built a saw and carding mill, and in 1875 erected a grist mill at Chichester. In 1878 he began the contracting business which he continued up to practically the close of his career. During the past twenty five years he executed several large contracts for public works in different sections of the country, notably the Morrisburg and Soulanges canals. The big pier at Maisonneuve, etc. In 1884 he also added lumbering to his other occupations.

The late Mr. Poupore had a long experience in municipal and school matters. He was mayor of Chichester for ten years, and for a time chairman of the school board. He was several years warden of the county, retiring from that position it will be remembered, on the question of the railway bonus by-law, which he refused to sign. Mr. Poupore was first returned to the Legislature of Quebec in 1882 as an Independent Conservative in a triangular contest, in which the late James McG. Roney and the late Norman McCuaig were his opponents. He was re-elected in 1886, and again in 1890, by acclamation. In 1892 he was defeated by Mr. David Gillies, of Carleton Place, the fact of his non-residence in the county, telling to his disadvantage.

Upon the death of Mr. John Bryson, Mr. Poupore became the choice of the Conservative party for the Federal seat, and was elected over Dr. T. C. Gaboury in 1896 by a large majority. Before the next election (1900) came on Mr. Poupore resigned his seat, having been awarded a contract by the Government which disqualified him from being a candidate. Since that time he did not take an active part in politics.

While Mr. Poupore sat in the Legislative Assembly of this province, he took an active part in the debates of the House, and was recognized as one of the "big men" of the Assembly, being gifted with a broadness of view that the majority of his contemporaries did not possess.

The late Mr. Poupore is survived by three sons and three daughters, also by two sisters and four brothers. His wife, who was a daugh-

New Barber Shop

- opened at -
W. J. Hayes' Corner.

Latest Fixtures and Equipment

Customers may rely on getting prompt and satisfactory service at reasonable rates.

A Call Solicited
TRUEMAN TUCK - SHAWVILLE.

BERT WAINMAN
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER
SHAWVILLE.

A stock of—
Victor Victrolas and Victor Records
—Just coming in
Watch for our Exhibit at Shawville Fair.

REPAIRS

Bring in your watches and jewelry needing repairs to us. We specialize in this class of work and assure you satisfaction.

ter of the late John Poupore, predeceased him about a year ago. A great number of men prominent in political and civil life attended the funeral on Monday morning to St. Leo's church and cemetery, Westmount. Mr. W. H. Poupore, of Chapeau, a nephew, C. A. McCool, of Pembroke, with other residents of that district were present.

Provost, Alberta.

Aug.—By the optimistic crowds that daily attended the Chautauqua Week held here recently one would not imagine that the drought and frost has laid low the greater part of the crop in this vicinity.

Very interesting to the Pontiacer here will be the annual visit of the Rt. Rev. J. Newnham, who recently celebrated at Prince Albert, his twenty fifth anniversary as Bishop of Saskatchewan. Bishop Newnham first started his duties as curate at Quyon village about the year of 1878.

Mrs. W. J. McNeill, and two sons—Duncan and George—returned to Prince Albert after an extended visit with relatives in this locality.

Messrs. Alex Strutt, Frank Strutt, Thos Hobbs, Erwin Smith motored from Brock, Sask, to visit Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Corrigan, north of the town.

The Misses Mamie and Eleanor McNeill, went to Prince Albert to spend part of their holidays.

Mrs. John Strutt, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. A. Horner and two children left for their home at Brock.

Mr. Hiram Stanley is up from Swanson, Sask., disking his land recently purchased here.

Mr. John Hurley, formerly of Campbells Bay, returned Monday to his home at Haileybury.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Armstrong have erected a very pretentious dwelling house on Sterling St. Mrs. Armstrong was a Miss Irwin, of Wakefield, Que.

Mrs. Hyslop, of Smiths Falls, is at present visiting her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) W. O. York, Mrs. Hyslop being formerly a Miss McKillop of Bristol.

Mr. Dunn, of Westmeath, has purchased land near this town.—Com.

To the Farmers and Dairymen of Pontiac:

The time is here when we have to turn to labor-saving machinery, owing to the scarcity of labor.

The Empire Mechanical Milker

Is one of the greatest labor-savers, and is now being used extensively and successfully in most dairy sections of the country, and is also recommended very highly by Prof. Archibald, Director of Government Exp. Farms. The fact that it is being used by twelve Experimental Farms and Colleges in Canada, furnishes convincing proof of its merits.

The Empire Cream Separator Co., of Montreal, has received the following testimonial from a Pontiac farmer:—

TESTIMONIAL—

TO THE EMPIRE CREAM SEPARATOR CO., MONTREAL:—

"I like the Milking Machine fine and would not be without it at any price. The cows seem to prefer it to hand milking. I can milk twenty one (21) cows in less than an hour and it did not cost me one cent for repairs.

(Signed) DANIEL SHEA,
Campbells Bay, R. R. No. 1.

For further information apply to the Empire Cream Separator Co., Montreal, or the undersigned local agent.

J. L. HODGINS, Shawville.

MASSEY-HARRIS

(The Popular Farm Machinery)

Having taken the agency for the **SAWYER & MASSEY CO.**, for this county, I wish to inform the municipalities and farmers that I can supply them with a full line of **ROAD AND FARM MACHINERY.**

The King of the Road Builder Grader
Sawyer & Massey Junior Grader
Steel Road Drag
Gas Oil Tractors
Threshing Outfits, etc., etc.

Call and have a talk with us.

R. J. HAMILTON

Office and Warerooms

HAMILTON BLOCK - - SHAWVILLE.

Keep in mind the Fact

This is the store that can supply you with your requirements in

Stoves and Pipes, Tinware, Enamelware, Ironware

All kinds of Eavetroughing and Pipe Fitting
Satisfactorily done. Give us a call

Hides and Pelts bought at highest prices.

G. W. DALE PRACTICAL TINSMITH
Shawville Que.

While Going back to School

May not be a very pleasant thought for most school boys, the thought of getting a new suit to start back with will certainly make a big difference, especially if that suit happens to be

A Dover Suit.

o— Most boys look to this store for the new—o
o— est in styles, and cloths at right prices —o

We are Showing the Most Beautiful Range

In fact the LARGEST and BEST assortment we have ever shown, at prices much below their present value

Bring Your Boy in and Look Over

Our assortment. A pleasure to show them. May we have that pleasure soon?

ARCHIE DOVER.

P. S.—15 per cent. off any Boy's Suit until School opens.

CARD OF THANKS

In behalf of myself and the other members of the family I desire to extend to all old friends a sincere expression of our most heartfelt thanks for the kindly, sympathetic assistance rendered by them in connection with the obsequies of our mother, the late Mrs. James Harrison. Especially do we wish to thank Mrs. John Sturgeon and other friends of Campbells Bay for the beautiful floral offerings which they contributed, and for other kindnesses bestowed, all of which will long be remembered to them with much gratitude.

August 24, 1918. WM. HARRISON.