The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1914. — NO. 42

CENTRAL MARKET.

FISH IN SEASON, (Salted and Smoked).

OYSTERS, good solid meat.

I am also prepared to fill orders for a good stock of Ontario Winter Apples.

All kinds of California Fruits in Season, comprising Malaga Grapes, Naval Oranges, Grape Fruits, etc.

Sole Agency for Neilson's Chocolates.

A large and good stock to choose from.

PHONE. No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

STRAYED,—On to the property of the undersigned, two heifers, one and a half year old. Apply to

JOHN R. WASON.

TENDERS FOR WOOD—Tenders will be received by the undersigned, for wood for the Lachute Academy up to Nov. 1st. as follows:—30 cords, 2 ft. and 40 cords, 3 ft. in equal quantities of birch and hard maple. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. A. CLUNIE, Sec-Treas.

One hundred overcoats to select from, at

W. BANFORD & SON.

Are you Insured?

If not, why not! You owe it to yourselves and those who are near and dear to you. A policy in the London and Lancashire Life, Assurance Co., will mean a small outlay now and a big return by and bye. Think it over and then have a talk with R. A. GILES, Agent,

Watchman Office.

Lachute, Que.

A few coats carried over, full length Womens and Misses, very good styles at only $5.00.

W. BANFORD & SON.

MILLINERY.—100 Black Velveteen and Silk Velvets and Plush Hats, prettily trimmed with cut ostrich mounts, velvet flowers, ribbons, wings, etc. Small and medium styles are shown in this special lot, at great values.

MISS A. A. LAVIGNE,
Foundry Street.

There are mens, youths, and boys overcoats, and every size to begin with.

W. BANFORD & SON.

A Rare Chance for the Ladies of Argenteuil.

A handsome Moffatt Steel Range given Free and 45 Cash Prizes ranging from $40.00 to $2.00 each, also a Cook Book valued at $2.00 given to each competitor for the best five household receipts.

Call at once at T. McOUAT & SON'S for application forms and particulars, which will be given free. Then call with your application filled out and make a purchase of $1.00 or over before November 15th as competition closes November 19th, 1914.

Goods have not advanced yet in price except in very few lines, but you had better buy early and be sure.

W. BANFORD & SON.

WANTED—An industrious man who can earn $100 per month and expenses selling our Products to farmers. Must have some means for starting expenses and furnish bond signed by two responsible men. Address, W. T. Rawleigh Co., Toronto, Ont., giving age, occupation and references.

TOWN COUNCIL

The regular meeting of the above Council was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening last, there being present Mayor Felix Paquette and Councillors C. Labrosse, V. Lefebvre, R. Hamilton, J. P. McKimmie, W. Scott, W. J. Boyd, A. McFaul, A. D. McGibbon, T. Peslaurier.

Reports of Road and Finance Committees were received and amounts ordered paid.

The monthly report was read of Mr. McDonald, Inspector of Roads, for work done during the month of October, which gave a completion of 2,749 feet at a cost of $5,826 10.

In order to meet the added expenses of road work, etc., Councillor McKimmie moved that by-law No. 69, section 3, be amended to read on all immoveable property in Lachute Town (except such as is exempt by law) the sum of 3 5 of a cent on the dollar as represented by the valuation roll in force be adopted.

By-law No. 77 relating to annual taxes and license fees in Lachute Town as amended be declared as read the first time.

CUSHING

Mr. and Mrs. G. Nicholls spent last week-end with friends at Hawkesbury.

Little Miss Lydia Cooke celebrated her fifth birthday on Hallowe'en by a party at which she entertained a number of her little friends.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker who were visiting their friends in Grenville, spent a day last week the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Fraser at the Manse.

Mr. B Tapp who is en route to his home in Perce, Gaspe Co., from Winnipeg, is at present the guest of his sister Mrs. A. Perrick, of Stonefield.

Miss Alice Davidson is spending a few weeks with her aunt Mrs. Wm. Davidson of St. Phillippe, while the latters' daughter Miss Mabel Davidson is away on a visit to friends in New York State.

Mrs. Cleland left last week for her home in Montreal, her daughters the Misses Annie and Leila Cleland are still occupying their residence here, but expect to leave for the city early next week.

STAYNERVILLE.

Mrs. R. Scott, of Calumet, visited her sister, Mrs. A. Steele last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart spent Sunday in Mount Maple, with their relatives.

Mr. C. D. McKenzie was the guest of his brother, Mr. D. McKenzie on Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Nichols and Miss Ruby was the guest of Mr. G. Nichols, of Cushing, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Darwin McKenzie and family spent Monday evening in Lomsa attending a farewell party to Miss Annie Cresswell, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Creswell.

Mr. and Mrs. James Devine, of England, arrived here on Monday morning the guest of their Father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. L. Devine. We hope that they will enjoy their visit in Canada.

New dress goods. New colours. Low prices.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robinson spent Tuesday last in Montreal.

Miss Florence McGillivray is visiting friends at Hudson this week.

Mr. A. McAllister, of Dauphin, Man., arrived in town on Friday last.

Mr. Malcolm McGregor, of Montreal, was the week-end guest in town.

Mr. Bernard Gough, of Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Potter for the week.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, were in Montreal on Tuesday last

Miss Nellie Davis, of Montreal, was the recent guest of Mrs. Robt. McFaul.

Mrs. Wilfred Massiah and son Hubert, are guests of Mrs. G. H. Hills this week.

Mr. Radley Norton of Charlemagne, Que., spent Sunday, the guest of Mr. A. Hills.

Mrs. W. Reid and Mrs. D. Currie, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. J. P. McKimmie.

Mr. Melvin Demerse, of Dummer Sask., arrived home recently to spend the winter months in town.

Miss M. I. Riddell, of Montreal, was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Riddell, on Sunday last.

Mrs. Forsythe, accompanied by her sister Miss Batelle, of Coburg, spent Tuesday last in Montreal.

The Good Templars have re-organized, and are now meeting every Thursday evening in R. McArthur's new hall.

The Misses A. and H. McCoy, of Montreal, were week-end guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McCoy.

Mr. Telesphor Dallaire Jr. left on Monday morning for St. John, where he has joined the Royal Canadian Regiment that is now being formed for service at the front.

Miss Phyllis Potter gave a Hallowe'en Party, which was greatly enjoyed by her young friends. Fireworks being the feature of the evening. The house was prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns and the usual pumpkins.

Shop where you are invited! The men who advertise are the men who invite your patronage and are most deserving of it.

Miss Annie McArthur, of Montreal, also Mr. H. V. O'Reilly, of Ottawa, spent Sunday in town with Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McArthur.

Halowe'en was as usual somewhat quiet this year and with the exception of a few odd pranks by the youngsters we hear of no serious damage being done.

The Woman's Missionary Society will hold their District Convention in the Methodist Church, Lachute, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, November 11th, to which the public are cordially invited. Addresses will be given by Miss Hudson and others. Miss Carr and Mr. Graham will sing. Some very fine Japanese embroidery from the Mission in Japan will be on sale at the meetings.

Considerable interest is already being manifested in the personnel of the coming Town Council. Although elections are some two months in the distance there are several petitions in circulation for Mr. George P. Calder as Mayor. The retiring Councillors are Messrs. A. McFaul, C. Labrosse, V. Lefebvre, R. Hamilton and P. Deslaurier. Papers are already out for other candidates to fill the vacancies of those who have signified their intention of not serving another term.

Oddfellows visit Lachute.

Laurentian Lodge No 14, was highly favoured on Saturday last, by a fraternal visit of the Lansdowne Lodge of Montreal. The boys arrived in Special Car by the evening train, and after putting on some fine degree work were entertained to supper, in the new banquet Hall. The lodge was highly complimented on its new building, and increasing membership, and after some very profitable remarks, the evening was brought to a close with the singing of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

Why Buy At Home?

Because our interests are here.

Because the community that is good enough for us to live in is good enough for us to buy in.

Because we believe in transacting business with our friends.

Because we want to see the goods we are buying.

Because we want to get what we buy when we pay for it.

Because some part of every dollar we spend at home stays at home and helps work for the welfare of our home town.

Because the home man we buy from stands back of the goods, thus always giving value received.

Because the man we buy from pays his share of the taxes.

Because the man we buy from helps to support our poor and needy, our schools, our churches, and our homes.

Because, when luck, misfortune or bereavement comes, the man we buy from is here with his kindly expressions of greeting, his words of cheer, and, if need be, his pocketbook.

Let us make Lachute a good place in which to work and live.

It's easy and certain if every one will contribute his share.

New England Supper

The Annual Supper, given by the Ladies of the Presbyterian Church on Friday evening last, was largely attended and as usual a great success. After the excellent supper provided by our good friends, the ladies, a pleasing programme was listened to, comprising Piano Solos, by the Misses McIntyre and Miller, and Mrs. Drew, Habitant Readings by Dr. Drew, and songs by Messrs. Drew, McKenzie, and Yelland. Rev. Mr. George, acted as chairman. The receipts of the evening amounted to some $84.00.

Choral Re-organization.

At a largely attended meeting in the Presbyterian Church, on Monday evening last, it was unanimously agreed to reopen the Choral Society, with our old friend, Prof. Howell, as Instructor. Enthusiasm seems to be very great, and Choral will meet each Friday evening, in the Methodist School Room. The following officers were then elected,—Chas. McBurney, B. A. Pre., Miss Savage, Vice-Pres., Mrs. T. Christie, Sec., J. McKenzie, Treas. Committee,—Misses E. McIntyre, M. Palliser, C. Carr, C. L. Johnston, and Mr. J. D. Campbell.

Hon. Presidents—Revs. J. F. Forsythe J. L. George, J. A. Lackey, J. H. McConnell, J. A. McKenzie.

Hon. Members.—E. H. Wilson, H. Slater, Jno. Hay, J. R. Parris, Thos. Christie.

The Red Cross Society.

The Lachute Branch of the Red Cross Society has sent in to the Provincial Headquarters at Montreal the following articles: 80 Grey Flannel Shirts, 46 Pneumonia Jackets, 35 Bed Jackets, 447 Wash Cloths, 26 Pairs Bed Boots, 50 Pairs Wristlets, 7 Pairs Socks, 29 Hot Water Bottle Covers, 4 Balaclava Caps, 4 Abdominal Bands.

This list does not include some 30 balaclava caps, 12 pairs wristlets, 4 abdominal belts sent to the Daughters of the Empire, and made from wool donated by them.

The Branch in Lachute has been no charge on the Provincial Branch, having spent already $200.00 on materials, $100 having been raised in membership fees and $100 donated by the Town Council.

Many ladies have helped most generously with the sewing, but the need is great, and the Society would be glad if others, who have as yet done nothing, would assist with the work. Cut out articles can be obtained from Mrs. Alexander, President; Mrs. Valois, Vice-President, or any of the other active members of the Society, and wool for knitting socks and wristlets may be had from Mrs. Harlow Giles, Sec.-Treas.

The Patriotic Fund

The following is a list of subscriptions passing through the hands of the Committee towards the Patriotic Fund as given by Mr. Parris the Treasurer.

West Ward	$1084 25
Center Ward	538 00
East Ward	292 65
Township of Chatham	200 00
Village of Dalesville	23 00
Lachute Academy Sports	20 00
Tag Day Collection	356 39
Union St. Joseph	10 00
Catholic Order Foresters	10 00
Independent Order of Oddfellows	25 00
Sixteen Island Lake	25 00
	$2,584 29

A small portion of this amount is still unpaid, but it will all be in the hands of the treasurer in a few days. Over and above this amount, the Corporation of Lachute Town has voted $400, one hundred of which is to be devoted to the Red Cross Work. At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, the Treasurer was authorized to forward $2,000 to the Central fund and out of the balance on hand to supply the local committee of the Red Cross movement with what friends they may require.

The committee decided to open an active campaign for the special purpose of supplying the local Red Cross committee with funds to purchase material etc., to carry on their work.

As a preliminary it was decided to hold a public meeting in Lachute Town at a date which will be announced in our next issue.

Invitations have been given to Prof. Leacock, of McGill University, A. R. McMaster Esq., advocate, of Montreal, Judge Robidoux and a Lady in touch with the Red Cross Movement in Montreal to address the meeting.

TO-DAY

We begin to push our

Men's Overcoats

We have laid in an extra large Stock of the newest styles and cloths. The colours are excellent.

There are also all sizes in BOYS' OVERCOATS MEN'S and BOYS' SUITS in full Stock, all prices

Come early and get your size and choice of cloth.

W. Banford & Son,

Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

Large Stock of

FALL MILLINERY

The latest Styles in Velvet and Plush Hats, Fancy Mounts and Wings at prices that cannot be competed with.

Women's and Children's Apparel. Collars, Gloves, Underwear, Corsets. Fancy China. Cut Glass at odd prices.

H. E. Burwash, Rg'd.

Albert Hall

Telephone 83.

Moving Pictures on Saturdays only, Starting at 8.30 p.m.

A. E. Bishop

Plumber & Electrician

Gasoline, Engine Oils, & Automobile Repairs.

Main St. Phone 83 **Lachute.**

When you Require Anything

In Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, Etc.,

You will find a large and reliable selection at our store. While we make a specialty of testing eyes, and selling the right kind of glasses, we have enough other things here to share the expense of doing business and make it possible to be more than reasonable in our charges.

The precise advantage of coming here for your glasses is that you know us and we know you. We are equipped with modern facilities for examining eyes and relieving eye strain. Every element of risk has been entirely eliminated. We do the best that can be done by each and every customer.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.

Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician

Agent for the Edison Phonograhp.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

(CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

The house was already filling with guests. In front, rows of carriages with gleaming lamps and heavily embossed hammer-cloths were already beginning to assemble; the doors kept opening and shutting continually to admit arriving parties, and the music of the band was beginning to sound, like a soft, low under-current, through the buzz of voices and laughing. And Leslie Ford, sitting with her open book by the shaded drop-light, in the little green reception-room, found herself losing the thread of the novel, and wondering how it would seem to be one of that gay assemblage. It was an octagonal shaped apartment, hung with fluted green satin, and carpeted with soft green Aubusson, that buried one's feet in its deep pile, like forest moss. Under the pillars of the black walnut mantel, which were hung with green velvet lambrequins, a low fire of Liverpool coal blazed and crackled; a crystal vase of tea-roses filled the air with subtle sweets, and directly opposite a cabinet piano stood open, strewn with sheets of music. The room had been originally furnished as a sort of morning apartment for Mrs. Lancaster, wherein she might give audience to her housekeeper, write notes and letters, and secure a little more privacy than she could obtain in the large drawing-room beyond; but just as she was about to take triumphant possession of it, Mrs. Lancaster discovered that the delicate green of the decorations gave a sallow and most unbecoming tint to her own florid countenance.

"Gracious goodness!" said she, "I shall look like a corpse if I sit here. Why didn't some one find it out before?"

And the green reception-room was abandoned to the use of Fenella after that. But Leslie, with her fresh complexion and pure, girlish face, had nothing to fear from the emerald hangings, and as she sat there, she was like a flower in a green forest bower.

"I shall never fix my mind on my book," thought Leslie, laying it on the table. "I had better practice a little."

And she took up a simple ballad, "La Reve," that lay on the piano, and sitting down before the instrument, set herself diligently at work to pass away the long evening that was to elapse before the house would be still and quiet again.

Leslie Ford, among the other good gifts bestowed upon her by Providence, as a sort of compensation for her total lack of fortune, had a thrillingly sweet soprano voice, round and pliable as a stream of melted silver—and M. Ripart's lessons at the Brighton Conservatory had not all been thrown away upon her. Music is its own reward to its votary—and as Leslie practised on, she forgot the band, the dancing, the brilliant rooms beyond, and the crowd of pleasure-seeking guests. With her whole heart in the sweet, simple little ballad, she trilled out its refrain:

"Sleeping, I dreamed, love,
Dreamed, love, of thee,"

when, suddenly chancing to glance up, she saw in the doorway a tall, singularly handsome young man, in irreproachable evening-dress, white kid gloves, and a tuberose in his buttonhole.

Miss Ford rose from the piano stool at once, coloring high, at what she deemed an unwarrantable intrusion upon her privacy.

"Sir," said she, "this is not one of the apartments thrown open to the guests of the evening."

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" said the gentleman, in no way disturbed by the chilling frigidity of Leslie's manner. "But—is this Miss Leslie Ford?"

"It is, sir!" more icily than before.

He advanced a step or two further into the room, as if his presence there was quite a matter of course.

"I was dispatched hither by Mrs. Lancaster," said he, "to ask if Miss Fenella was here. May I venture to introduce myself? I am Mr. Ferrier."

CHAPTER X.

To account for Lucian Ferrier's mission to the little green reception-room, it will be necessary for us to go back a little, to the glittering precincts of the grand drawing-room, where Mrs. Lancaster, in amber satin, was receiving her dear thousand and one friends after the most approved model.

"So glad to see you, dear major!" "Now, this is kind, Mrs. Campion!" "You are very late, Miss Marchbanks!" "I declare, Mrs. Osborn, I thought you were never coming!"

The room was warm, Aunt Emily was fat, and her honest face shone as if it were varnished, while the beads of perspiration on the ends of her nose bade open defiance to the pearl-sticked fan which the good lady laboriously waved to and fro. Uncle Jason, in the background, wiped his brow over and anon with a huge yellow bandana handkerchief, which his wife, in the hurry of dressing, had forgotten to exchange for a white silk one, and openly expressed his opinion to a confidential friend that "it was easier to saw wood than to receive company!"

And, just as Mrs. Judge Leedernier swept up to the hostess with her three tall daughters, Mrs. Lancaster, glancing nervously around, perceived that Fenella had vanished from her post at her mother's left hand.

"Miss Leedernier," said Mrs. Lancaster, all in a flurry, for the Leedernieres were people of the very highest ton, and had never before honored her with their patrician presence, "allow me to introduce my daugh—good gracious me, where is she?"

And that was how Mr. Lucian Ferrier was dispatched to the little green reception-room, to see if the wayward daughter of the house had not stolen away to the companionship of her cousin for a few minutes.

"Fenella is the most extraordinary girl!" groaned poor Mrs. Lancaster, fanning herself harder than ever. "One never knows what prank she will be equal to next. Pray excuse her absence, Mrs. Leedernier—she will be here in a minute. I don't see where she can have gone! Why don't Lucian come back with her?"

"Friend," put in a mild voice at her elbow, "shall I go seek thy daughter? Friend Fenella was on the stairway but now."

"I don't know who you are," said Mrs. Lancaster, staring around at an old Quaker lady, in a deep, coal-scuttle bonnet, a dove-colored dress and shawl, and moon-like blue spectacles, "I beg your pardon but were you invited?"

"Nay, friend," calmly answered the old lady, "but I came with my niece, Mary Goldiemann; I supposed it was a tea-party, and—"

"Won't you take off your things?" said Mrs. Lancaster, trying to recollect who Mary Goldmann was, and whether she had any Quaker relatives.

"Much obliged to thee, but dancing is against my principles," responded the Quaker lady. "I will look for friend Fenella, notwithstanding that she made sinful jeering at the dress of my sect, and then I will bid thee good-night."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Lancaster, more perturbed than ever. "I hope Fenella wasn't rude, Mrs.—Mrs."

"Patience Parley, at thy service," said the Quakeress, executing an elaborate courtesy, such as Deborah Franklin might have performed a century ago in the drawing-rooms of old-time Philadelphia. "Nay, friend, disquiet not thyself. Friend Fenella is forgiven, albeit she mocked openly at my hat."

And rustling like a gray shadow through the rooms, Patience Parley made her way through the crowd, pausing to exchange social remarks with every one who se much as looked at her.

In the meantime, Mr. Ferrier, and Miss Leslie Ford had become acquainted, as it were, on the spur of the moment. They had gone together to look for Fenella in the various unoccupied rooms where it was possible she might have sought a little quiet, and together they had returned to the green reception-room.

"Because she will be pretty certain to come here," argued Leslie, "wherever she is now."

"Perhaps I had better remain until she comes?" suggested Mr. Ferrier.

"But the band is striking up the german—you will miss that."

"I don't care so very particularly about the german," said Mr. Ferrier. "Don't you think, Miss Ford, if you were to go on with that delicious little ballad you were singing when I interrupted you—"

"But I never sing before company," pleaded Leslie, coloring, and confused.

"Well, I am not company—I am only Lucian Ferrier, and 'La Reve' is my favorite in all the world of song."

Leslie hesitated.

"You will promise not to criticise, then?"

"Upon my sacred word of honor I promise."

But Leslie had scarcely spread out the scattered sheets of music on the piano before a stealthy footfall sounded on the threshold, and Patience Parley's coal-scuttle bonnet invaded the privacy of the apartment. Leslie rose, looking a little bewildered.

"What can I do for you, madame?" she asked, with instinctive courtesy. And Patience looked deliberately around the room before she answered:

"Is Friend Fenella Lancaster here, young woman?"

"No," Leslie replied.

"Thou liest, friend," answered the extraordinary Quakeress, "she is!"

And flinging her coal-scuttle bonnet across the room, and her spectacles into the window-seat, Fenella Lancaster herself burst out laughing in their faces.

"Fenella!" cried Leslie.

"Miss Lancaster!" ejaculated Mr. Ferrier.

"Yes, it is I," said Fenella. "Moderate your amazement, Mr. Ferrier—don't stare so, Leslie! Wasn't it fun? Don't you remember what I said to you about the Caliph of Bagdad? It came into my head all of a sudden while I stood there with mamma, simpering at the guests, and I remembered the Quaker suit I had for private theatricals at the boarding-school last winter. So upstairs I ran, jumped into it far quicker than lightning, and came creeping down like a gray pussy cat. And then I circulated around a little among the guests, Caliph Haroun Alraschid style. Didn't I hear some queer things, though! Mrs. Campion said mamma was like an overfed hippopotamus—mamma's dear, particular friend, Mrs. Campion, whom she is always quoting! Miss Wrighton called papa 'that old shoddy,' and hoped there would be plenty of iced champagne at supper-time to wash down the other disagreeables! I must see to it that the dear old lady's glass is kept properly filled. Ada Dormond said she had it from the very best authority that my pearls were imitation, and Mr. Brewster asked Colonel Effingham if he had heard the rumor that old Lancaster was on the verge of failure! Nice to have so many dear and charitably minded friends, isn't it, Mr. Ferrier? But the best of all is George Emerick—dear little Georgie, who has my name written down for five dances on his card, and is so anxious to take me out driving to the park to-morrow, with his new span of horses. I heard him tell Mamie Dubarle that papa and mamma were scheming dreadfully to get him to propose to me, but that it would take more gold that old Cash Boy owned to gild a pill like that! Dear Georgie!"

"Oh, Fenella, how could you?" cried Leslie, and Fenella laughed out quite heartily and enjoyably at the idea.

"Why shouldn't I? Don't I tell you it was the jolliest kind of larks! I laughed myself nearly sick, when I thought how blessedly unconscious they all were who was overhearing them."

"Was it honorable of you thus to become a listener?" asked Leslie, gravely.

"Was it honorable of them to accept people's hospitality, and then turn around and malign their entertainers? Don't be a hair-splitter, Leslie Ford. It's only my little bit of private fun, I tell you. Papa and mamma shall never know the delicious morsels of personal opinion that I have gleaned together to-night. It would only make them uncomfortable, and do not a particle of good. And now I'm going upstairs to become Miss Fenella Lancaster again."

"Shall I go and tell your mother that you are discovered?" quietly questioned Mr. Ferrier.

"No, you needn't do that," said Fenella. "Wait here a minute, please, and you may have the pleasure of escorting me back to the drawing-room."

And in an incredibly short space of time, down came Fenella again, in the blush-rose silk, white kid boots, and white gloves, with the little bouquet of heliotropes and carnations in her hand.

Mrs. Lancaster was fairly scarlet with perturbation and annoyance when Fenella joined her.

"Child," cried she, "where have you been?"

"Just dropped into the greenroom to have a bit of chat with Leslie, mamma dear," answered Fenella, demurely. "I thought she might be lonesome. Then, all of a sudden, the queerest old Quakeress made her appearance, inquiring for me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lancaster, beginning to breathe freely again, "she was here. Some relation of the Goldiemanns, I believe."

"Wasn't she odd?" cried Fenella.

"Very," answered unconscious Mrs. Lancaster.

Just then Mrs. Campion came up.

"Dear me, Mrs. Lancaster," cried she, "how warm you look."

"Don't she, though," chimed in Fenella, her blue eyes sparkling with mischievous malice. "Exactly like—an overfed hippopotamus!"

Mrs. Campion's cheeks would have matched those of her hostess at that moment. She looked sharply at Fenella, but Fenella returned her gaze with the most childlike innocence in the world. And Mrs. Campion, muttering something about looking for her husband, passed on.

Fenella Lancaster used her mischievous advantage to the full that night. She whispered in old Miss Wrighton's ear as she passed on her way to the quadrille that was forming: "Don't be afraid, Miss Wrighton, Old Shoddy' has provided abundance of iced champagne at supper," and had the satisfaction of seeing that elderly belle start as if an asp had stung her. She asked Miss Dormond if she could tell the difference between real and imitation pearls. Miss Dormond looked a little frightened, and a good deal puzzled.

"Because, you know," said Fenella, "they do make such capital imitations nowadays."

And to Colonel Brewster she said, gravely:

"I assure you, colonel, there's no sort of truth in the rumor."

"In what rumor?" asked the colonel, assuming his society smile.

"About papa's impending failure, you know."

"I—I don't understand you, Miss Lancaster," said the colonel, aghast.

As for "dear little Georgie," as she called Mr. Emerick, she revenged herself by quietly forgetting all the engagements she had made with him, and devoting herself to other gentlemen.

More than once she made flying visits to the green reception room to "report progress," as she called it, to her cousin Leslie—and Mr. Ferrier was the escort she generally chose on these skirmishes. And when supper was announced, Leslie, who at length managed to become interested in her book, was surprised at the entrance of Lucian and Fenella, followed by a waiter bearing an immense tray of lobster salad, oyster-patties, Charlotte Russe, and meringues, besides a bottle of green-sealed "Moet et Chandon" champagne, and a mold of glittering jelly.

"We're going to have our supper with you, Leslie, so clear off the the table!" cried Fenella, jubilantly. And there was probably no trio in all the crowd who enjoyed their refreshments more than the party in the green reception-room. The obedient waiter pattered to and fro, on noiseless slippered feet, bringing from the dining-room first this dainty, and then that, in obedience to the orders of Fenella, and the giddy whirl of the "german" had recommenced long before Fenella and Mr. Ferrier remembered their engagement in the ball-room.

And as they waved her a laughing farewell, Leslie Ford began to wish, for the first time, that she could be one of the guests in the brilliant rooms beyond. She had not known that she was lonesome before; she was quite certain of it now.

"Upon the whole," said Fenella Lancaster, after the last carriage had thundered away, at three o'clock in the morning, and the last light was extinguished, and she sat on a low sofa in her room, while the sleepy Finnings unbuttoning her white kid boots, "I think this is the jolliest party I ever attended. I say Leslie!"

"Well?" Leslie Ford was unbraiding her hair in the apartment beyond.

"Didn't I tell you that Lucian Ferrier was delightful?"

"Yes."

"And wasn't it true? Didn't you find him agreeable?"

"Very!"

CHAPTER XI.

Leslie Ford awoke the next morning with the vague, delightful impression that something agreeable had happened. In a moment it all came back to her—the pulsing sound of the harp and cornets, the heavy scent of the tea-roses in their tall, slim-throated vase, the low, artistically modulated voice of Lucian Ferrier, and his straight Greek profile; and she knew then that the little reception-room, with its cool green shadows, the glitter of the low fire on the hearth, and the little group eating ices around the shaded lamp would be of the pictures of her memory thenceforward.

Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster had faces like the underdone pie-crust, and were rather inclined to be irritable at the breakfast-table. But Fenella was in the wildest possible spirits, and Leslie was quite ready to smile at all her jokes.

"You must dress early, child," said Mrs. Lancaster to her daughter. "I dare say we shall have calls."

The prophecy proved correct. Fenella had quite a reception after twelve o'clock; and, when the first rush of callers had subsided, Mrs. Lancaster met a servant on the stairs, carrying a waiter, whereon lay a small square of pasteboard.

"Where are you going, Pinkney," said she, "and whose card is that?"

"Mr. Ferrier's, ma'am. He's waiting down in the front drawing-room."

"Take it back again," said Mrs. Lancaster. "Miss Lancaster is in the green reception-room."

"It is not for Miss Lancaster," said Pinkney. "I have taken one card in to Miss Lancaster already. This is for Miss Ford!"

For Miss Ford! Mrs. Lancaster involuntarily knit her brows. She knew that Lucian Ferrier had become acquainted with Leslie Ford the evening before, but it had never occurred to her mind that he would be thus prompt in following up the lead. And Mrs. Lancaster, with true feminine acuteness, perceived mischief brewing.

"Leslie is very beautiful," said Mrs. Lancaster to herself, standing reflectively on the stairs, "and Fenella is—not. Men are always read- to be captivated by a pretty face, and I suppose Lucian Ferrier is in no degree different from the rest of his sex. Dear, dear! I wish poor Julia's husband hadn't seen fit to die just at this time!"

Nor was this the end of the worthy matron's perplexities. Mr. Ferrier called again and again, much more frequently than had been his wont in previous times and Leslie began to look forward to his visits, with happy anticipation. Evidently the two young people were falling in love with each other about as rapidly as often occurs in this leisurely and prosaic world.

(To be continued.)

BATTLES WITH TWO NAMES.

Opposing Armies Name Them From Some Landmark.

Newspaper readers have noticed that in the despatches different names are sometimes given to the same battle. For example, the despatches from France spoke of the Battle of Haelen, whereas the German despatches called the same engagement the Battle of Diest. That is not unusual; many of the world's most famous battles have two names.

Thus the Battle of Waterloo is known by that name only among English-speaking peoples. The French call it the Battle of La Belle Alliance. The battle that decided the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 is known among the Germans as the Battle of Koniggratz. In the war of 1870, between Germany and France, the great engagement that the Germans call the Battle of Gravelotte is spoken of by the French as the Battle of St. Privat.

The same thing was common in the American Civil War. The battle that is known in the North as the Battle of Bull Run would not be recognized by most southerners under that name. In the South it is invariably called the Battle of Manassas. So the battle that the Federal generals called the Battle of Pittsburg Landing was by the Confederates called the Battle of Shiloh. Antietam is called in the South the Battle of Sharpsburg.

The reason for this is that the opposing armies alawys name the battle from some prominent geographical landmark, and as they look at the field from different points of view, they naturally settle on different names. Thus, at Waterloo, the battle took its English name from the little village where Wellington made his final headquarters, and whence he sent to England the first despatch that announced his victory. So in 1866 the headquarters of the Prussian army was near the village of Sadowa; whereas that of the Austrians was near the village of Koniggratz. At Gravelotte, the little village of that name was an important point in the German lines; on the side of the French, the hamlet of St. Privat was the key to their battle formation. As long as they held that, they were invincible; but when the Germans assailed it in the rear and drove them out, the day was lost.

The Greedier Man.

Author's nagging wife — I wish you got a dollar for every word you write.

Irritated author—I wish I got half a cent for every word you speak.

WHAT HAS GERMANY DONE?

CLAIMS SUPERIORITY IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Behind England and France in Arts and Behind United States in Invention.

Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, New York, one of the most eminent scholars and writers in America, contributes a letter to the New York Times on "Germans As Exponents of Culture." He says:

In the appeals of various distinguished Germans, Prof. Eucken, Prof. Haeckel, and the several authors of "The Truth About Germany," we find frequent references to "German culture" as though it was of a superior quality to the culture of every other nationality.

To an American, who feels himself a sharer of the noble heritage of English literature, and who has sat for more than forty years at the feet of the masters of French literature, this claim cannot but come as a startling surprise.

The most obvious characteristic of a highly civilized man is his willingness to keep his word, at whatever cost to himself. For reasons satisfactory to itself, Germany broke its pledge to respect the neutrality of Luxemburg and of Belgium. It is another characteristic of civilization to cherish the works of art which have been bequeathed to us by the past. For reason satisfactory to itself, Germany destroyed Louvain, more or less completely. It is a final characteristic of civilized man to be humane and to refrain from ill-treating the blameless. For reasons satisfactory to itself Germany dropped bombs in the unbesieged city of Antwerp and caused the death of innocent women and children. Here are three instances where German culture has been tested and found wanting.

Deficient in Diplomacy.

Perhaps it is too petty to point out that manners are the outward and visible sign of civilization, and that in this respect the Germans have not yet attained to the standard set by the French and the English. But it is not insignificant to record that the Germans alone retain a barbaric mediaeval alphabet, while the rest of western Europe has adopted the more legible and more graceful Roman letter; and it is not unimportant to note that German prose style is cumbrous and uncouth. Taken collectively, these things seem to show German culture is a little lacking in the social instinct, the desire to make things easy and pleasant for others. It is to the absence of this social instinct, to the inability to understand the attitude of other parties to a discussion, to the unwillingness to appreciate their point of view, that we may ascribe the failure of German diplomacy, a failure which has left her almost without a friend in her hour of need. And success in diplomacy is one of the supreme tests of civilization.

The claim asserted explicitly or or implicitly in behalf of German culture seems to be based on the belief that the Germans are leaders in the arts and in the sciences. So far as the art of war is concerned there is no need to dispute the German claim. It is to the preparation for war that Prussia has devoted its utmost energy for half a century—in fact, ever since Bismarck began to make ready for the seizing of unwilling Schleswig-Holstein. And so far as the art of music is concerned, there is also no need to cavil.

But what about the other and more purely intellectual arts? How many are the contemporary painters and sculptors and architects of Germany who have succeeded in winning the cosmopolitan reputation which has been the reward of a score of the artists of France and of half a dozen of the artists of America?

Lacking in Literature.

When we consider the art of letters we find a similar condition. Germany has had philosophers and historians of high rank; but in pure literature, from the death of Goethe in 1832 to the advent of the younger generation of dramatists, Sudermann and Hauptmann and the rest, in the final decade of the nineteenth century—that is to say, for a period of nearly sixty years—only one German author succeeded in winning a world-wide celebrity—and Heine was a Hebrew, who died in Paris, out of favor with his countrymen, perhaps because he had been unceasing in calling attention to the deficiences of German culture. And it was during these three score years of literary aridity in Germany that there was a superb literary fecundity in Great Britain and in France, and that each of these countries produced at least a score of authors whose names are known throughout the world. Even sparsely settled Scandinavia brought forth a triumvirate, Bjorsen, Ibsen, and Brandes, without compeers in Germany. And from Russia the fame of Turgenef and of Tolstoy spread abroad a knowledge of the heart and mind of a great people who are denounced by Germans as barbarous.

It is probably in the field of science, pure and applied, that the defenders of the supremacy of German culture would take their last stand. That the German contribution to science has been important is indisputable, yet it is equally indisputable that the two dominating scientific leaders of the second half of the nineteenth century are Darwin and Pasteur. It is in chemistry that the Germans have been pioneers; yet the greatest of modern chemists is Mendeleef.

Not Inventive.

It was Hertz who made the discovery which is the foundation of Marconi's invention; but although not a few valuable discoveries are to be credited to the Germans, perhaps almost as many as to either the French or the British, the German contribution in the field of invention, in the practical application of scientific discovery, has been less than that of France, less than that of Great Britain, and less than that of the United States. The Germans contributed little or nothing to the development of the railroad, the steamboat, the automobile, the aeroplane, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the photograph, the moving picture, the electric light, the sewing machine, and the reaper and binder. Even those dread instruments of war, the revolver and the machine gun, the turreted ship, the torpedo, and the submarines, are not due to the military ardor of the Germans. Few nations would be so bold as to deny the superior achievement of the French in the fine arts and of the English in pure science.

Nations are never accepted by other nations at their own valuation; and the Germans need not be surprised that we are now astonished to find them asserting their natural self-appreciation, with the apparent expectation that it will pass unchallenged. The world owes a debt to England and to France. It would be interesting if some German, speaking with authority, should now be moved to explain to us Americans the reasons which underlie the insistent assertion of the superiority of German civilization.

SAVING THE VENUS OF MILO.

Was Hidden Away During the Siege of Paris in 1870.

When, during the war of 1870, the German army drew near the French capital, one of the first measures the Parisians took was to place the art treasures of the Louvre in safety. The paintings of Raphael, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Rembrandt and Rubens were carefully packed and shipped to Brest. There they could, if necessary, be put on shipboard and taken from the country.

It was not so easy to save the pieces of marble statuary, for their weight and fragility made them difficult to handle; but the French determined that the famous Venus of Milo, at least, should not fall into the hands of the Prussians.

So they took her down from her pedestal, and laid her in a casket carefully padded and wrapped. At night the casket was taken out through a secret door, and hid secretly in the cellar of the police prefecture, at the end of a certain secret passage-way.

They walled in the casket, and cleverly gave the wall an appearance of great age and dilapidation. In front of this wall they laid a number of valuable public documents, so that if they should happen to be found, their importance would lead the discoverers to think there was nothing else hidden there. In front of the papers they built another wall. Here the Venus of Milo remained, much to the distress of those patriotic Parisians who did not know where she was, and supposed that she had been stolen, through the siege of the city by the Germans and through the disorders of the Commune.

One day the prefecture caught fire, and was pretty completely destroyed. The distress of those who knew that the Venus was concealed there can be imagined. As soon as the fire was extinguished, they hastened to the sinking ruins, and after some digging found the casket, buried in heaps of dirt and stones, but uninjured.

It is understood that the Venus has gone into hiding again this year, not to reappear until peace is restored and Paris is free from danger of the invader.

His Reply

Gentleman, riding on a jaunting car (which is just passing a mansion), to driver—"Who lives there, Pat?" "Och! sure it's Mr. O'Flaherty—but he's dade." "An' what did he die of, Pat?" "Faith, thein, he died of a Tuesday." "And how long has he been dead?" "Sure yer honor if he'd lived till to-morrow he'd have been dade a fortnight."

DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG.

Europe's Most Youthful Sovereign—But 20 Years of Age.

Wedged between France, Prussia, and Belgium, it was inevitable that the miniature State of Luxemburg, although neutral, should have been affected by the great European conflict. For several reasons Luxemburg is unique among the countries of the world.. Its area is only 1,000 square miles—about the size of an average western Ontario county—while its population is fewer than a quarter of a million.

That the people of Luxemburg could have made no effort at all to resist any armed force is evident from the fact that the fighting force consists only of 145 gendarmes and 150 infantrymen, whose duties are purely ceremonial.

Luxemburg is one of the only two States in Europe now ruled by a female Sovereign, the other being Holland. Furthermore, its Sovereign, the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, is the youngest in Europe. She succeeded to the throne in March, 1912, on the death of her father, William III., Grand Duke of Luxemburg, being then within two months of her eighteenth birthday.



Duchess of Luxemburg.

Serious and grave beyond her years, the Grand Duchess reminds one very much of the late Queen Victoria, who ascended the throne of England when she was eighteen, and who seemed to develop almost at once into a grave and thoughtful woman.

Like Queen Victoria, the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg takes her duties very seriously, and since she became ruler has made an extensive study of international politics and all that concerns the welfare of the miniature State over which she reigns. In spite of her youth, she has gone through a thorough course of political lectures under the guidance of Dr. Eysschen, the veteran State Minister, and those who have had occasion to discuss political matters with her have been amazed at her keen grasp of politics and international affairs.

A Queen of Charity.

Furthermore, she takes the keenest interest in everything that contributes to the welfare of the poorer classes of Luxemburg. Her charity is proverbial, and there is a saying in the Grand Duchy that "she would gladly ruin herself in making others comfortable."

In addition to holding the reins of power in the government of her tiny kingdom, the Grand Duchess has control of her immense fortune, worth, it is estimated, close upon ten million pounds, which makes her quite independent of the Civil List of $40,000. This money, it might be mentioned, was amassed for the most part by the Dukes of Nassau when they were driven into Austrian exile, through the prosperity of Wiesbaden, once the gambler's paradise, and other places of a similar nature. This fortune is invested in securities in vast estates in Austria, Hungary, and Germany, besides Luxemburg itself.

Luxemburg is virtually an autocratic sovereignty, as the Legislature only meets for four months in the year, and is almost, but not quite, under the complete control of the girl Duchess.

Of course, rumor is busy finding a fitting mate for this young ruler, and up to the present, although many other princes, including a son of King George, have been mentioned, the favorite seems to be one of the younger sons of the Kaiser. But the Duchess is a girl who will brook no interference with her affairs, and will marry whom she pleases. At present she seems perfectly heart-free.

Always Interesting.

First Girl—"I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting." Second Girl—"That's true; but I don't think it's nearly as interesting as a man with a future." Third Girl—"The man who interests me is the man with a present; and the more expensive the present the more interest I take in it."

THE BOOK OF FATE

Presented to Both Houses of British Parliament by His Majesty

Has there ever been such a Book of Fate as this Parliamentary White-book entitled "Correspondence on the European Crisis," into which the Foreign Office has compressed within seventy-four foolscap pages the diplomatic story of a fortnight?

A grim story told with grim simplicity. The drama unfolds inself from page to page, swift and compelling, naked and brutal. The dramatis personae move across the stage almost like automato driven by the evil genius of Germany towards the inexorable catastrophe. Only once or twice does the frigid language of diplomacy reveal the hidden fires. It never departs once from the canons of self-restraint and formal courtesy which constitute its code, yet it thrills throughout to the hot pulse of passion none the less feverish because kept under stern control. From one capital to another the telegraph wires flash for one brief fortnight the conversations carried on between the half-dozen men who hold, or are the mouth-pieces of those who hold the fate of Europe in their hands. Then the curtain falls, the conversations cease. They have given place to the hurried tramp of armed millions, to the more awful silence that has fallen upon the seas.

All Within a Brief Fortnight.

There is a sort of sinister humor in the short prologue which shows British diplomacy suddenly awakening to a vague sense of danger, Austro-German diplomacy still speaking "with flattering lips and a double heart." The first dispatch is dated July 20. It records a conversation between Sir Edward Grey and the German Ambassador in London, who being asked whether he had any news of what was going on in Vienna with regard to Servia, merely replied that "he regarded the situation as very uncomfortable." Sir Edward remarked that he had heard nothing, except indirectly that the Austrian Foreign Minister had "deprecated the suggestion that the situation was grave,, but had said that it should be cleared up." Sir Edward added that he "assumed that the Austrian Government would not do anything until they had first disclosed to the public their case against Servia, founded, presumably, upon what they had discovered" (at the trial of the Sarajevo murderers). The German Ambassador promptly took the cue, saying he certainly assumed that they "would act upon some case that would be made known." Three days later, with the knowledge of Germany alone, the Austrian Government, which had so warmly deprecated the notion that the situation was "grave," flung its ultimatum at Servia—an ultimatum unparalelled in the history of diplomacy. As Sir Edward Grey said on the following day, "I have never before seen one State address to another independent State a document of so formidable a character"—and, be it added, rendered doubly formidable by a minatory demand for an answer within forty eight hours.

It Was the Time Limit

even more than the ultimatum itself which meant war. Every Power that wished for peace saw this—Russia not less than this country or France or Italy, and seldom has a Power made a greater effort for peace than Russia then made by pressing upon her protege such counsels of moderation that the Servian Government actually consented to drain the cup of humiliation almost to the drags. Within the forty-eight hours Servia accepted the whole monstrous series of Austrian demands save two, and even these she merely asked to be reserved for The Hague Tribunal. But even that was not enough. Austria dismissed, with contumely both Russia's plea for delay and Servia's submission as incomplete and "all a sham." The Austrian Minister left Belgrade forthwith. The Austrian armies were already mobilizing for the "chastisement" of Servia.

So far, Austria has been in the forefront. She had set the fiery ball rolling. Henceforth the storm centre is shifted to Berlin. Already, on July 25, Russia had read the full meaning of Austria's action. Over Servia's head it was aimed at Russia. But M. Sazonoff had not yet read Germany's intentions, for he still "did not believe that Germany really wanted war." Germany was soon to undeceive him and the rest of the world. The one chance of saving peace was to interpose, before hostilities actually broke out, between Austria and Servia the restraining influence of the Powers. On July 26, Sir Edward Grey inquired whether Germany, Italy and France

"would in struct their representatives in London to meet him in conference immediately for the purpose of discovering an issue which would prevent complications."

Germany alone refused (July 27) on the ground that "such a conference was not practicable." The German Secretary of State advanced

Many Specious Objections,

but not the one solid reason, namely, that such a conference was clearly "not practicable" from the point of view of those who wanted war. The very next day (July 28) Austria declared war against Servia and Russia replied by a partial mobilization of her forces.

Three days before, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs had impressed upon the British Ambassador in St. Petersburg the supreme importance of England's attitude. If she took her stand firmly with France and Russia, there would be no war. If she failed them now, rivers of blood would flow and she would in the end be dragged into the war. Prophetic words! Similar arguments were used by the French and then by the Italian Governments to press Sir Edward Grey to throw the weight of British influence into the scale in the only way in which they believed it could effectively redress the balance against the influences that were making for war in Vienna and in Berlin. But the British Foreign Minister had to reckon with public opinion in this country and to M. Cambon (July 29) he explained that

"It approached the present difficulty from quite a different point of view from that taken during the difficulty as to Morocco, the dispute was one in which France was primarily interested and in which it appeared that Germany, in an attempt to crush France, was fastening a quarrel on France on a question that was the subject of a special agreement between France and us. In the present case, the dispute between Austria and Servia was not one in which we felt called to take a hand. Even if the question became one between Austria and Russia we should not feel called upon to take a hand in it. . . . If Germany became involved and France became involved, we had not made up our minds what we should do; it was a case that we should have to consider. France would then have been drawn into a quarrel which was not hers, but in which, owing to her alliance, her honour and interest obliged her to engage. We were free from engagements, and we should have to decide what British interests required us to do."

Nevertheless—and the same intimation was conveyed to the German Ambassador—we were taking all precautions with regard to our Fleet, and Germany was not to count

On Our Standing Aside.

Would Sir Edward Grey's language perhaps have been more emphatic had he already received the telegram which reached him that night from the British Ambassador in Berlin? It was the telegram reporting the German Chancellor's offer for the purchase of England's neutrality. Mr. Asquith has quoted it in full in the House of Commons, and branded with burning words that "infamous proposal." It must suffice here to quote Sir Edward Grey's official reply, which was prompt and categorical. On July 30 he telegraphed to the British Ambassador in Berlin:—

"His Majesty's Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms.

"What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French territory is taken and France is beaten so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies.

"From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable, for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power, and become subordinate to German policy.

"Altogether, apart from that, it would be a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover.

"The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either.

"Having said so much, it is unnecessary to examine whether the prospect of a future general neutrality between England and Germany offered positive advantages sufficient to compensate us for tying our hands now. We must preserve our full freedom to act as circumstances may seem to us to require in any such unfavourable and regrettable development of the present crisis as the Chancellor contemplates."

A man of Sir Edward Grey's moral optimism and high sense of honour is loth, however, to credit others, even on evidence straight out of their own mouths, with the full measure of their patent duplicity; and Berlin must have smiled grimly when it learnt that he had added as a sort of postscript a curiously Utopian appeal to

The Better Feelings of Germany.

"If (he continued) the peace of Europe can be preserved and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement, to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately. I have desired this and worked for it, as far as I could, through the last Balkan crisis, and, Germany having a corresponding object, our relations sensibly improved. The idea has hitherto been too Utopian to form the subject of definite proposals, but if this present crisis, so much more acute than any that Europe has gone through for generations, be safely passed, I am hopeful that the relief and reaction which will follow may make possible some more definite raprochement between the Powers than has been possible hitherto."

Little was Germany recking of any future millenium. She was hurrying on military preparations not so much against Russia as against France, who was still laboring as earnestly as we were in the cause of peace, and had, at no small risk to herself, confined all military measures to the most indispensable precautions, and had even withdrawn her troops beyond a zone of ten kilometres from the German frontier in order to avert the risk of any accidental collision. On the very day after Sir E. Greys pathetic appeal to her Germany finally threw off the mask.

It was no longer a question of Austria and Servia, or even of Austria and Russia. Those were cards which had served Germany's purpose. They served it no longer. For, in spite of the bombardment of Belgrade, in spite of Russian general mobilization, conversations were at last actually proceeding between Vienna and St. Petersburg, and, thanks to Russian moderation, seemed to hold forth a last ray of hope. Just when Russia was consenting to a British formula for mediation and Austria was, for the first time, expressing willingness to discuss the substance of her ultimatum to Servia, Germany deliberately

Sundered the Thread

upon which the peace of Europe still hung. On July 31 came the two-fold ultimatum in St. Petersburg and in Paris, to which neither Russia nor France could be expected, or was meant, to yield.

The rest of the official dispatches are so many flashes of forked lightning. On August 1 Germany formally declared war against Russia, and on August 2 her troops moved across the French frontier without even a formal declaration of war. British ministers still clung desperately to the hope of avoiding, or at least of limiting, England's own active intervention. But her, too, Germany was bent on goading to the last extremity. England was bound to defend Belgium. So it was Belgium's turn now to withstand Germany's final onslaught on the peace of Europe. On July 31 England had demanded from France and from Germany assurances that the neutrality of Belgium would be respected. France gave them at once. Germany withheld them. On August 2 she violated the neutrality of Luxemburg, and, whilst seizing British ships in her own harbors, she made, mainly to gain time, a last insolent attempt to secure Belgium's consent and ours to the use of Belgium territory for her operations against France. They were of course rejected. The German troops were already crossing the Belgian frontier, and on the morning of August 4 a British ultimatum, to expire at midnight, was dispatched to Germany. Thus closes the Book of Fate.

It is a book which every Englishman should not be content to read about, but should read and master for himself and put into his library. It should, above all, be circulated as widely as possible throughout the Empire; and for the instruction of our foes, as well as of our friends abroad, it should be at once translated into the principal foreign languages.—London Times.

A Lesson to Him.

A man who was extravagantly fond of his dogs one day saw his youngest son kick a favorite pup. "You unmannerly young cub!" roared the irate parent. "How dare you kick my dog? I'll teach you how to behave yourself better!" When the offender had been soundly thrashed the father wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Let this be a lesson to you," he said, "how to treat any dogs! And, now that I think of it, you've been disrespectful to your mother of late."



Belgian Soldiers Before the Ruins of Termonde.

An idea of the ruins left in the wake of the Kaiser's forces may be had from this photo, showing a regiment of Belgian soldiers in what was, before the Germans entered the city, the principal square of Termonde.

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Ten-Minute Cabbage.—Chop a cabbage as fine as for salad. Have ready a kettle of boiling water. Salt the water and put the cabbage in. Let the water boil exactly ten minutes, and then drain it off. Season the cabbage with pepper, salt and butter.

Cider Apple Sauce.—Boil four quarts of new cider until it is reduced to two quarts. Add enough pared and quartered sweet apples to fill the kettle. Cook slowly over a moderate fire for four hours. Cassia may be added if desired. In a cool place this apple sauce may be kept in a stone jar without sealing. It may be served with almost any kind of meat, but it is particularly good with roast pork.

Liver and Bacon Entree.—Cut four slices of fried bacon, four slices of fried liver, and two medium-sized boiled potatoes into very small squares; add two cupfuls of toast crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and a little savory. Place the mixture in a baking dish, and pour over it one pint of milk with which you have mixed two well-beaten eggs. Sprinkle grated cheese on top and bake until brown. Do not allow it to become too dry.

Salmon and Green Peas.—Drop a can of salmon into boiling water and thoroughly heat. Open the can, drain off the liquid, break the salmon up and spread on a hot platter. Have ready one can of cooked peas. Make a white sauce and heat the peas in it. Pour over the salmon and serve hot.

Sour Cream Cake.—One cup sugar creamed with one heaping tablespoon butter, two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup sour cream. Stir one scant level teaspoon of soda into the sour cream and one rounding teaspoon of baking powder into two cups of flour. Bake either in layers or loaf and frost with marshmallow frosting.

Baked Iced Cream.—Lay a sponge cake one and a half inches on firm thick pasteboard and place it upon a granite biscuit pan. In the centre of the cake place a brick of ice cream. Cover the cream closely with a meringue of beaten whites of two eggs, with two tablespoons of sugar. Be careful that the meringue covers every particle of the cream. Sprinkle with chopped almonds or sliced marshmallows. Place in a hot oven till slightly browned. Serve at once. Cut in slices on ice cold plates.

Molasses Cocoanut Wafers.—Boil two cupfuls of molasses and one cupful of butter together for half an hour. Add one-half cupful of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of desiccated cocoanut, and one teaspoonful of soda. Boil the mixture ten minutes, and stir it constantly. Drop it in small lumps on a buttered pan, and bake the lumps until they bubble. They should be well separated from one another, for they spread much in baking. To prevent the wafers from sticking to the pan, remove them as soon as you take them from the oven. Use this receipt in cool weather.

Simple Pineapple Dessert.—Pour one can of shredded or one jar of preserved pineapple into a deep dish. Add about one-quarter of a pound of marshmallows cut in quarters. If canned pineapple is used, allow more marshmallows; if preserved pineapple, less marshmallows, for they sweeten the dessert. Let the mixture stand overnight in a cold place. When you are ready to serve it, whip half a pint of thick cream, and two-thirds of this to the mixture, and stir it in thoroughly. Serve it very cold in punch cups, with the rest of the cream to garnish the top.

New England Frozen Pudding.—Toast steamed brown bread until it is crisp, then roll or grind it in a chopper until it is fine. Allow one-half of a cupful of bread to each pint of cream. Shell and blanch filberts, roast them slightly, and grind them exceedingly fine. Allow one cupful of nuts to each pint of cream. Beat the white of two eggs until it is dry and stiff, and add slowly a syrup made of one cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of water cooked to 238 degrees. Continue to beat the mass until it is stiff and cold; add the pint of heavy cream, beaten stiff, and the nuts and bread. Put the mixture into a mould, back it with ice and salt, and leave it for four or five hours.

Whole Wheat Gingerbread.—Four tablespoons sugar, one-half cup butter or lard, two eggs, two cups flour, two cups whole wheat flour, one teaspoonful baking soda, one-half cup seeded raisins, one-half cup chopped walnut meats, three tablespoons chopped citron, one and one-half cup syrup, one-half teaspoon ground mace, one teaspoon ground ginger, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, one-quarter cupful sour milk. Mix flour, add spices, citron, raisins and nuts. Melt butter, syrup and sugar, then cool. Add them with well-beaten eggs and sour milk in which soda has been dissolved, to dry ingredients. Mix well and bake in a well-greased and floured tin in moderate oven for one hour. When baking graham bread or whole wheat bread raised with yeast, if three tablespoonfuls of syrup and a half teaspoonful of baking soda are added, instead of sugar, the bread will remain moist longer and will not crumble so easily.

Mending Hints.

If a glove splits at the thumb or near a seam a sure and permanent way to repair it is to buttonhole the kid either side of the split, then sew the buttonholed edges together. The result will be a new firm seam that will never tear again. When buttonholing be sure to take a good hold of the kid, otherwise the stitches will pull out from the kid.

All stockings, no matter whether of silk, lisle thread or cotton, should be darned with darning silk. It makes a neater darn and is never hard on the foot, and also it wears better. Darning cotton is usually poor stuff.

When a hand embroidered blouse begins to show wear and little holes appear, simply buttonhole around the tear or embroider a dot over the worn place. The effect will be good and the blouse will last much longer if repaired in this way.

Household Hints.

Clean tarnished silver with a piece of common raw potato dipped in baking soda.

Tin and iron should not be cleaned when hot, as they rust. They should be well dried.

Linoleum which has been rolled and put away can be prevented from cracking by placing it for a few minutes in front of a fire before it is unrolled.

When ironing have a number of coat hangers upon which to put waists, children's dresses, etc.

Before cleaning knives on a knife-board dampen them slightly. They clean more quickly and gain a better polish.

To bake potatoes quickly, put them in salted water and boil ten minutes, then put them into the oven and they will be heated through and so will take less time in the oven.

Ripe tomatoes are exceedingly good for the complexion. They may be rubbed on the face, neck and hands and allowed to dry, then washed off with clear water. They are very bleaching.

If peach stains are removed at once they will come out readily; if not, a bad brown stain will be left. Wet the spot with cold water, spread on a thin layer of cream of tartar and lay it in the sun.

For delicate persons who are weak and anaemic the nourishing qualities of linseed tea will be quite a revelation. It produces flesh, is soothing and laxative and easily digested.

Little squares of blotting paper hung in the dress closet, moistened once a week with perfume, will be found to be most efficient sachet, for the odor seems to permeate and remain in the garments longer.

It is a good plan to pepper a carpet thickly just where any heavy piece of furniture has to rest on it, as this helps to keep the moths and other insects away.

Never throw away cake no matter how dry—but the next time you bake a custard slice it on top before putting into the oven. This makes a delicious caramel crust.

Before darning stockings, hold the card or skein of wool over the spout of a kettle full of boiling water. The steam shrinks the wool, and when the stockings are again washed the mended portion will not shrink and tear the other parts.

As soon as the celery has a fine flavor combine it with oysters for a salad course for your Sunday night tea. Fry half a dozen large oysters rolled in cracker or bread crumbs in a small tablespoonful of butter and set them away to cool. Then add six tablespoonfuls of celery and salad dressing.

FIRST VICTORY OF THE WAR.

How a Scotchman Put An Aggressive German to Sleep.

The following official report of the first engagement of the war is not supplied by the Press Bureau, but by a man, says the Glasgow Evening Times, who has the best authority for his details of the combat: "In one of the compartments of the evening train from Troon just after the declaration of the war between Britain and Germany were an old gentleman and his wife and a young fellow from Troon, while in a corner sat another young chap reading a paper. The three unoccupied passengers entered into conversation about the war, and the Troon chap remarked that the Germans would be wiped out. Hardly had the prophecy crossed his lips, when the passive newspaper reader, without any declaration of war or other indications of bellicose fever, made a demonstration in force, swooped down upon the unsuspecting Troon man and smote him a mighty swipe on the cheek, accompanying the biff with the remark: "You will not say about my countree vat you like." For about the time of a midge's wink the Scot was stunned, but he rallied, collected his forces, and, making a brilliant charge, welted the German such a powerful one on the snout that the Teuton's head shot back and broke the window, while the blood from his nose dyed his shirt front. The German again advanced in force, but again the Troon man met him with a swift swipe on the jaw, which put the aggressive Teuton to sleep. So Scotland won the first battle of the war."

Brides with sour dispositions are apt to spoil honeymoons.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 6, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to subscribers in Canada for $1.00 in advance or $1.50 at the end of the year and the United States $1.50 in advance.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free to subscribers.

Locals, constituting 4 lines or less 25 cents per each insertion

All transient advertising matter charged at 10c. per line nonpareil measurement.

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN

LACHUTE. . . QUE.

Aliens who must register.

—:o:—

The Dominion Government has or lack of reason for its order requiring the registration of all alien Germans and Austrians in Canada. Lately many instances of attempts at mischief-making by sympathizers of the enemy have come to the notice of the authorities. In Montreal some buildings were blown up by German and Austrian laborers In Toronto the police have found Germans in possession of stores of bombs and firearms. Attempts to smuggle German and Austrian reservists into the United States for shipment home have become increasingly frequent. There are about 400,000 Germans in Canada, and about 200,000 Aus rians. Most of these are peaceable and law-abiding, without a thought of mischief to anyone or anything in their adopted country. Where they do not offend the sentiment of the people by loud pro German boastings, or by animosity to the British cause, they can go their way very much as other inhabitants of the country. But it has become necessary to keep official track of all aliens from enemy countries in order to prevent the abuse of Canada's confidence by the mischievous few.

The precaution that is being taken by the Dominion Government is similar to that adopted by the British Government on the outbreak of hostilities. The conditions in Canada are, of course, such that much less vigilance against spies and malcontents is necessary. Since there is little danger of a German army from oversea invading Canada, we have only to guard against possible raids from German sympathizers in the United States, and against any contribution from Canadian sources to the strength of the enemy. Our public works and buildings need some guarding from possible damage by sympathizers with the enemy. In England it has been found necessary, to kill the spy nuisauce and preserve public safety, to pen all German and Austrian aliens in detention camps. Their regular reporting to the authorities was not sufficient. In Canada assurance by German residents to the authorities that they are going about their business quietly and amicably is all that is needed

By requiring all aliens from enemy countries to register and submit to every mild supervision the authorities will be able to weed out any dangerous individuals, and put them where the arrested reservists are—either in detention quarters or at work in a lumbering camp in the North.

Belguim has paid dearly for preferring honor to shame. For standing by her treaty engagements and refusing to be degraded to Germany's base uses her soil has been overrun by huge armies, many of her cities and all her chief strongholds have been reduced to ruins, a great part of her territory has been made desolate, hundreds and thousands of her noncombatants have been made homeless and destitute, large members of them have been driven for refuge to other countries, her seat of Government itself has had to be transferred to a foreign land. Her allies could not save her, but they are befriending her and they will revenge her. Britain, who went into this war to take Belgiums part against the oppressor, will stay in it until that oppressor is utterly crushed.

Britain is opening her doors to distressed Belgian women and children, elderly folk and wounded, of whom shipload after shipload are being landed at her ports. The Nemesis of Belgium will soon overtake Germany and that felon power will bitterly rue its barbarous treatment of the little nation. Under the flags of the Allied armies Germany's foes are daily mustering in stronger force against her. Where has she any friends? It will be the general wish of the outlooking nations, no less than the determination of her opponents in the field, that her punishment shall be complete and her power of oppression utterly broken

Academy Exams.

—:o:—

GRADE III ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Class I—Howard Nicholl 77

Class II—Miriam Burk 74, Kenneth Sawyer 71, Wesley McAllister, Jean McGibbon 67, Alex. Murray 62, Doris McIntyre 61.

Class III—Alison Cottingham 58, Sybil Arthur 56, Jessie Black 55, Mary Hope, John Smith, Nora Somerville 53

GRADE II ACADEMY.

GEOMETRY.

Honours—Ervin Center 100, Annie Drennan 99, Carswell McClure 95.

Class I—Marjorie Mount 87, George Calder 85, George Clark, Irene Scott 80, Constance Banford 78, Bessie Hammond, Edward McOuat 77.

Class II—Edgar Hammond, Wilma Joss 73, Angus Hay 72, Kathleen Bradley 69, Allison Rodger 64, Estelle Inglis 60.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

GEOMETRY.

Honours—Verda Kettyle 98, Amy Bates 94, Osborne Lackey, Nora Rodgers, Mary Westgage 92, Enid McCullough 91.

Class I—Myrtle MacGregor, Doris Campbell 89, George Hammond 84, I. Bennett 83, Alice Cameron and A Gordon equal 81, Jean Higginson 79, Aggie Hay 76.

Class II,—Ena Peet and Francis McOuat equal 73, Edwin Johnson 72, K. McConnell 64, Susan Kelly 61

Class III,—George Bain 58, Percy Gordon 56.

GRADE III MODEL.

DICTATION.

Honours,—Katie Jones, Mabel Rodgers 98, Edna Conlin 96, Violet Rogers 94, Mina Dixon 92, Jessie Berry, Violet Grey 90.

Class I.—Hazel O'Brien 89, Donald Beers 88, Annie Silverson, Willie Cruise, George McCormick 86, Myrtle Berry, Douglas Bradford, Maude Painter 85, Isabel Wason 84, Ruby Miller 82, Stuart Hay 80, Hattie Giles 78, James McCullough 76.

GRADE II MODEL.

SCRIPTURE.

Honours—Lyall Middleton 99, D. Hammond 97, Jean Campbell, Elsie Lackey 94, Ernest Baldwin, Percy Carpenter, Kenneth Hay, 93, Stanley McNaughton 92, James Calder, Jessie Paul, Ines Sutton 90.

Class I,—James Smith 89, Dora Barley, Mamie Graham, Samuel Graham, James McGibbon 88, Alfred Hunter 87, Melvin Burk 86, Grace Mount 83.

Class II,—Harold McFaul 73, E. Calder 64

GRADE I MODEL.

HISTORY.

Honours,—Catherine Burwash 99, Olive Boyd 97, Wilhelmina Shaw 96, Anna Scott 95, Ruby Rodgers 94, K. Christie 93

Class I,—Raymond Boyd, Helena Dobbie. 88, Kenneth McOuat, G Murphy 87, Laura McPhail 86, George McCoy. Ross Muir 85, Edna Sampton 84, Eddie Barker 83, Bruce Bradford Ella Giles 82, May Boyd, Angus Kinmond, John Paul, 81.

Class II,—Emma Smith 74, Oscar Duffy 71.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.

DICTATION.

Honours,—Evelyn Hamilton, M. Jones. 98, Mary Boa, Margaret McOuat, 97, Jessie Hay 96, R. Alexander 95, Gerald Hammond 92, Ivan Carpenter 91, Mabel Garrard, Arthur Lackey 90.

Class I,—Henry Murphy 89, Florence Hunter 88, Douglas Patterson 84, James McKimmie 82, Roy Chambers, Ian Hay, Linnie Thompson 78, Myrtle Mitchell 75.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.

ARITHMETIC.

Honours,—Florentine Cyr 100, M. Burk 97, Irene Byron 94, Kenneth Campbell, Clifford McFaul 93, James Hay 90.

Class I,—Lilian Hamilton 89, Annie Fraser 82, Ethel Hay, Arnold Scott, 80, Arthur Cruise, Myrtle Hunter 78, Herbert Darlington 77, Willie Cottingham 76.

Class II,—Jessie McFarlane 73, H. Sutton 72, Harry Bull 69, Lillie Bradford 67, Nellie Cowan and Ralph Goldsworthy 63.

Class III.—Gordon Cruise 59, B. Cunningham, Elmer Ryan, Myrtle Barker 58, Albert Darlington, Mina Paul 56.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.

READING.

Honours,—Evelyn Creswell 95, G. Cruise 94, George McGibbon 92, H. Window 91, Lawrence Cruise 90.

Class I.—Ruth Byron, Kenneth Elliott, 89, Ida Bampton 87, Howard Morrison 86, Ivan Bennett, Lilly Paul 85, Cecil Staniforth 84, Annie Combie 83, Alice Burk 81, George Gunn 78, Earl Gunn 77.

RIVINGTON

—o—

Mrs. R W. Stewart and Miss Mary Stewart spent the week-end in Calumet and Hawkesbury.

School No. 2 has closed for the winter months and Miss Walsh has returned to her home at Rawdon, Que.

Mrs. Hugh D. Reid and daughter Marguerite, of Welland, Ont., are visiting her mother and sister here.

Those who attended the sale of goods at W. R. McVicar's store, on Saturday of last week, report many "good bargains"

Mrs. Burwash and Mrs. Joseph Karr and little son Richard, of Gramont, P.Q., spent the week-end, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A McCabe.

Mrs. Samuel Karr, of Brookdale, called on friends here last week, on her way to join her husband at Cumberland, Ont., where in future they will reside.

DALESVILLE

—:o:—

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell were in Montreal on Wednesday.

Miss Cora Graham has gone to Montreal for the winter months.

Miss Mamie MacArthur spent the week-end with her her Grandmother Mrs. J. MacArthur.

Miss Jessie Silverson, of Kilowen, and Miss Annie Silverson, of Lachute spent the week-end here.

Messrs. J. D. Campbell and S. S. Campbell, of Lachute were guests of Mrs. John Campbell on Sunday.

Mrs. R. S McArthur and Mrs. L Robinson, of Louisa, entertained a few young folks at the home of the former on Saturday evening last.

Numerous ghosts, witches etc were seen on Hallow'een, a few complaints were heard relating to the tricks indulged in.

A number of neighbours and friends met at the home of Mrs. J. MacArthur's on Saturday afternoon last to celebrate Mrs. MacArthur's 83rd birthday.

Pastor W. G. White will preach at Dalesville, Sunday Morning Nov. 8th, at 11 o'clock and at Mabel at 3 p.m.

Dalesville B. Y. P. M. will hold their usual service at 7.30 p.m.

The week night Service at Brownsburg will be held at the home of Mr. James Tomalty,s Tuesday evening Nov. 10th. at 7.30 p.m.

LOUISA

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. M. Matthews spent Tuesday last with friends in Dalesville.

Quite a number of Deer Hunters spent the week-end sporting at Lake Louisa.

Miss A. Creswell, gave a large party to her many friends, on Monday last, and after a sumptuous repast, games were indulged in and a very enjoyable evening spent,

THE LATE MISS MITCHELL.

After a lingering illness lasting for almost a year, Miss Georgina Mitchell passed away at her mother's home in the West End on Monday last. Deceased was only 39 years of age and bore her trouble with true Christian fortitude, being bright and cheerful at all times. The funeral was held on Wednesday, service being conducted by the Rev. J. L. George. She leaves to mourn her loss a loving mother, Mrs. Wm Mitchell, sisters Alma at home and Mrs. Motts, of Mackey, Idaho, and brothers Gordon, Willie and Delmer.

FOR SALE—Good farm of 163 acres, situated in the Township of Chatham, all under cultivation except 20 acres. Well watered, fenced and ditched, with good frame house and outbuildings, convenient to churches, schools and railroad stations, etc. For further particulars apply to Mrs. John Somerville, Ste. Philippe d'Argenteuil, P.Q.

Ladies Jackets are running out well we have about 70 in hand still. Every size.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—o—

Among those who spent the week-end in town were the Misses Christina Drennan and Frances Joss, also Messrs. Reid Giles, J. R. Calder, H. Hammond, James Lalanne, Charlie McFaul, John Morrell, Leslie Parker, J. R. Calder.

C. N. R. to Ottawa.

The Canadian Northern Railway are now operating through passenger service, from St. Jerome to Ottawa running into Central Station, Ottawa. This train leaves Lachute Westbound at 8 a.m. arriving in Ottawa at 11 a.m. leaves Ottawa at 6 p.m. and arriving at Lachute 8 52 p.m. for St. Jerome. This office will be closed at 6.45 p.m. and not open for 8.52 p.m. train.

M. ROBY Agent.

DEATHS

MITCHELL,—At Lachute, on Monday, Nov. 2nd, Georgina, beloved daughter of Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, aged 39 years.

AUCTION SALE.

—:o:—

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

RODERICK McDONALD

East Settlement, Four Corners,

on Tuesday, Nov. 10th, 1914

The following effects: Piano, organ, sewing machine parlor suite 5 pieces, three parlor tables, extension dining table, two kitchen tables. Morris chair, three rockers, two high chairs, double stove, cook stove and Quebec heater, three Buffalo robes, two bedroom suites complete, two iron beds, cot, three lamps, reading lamp, two hanging lamps, book case and books, two buck saws, two cross cut saws, small churn, two sofas, set light harness, a lot of kitchen utensils, few potatoes and small quantity of dry wood and many other articles unmentioned. All to be sold without reserve.

All to be sold without reserve.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS: $10 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 6% per annum off for cash.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE.

—:o:—

IN THE MATTER OF

ADOLPHE RENAUD,

Merchant,

St. Jovite,

Insolvant.

Notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, November 18th, 1914, at 10 a.m., will be sold at the Church door of the Parish of St. Jovite, the Immoveables Properties of said Estate, as follows:—

A piece of ground situated in the Parish of St. Jovite, of Salaberry Township, known and described as being part of Lot Number Two Hundred and seventy-six (276) of the Official Cadastre, of said Parish of St. Jovite, with Buildings thereon erected, described as follows:—

From the Public Road, at East of said Lot, and following the line of said lot to a certain point on the property of Alfred Paquette, following the West line of Wilfrid Fortier's Ground, from there to the West line of said Lot or Street which joins the said lot, from North to South. Subject to an annual Rent of $21.00 payable to Francies Lacasse (Father) of St. Jovite.

J. P. E. GAGNON,

Curator.

Office:—44 & 46 Dalhousie St.,

Richelieu & Ont. Nav. Building,

11-6 Quebec, October 20th, 1914.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

—o—

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

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

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $30 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. 64388

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CHICAGO EXPRESS

TORONTO—DETROIT—CHICAGO

The Canadian No. 21.

Lv. Montreal 8.45 a.m. 10.00 p.m.

Ar. Chicago 7.45 a.m. 9:00 p.m.

Lake - Ontario Short Line

TORONTO

via Belleville, Trenton, Brighton, Colborne, Port Hope, Newcastle, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby. Leave Windsor Sation 8.45 a.m.

For tickets and full particulars apply to

J. S. GILES, Agent.

Desjardins' Footwear.

The Best in Town

Special attention is given to persons hard to fit and who suffer with bonions or corns.

Our long experience is to your advantage.

Opposite Post-Office

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized: - - - $2,000,000.00

Capital paid up and Surplus: - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.

Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.

All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

J. D. CAMPBELL

Main Street. Lachute.

...UNDERWEAR...

For Men—Penman's Underwear for Fall and Winter. Turnbull's fine goods, (Ceetee Brand), heavy ribbed, from $1.50 to $2.00.

For Youths—Penman's, from sizes 24 to 32 and heavy ribbed.

For Women—Combinations from $1.00 to $2.25, Union and All-wool, from 35 cents to $1 25.

For Children—Turnbull's from size1 to 7.

Hose—Heavy and Fine Wool Ribbed and Plain Cashmere, etc.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, etc.—Very good assortment in fine goods and heavy for Men, Women, Youths and Children, of the best makes.

Choice Groceries—Creamery and dairy butter, lard, cheese, etc.

GILES BROS.

Main St. - - Lachute

New Tailor Shop!

ATTENTION!

We take this opportunity of inviting you to call and inspect our large stock of the very latest goods on the market. They are good goods and you find our prices right. Call and leave your order for a Nobby Spring Suit.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. and Can.

DIXIE NoTUFT TEN COMPARTMENT MATTRESS

The housewife who wants handsome, even-edged, well-draped beds uses the Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress. Tufted mattresses "spread" and "widen." The Dixie NoTUFT is guaranteed again *both*.

It's easy to keep clean because its smooth surface offers no lodging place for dust, dirt, and germs. It's 100% comfortable because it has no tufts to detract from its resiliency. The Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress is so constructed that we are able to *permanently* distribute filling heavier at points where wear is greatest. It is so distinctly different from the tufted mattress you *now* use that you can't afford *not* to come in and see it.

J. A. BEDARD & SON.

Professional & Commercial.

DR JOHN McO. DREW, B.A.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
LACHUTE, QUE.
Day Phone. No. 20.
Night Phone. No. 6.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his office every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

DR. HENRI DORVAL
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST
Specialist on Spectacles & Glasses
45 1 St. DENIS ST REET, MONTREAL
From Paris, Vienna and Berlin Hospitals.
Will be in Lachute, at Rodrique's Hotel, the 4th Sunday of each month, from 5 to 8. 4 10

R. JOLY, UNDERTAKER,
First-class hearse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
Agent for Marble and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42.
BETHANY ST LACHUTE.

ROBERT TODD,
AUCTIONEER.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in both French and English.
Geneva Post office
Phone No. 91 Ring 2.

SEASONABLE SPECIALS.

MEN'S and LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Then you must remember that our Grocery Department is always well stocked with the choicest of provisions at POPULAR PRICES.

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET, - - - LACHUTE.

TRAVEL! TRAVEL!

ANYHOW — WHEN — WHERE

By Rail or Steamship, on the following lines.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY and STEAMSHIP.
CANADIAN NORTHERN
ALLAN LINE
WHITE STAR DOMINION
DONALDSON

For particulars apply to

J. S. GILES,
General Agent.
Phone 27. *FOUNDRY STREET, Lachute, Que.*

MILK IN THE COCOANUT BETTER GET AFTER IT

Great Opportunity For "Made-in-Canda" Products—European Products Are Now Shut Out

While the nations of Europe are at war, the people of Canada have a duty to their own land as well as to the Mother Country. While regretting the issue forced on the Mother Country and giving contingents to England's aid, let us also give all the help we can to ourselves. Canada's own big problem is that of a country which has imported much—and suddenly finds those importations cut off.

You will get at the milk in the cocoanut at once by glancing at the following lists:

List No. 1

Some of the things we have been importing from Germany, Austria etc., to the value of $38,000,000 per annum:

Analine dyes, baskets, books, boots, buttons, brooms, brushes, canned goods, chemicals, chinaware, clocks, clothing, collars and cuffs, cotton goods, combs, curtains, colors and dye stuffs, cutlery, dolls, drugs, earthenware, embroideries, electric apparatus, feathers, furs, fringe and tassels, gloves and mitts, glass and glassware, guns, hats, hosiery, hops, jewelry, knitted goods, leather goods, lace, labels locomotive tires, machinery, millinery, mineral waters, musical instruments, optical instruments, paints and colors, papers, pencils, perfumes, pianos, pharmaceutical preparations, piano parts, piano key ivories, pipes, purses, ribbons, rubber goods, seeds, shoes, laces, silk knitted and other goods, silverware, soaps, spirits, stockings and socks, time recorders, tobacco, toilet articles, tools, toys, underwear, woodenware, woollen goods, watches.

List No. 2

Some of the things mentioned in List No. 1 that we now make in Canada in competition with the manufacturers of Continental Europe:

Baskets, boots, books, buttons, brooms, brushes, canned goods, carpets, chemicals, collars and cuffs, cotton goods, clothing, combs, colors and dye stuffs, cutlery, dolls, drugs, earthenware, electric apparatus, feathers, furs, glass and glassware, gloves and mitts, guns, hats, hosiery, jewelry, knitted goods, lamps leather goods, labels, machinery, millinery, mineral waters, musical instruments, optical instruments, paints and colors, paper, perfumes, pipes, pharmaceutical preparations, pianos, piano parts, purses, ribbons, rubber goods, seeds, silverware, silk knitted goods, soaps, spirits, stockings and socks, time recorders, toilet articles, tools, underwear, woodenware, woollen goods.

A Great Advantage

The Canadian manufacturers of the articles in List No. 2 have now an advantage greater than any tariff wall. The competition of Continental Europe has been withdrawn and will remain withdrawn until the war is over at least. Let the Canadian manufacturers make the most of the situation. And let the people of Canada rally round our manufacturers and help them make the most of it, for we need them and the things they make as never before.

The immediate result of the European war, in Canada, was a check to business.

The second result will be to stimulate business—if we keep our heads, and go after business.

We believe every Canadian will follow this timely advice.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS

Some Improvement Already Noticeable in Canadian Industries—Better Times Ahead

The sudden breaking out of war caused many to "run to cover." Like the chicken on whom the rose leaf fell, some of us became a prey to fear and were ready to declare "the sky is falling."

Now the vision is clearing, our fear has fled, we have recovered our poise and our courage. We are seeing, also, our opportunity. Swiftly and almost overwhelmingly has come to us the perception of the fact that the competition of Continental Europe has been taken away. We are faced with a condition and an opportunity both tending to our advantage as a country of industry, agriculture and trade. Good times are ahead, if Canada and Canadians see and prize the present opportunity for enlarging their industries and trading. We must be careful. We must have courage.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Hundreds of People Have Found "Fruit-a-tives" Their Only Help

READ THIS LETTER

Superintendent of Sunday School in Toronto Tells How He Cured Himself of Chronic Rheumatism After Suffering for Years.

55 DOVERCOURT ROAD, Oct., 1st. 1913.

"For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy "Fruit-a-tives". I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I have spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" for 18 months now, and am pleased to tell you that I am cured. All the enlargement has not left my hands and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in 18 months".

R. A. WAUGH

Rheumatism is no longer the dreaded disease it once was. Rheumatism is no longer one of the "incurable diseases". "Fruit-a-tives" has proved its marvellous powers over Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago—in fact, over all such diseases which arise from some derangement of stomach, bowels, kidneys or skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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SURGEON DENTIST
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A BACKACHE

—with burning, highly colored urine—are sure signs of weak or inflammed Kidneys. Gin Pills cure all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. —at all dealers. 288



A Great Opportunity

tunity both tending to our advantage as a country of industry, agriculture and trade. Good times are ahead, if Canada and Canadians see and prize the present opportunity for enlarging their industries and trading. We must be careful. We must have courage.

WORKED BOTH WAYS

"I think this hat makes me look ten years younger, don't you?"

"Yes. My husband said to me yesterday. 'When your friend takes her hat off she looks ten years older.'"

WENT ONE BETTER

"What did you do with all the get-rich-quick money you landed?" asked Mr. Flamm.

"Lost it," replied Mr. Flimm. "A fellow invented a get-rich-quicker scheme and lured me into it."



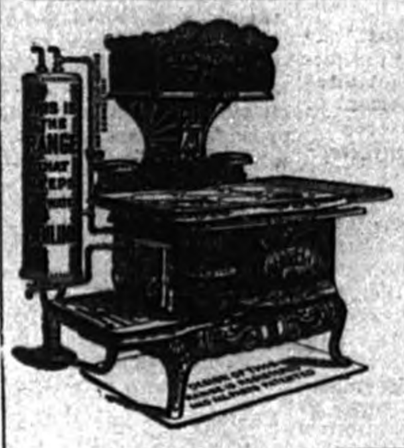
Wife: "Henry, stop that racket out there!"
Henry: "I did."

GEOFFROY BEDARD

What I want is Customers who know and can appreciate a good job. And what you want is a tailor who will give you good Suits at reasonable Prices. I am the tailor you are looking for.

In spite of the heavy increase in all lines of goods, I have not raised my prices, for I had all my goods bought before the raise and I am giving my customers the benefit of the low prices in all Suits, Pants, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Furnishings of all Sorts.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.



Stoves! Stoves!

Happy Thought Ranges.

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McClary Furnaces.

—:o:—

These are some of the lines we handle and will guarantee your comfort if you buy them from

G. Y. Deacon, - West End, Lachute.
Tinsmith and Roofer.

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Capital Paid Up, Rest & Undivided Profits $8,952,759

A decided convenience, in many cases, is a

Joint Account

in the Savings Bank Department. It may be opened in the names of two or more persons, either of whom may deposit or withdraw money.

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RANGES AND COMFORT

The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fix you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

O. R. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,

Dusters, Rope and all kinds of Binder Twine, Oils, Soaps, etc., etc.

Also Agent for MASSEY HARRIS MACHINERY and LEE RANGES and STOVES.

A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.

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Due 1919. Interest coupons payable semi-annually. Denomination $1000.

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Union Bank Building, Toronto.

KINGS AT THE PICTURES

ADAPTING THE FILM TO THE NEEDS OF ROYALTY.

King George and Queen Mary Have Ordered "Command" Performances.

The kinema is often called "the poor man's theatre," but "the pictures" could, with equal justification, be termed "the amusement of the rich," and they might even be called "the pastime of royalty," says London Answers.

Within the last twelve months or so both the Kaiser and the Czar have made complete kinematographic records of themselves and their families in private life, and the films are occasionally exchanged between the relatives of these and other reigning monarchs who have also sought pictorial immortality through the aid of Mr. Edison's wonderful invention.

Filming the Kaiser.

Of all the royal personages who intimately interest themselves in kinematography, the most enthusiastic is the Kaiser. At Potsdam, and also at the Castle of Furstenberg, he has had constructed handsome little private theatres, and here several "command performances" have taken place, two of the most recent being associated with "Antony and Cleopatra," and "With the Greeks in the firing line." The latter series, dealing with real war, were taken by the special command, and with the personal assistance, of the King of Greece—another sovereign who has shown enthusiasm for living photography.

But the Kaiser's interest goes much further than that of spectator. He has recently appeared on the films as an actor! True the subjects were but trifles, taken for amusement by his daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, whom he has presented with a kinematograph camera, but two of them are being shown pretty extensively around the public picture theatres of the German capital. One of these represents his Majesty hiding Easter eggs in various parts of the royal yacht, and his amusement at the crew's efforts to discover them.

The Czar's private picture hall is in the palace at Peterhof. His Majesty, desiring the personalities of the Imperial family to become better known throughout his vast empire, recently posed with them for some special pictures, which exhibitors will be allowed to present, on condition that they are shown in absolute silence—unaccompanied by any kind of music, that they shall be accorded a special place on the programme, and that the curtain shall descend before and after the exhibition of each film.

The interest taken by our own King and Queen in the kinematograph is proved by the various "command" performances of special films which have taken place since their accession.

Princess and "The Pictures."

Indeed, it is generally thought that King George himself suggested that splendid film-record of the British Army which is just now proving so deservedly popular all over the country. Princess Mary and the young princes, too, also enjoy an hour at "the pictures," and not infrequently visit the Marble Arch Electric Palace.

Another sovereign who has succumbed to the attraction of the kinematograph is the Queen of Roumania, famous in the literary world as "Carmen Sylva."

She has recently disposed of the film rights of all her novels to the Nordisk Film Company, of Copenhagen, and is herself preparing the scenarios. She also possesses her own private kinema—a beautiful little theatre, with a seating capacity of nearly 200, fitted up in Pelesh Castle, at Sinaja.

Among the most earnest Royal supporters of kinematography are the King and Queen of Bulgaria. Her Majesty's agents recently instructed the Gaumont Company to secure the necessary films to illustrate a lecturing tour which she is arranging in the United States for the purpose of raising enough money to establish the funds of the Bulgarian hospital (severely drained by the recent war) upon

A Firm Financial Basis.

The Kings of Italy and Denmark are other ardent Royal picture-goers. The latter sovereign recently unintentionally played a principal part of a film drama that would almost certainly have ended in a tragedy had he not done so. His Majesty was witnessing from his yacht the producing, off Copenhagen, of a marine drama by a famous Danish company, whose productions are known to every picture audience in Great Britain. The leading actress, while swimming, became exhausted, and was only rescued from drowning by the promptitude with which the lifthoat of the Royal yacht was lowered, at the instance of the King, who played a prominent part in the filming.

The Pope, too, is a firm believer in the potentialities of kinematography, and in the Vatican Museum are stored several films of religious interest which appealed to him.

Among the monarchs who most enjoy seeing "the pictures," that very up-to-date sovereign, the Mikado of Japan takes a front place. The banqueting-hall of his palace at Tokio has several times been temporarily turned into a kinematograph theatre, the most recent of the performances having been conducted by Mr. Percy Wark, who went to Japan to equip several kinemacolor theatres. Mr. Wark gives the following interesting and amusing account of the "command" performances, for the undertaking of which he was responsible.

In Far Japan.

"Owing to the fact that Europeans are very rarely allowed to be in the same apartment as the Emperor, whose person is looked upon as sacred, I had to erect an operating-box in the palace grounds, opposite a window in the back of the banqueting-hall. This necessitated the pictures being thrown on to the side of the screen away from the audience, and we had to make it semi-transparent by smearing it with glycerine. Several English dramatic and comedy subjects were included in the performance, which must have been very successful, because the Emperor, through one of the Court officials, sent me a most kind and congratulatory message.

So, you see, "the pictures" are emphatically not the pastime of the proletariat only. Like novel-reading and cricket, they appeal to all classes.

NOT DRUGS

Food Did It.

After using laxative and cathartic medicines from childhood a case of chronic constipation yielded to the scientific food, Grape-Nuts, in a few days.

"From early childhood I suffered with such terrible constipation that I had to use laxatives continuously, going from one drug to another and suffering more or less all the time.

"A prominent physician whom I consulted told me the muscles of the digestive organs were weakened and could not perform their work without help of some kind, so I have tried at different times about every laxative and cathartic known, but found no help that was at all permanent. I had finally become discouraged and had given my case up as hopeless when I began to use the pre-digested food, Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had not expected this food to help my trouble, to my great surprise Grape-Nuts digested easily from the first, and in a few days I was convinced that this was just what my system needed.

"The bowels performed their functions regularly and I am now completely and permanently cured of this awful trouble.

"Truly the power of scientific food must be unlimited." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Trial 10 days of Grape-Nuts, when regular food does not seem to sustain the body, works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR HENDRIE.

New Governor a Man of Few Words But of Many Deeds.

"The Silent Power," a man who wins great ends with little outward sign of effort, who has passed through many stages of social, political, military, and commercial success, is now occupying the premier seat in the affairs of the Province. It was no surprise to those who have been watching the career of the man when Lt.-Col. John Strathearn Hendrie, C.V.O., M.P.P., was elevated to the social distinction of Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario. It is one of the essential steps in the crowning of a career which has given great promise ever since the youthful days when he started out upon the earning highway of life by carrying a rod and chain for an engineers' gang on railway construction.

Of the physical type which gives evidence of latent power, of the mental capacity which has enabled him to grasp great problems in the commercial world, of the mixing type which has permitted him to gain many tokens of the popular esteem of his fellow-citizens, of the political caste which has won the silent approval of his fellows, John Strathearn Hendrie is now reaping the harvest of his earlier industry. There is but one thing lacking in his social adornment, but that is doubtless on the way, that being the clanking of the King's sword which will make him a Knight to the end of his days. To him will fall the distinction of opening the magnificent palace on the Don, the million-dollar structure, in which is to be found the chateau art of the French, commonly known as Government House.

Still Young in Years.

Colonel Hendrie is still young in years for a man who has gathered about him so many of the world's good things, his fifty-seven years sitting upon him lightly. Grizzled of hair and moustache, there is still a youthfulness about about his features which bespeaks many more years of usefulness, even after he steps down from the vice-regal chair.

Perhaps there is something in the man's descent which guaranteed for him a future independent of his own efforts. There is Scotch blood in his veins, both parents having emigrated from Ayrshire, and being of Huguenot descent. His education was received at the Hamilton public and private schools and at Upper Canada College, after which



Lieutenant-Governor Hendrie.

he responded to the belief that there is nothing quite so effective as a personal grounding in the practical side of a life work. He became rodman and assistant engineer on the construction of railways, working both in Canada and the United States, from which position he speedily rose until he became manager of the Hamilton Bridge Works.

Hamilton Honored Him.

Hamilton, being Col. Hendrie's home city, has given him all his honors, except the last. His business enterprises have been diversified, but it was not until he was chosen Mayor of Hamilton in 1901 that his merits as a citizen were recognized in tangible form. The following year saw him in the Provincial Legislature, where he has remained ever since. Recognition from the Ontario Government came in 1905 when he was selected a Commissioner for the Hydro-Electric, and the same year saw him admitted to the Cabinet as a Minister without portfolio.

In and about the chambers of Parliament Col. Hendrie is looked upon as a silent man, somewhat indifferent, and when upon the floor of the House no one can accuse him of verbosity. One who has watched the proceedings of Parliament for years vouches for the statement that in the past four sessions he has not made a speech in the House. He is a silent contrast to the balance of Ontario's Cabinet, many of whom have also been playing for higher positions. One might see him sauntering into the chamber hours after the deliberations began, apparently paying little attention to the routine of Parliament, sinking back in his chair and watching with the attitude of one to whom all this was an old story. But while Col. Hendrie has watched in silence, he has also worked, and now the harvest.

In the military world his ardor was felt for years. His first activity came when he linked his interests with the 4th Battery of Canadian Field Artillery, in which company he had risen to the rank of lieut.-colonel when he retired in 1909. In this time of war it is interesting to note that Col. Hendrie has always been an advocate of compulsory military training. In private life a fondness for horses has been one of his features, and he has done much to promote that sport. He is also a past president of the Canadian Artillery Association, the decoration of C.V.O. coming during his command of the Canadian Artillery at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

REAL "DOGS OF WAR."

Used in Old Wars Between England and Scotland.

"Dogs of war" is a phrase which once meant a thing as real as the war horse. Dogs have played their part in battles and campaigns and in the old wars between England and Scotland dogs were used by both combatants for pursuing and killing fugitives after a defeat. It is related that Wallace and Bruce each had close escapes from capture by English bloodhounds. Bruce is said to have thrown the English dog off the scent by the now well known expedient of wading up a stream far enough to baffle his pursuers, and Wallace evaded the hounds by having recourse to a trick more or less common in those bloody times of killing a follower and leaving the body in the dogs' path for them to come upon. The dogs finding a body believed that their task as done and discontinued the hunt.

In the history of the wars of the middle ages one finds reference to the use of big dogs against cavalry for the purpose of throwing the horses into confusion and not alone for causing panic but casualties, for these fierce canine partisans were clothed in coats of mail studded with spikes and having scythes fitted to their harness.

Instances are recorded where war dogs with fire brands fastened to their coats of mail have been set on an enemy's camp with destructive results. Henry VIII. must have found dogs useful in military ways, because in English history it is written that he offered the use of 40,000 auxiliaries and 4,000 war dogs to King Charles V. of Spain to aid that monarch in his war with Francis I.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth when the Earl of Essex entered Ireland for the purpose of suppressing insurrection there his army was accompanied by 100 bloodhounds.

IDENTIFYING DEAD SOLDIERS.

How It Is Done for Information of Relatives.

When, in these days of great battles, in which nine different nations may quite easily take part on the same day, the layman reads that the dead are piled up in huge heaps, he may well be puzzled to know how individuals can be recognized for the information of their relatives.

It is managed quite simply, however, by the issue to each soldier before he takes the field of an identification card or token. In the South African War British soldiers carried with them, sewn into a little pocket on the inside of the khaki jacket, a parchment certificate containing full particulars of the man and his next-of-kin, and certified by the company officer. Recently, however, Britain has adopted more durable identification plates, after the Continental fashion.

The Germans carry small metal discs on which is simply a number which affords to the Berlin War Office a complete clue to the identity of the possessor, should he be slain. The Japanese troops carry something very similar in war, there being, however, two other numbers on each metal disc, one indicating the man's corps and another his brigade. Each man carries three discs about different parts of his person, in case one should get lost, and the system is so perfect that even the men blown almost to pieces at Port Arthur were rapidly identified afterwards.

Brave Boy.

A typical ring of patriotism was shown by a young miner in Craigneuk district in Lanarkshire, Scotland. His mother, entering the room, found him busy burning his letters. Suspecting something, she exclaimed, "Tam, you're no' for 'listing, are ye?" "Why, mother?" he asked. "Weel, Tam, I would like you to remain another year with me." "Mother, if everybody was like you the Germans would be on the tap o' us." Next night he slept under the shadow of Stirling Castle.



BRITISH GUNNERS AT SEA

THEY ARE THE FINEST SHOTS IN THE WORLD.

The Tasks and Duties of the Men Who Deal Out Naval Death.

The most important change which has taken place in our naval equipment has been the employment of larger guns. Our latest naval gun has caused tremendous consternation amongst the navies of the world, says London Answers.

We are pretty well acquainted with the twelve-inch gun—that with which our Dreadnoughts are armed. Quite recently a 13.5-inch gun was introduced, though its performances have been kept secret. Next came the talk of a fifteen-inch gun, and still later of, perhaps, even a larger.

The vital essentials in naval warfare are to hit first, hit hard, and keep on hitting, according to Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the greatest authority in the world upon naval gunnery.

It is our proud satisfaction as a nation that our Navy contains the finest gunners in the world.

That awful implement of war, the 13.5-inch gun, is seventeen yards long and will strike a blow of over 60,000 foot-tons at a cost approaching $750 each time it is fired. The shot is the height of a tall man, about eight times his weight, has a circumference greater than the man around his chest, and has a marvellous penetrating power.

At Thirteen Miles.

Outside official circles it is not known yet what the exact power is, but the existing twelve-inch guns will penetrate eight inches of armor at thirteen miles. The shell of the 13.5-inch gun, however, weighs no fewer than 1,250lb., while the weight of the gun is twenty tons more than its predecessor, the range of fire being considerably over a mile greater than that of the twelve-inch gun.

The advance of the science of gunnery, and the accuracy with which our gunners work, may be gathered from the fact that now we have a higher percentage of hits at 8,000 yards than we had a few years ago at 1,000 yards. At a recent trial of one of our battleships, six shots were fired at a range of nearly five miles, the target being about one-tenth the size of a battleship. Four of these shots went directly through the target, while the others ricochetted through it.

The reader will get some notion of the difficulties in the way of hitting a target at a range of fifteen miles—a range well within the power of the new gun—the shot must, to counteract the effect of gravity, reach a height of 22,000 feet, which is a considerably altitude than the most lofty summit in the Alps.

Over the Hills and Far Away.

Although the gunner thus has to shoot over high mountains, he must do it in such a manner that the shot will drop at the other side on the exact spot where it will do most damage.

Quite a common range for naval gunnery is five miles, the distance being covered by the shell in twelve seconds.

When all these facts have been taken into consideration, allowance has to be made for the fact that the vessel from which the shot is fired and also the ship aimed at are constantly moving, having a certain amount of roll.

Two men are engaged in training the gun, each looking through a special telescope. One man holds a wheel, by which the horizontal direction of the gun is controlled, while the other holds a similar wheel for controlling the elevation. By long practice, these men work the gun practically in the same manner as if a single brain were controlling it.

Naturally, the intimation of the accuracy of fire is conveyed if the enemy's ship catches fire. To obtain the best results, however, it is necessary that an earlier intimation should be conveyed. This is where our Navy scores, for it possesses a method of ascertaining with accuracy whether the enemy is hit or not, a method which is kept perfectly secret.

The above shows the enormous difficulties in the way of accurate firing with big guns at sea, and the great science it has become.

WORLD WHEAT SUPPLIES.

Universal Crop Shortage Canadian Farmers' Opportunity.

Public officials have been exhorting the Canadian farmer to sow more wheat this year. But it is doubtful if, even yet, the North American wheat producer realizes fully what an opportunity confronts him. The farmer, of all men, should not share the exaggerated idea of the importance of Canada and the United States as contributors to the world's food supply, which leads many persons to feel that there can be little pinch or shortage as long as the production of these countries continues unhampered. It is rather the actual predominance of Europe as a food producer that renders the situation serious and places a premium on American supplies. The following facts are significant:

Europe leads the continents in annual wheat production and, normally, raises twice as much as North America, her nearest competitor. She grew over one-half of the record-breaking world's wheat crop of 1913, doubling the combined contribution of Canada, United States and Mexico. European nations now in arms alone grew 42 per cent. of the total yield, while the whole of North America produced only slightly over 25 per cent. On the reasonable supposition that shortage of labor, poor tillage, decreased acreage and other adverse conditions will reduce the 1914 wheat crops of European combatants by one-third over half of North America's entire yield would be required to meet the deficiency.

Europe probably carried over into 1914 a fair surplus from her banner wheat crop of 1913. But what of this year's production? Russia's rosiest prospects before the war never promised within 150,000,000 bushels of last year's total, and the war must have caused further huge decreases. Hungary and Italy, great wheat nations, will show a combined shortage of 75,000,000 bushels, while India and Canada fall behind by 50,000,000 and 70,000,000 bushels respectively, as compared with the 1913 harvest. How will the deficiency be met? Canada's exportable surplus has been cut in two. The bumper crop of the United States will hardly offset the shortage of Russia alone. Consumption must decrease somewhat, but can hardly parallel the sudden shrinkage in production. Canada, United States, India, Australia and Argentine will find every bushel of their 1914 crop required in Europe next spring to meet the shortage of Russia, France, Germany, Italy and Austria-Hungary. If war is prolonged for six months, hindering seeding operations in the spring and summer of 1915, the demand will be even more insistent in the spring and summer of 1916.

The moral to the Canadian farmer is simple. Grow wheat. Sow every available acre to a crop of which the world will stand badly in need in the coming months.

The following table shows the respective contributions of the ten leading wheat-producing nations to the record crop of 1913. The countries marked with an asterisk are either directly or indirectly engaged in the war.

*Russia	837,795,000	bus.
United States	763,380,000	"
*India	364,000,000	"
*France	319,373,000	"
*Canada	231,717,000	"
*Aust.-Hung.	226,311,000	"
Italy	214,407,000	"
*Russia in Asia	189,864,000	"
*Germany	171,077,000	"
Argentine	144,000,000	"

In the Crisis.

"Your husband has been ill," said the caller.

"Yes," replied the little, worried-looking woman, "he has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him."

"Is his condition critical?"

"It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh; "its abusive."

RHEUMATIC MISERY

Can Only Be Cured Through the Blood—Liniments of No Use

In no disease does the blood become thin so rapidly as in rheumatism. Not only does it become thin but it is loaded with impurities—rheumatic poisons. Without the proper treatment these poisons increase, the inflamed joints swell and the patient becomes a cripple. There are a number of methods of treating rheumatism, most of them aiming to keep down the rheumatic poisons until nature can build up the blood sufficiently to overcome them. But unfavorable conditions of cold or dampness may give the disease the advantage, and a relapse or renewed attack follows.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up the blood and enable it to cast out the rheumatic poisons with the natural secretions of the body. Thousands have tried this treatment with the most beneficial results. That every sufferer who does not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is neglecting the most helpful means of recovery is shown by the following statement: Mrs. Emeline Smith, St. Jerome, Que., says: "I was attacked with what the doctors said was inflammatory rheumatism. The joints of my hands, feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I suffered the most excruciating pain Notwithstanding medical treatment the trouble became so bad that I could not go about. My appetite began to fail me, and I was growing physically weak. A neighbor who had been benefitted by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised me to try them, and I decided to do so. In the course of a few weeks I noted some improvement, and my appetite began to return. Then the swelling in my joints began to disappear, and it was not long until I was perfectly cured, and I have had no return of the trouble."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REVENGE AFTER 44 YEARS.

How the Second Battle of Sedan Was Fought.

During the strategical retreat of the allies southward from the Belgian frontier, the French troops exacted from the Germans bloody revenge for the French defeat at Sedan 44 years before.

On this same battlefield, according to the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Mail, the Germans suffered one of the worst defeats of their present invasion. They were led into a trap which cost them thousands of men, he says. The French could have held their position indefinitely, but strategy required them to continue falling back with the remainder of the allies along the line. Here is the story of the second battle of the Sedan, as told by the correspondent:

"The French general ordered his troops to fall back across the river and take up positions on the opposite heights. The bridges were mined, but were left standing in order to deceive the Germans into thinking that the French were retreating hastily. The ruse succeeded. The Germans advanced across the bridges in close formation. When several German regiments had crossed, the French blew up the bridges and the French artillery started firing at a hundred German columns, which retreated hastily to the river, only to find the bridges gone.

"The French regiments then advanced with quick firers and the merciless slaying continued until dusk. Many Germans threw down their arms and attempted to swim the river, and large numbers were drowned. When nightfall came the French brought up searchlights and continued the work of carnage.

"The artillery threw shells at the rate of a dozen rounds a minute into the German ranks, and varied its tactics by throwing incendiary shells into the forest where part of the German force had taken refuge. The burning woods lit up the whole front of fifteen miles.

"In the morning an armistice of two hours was granted to allow the Germans to bury their dead. The French had suffered the loss of only a handful."



A German Trooper,

Wearing the famous Death Head Hussar helmet. This was the regiment to which the Crown Prince was attached while at Danzig. It is said that but fifty men are left after the fighting in Belgium and France.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS USED FOR YEARS

When a mother uses only one medicine as long as there are little ones in the home it certainly bears grand testimony to the value of that particular remedy. Thousands of mothers use nothing else but Baby's Own Tablets. Concerning them Mrs. M. LeBlanc, Memramcook West, N.B., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones for the past ten years and know of nothing to equal them during teething time or for colic, constipation and indigestion. All my neighbors who have used them think as I do." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SOLDIER'S RIGHTS.

Privileges Britain Bestows Upon Her Fighting Men.

Every British soldier on the active list—from field-marshal down to the last-joined recruit—enjoys certain definite and special privileges not shared by civilians. These privileges affect him in various ways, says a writer in London Answers.

To begin with, no soldier—whatever his rank—can be sued for any debt or damages under £30 in value. Consequently, if an accommodating broker permits Pte. Atkins to dabble on the Stock Exchange to this amount he cannot recover his money in the event of a loss. Similarly, it is no good bringing a libel action against him unless the damages claimed exceed £29 19s. 11½d.

If an officer occupies Government quarters he does not have to pay any local rates in respect of his house. This is because such a building is held to be occupied by the Crown, and the Crown is always exempt from local rates.

An officer is also permitted to employ a soldier servant without having to pay a license for him. Nor is an officer required to serve on a jury, or to fulfil any municipal appointment.

Every soldier, provided he be on the roll of electors, has the same right as a civilian to record his vote in a Parliamentary election; and if he himself is elected to represent a constituency, he is entitled to take his seat in the House of Commons without asking anybody's permission. Should, however, a non-commissioned officer or private soldier who has become an M.P. be promoted to a commission, he has to vacate his seat. A soldier who has a commission at the time of his election is not required to vacate his seat.

When a soldier is travelling on duty in a district where military quarters are not available he is entitled to demand accommodation at any hotel or licensed house. This is called "billeting," and the maximum amounts to be charged are fixed by law as follows: For each night's lodging and attendance, 6d.; for breakfast, 4d.; for supper, 2½d.; and for dinner, 11½d. If a soldier is accompanied by his horse he can demand 10 lbs. of oats, 12 lbs. of hay, 8 lbs. of straw, and stable room for 1s. 9d.

Should soldiers be proceeding on furlough the railway companies make them the concession of issuing return tickets at single fare, or a little over. This privilege is also granted to their wives and children. In the case of officers the practice is to allow them to travel first-class at reduced rates. The baggage of soldiers is exempt from dock dues and tolls, and soldiers themselves are not required to pay any tolls when passing over bridges, etc., provided they be travelling on duty.

If a soldier is quartered on a garrison where stamps are not obtainable, he may send his correspondence unstamped, and the amount charged on delivery will be 1d., instead of double the deficiency, as is the Post Office rule in all other cases.

An n.c.o. or private soldier enjoys one privilege that is withheld from officers. This is the right of demanding a court-martial when sentenced to any punishment involving a loss of pay. An officer, on the other hand, holds his commission at the King's pleasure, and can always be removed from the Army without any specific reason being assigned.

Breakfasts of "Other Days"

ran something like this:—

Ham, bacon or sausage; fried potatoes; doughnuts and coffee—prepared by overworked mothers.

Today's and Tomorrow's Breakfasts

run about like this:

Post Toasties

—with cream or fruits; a poached egg or two; crisp toast; and a cup of Postum—a royal starter for any day.

Quick, easy to serve, appetizing, and—

"Mother" has it easier!

—Sold by Grocers.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

BABY RESTS AFTER BATH



With CUTICURA SOAP

Because of its extreme purity, delicate emollient properties and refreshing fragrance. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment it is equally effective in the treatment of heat rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. K, Boston, U.S.A.

Always At It.

"No, sir, y' wrong me. I never drink when I'm working."

"Which means, of course, that you drink at all hours."

Very Quarrelsome Neighbors

Names of the parties are Corns and Toes—both very unhappy till the trouble was remedied by Putnam's Corn Extractor Any corn goes out of business in 24 hours if "Putnam's" is applied—try it, 25c. at all dealers.

A Poser.

Son—Say, pop.

Father—Yes, son?

Son—What becomes of your lap when you stand up?

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon, Pigeon & Davis, Patent Solicitors, Montreal, report that 105 Canadian Patents were issued for the week ending September 22nd, 1914, 71 of which were granted to Americans, 21 to Canadians, 7 to residents of Great Britain and Colonies, and 6 to residents of Foreign Countries.

Which.

Wife—I hired a new cook to-day, Lena Stout.

Hub—You did! And which is she?

Wife—Which what?

Hub—Lean or Stout

Irrespective of the high cost of living, even a shower will send umbrellas up.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

are just the right medicine for the children. When they are constipated —when their kidneys are out of order —when over-indulgence in some favorite food gives them indigestion —Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills will quickly and surely put them right. Purely vegetable, they neither sicken, weaken or gripe, like harsh purgatives. Guard your children's health by always keeping a box of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills in the house. They

Keep the Children Well



WANTED—A MOTTO.

Well to Have One as a Spur or a Guide to Success.

It is an extraordinary and significant fact that men who have risen to fame and fortune, especially those whose beginnings have been small, have always had a motto, a maxim, a proverb, as a spur or a guide to success.

When one of these great men "sits" for an interesting interview, and pulls back the curtain on his methods, invariably there comes the confession: "My motto was——" And then he quotes the half-dozen words which seem to have been a life's inspiration to him. Noble families have felt the mesmeric influence of the family motto, and preserved their "nobility" in the best sense. School-boys have imbibed, for their good, the teaching wrapped up in their school's motto.

Fathers sending their sons out into the world have, not only on the stage, but in real life, said: "Good-bye, my boy! Remember that——" And then comes the maxim they are to make their own. Certain it is there's something in it. So to "get on" we must get a motto. "Opportunity passes but once." "The open eye sees the open chance." "Custom follows courtesy." "Give the best, and you'll get it." "My policy—honesty." "Do it NOW."

Pick a good one and live up to it.

Death Nearly Claimed New Brunswick Lady

Was Restored to Her Anxious Family When Hope Had Gone.

St. John, N.B., Dec. 15th.—At one time it was feared that Mrs. J. Grant, of 3 White St., would succumb to the deadly ravages of advanced kidney trouble. "My first attacks of backache and kidney trouble began years ago. For six years that dull gnawing pain has been present. When I exerted myself it was terribly intensified. If I caught cold the pain was unendurable. I used most everything, but nothing gave that certain grateful relief that came from Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Instead of being bowed down with pain, to-day I am strong, enjoy splendid appetite, sleep soundly. Lost properties have been instilled into my blood—cheeks are rosy with color, and I thank that day that I heard of so grand a medicine as Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Every woman should use these pills regularly because good health pays, and it's good, vigorous health that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills.

Jim's Measurement.

"Here, Jim," the old man's master said, "take this footrule and measure that marble seat in the garden for me. Jim said on his return:—"The seat is the length of the rule, sir, with three fingers over, and this piece of string, and the breadth of my hand and arm from here to there, barrin' a thumb."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

King George's German.

A German accent, like a German name, is at a discount in England. But what would have been the feeling if war had come during the reign of Queen Victoria or of Edward VII.? Queen Victoria liked German above any other language, and made its use one of her household, or at any rate nursery laws. Edward the Seventh spoke it as fluently as he spoke English, and only when George V. came to the throne was there a complete divorce between the English Court and the Kaiser's native tongue. "I don't like it and I'll never learn it," was his Majesty's boyish way of meeting the family persuasions; and though to some extent he had to give way before parental pressure, he never got on to really good terms with a language for which he had an instinctive dislike. King George understands German perfectly, but it happens that he is the first of a long line of English Kings to speak it imperfectly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Not Too Hard.

Mr. Littlerest—"Doctor, what did you tell me was your special treatment for sleeplessness?" Medico—"We strike at the cause or origin of the trouble." Mr. Littlerest—"You don't say so! Well, you will find the baby in the other room. Only don't strike at him too hard."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

General Douglas.

General Sir Charles W. H. Douglas, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is little known to the public. A dour Scotch soldier, he participated in Roberts' famous march to Candahar, and served with distinction in India, Egypt and South Africa. In the last Boer war he was on the staff and so did little of the showy work, but his list of "mentioned in despatches" has rarely been excelled. Douglas would be mightily astonished if anybody cheered him, and he would probably consider it an impertinence. Anyway, his is not one of the faces that decorate picture postcards, and not one in a thousand would recognize his photo if they saw it.

Lame Back Strengthened Stiffness Taken Right Out

Was Relieved in an Hour, and Cured Over Night.

A lame back? Quite unnecessary. All you have to do is to rub on Nerviline. It's simply a wonder for backache—relieves after one rubbing. "Nothing possibly could cure an aching back faster than Nerviline," writes Mrs. Arthur Kobar, of Lower Chelsea, N.S. "I caught cold and was so prostrated with pain I could not bend over. We always have Nerviline at home, and I had the painful region rubbed thoroughly with this grand liniment. At once the pain departed. The lameness was rapidly reduced and in an hour I was able to be about my housework. I was rubbed again just before retiring, and awoke as usual in the morning without a sign of my back trouble."

There is no sort of muscular pain that Nerviline won't cure quickly. Thousands swear by it for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago. It sinks to the core of the pain—right through muscle, tissue and nerve—it penetrates where no oily, greasy liniment can go and invariably cures quickly. If you have an ache or a pain anywhere—use Nerviline—it will cure you. Family size bottle, very large 50c; trial size 25c. at all dealers.

A Cure Needed.

Small Boy (to charitable lady)—"Please, mother says, shes' much better of the complaint wot you gives her quinine for, but she's awful ill of the disease wot's cured by port wine and chicken broth."

A Sensible Merchant

Bear Island, Aug. 26, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—Your traveller is here to-day and we are getting a large quantity of your MINARD'S LINIMENT. We find it the best Liniment on the market making no exception. We have been in business 13 years and have handled all kinds, but have dropped them all but yours; that sells itself; the others have to be pushed to get rid of.

W. A. HAGERMAN.

Answered.

"How old are you, Bobby?"

"Six."

"And when were you six?"

"My last birthday."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

A rifleman in telling a story said—"My aim is always to tell the truth." "Yes," said a brother private, "but you're the worst shot in the regiment."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Giving Details.

Maud—Kitty married a man a good deal older than she, so I hear.

Marie—Older! Why, he's twice her real age and three times the age she says she is.

All things are possible, except making a bill smaller by filing it away.

MOTHERS

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! Zam-Buk is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always.

50c. Box at All Druggists and Stores.

USE ONLY ZAM-BUK FOR CHILDRENS SORES

$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY FREE

LPAPE	NREOOA	UPML	ATSWRYREBR
OPAHE	ROYREH	YBRAPRSRE	EAPA

Can you arrange the above lots of jumbled letters into the names of eight well known fruits. If so, YOU CAN SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ABOVE PRIZE. It is no easy task. But by patience and perseverance you can probably make out 5 or 6 of them. To the person who can make out the largest number we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars. To the person making out the second largest number the sum of Fifty Dollars. To the person making the third largest number the sum of Twenty Dollars. To the persons making the fourth largest number the sum of Twenty Dollars. Should two persons send answers equally correct, the first two prizes will be divided between them, (each receiving $70.00). Should three send in equally correct answers, the first three prizes will have to be divided, (each receiving $50.00). Should four persons send equally correct answers, the whole sum of $200.00 will be equally divided (each receiving $50.00), and so on in like proportions. SEND NO MONEY. WHEN YOU ANSWER THIS ABOVE PUZZLE. Send us your name and address on a postcard and we will write to you at once. WE DO NOT WANT CLERKS OR AGENTS. We only want persons who would write to us at once, as answers are received. WE DO NOT CARE if you live in Canada or Newfoundland, or in the United States, or in Europe, or anywhere else, so long as you are anxious to get one of our handsome gifts, write us at once enclosing proper name for our copy. TO BUY OR SELL, WRITE AT ONCE. Address, CANADIAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 51, MONTREAL, QUE.

Food Supplies In War Time

Rumors are in circulation that we are unable to supply orders owing to the war demand. This statement is absolutely incorrect. We are filling our orders as usual. Insist on getting what you ask for CLARK'S

W. Clark, Limited
MONTREAL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 90 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS, UP-TO-MINUTE WAR BOOK and Combination Christmas Gifts are SURE MONEY-MAKERS. Handsome Samples Free; Best Terms. ORDER NOW; Postage twenty-five cents. Nichols Company Limited, Publishers, Toronto

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND LIGHT sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges prepaid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

FOR SALE.

PHOTO WAR BUTTONS, 10 CENTS EACH prepaid. The King, Sir John French, Gen. Joffre, Admiral Jellicoe, and Souvenir of Valcartier Camp. Good Agents wanted. F. E. Simson, 401 Merchants Bank Building, Montreal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

PATENTS

OF INVENTIONS

PIGEON, PIGEON & DAVIS

Write for information

BOILERS

New and Second-hand, for heating and power purposes. Water Flumes. TANKS AND SMOKE STACKS.

POLSON IRON WORKS LIMITED TORONTO

Engineers and Shipbuilders.

Your Last Chance!

Canada's Troops off to the war.

Just before embarking 21 magnificent copyright views were taken, including two large panoramic cards and handsome Souvenir booklet. Yours for 25c. post-paid. Trade supplied. Agents wanted.

T. H. DAVIES

525 St. Paul St. Montreal.

Consumption and Bronchitis

For the past three years COPELAND'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION has been steadily winning confidence by its splendid record of results. Consumptives in all stages of this dread disease have been restored to the full vigor of life by the use of this medicine.

Hundreds

of testimonials, on file at our offices, testify to the remarkable results obtained even after noted doctors have given up all hope of recovery.

Are You a Sufferer?

If so Copeland's Cure for Consumption and Bronchitis will benefit you.

Sold By All Druggists

or a trial bottle will be sent prepaid on receipt of the regular price, $1.00.

COPELAND MEDICINE COMPANY, Limited

Toronto, - - - - - Ont.



Government Protection of the Maple Syrup Industry means better prices for the Farmer

Farmers! Wake up to your golden opportunity. Get busy with your Maple Grove! Consumers will now want the genuine Maple Syrup in largely increased numbers. Install your Evaporator before the cold weather sets in and make sure of handsome profits during 1915. Write for free booklet concerning our "Champion" Evaporator.

THE GRIMM MFG. CO., LIMITED 58 Wellington St., Montreal, Que.

G. L. Meikle & Co.

On TUESDAY, November 10th we will offer our entire stock of

Dress Goods

LESS

25 per cent.

Every TUESDAY is Bargain Day at our Store.

—for—

All Sale Goods sold for spot cash.

No Telephone Orders taken for above Sale.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
White Front

Fall Footwear.



For Men, Women and Children.

We wish to announce that we are displaying the largest and choicest stock of good Fall Footwear. Having bought in large quantities we are in a position to offer you some great values at lower prices than elsewhere,

— ALSO —



a large assortment in Ready Made Clothing for Men and Boys.



Extra Special Values in Overcoats, Gents' Furnishings, Shirts, Sweaters, Underwear, Socks, Gloves, Etc.

Boots neatly and promptly Repaired.

Telephone 65.

W. G. Staniforth

LACHUTE MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

We deal in Foreign & Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and best material in all the latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Fencing, etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman.)

CHAPTER XIX.

at least near the place where neither he nor any one had any doubt his daughter's remains lay hid beneath the snow or ice on the mountains in the freezing cold. Robert Maitland had no other idea than that Enid's body was in the lake. He intended to drain it—an engineering task of no great difficulty—and yet he intended, also, to search the hills for miles on either side of the main stream down which she had gone, for she might possibly have strayed away and died of starvation and exposure, rather than drowning. At any rate, he would leave nothing undone to discover her.

He had strenuously opposed Armstrong's recklessly expressed intention of going into the mountains immediately to search for her. Armstrong was not easily moved from any purpose he entertained, or lightly to be hindered from attempting any enterprise that he projected, but by the time the party reached Denver the winter had set in, and even he realized the futility of any immediate search for a dead body lost in the



"It Is Madness," Urged Robert Maitland.

mountains. Admitting that Enid was dead, the conclusions were sound, of course.

The others pointed out to Armstrong that if the woman they all loved had by any fortunate chance escaped the cloudburst, she must inevitably have perished from cold, starvation and exposure in the mountain long since. There was scarcely a possibility that she could have escaped the flood, but if she had, it would only to be devoted to death a little later. If she was not in the lake, what remained of her would be in some lateral canon. It would be impossible to discover her body in the deep snows until the spring and the warm weather came. When the snows melted what was concealed would be revealed. Alone, she could do nothing. And admitting again that Enid was alone, this conclusion was as sound as the other.

Now no one had the faintest hope that Enid Maitland was yet alive, except, perhaps, her father, Mr. Stephen Maitland. They could not convince him, he was so old and set in his opinions and so utterly unfamiliar with the conditions that they tried to describe to him, that he clung to his belief in spite of all, and finally they let him take such comfort as he could from his vain hope without any further attempt at contradiction.

In spite of all the arguments, however, Mr. James Armstrong was not satisfied. He was as hopeless as the rest, but his temperament would not permit him to accept the inevitable calmly. It was barely possible that she might not be dead, and that she might not be alone. There was scarce-up enough possibility of this to justify a suspicion, but that is not saying there was none at all.

Day after day he had sat in his office denying himself to everyone and refusing to consider anything, brooding over the situation. He loved Enid Maitland, he loved her before, and now that he had lost her, he loved her still more.

Not altogether admirable had been James Armstrong's outwardly successful career. In much that is high and noble and manly his actions—and his character—had often been lacking, but even the base can love, and sometimes love transforms, if it be given a chance. The passion of Cymon for Iphigenia, made a man and prince out of the rustic boor, and his real love for Enid Maitland might have done more for Armstrong than he himself or anyone who knew him as he was, and few there were who had such knowledge of him, dreamed was possible. There was one thing that love could not do, however; it could not make him a patient philosopher, a good waiter. His rule of life was not very high, but in one way it was admirable, in that prompt, bold desire action was his chiefest characteristic.

On this certain morning a month after the heart-breaking disaster, his power of passive endurance had been strained to the vanishing point. The great white range was flung in his face like a challenge. Within its secret recesses lay the solution of the mystery. Somewhere, dead or alive, beyond the soaring rampart was the woman he loved. It was impossible for him to remain quiet any longer. Common sense, reason, every argument that had been adduced, suddenly became of no weight. He lifted his head and stared straight westward, his eyes swept the long semicircle of horizon across which the mighty range was drawn like the chord of gigantic arc, or the string of a mighty bow. Each white peak mocked him, the insolent aggression of the range called him irresistibly to action.

"By Heaven," he said under his breath, rising to his feet, "winter or no winter, I go."

Robert Maitland had offices in the same building. Having once come to a determination, there was no more uncertainty or hesitation about Armstrong's course. In another moment he was standing in the private room of his friend. The two men were not alone there. Stephen Maitland sat in a low chair before another window removed from the desk somewhat, staring out at the range. The old man was huddled down in his seat, every line of his figure spoke of grief and despair. Of all the places in Denver, he liked best his brother's office fronting the rampart of the mountains, and hour after hour he sat there quietly looking at the summits, sometimes softly shrouded in white, sometimes swept bare by the fierce winter gales that blew across them, sometimes shining and sparkling so that the eye scarce sustain their reflection of the dazzling sun of Colorado; and at other times seen dimly through mists of whirling snow.

Oh, yes, the mountains challenged him also to the other side of the range. His heart yearned for his child, but he was too old to make the attempt. He could only sit and pray and wait with such faint and fading hope as he could still cherish until the break up of the spring came. For the rest he troubled nobody; nobody noticed him, nobody marked him, nobody minded him. Robert Maitland transacted his business a little more softly, a little more gently, that was all. Yet the presence of his brother was a living grief and a living reproach to him. Although he was quite blameless he blamed himself. He had not known how he had grown to love his niece until he had lost her. His conscience accused him hourly, and yet he knew not where he was at fault or how he could have done differently. It was a helpless and hopeless situation. To him, therefore, entered Armstrong.

"Maitland," he began, "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going into the mountains."

"You are mad!"

"I can't help it. I can't sit here and face them, damn them, and remain quiet."

"You will never come out alive."

"Oh, yes, I will; but if I don't, I swear to God I don't care."

Old Stephen Maitland rose unsteadily to his feet and gripped the back of his chair.

"Did I hear aright, sir?" he asked, with all the polished and graceful courtesy of birth and breeding which never deserted him in any emergency whatsoever. "Do you say—"

"I said I was going into the mountains to search for her."

"It is madness," urged Robert Maitland.

But the old man did not hear him.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed with deep feeling. "I have sat here day after day and watched those mighty hills, and I have said to myself that if I had youth and strength as I have love, I would not wait."

"You are right," returned Armstrong, equally moved, and indeed it would have been hard to have heard and seen that father unresponsively; "and I am not going to wait, either."

"I understand your feelings, Jim, and yours, too, Steve," began Robert Maitland, arguing against his own emotions, "even if she escaped the flood, she must be dead by this time."

"You needn't go over the old argument, Bob. I'm going into the mountains, and I'm going now. No," he continued swiftly, as the other opened his mouth to interpose further objections, "you needn't say another word. I'm a free agent, and I'm old enough to decide what I can do. There is no argument, there is no force, there is no appeal, there is nothing that will restrain me. I can't sit here and eat my heart out when she may be there."

"But it's impossible!"

"It is impossible. How do I know that there may not have been somebody in the mountains; she may have wandered to some settlement, some hunter's cabin, some prospector's hut."

ROBERT MILLER

Successor to WILLIAM BERRY.

DEALER IN

McCormick and Deering Farm Machinery, Engines, Chatham Wagons, Shanty Sleighs, etc., Harness and Harness Parts, Buggies, Cutters, Robes, Rugs, Whips, Horse Blankets, Pumps, Stoves, Oils, Beatty Bros. Stalls and Stanchions, Litter Carriers, etc. All bought spot cash, thereby giving purchasers advantages of discount.

Open to buy all kinds of Soft Wood Lumber.

BERRY'S OLD STAND

MAIN STREET - - - LACHUTE

"Always to the Front."

With a nice assortment of Bananas, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Candies, Ganong's Chocolates and Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk (3 colours.)

Try our Cherry and Pine Apple Sundaes.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Flour and Feed always on hand.

Orders delivered anywhere in town by calling up Telephone No. 80.

ROBERT HAMILTON,

Baker & Confectioner, - LACHUTE

PREPARE FOR THE COLD WEATHER

Buy Stanfield's Underwear and you will have comfort and satisfaction.

The finest selection of Cloaks and Suits ever shown in Lachute, "Northway's Make," styles, fit and shape keeping is perfect.

200 pairs of Sample Boots and Shoes "Liutons' Make," on Sale this week, Men's, size 7, Ladies' 4, Boys' 5, Misses' 2, Child's 13, 10, 7, 5. Quite a lot of Skating Boots in this lot, these were bought at a bargain as Linton's are going out of business and will be sold cheap.

Many other bargains to offer. Come and see, you will get a pleasant surprise.

McFAUL BROS., - West End.

: Headquarters :

FOR

Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries
Spark Plugs
Cylinder Oil
Gasoline
Belting
Packing
Tungsten Lights
Saws and Axes
Ammunition
Roofing and Building Paper
Pumps
Pipe
Pipe Fittings
Stoves
Sinks
Enamel Ware
Fencing
Guns and Rifles
Paints and Glass
Horse Blankets and Halters.

T. McOuat & Son,

West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1914. — NO. 43

CENTRAL MARKET.

FISH IN SEASON, (Salted and Smoked).

OYSTERS, good solid meat.

I am also prepared tc fill orders for a good stock of Ontario Winter Apples.

All kinds of California Fruits in Season, comprising Malaga Grapes, Naval Oranges, Grape Fruits, etc.

Sole Agency for Neilson's Chocolates.

A large and good stock to choose from.

PHONE. No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

OBITUARY.

THE LATE JOSHUA McDONALD.

Miss Lucy McDonald arrived in town on Monday morning last, with the remains of her father, Joshua McDonald, who passed away at his home in Winnipeg on Wednesday, November 4th. Deceased was only sick from the Saturday before and succumbed to an attack of apoplexy, being 66 years old. Mr. McDonald left Lachute some three years ago with his daughter and established himself in Winnipeg, where he was doing well. The funeral was conducted by the Orangemen, to the Lachute cemetery where the Rev. Mr. Mount engaged in a short service.

THE LATE MICHAEL CLELAND.

It is with regret we have to announce that on Saturday, October 24th at Cowley, Alberta, death entered the Cleland home and took therefrom the husband and father. Mr. Cleland had been ill for some time, and although death was looked for, it struck a terrible blow when it took the head of the home. He had been a resident there for but three years, formerly of this Vicinity, and had gained many friends. He leaves a wife and large family of children to mourn his loss, many of whom were with him when the end came. They have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood. The funeral took place from the house to the Anglican Church on Monday afternoon Oct. 26th, thence to his last resting place, followed by a large concourse of people The Orangemen, of which deceased was a member, turned out in a body. The pall bearers were Messrs. Scott and Dowling, of Summerview; Young, Easterbrook, Iredale and Robinson, of Cowley. Several wreaths of flowers were placed on the casket.

One hundred overcoats to select from, at

W. BANFORD & SON.

LOST,—3 three year and a half old heifers, two red, and one black and white. Finder will please communicate with

MRS. MICHAEL GRIMES,
St. Columba.

11-13

NOTICE,—Would the party who took the plough from Mr. Jno. McGibbon's field, Dalesville, return the same without delay and save trouble, as parties are known.

Turkey Shooting Match.

A shooting match for Ducks and Turkeys will be held at William McOuat's, Hill Foot, Tuesday afternoon, November 17th, 1914, at 1 p.m. sharp. 11-13

Do you want any skins tanned or animals or birds stuffed? If so just drop me a line and I will execute your order at a very low price.

G. A. MALETTE,
Lachute Mills.

There are mens, youths, and boys overcoats, and every size to begin with.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Missionary Convention.

The Annual Convention of the W.F.M., Montreal North District, was held in the Methodist Church, Lachute, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, there being a large number of ladies and visitors in attendance.

The afternoon session opened at two o'clock, and after devotional exercises by Mrs. T. G. Williams, Mrs. Jeffrey of Fairmount, was appointed secretary and Mrs. Blatchford unanimously re-elected as organizer. The Roll Call was given and reports of Auxiliaries, Circles and Bands, in each case showing a decided increase in membership and interest in Missionary work. Several interesting papers were read and discussed upon in connection with the organization as follows:—Mrs. Alexander, "Our Best President"; Mrs P. Campbell, "Our Best Secretary"; Mrs. Harlow Giles, "Our Best Treasurer"; Mrs. B. B. Brown, "Our Best Canvasser"; Mrs. Bray, and Mrs. Hinchcliffe, "Our Best Member"; and Mrs. Smith, "Our Best Auxiliary" after which a solo was sung by (Rev) Mrs. Lackey which was greatly enjoyed bringing the business session to a close. During the interval between the two meetings a most pleasant and social time was spent, an excellent supper being provided by the Ladies of the Church and an opportunity to examine and purchase the beautiful Japanese embroideries, which were on exhibition. At the evening meeting the chair was occupied by Rev. J H. McConnell, who in a few well chosen remarks welcoming the visiting delagates. An interesting and instructive paper on "The benefits of Tithing was read by Mrs. B. B Brown, after which Mrs. T. G. Williams introduced the speaker of the evening Miss Hudson, lady teacher of the Crosby Memorial School, at Port Simpson, who gave a most graphic account of the good work done there among the Indian Girls. During the evening two excellent solos were rendered by Miss Carr and Mr. S. Graham. Mrs. Dr Nichol in rising to report for the courtesy committee was most profuse in her thanks to the entertaining ladies and to all who had helped to make the convention such a success.

One could not help but be impressed by the kindly genial spirit pervading the meetings and the Lachute ladies must have received added incentives by the influence of the meeting. The visiting delegates were:—

Douglas St,—Mrs. T. G. Williams and Mrs. (Dr.) Nichol.

St. James,—Mrs. B. B Brown.

Sherbrooke,—Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Peter Campbell.

Fairmount,—Mrs. R. Tarlton, Mrs. A. D. Jeffrey.

East End,—Mrs. Hinchcliffe.

Mount Royal Avenue —Mrs. Ward.

Shaw Memorial,—Mrs. Allan.

DeLorimier,—Mrs. Jay.

Are you Insured?

If not, why not! You owe it to yourselves and those who are near and dear to you. A policy in the London and Lancashire Life, Assurance Co., will mean a small outlay now and a big return by and bye. Think it over and then have a talk with R. A. GILES, Agent,
Watchman Office,
Lachute, Que.

LOCAL NEWS

The Misses Violet and Francis Joss were home for the week-end.

Miss Jennie Forbes spent the week end in town, also Miss Patterson.

(Rev.) Mrs. Cliff, of Mountain, Ont., with her baby and daughter Lorna, are spending a short visit in town.

Mr. Alex. Bradford has remodelled his workshop on Barron Avenue and converted it into a garage for general automobile repair work.

The Town Council met last Tuesday evening and passed the second reading of By-Law No. 77, relating to annual taxes and license fees in Lachute Town.

The Rev. J. A. McKenzie will give a paper on St Francis Assissi at the Epworth League in the Methodist Church Hall, on Monday evening next. Special musical numbers will also be given.

A Lecture, by the Rev. J. L. George, on the European situation, will be given in the Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday evening, December 8th. Proceeds in aid of the Organ Fund.

Rev. J. L. George has this week received from Mr Brown, of the Verdun Hospital for the Insane, a grateful acknowledgment of $31.67 collected at the Union Thanksgiving Service, Monday, Nov. 9th

The general depression of business is now being felt in town. For some time past the O. B. Lafleur Furniture Factory has been running on short hours from 8 to 5, and now the moulding room of T. McOuat & Sons has been temporarily shut down, although the machine shop is working.

Orange Ball.

The Annual Ball of L. O. L. No. 2231 was held in the Town Hall last Friday evening and a most enjoyable affair it proved to be. Music was furnished by a Montreal orchestra and about two hundred members of the Order and their friends participated in the function, which is gaining in popularity, because of the careful manner in which it is being handled by the officials.

A Good Catch.

That is what Game Warden Griffith and Inspector Innis, of Montreal, said on their return to the city last Monday with a quantity of Lake Louisa trout. They secured their booty from some of our local fishermen who were returning from an expedition where fishing nets were in great evidence. These were also retained as a souvenir, and it is hoped thst this warning will put a stop to the wanton capture of fish by such illegitimate means.

Good Templars.

The members ot Star of Hope Lodge met in their new quarters at McArthur's Hall last Thursday evening, and after the initiation of five new members, the following officers were installed for the ensuing term: J. S. Giles, P.C.T.; George V. Deacon, C. T.; Miss Earle, V. T; Miss Conlin, Chaplain; Miss Todd, F.S.; V. Riddle, Treasurer; R. Jones, Secretary; Miss Paul, Assistant Secretary; W. McArthur, Marshal; Miss Joss, Deputy Marshal; R. Robinson, Guard.

Spirited Colt Causes Death of Boy at St. Philippe.

A sad death occurred in the early hours of yesterday morning as the result of an accident, which occurred on Tuesday afternoon, at St. Philippe. Lucien Maissoneuve, the 13 year old son of Amedi Maissoneuve, was leading a colt through one of the fields of his father's farm, when the rope he was using became twisted round his arm, and the colt becoming spirited, dragged the unfortunate boy for a distance of two acres along the frozen ground, with the result that his arm was broken and the base of his skull fractured.

Every effort was made to save the young fellow's life, but of no avail, and he passed away at 4 p.m. yesterday.

New dress goods. New colours. Low prices.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. Geoffroy Bedard was in Montreal the early part of this week

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McKimmie spent spent Tdesday last in Montieal.

Mrs. L. C. Tarlton of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. R. McArthur this week.

Mr. Wm. McPaul of Ottawa, is spending this week in town visiting his many friends.

The Rev. Mr. Lackey was in Montreal on Monday of this week attending a Missionary Committee Meeting.

Sad Fatality in Dunany.

One of the saddest fatalities that have ever taken place in this County occurred on Monday last at Dunany, when the home of Mr. Robert Copeland was burned to the ground and with it his two dear little boys aged four and eight years. Just how the fire occurred Mr. Copeland is unable to say, but he feels quite sure it originated from the range. At the time of the fire Mr. and Mrs. Copeland were visiting Mr. Wm. Smith, (father of Mrs. Copeland) who lives immediately in rear of their home and had only been absent from the house some fifteen minutes (leaving the little ones asleep in bed) when the red glare drew their attention, and rushing out they were met by the appalling sight of seeing their home a mass of flames. Their only daughter Alfreda, aged 9 years, jumped from the doorway of the second storey, and the frantic father made several brave attempts to reach his other loved ones, but the flames drove him back, and in about twenty minutes the both homes were a mass of smoking debris.

Mr and Mrs. Copeland have been married eleven years, during which time six children have been born to them, out of whom they have only one left, and were still mourning the loss of their infant son whom they buried two weeks ago, and are now completely overcome by this fresh calamity. Much sympathy is felt for the parents who are so suddenly bereft of home and children.

Why Buy At Home?

Because our interests are here.

Because the community that is good enough for us to live in is good enough for us to buy in.

Because we believe in transacting business with our friends.

Because we want to see the goods we are buying.

Because we want to get what we buy when we pay for it.

Because some part of every dollar we spend at home stays at home and helps work for the welfare of our home town.

Because the home man we buy from stands back of the goods, thus always giving value received.

Because the man we buy from pays his share of the taxes.

Because the man we buy from helps to support our poor and needy, our schools, our churches, and our homes.

Because, when luck, misfortune or bereavement comes, the man we buy from is here with his kindly expressions of greeting, his words of cheer, and, if need be, his pocketbook.

Let us make Lachute a good place in which to work and live.

It's easy and certain if every one will contribute his share.

Grand Red Cross Rally

There will be a grand rally or public meeting held in the Victoria Hall on Thursday evening November 19th. commencing at 8 p.m. sharp, in the interest of the Red Cross Work in the Town of Lachute.

Addresses will be delivered by Lady Drummond, Hon. Justice Robidoux, Dr. Yates, Rev. Cure Beauchamp and A. R. McMaster K. C

These addresses will be given in both languages and it is fully expected that the whole population of the Town will be well represented regardless of language or creed. The Ladies of Lachute have been working together admirably and have already accomplished much. It is hoped that the interest of the public will be further stimulated by this meeting. Should the building prove too small arrangements are being made for an overflow meeting in one of the other halls.

BROWNSBURG

Several of our young people have joined the Choral Society of Lachute.

Mrs. Graves left yesterday morning to visit her son in Bermuda, and expects to be absent several months.

The Young People's Society are getting up a Grand Concert to be held in the Presbyterian Church on December 1st, in aid of the Belgium poor. Particulars later.

A number of the Quarry hands are returning to the Old Country for the winter, among those leaving this week being Mr. Robert McMurray, Mr. William Allan and Mr. Thomas Mills with his three children.

Mr. Johnson is the proud possessor, of a very fine bear skin, which he secured from Chas. Kennedy, of Edina, who had the good fortune to capture his prize in close proximity to Mr. Johnson's summer cottage at Lake Louisa

Goods have not advanced yet in price except in very few lines, but you had better buy early and be sure.

W. BANFORD & SON.

TO-DAY

We begin to push our

Men's Overcoats

We have laid in an extra large Stock of the newest styles and cloths. The colours are excellent.

There are also all sizes in
BOYS' OVERCOATS
MEN'S and BOYS' SUITS
in full Stock, all prices
Come early and get your size and choice of cloth.

W. Banford & Son,
Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

Large Stock of

FALL MILLINERY

The latest Styles in Velvet and Plush Hats, Fancy Mounts and Wings at prices that cannot be competed with.

Women's and Children's Apparel. Collars, Gloves, Underwear, Corsets. Fancy China. Cut Glass at odd prices.

H. E. Burwash, Rg'd.

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Telephone 83.

Moving Pictures on Saturdays only, Starting at 8.30 p.m.

A. E. Bishop *Plumber & Electrician*

Gasoline, Engine Oils, & Automobile Repairs.

Main St. Phone 83 **Lachute.**

When you Require Anything

In Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, Etc.,

You will find a large and reliable selection at our store. While we make a specialty of testing eyes, and selling the right kind of glasses, we have enough other things here to share the expense of doing business and make it possible to be more than reasonable in our charges.

The precise advantage of coming here for your glasses is that you know us and we know you. We are equipped with modern facilities for examining eyes and relieving eye strain. Every element of risk has been entirely eliminated. We do the best that can be done by each and every customer.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.
Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician
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CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

"Jason," said Mrs. Lancaster to her husband, one evening, "I want a serious talk with you."

"Couldn't it be postponed until I've had my after-dinner nap?" said Mr. Lancaster, who had just thatched his head with the twin brother of the yellow bandana handkerchief he had flourished so obnoxiously at the "coming out" party.

"No, my dear, it couldn't," Mrs. Lancaster made answer, patting the carpet impatiently with her foot. "Fenella and Leslie will be back by that time. They have only gone to the Water Color Exhibition with Mr. Dandlis, and it closes at nine precisely!"

"And is it something so confidential that Fenella and Leslie can't be admitted to the pow-wow?" asked the old gentleman, unwillingly uncovering his head again.

"Yes, Jason, it is; it's about Lucian Ferrier!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Lancaster, shrugging his shoulders. "Lucian Ferrier again? He comes here often enough now to suit you, I should think."

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Lancaster, "he comes here often enough; but it don't suit me!"

"What under the canopy do you mean, Emily?" demanded Mr. Lancaster, fairly roused into active interest at last.

"Ah!" said his wife, "I thought you would wake up after awhile. Yes, Mr. Ferrier, does come here often enough; but it isn't to see Fenella!"

"Hallo!" ejaculated the old shipping merchant. "It isn't to see you, I hope, my dear!"

"Don't be an idiot, Jason!" cried the lady, impatiently. "He comes to see Leslie!"

"Leslie!" bawled out Mr. Lancaster. "The deuce he does! I never thought of Leslie! And what does Fennie say to it all? Is it a case of the green-eyed monster, eh?"

"That's the worst of it," answered Mrs. Lancaster, despondingly. "Fenella don't care a fig about it, one way or the other. She has somehow managed to get infatuated with Lawrence Devereux, that long-haired young artist that she met at Mrs. Carrington's, and she has ordered an easel and a linen painting-blouse, and declares she's going to take lessons and become a second Rosa Bonheur!"

"Rosa Fiddlesticks!" cried out the irate father. "All that sort of nonsense must be put a stop to at once. Does she suppose I am going to have an idiotic young lackanape of a picture-painting young fellow in my family, when Fen can be my Lady Ferrier of Talcote Court one of these days? Look here, Mrs. Lancaster" (the old shipping merchant was always very much in earnest when he addressed the partner of his bosom as "Mrs. Lancaster"), "I'm a plain business man, and I don't understand this matter of love-making and courtship. You've undertaken to manage this, Mrs. Lancaster. And, by Jupiter! you seem to be making a pretty muddle of it!"

"But what can I do?" piteously appealed Mrs. Lancaster.

"Tell Leslie Ford she's flying at game that is preserved for her betters," roared the old gentleman, "or send her away somewhere. Does she suppose her pink-and-white face is to put all the plans and arrangements of my life-time out of joint?"

"Yes; but where am I to send her?" asked Mrs. Lancaster, whose long deliberations upon the subject had familiarized her with all its details. "And, poor child! she's only a stranger in a strange land here, after all. Perhaps I'd better have a serious talk with her. I'll send Fenella out on an errand to-morrow morning, and take the opportunity to discuss matters with Leslie Ford."

"Mind you don't mince matters," said the merchant, shaking his head.

"Oh, certainly not," said Mrs. Lancaster. "This infatuated fancy must be nipped in the bud."

"Girls are a nuisance," groaned the shipping merchant. "Emily, why couldn't that girl of yours have been a boy?"

"Perhaps it would have been worse if she had been a boy," said Mrs. Lancaster, half laughing in spite of her anxieties and annoyance.

And the next morning, carrying out her plans according to the programme, Mrs. Lancaster sent Fenella to upper Broadway, to match an unmatchable shade of green Berlin wool, and scarcely waiting for the plume de coque of that young lady's black velvet Derby hat to get out of sight, took her way down into the little green reception-room, where she knew that Leslie practised every morning for two hours.

As she came slowly down the stairs she could hear the quick, brilliant notes of the piano responding to Leslie's skilled fingers, and as her foot was on the threshold of the door that led from the drawing-room into this quiet resort, a sudden sound arrested her—Pinkney, showing a visitor through the hall entrance into the self-same apartment, and solemnly uttering the words:

"Mr. Ferrier—to see Miss Ford."

Mrs. Lancaster paused, uncertain whether to proceed or turn back. Lucian Ferrier had never before called so early in the morning—there must surely be some definite object in this departure from his ordinary rules. And, as she stood irresolute, Lucian's low, earnest voice fell on her ear.

"Miss Ford—Leslie—I am so glad to find you alone. I have so much to say to you."

"Fenella has gone out," said Leslie, hurriedly, with downcast eyes and crimsoned cheeks. "She will be back soon."

"My visit is not to Miss Lancaster—it is to you," said Lucian, half smiling. "Leslie, can you not guess what has brought me here to-day?"

"No," she answered, scarcely audible.

"It is to tell you how dearly and loyally I love you. It is to ask you to share my fortunes, for better for worse. Dear Leslie, you can not have been entirely ignorant of the magic spell your dark eyes were working in my heart!"

"I—I have sometimes fancied you liked me," answered Leslie, softly, and Mrs. Lancaster knew, in the very tones of the girl's voice, the great tide of happiness that was surging up in her heart.

"And may I venture to hope that you will return my love? Oh, Leslie, since I have known you, there has come a perfection and completeness to my life which never crowned it before. You are my guardian spirit, Leslie, the counterpart to my whole existence. Oh, my darling, my darling, what have I done to deserve so great a gift at the hands of Heaven?"

Mrs. Lancaster turned away, with a chill at her heart. It was unnecessary for her to play the eavesdropper any longer. Her worst anticipations were realized—her greatest dread transformed into an inexitable fact!

"What shall I do now?" Mrs. Lancaster asked herself, as she sat down in her room and gazed at the rubied masses of coals in the grate without perceiving one sparkle of their brightness.

But a woman's wit is not long at bay, and Mrs. Lancaster lost no time in studying her new part in life's drama. She rang the bell.

"Pinkney," said she, "is Miss Ford at leisure?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Has her visitor gone?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Ask her to step upstairs for a few minutes. Tell her I particularly wish to speak to her."

Pinkney departed on his mission, and presently Leslie Ford's light foot was heard on the massive black walnut stairs, obedient to her relative's summons. She came in, all rosy and smiling.

"Did you wish to speak with me, Aunt Emily?" said she.

"Yes, Leslie. Come in and sit down here," and Mrs. Lancaster drew a low satin-puffed chair close to her own.

Leslie sat down, secretly wondering what was coming next. But she never for an instant suspected that Mrs. Lancaster knew anything about the interview that had just transpired between herself and Lucian Ferrier.

"My dear," said the elder lady after a pause, "you are a motherless child. I am going to give you a little advice for your own good, just as I would give it to Fenella."

"Oh, Aunt Emily, I shall be so thankful!" Leslie answered, innocently.

Mrs. Lancaster's conecience pricked her a little, but she went on:

"You had a visitor this morning, Leslie at least, so the servants told me."

Leslie's face was suffused with sudden color; her heart began to flutter unevenly.

"Yes, Aunt Emily," she answered, seeing that Mrs. Lancaster evidently waited a response.

"Mr. Ferrier? Nay, my child, do not blush and shrink away; remember that we are talking confidentially now."

"It was Mr. Ferrier, Aunt Emily," confessed Leslie.

"My dear," said Aunt Emily, laying her plump hand on that of the girl, "let me speak a word of warning to you now, before it shall be too late. You know, of course, Mr. Ferrier's peculiar circumstances; you have frequently heard us speak of him?"

"I know that he is a book-keeper in Uncle Jason's counting-house," said Leslie, rather surprised.

"You know how poor he is, and how many helpless ones are dependent upon his labor for support."

"Yes, Aunt Emily."

"Leslie," said Mrs. Lancaster, speaking slowly and emphatically, "you can see how completely all his life-prospects would be ruined by an unwise yielding to boyish impulse at this period of his life. You can perceive how selfish it would be for any woman, who really has his interest at heart, to tie him down to perpetual poverty."

Leslie grew pale. She lifted her large, wistful eyes to Mrs. Lancaster's face.

"Aunt Emily, will you speak a little more plainly? I do not think I quite understand you," said she.

"I have fancied of late, Leslie, that you and he were getting interested in each other," said the elder lady, slowly.

"Your impressions were quite correct, Aunt Emily," returned the girl, with dignity.

"Leslie," went on Mrs. Lancaster, "Lucian Ferrier must marry rich, or he is ruined. A wealthy alliance would lift him at once into his proper sphere, and disperse all the petty anxieties and ceaseless worries about financial matters that make a man's life simply intolerable; a mere love match, so called, would precipitate him into the depths of poverty and want. Ever since he entered Mr. Lancaster's employment we have intended him for Fenella. And until within a very few weeks he has been quite devoted to the dear girl."

"But, Aunt Emily," interrupted Leslie, feeling that she was in honor bound to remain silent no longer, "I—that is, I am sure there must be some mistake. Lucian Ferrier has asked me to be his wife!"

"And you, Leslie—what did you answer him?"

"I said yes!" confessed Leslie.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Lancaster, slowly, shaking her head; "a young girl's fleeting fancy—a boy's vague preference! My love, consider well what you are about. By accepting Julian Ferrier you ruin his prospects irretrievably. Your uncle, who has fully settled it in his own mind that Lucian shall succeed to his business as soon as he his wedded to Fenella, will at once dismiss him, if he thwarts all his dearest plans. He will lose salary, friends, influence—all that can further his advancement in the world. And although, at Lucian's age, men are apt to fancy that Love is everything, they soon discover that Ambition is more yet. Leslie, ask yourself the question, frankly and impartially, what can Mr. Ferrier do, with a penniless wife hung like a millstone about his neck."

Leslie Ford was silent, but her cheeks burned like fire, and the unshed tears glittered in her eyes as her breast heaved up and down.

"Aunt Emily," said she, at length, in a quivering voice, "I never thought of this."

"Think of it, then, Leslie," said the wily matron, with difficulty concealing the triumph that filled her breast. "Consider well before you take any step that may prove irrevocable. Consider yourself, consider us—and more than all, consider, without reference to your own feelings, what is best for Lucian Ferrier."

"Does Fenella love him?" asked Leslie, in a low voice, with eyes still rooted on the floor.

"Fenella is a strange girl," said Mrs. Lancaster, evasively. "She hides her thoughts and emotions away, and confides her dearest and most secret emotions to no one."

"But you are her mother," broke out Leslie. "You must know."

"I do not know, Leslie. I can only conjecture. My child's heart is like a sensitive plant—it closes at the least approach. But she has been taught to look upon Lucian Ferrier as her future husband, and—hush!" with her finger on her lip; "there she comes. Remember, not a word of what we have been discussing."

And Leslie was glad to hurry away from the apartment by one door, as Fenella Lancaster burst in at an opposite portal, breezy and vehement as ever, crying out:

"Here's your bothering old skein of wool, mamma; and I had the very mischief of a time in matching it for you!"

CHAPTER XII.

"Where's Leslie?" demanded this victim of concealed love, whose heart was "like a sensitive plant." "What is she running away for? And what have you been scolding her about?"

Mrs. Lancaster drew herself slightly up. "I am not conscious that I have been scolding Leslie Ford about anything," said she.

"Yes, you have," contradicted Fenella. "I know the very twist of your mouth and wrinkle of your forehead when you've got your scolding cap on. Now, mind, mamma, I don't have it!"

"Fenella!"

"No, I won't. Leslie is a dear little thing, and she sha'n't be persecuted!" persisted the daughter of the house, walking up and down the floor with a masculine stride and swing of the arms.

"My darling," said Mrs. Lancaster, "I am the last person in the world to persecute any one, least of all Leslie Ford. I have only been having a quiet little confidential talk with her."

"You're sure you haven't scolded?"

"Yes, quite."

"Then I'll go upstairs and take off my things," said Fenella. "But mind, mamma, if you are having any secrets from me, it's no use. I shall find 'em out sooner or later."

And away she marched, whistling under her breath, while Mrs. Lancaster looked after her with despairing eyes.

"I never saw such a child in my life," said Mrs. Lancaster to herself. "And sometimes I think it's no use planning and scheming for her; she will have her own way, in spite of everybody and everything. But if Leslie can be induced to give up Lucian Ferrier—of her own accord—there is an immense advantage gained!"

Leslie Ford had gone slowly upstairs to her own room. It was a cloudy November morning, with a heavy laden atmosphere drooping like a pall over the city streets, and now and then a sweep of misty rain filling the air—bleak and dreary enough out-of-doors, but correspondingly cosy in the violet velvet apartment, with the fire crackling on the hearth, the easy-chair and reading-table drawn up by the rug, and a mose basket of Neapolitan violets placed beside her books, while the elegant satin-wood desk that Mr. Lancaster had given her, scarce a week ago, when he had presented Fenella with its exact counterpart, lay open on a second stand. And as Leslie's eye fell on the desk, a pang of conscience pricked her heart.

"They have been so good to me," she murmured. "They have given me home, shelter, kindness—all. And shall I deliberately set myself to work to thwart all their hopes and plans? And Lucian, too," with a momentary burst of hot, anguished tears, as she remembered the light in his eyes, the pressure of his hand; "shall I voluntarily mar the golden promise of his whole life? I love him—oh, I love him, goodness only knows how truly and tenderly, but the nobler part of love is sometimes self-abnegation. And I have no right to ruin him, as Aunt Emily truthfully says, simply because I love him!"

And all alone in the silence of her own room, Leslie met this great problem and conquered it. It was the sharpest trial of her life. She had shed more tears, perhaps, beside her father's grave, but that was a matter in which all responsibility was lifted from her shoulders by a Hand that was wiser and stronger than her own. God had bereaved her, and all that was left for her was to submit. But now, things were altogether different. She must decide for herself; she must weigh all the pros and cons, and deliberately put away, with her own shrinking hand, the cup that was so inexpressibly dear to her!

But love—real, heaven-born love—is unselfish, and Leslie Ford was a heroine in her way. The anguished hours of that solitary vigil were not purposeless.

"Aunt Emily," said she, when at last she came downstairs, looking as pale and haggard as if she had passed through a week's sickness, "may I send for Mr. Ferrier to come here to-morrow morning?"

Mrs. Lancaster looked a little startled. "What for, my love?" said she.

"To tell him to come no more. To give him back his troth."

Mrs. Lancaster looked with mingled sensations, half of remorse, half of admiration, at her cousin's daughter.

"You think you can bring yourself to tell him this, Leslie?" she asked.

"I think so, Aunt Emily."

"Very well. Send him a note or a pencilled card."

And Lucian Ferrier called the next morning, according to the message he had received.

Leslie Ford stood in the middle of the green satin room, as pale as a statue, with her long black robes falling around her in soft folds. As he eagerly advanced into the room, with both hands outstretched, she motioned him back.

"Stop, Mr. Ferrier," said she.

"Leslie?"

"Hear me out first. I—I wanted to see you to explain things. I misinterpreted my own heart yesterday. I spoke without due consideration. Will you act the part of achivalrous gentleman and give me back my troth?"

Lucian Ferrier looked at her as if a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet.

"Leslie," cried he, "what does this mean? What have I done?"

"Nothing—nothing," cried Leslie, her cheeks burning now, and a blur coming before her eyes. "I do not blame you—how can I? I only blame myself for not having known my own mind better!"

"Are you really in earnest, Leslie?" demanded Ferrier, as if he could not credit his own ears.

"Yes," she answered, with drooping head and foot nervously patting the green velvet pile of the carpet.

"But you have accorded me no reason for this sudden change of sentiment. Surely, surely," cried the young man, goaded nearly to desperation, "I have a right to demand your reasons!"

"I have none to give," Leslie answered, in a low voice.

"Is it, then, a mere matter of caprice?" And as he spoke, his tones plainly showed that he was seriously hurt.

"Call it so if you please."

"Leslie, my own darling, my promised wife," cried out Lucian, "tell me that this is all a jest! Give me a shred of hope to cling to! Would you send me away, shipwrecked, into the world?"

A shudder went through all the girl's slender frame, but she never raised her eyes or lifted the hand that hung nerveless at her side. Deeply wounded, Lucian stepped back.

"Leslie," said he, "the boon that you ask is granted. Your promise is returned to you. Henceforward we shall be but as the merest strangers to each other. But do not ask me to forget. There are some things a man can not promise without perjuring his soul, and that is one of them."

"I thank you," said Leslie, in a stifled voice; but she did not put out her hand in response to Ferrier's proffered palm. And the next moment she was alone.

(To be continued.)

The customer in the grocery store having ruined his clothes, was hopping mad. "Didn't you see that sign, 'Fresh Paint'?" asked the grocer. "Of course I did," snapped the customer, "but I've seen so many signs hung up here announcing something fresh that wasn't that I didn't believe it."

PRIME MINISTER ASQUITH.

Life Story One of Ability, Hard Work, Steadiness and Success.

The career of Herbert Henry Asquith, Prime Minister of Great Britain, who has become an outstanding world figure, has in each of its four epochs been marked by strength and success. Without the aid of wealth he won his way by scholarships to Oxford, where he proceeded from one academic triumph to another; he won his way



Premier Asquith.

into Parliament by his magnificent clearness in enunciating his political principles of liberalism; without influence he secured a commanding position at the English bar, and, having proved himself during the last six years the strongest statesman of modern times in England by his overthrow of the House of Lords and by the final placing of the Irish Home Rule bill on the statute books, he has now in foreign policy achieved a new fame.

When he was cartooned by the famous Spy in Vanity Fair in the great days of that journal, the only description underneath was the single word "Brains." His unusual endowment of abilities combined with great moral strength explains a career that is not by any means romantic, but which will leave a permanent mark on history.

Won by Hard Work.

His father died when he was a boy of ten, and, being only a small manufacturer, the means of the family were so limited that entrance at Oxford was only possible because he swept the board of prizes at the City of London school, and won not merely an open scholarship, but also a leaving exhibition. When he began at the bar he was unknown to the powerful solicitors upon whose favors the young barrister must depend, and he helped to maintain himself by contributing articles on economics to the Statist and other leading papers.

His rise at the bar was in no sense meteoric but he did achieve a great triumph by his brilliant and overwhelming cross-examination of Mr. MacDonald, manager of the London Times, in the historic case arising out of the Piggott forgeries. "You take him, Asquith; you will do it well enough," said Sir Charles Russell, who led for Parnell against the Times. He did it well enough, and Mr. MacDonald left the witness box so utterly discredited in journalistic circles that he had to resign his position.

Admired by Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone took to him from the beginning, and when he formed his last government in 1892 took the young barrister from the back benches to a seat on the Treasury bench and made him a member of the Cabinet as Home Secretary without any preliminary Ministerial training.

The Ministry which Asquith had resigned his practice at the bar to join was short-lived, and then Asquith did something that is splendidly illustrative of the simplicity and manliness of his character. He resumed his law practice. It was entirely without precedent for a Cabinet Minister to do this, and particularly one who had held the high office of Home Secretary, during which he was called upon to make decisions overriding the judges in cases where appeals were made for the exercise of the royal prerogative of mercy.

The matter was brought up in the House of Commons, and in a few straightforward sentences Asquith explained that his own private fortune was not sufficient provision for his family, and that in the circumstances he did not feel it to be derogatory either to his personal dignity or to the dignity of an ex-Secretary of State to resume his work. The fact that he had married but the year before one of the wealthiest heiresses in England made this statement the more revealing of his sternly upright character.

We All Make Mistakes.

"Doctor, a year ago you predicted that I wouldn't live three months. You see you were wrong."

"Oh, well better luck next time."

Pen Perfection

Waterman's Ideals write with unequalled ease and last a lifetime. Cleanly to use and safe to carry. Be sure you buy the genuine: with the Spoon Feed. Look for the word "Ideal" in globe. Regular, Safety and Self-Filling Types. $2.50 to $50.00.

At Your Nearest Dealers.

L. E. Waterman Company
Limited, Montreal

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE HAZARDS OF WARFARE

SUBMARINES SHOW DESTRUCTIVE POWER.

Can Travel Probably 500 Miles Without Coming to the Surface.

Sir Percy Scott's dictum that the submarine marked the passing of the big warship, while generally disbelieved by naval experts, served the purpose of calling general attention to the importance of this new weapon in naval warfare. A writer in the New York Sun remarks that September 6, 1914, will long be remembered as the day upon which the submarine first proved its effectiveness. It was on that day that the Pathfinder was struck by a torpedo launched from a German submarine and sent to the bottom. Not long afterward, however, this submarine was shattered by a British ship, and a British submarine scored by entering a German port and sinking the Hela. Three British cruisers since then have been sent to the bottom by a German submarine, though the British Admiralty intimates that the toll should have been only one, and that the Hogue and the Cressy were victims of their own human desire to be of service to the Aboukir, the first ship to be struck.

British Submarines.

There can be no doubt that the loss of these three ships, more or less obsolete though they were, was a great shock to the British people, although, as the Admiralty explained, it was one of the hazards of the sort of warfare that is being carried on. This, however, is to be borne in mind—Britain has more submarines than Germany, and her sailors know how to operate them just as well. British warships are not more at the mercy of German submarines than German warships are at the mercy of British submarines. So that, however, terrible this new sort of fighting ship may be, there is a good balance of terror on the side of Britain. The remarkable thing about the exploits of submarines, both British and German, as revealed in the North Sea fighting so far, is not the destructive quality of the torpedoes, but the range of the submarine. It has been calculated that the German submarine that torpedoed the Aboukir and the others must have travelled quite 250 miles before delivering the attack, and that the British submarine that entered Wilhelmshaven probably travelled an equal distance.

A Radius of 2,000 Miles.

It is known that some submarines have a cruising radius of 2,000 miles at reduced speed. Of course, going under water they have less speed, but it is not improbable that both the attacks referred to were made altogether under water, and that the submarines travelled probably 500 miles without coming to the surface. While they can send a torpedo a mile, it seems likely that the attacks so far delivered were made within a distance of a quarter of a mile. Since the periscope, which has been called the eye of the submarine, rises only a few feet above the water, it is plain that no great accuracy of aim could be secured at much more than a quarter of a mile, especially if the sea was at all heavy. We have the testimony of eye-witnesses that they were able to watch the approach of the torpedo without being able to do anything to escape it, and this can be understood, since the German torpedo delivered from a submarine has only a speed of 38 knots at the start. Its effectiveness is explained not by its speed, but by the bursting charge of 290 pounds carried in its war head.

New Deadly Explosive.

Another reason for the amazing deadliness of the modern torpedo lies in the fact that guncotton is no longer used, but an explosive known as trinitrotoluol. Not only does this explosive deal a far heavier blow than guncotton, but it is much safer to handle, and does not deteriorate through time and exposure. Since the average submarine carries only six or eight torpedoes, it is more than ever necessary that none should be wasted, and that, therefore, the submarine should approach as near as possible to her prey before striking. So far the only protection against the torpedo that has proved effective is the torpedo net, which is let down from the battleships, and against which the torpedo explodes. This defence, however, is intended only for vessels when they are at anchor. The modern Dreadnoughts have another device in internal armor which is designed to localize the effects of both mines and torpedoes.

How a Submarine Fights.

The modern submarine has two motive powers, oil and electricity. When it is possible to cruise on the surface oil is used, but when the submarine desires to keep out of sight electricity is substituted, since the oil leaves a trail of grease upon the waters that can easily be followed. Each submarine has an elaborate plant for the manufacture of oxygen, and in addition each member of the crew has an emergency breathing and safety appliance which is supposed to be used only in case of accident. Below the surface the submarine is steered by compass, the periscope being submerged. When it is calculated that the enemy is near the submarine can poke her periscope above the surface, aim her torpedo, and again sink out of sight.

Lookin' For Money.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, once told a story of a friend who was awakened in the middle of the night by a slight noise in his room. Opening his eyes he found a burglar carefully examining his pockets. His gasp of surprise attracted the burglar's attention. "If you make a noise I'll shoot you!" the intruder threatened. "All right," said the other; "but what are you doing?" "Lookin' for money!" snapped the burglar. "Oh, if that's it," was the cordial reply, "I'll get up and help you."

"I thought you said his word was as good as his bond?" "So I did, but I forgot to add that his bond is no good either."



A Good Lamp Burns Its Own Smoke

The Rayo Lamp mixes air and oil in just the right proportions, so that you get a clear, bright light without a trace of smell or smoke.

Rayo LAMPS

Rayo lamps are easy on the eyes—soft and steady—light up a whole room.

Made of solid brass, nickel plated—handsome, made to last. Easy to clean and rewick.

Dealers everywhere carry Rayo lamps—various styles and sizes.

ROYALITE OIL is best for all uses

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited
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Extra Granulated Sugar

is put up at the refinery in

10 Pound,
20 Pound,
50 Pound
and
100 Pound
Cloth Bags,
and in
2 Pound
and 5 Pound
Sealed Cartons

When you buy Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar in any of these original packages you are sure of getting the genuine Redpath, Canada's finest sugar, pure and clean as when it left the Refinery.

It's worth while to insist on the Original Packages.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, . . MONTREAL

BRIGHT, HEALTHY, ATTRACTIVE GIRLS

This Condition Can Only Be Maintained Through Rich, Red Blood

It makes all the difference in the world to a girl whether she develops into a bright, healthy, attractive woman or sinks into a sickly, unhappy, suffering semi-invalid.

The girl whose blood is poor and scanty—who is anaemic, as the doctor terms it—starts life under too great a handicap. She is weaker and more frail than her companions who have rich, red blood. She is more easily fatigued in body and mind, and work of any kind exhausts her. In time her health breaks down. She becomes pale, looks worn out, is languid, irritable and nervous. Her heart palpitates violently at the least exertion, and she falls behind other girls in looks, health and a capacity for enjoying life. Abundant rich, red blood is the only thing that can restore good health to the many thousands of such girls. This rich, red blood can only be obtained through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have given thousands of weak, white-faced, bloodless girls robust, vigorous health and high spirits. Here is a bit of proof. Miss Olive Gauvreau, St. Jerome, Que., says: "I have reason to be more than grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they restored me to health after more than one doctor and many medicines had failed. I suffered as so many girls do from anaemia. I was all run down, tortured with headaches, could not stand any exertion, and had no appetite, though of course I had to force myself to eat. I was in this condition for nearly two years, and although doctoring continually, seemed to be steadily growing worse, and I was very much discouraged and despondent. Finally a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I discontinued all other medicines and did so. In the course of a few weeks there was no room to doubt that I had at last found the right medicine. My appetite returned, the headaches began to come less frequently, and color was returning to my face. The continued use of the Pills for a little longer fully restored my health, and I have since been as healthy and active as anyone could wish. I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other weak and ailing girls."

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

FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Menace of Prussian Militarism Must Be Removed.

Germany's peace hints are taken with discount — Nebulous intimations, The London Mail calls them, put forward for the purpose of making it appear that the onus of continuing the war rests on the shoulders of the allies.

"It may, therefore, be useful to declare once for all," says The Mail, "that from the British standpoint this is to be a fight to a finish and that the only terms on which it can be concluded are those of Germany's absolute surrender. The menace of Prussian militarism must be removed for ever. We are forced to take this stand, not from any love of war, nor because we desire to prolong the losses and miseries of the present struggle, but because there is only one conclusion compatible with the existence of democratic liberties in Western Europe, only one means of preserving freedom and civilization from being cowed by force, and only one road to a lasting peace."

The Cockney "H" Again.

The tourist was taking the rest cure for a day in a London boarding house.

"I shall want no more meals," she said, when the maid brought up tea. "I shall be up for dinner. There's nothing more I want."

Then in the next breath she added, "Oh, yes, there is! I want that hot-water bottle; but that's not to eat."

The cockney maid stood silent for a moment, then said, geelfully, "Oh, yes, it is to 'eat! You want me to 'eat it for you."

THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day it is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic, and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If a minister's trousers bag at the knees no apology is necessary.

PHOTOING THE KAISER.

How Emperor William Poses for His Picture.

Herr Adolf Baumann has been court photographer to European royalties for a quarter of a century. His latest experience in photographing Emperor William is described in the New York Sun. While Herr Baumann and his assistants were waiting in the anteroom of the royal palace at Berlin, the Emperor entered, saying:

"Good morning, gentlemen!" His voice was resonant, commanding. His gaze devoured us. When he speaks, he looks directly and deeply into your eyes. You feel that he reads your mind.

"Where is the court photographer?" he said. I came forward. "Where shall I stand? Where is the light best?" he asked. It was as if he were giving a military order.

When he is photographed, he voluntarily assumes the poses desired. He alters his expression as he wills. He refuses to be photographed sitting. That position, he thinks, lacks dignity. He likes photographs that reveal him with a tense, commanding expression. Before the camera, his main thought seems to be of the effect his picture will have—first, upon the army, and then upon the people.

The Emperor assumed one position after another, turning this way and that. He had already thought out the poses he desired; he knew exactly what he wanted. He was very particular about the curl of his moustache; often between the exposures he would give the ends a stiff upward twirl with his fingers. It was like taking a moving picture. Plates passed between me and my assistants with sleight-of-hand dexterity.

"Enough!" he finally declared. In forty minutes I had taken thirty-five photographs, all in different positions. "I hope the photographs will be the kind I like," he said. "I will then give you an order."

When I received the proofs back, I found that he had personally made the most painstaking directions for retouching. He was particularly urgent that every vestige of creases be touched out of his clothes, especially the sleeves. Most of the photographs showed him serious, not to say grim. He ordered a number of enlargements for his regiments. Those selected for that purpose represented him in the most severe and commanding attitudes. Without question, the Kaiser is a profound psychologist.



King Albert of Belgium.

The latest photograph of the fighting king.

Chicago and North Western Ry. Entertained the Canadian Ticket Agents in Chicago.

As a farewell feature of the reception tendered to the members of the Canadian Ticket Agents' Association, and their wives, who attended their convention October 6, 7 and 8th, the CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN RY. entertained them at a luncheon in the Dining Room of their new Chicago Passenger Terminal October 8th.

The Dining Room was neatly decorated, and in deference to the nativity of the visitors sprays of maple leaves, (the emblem of Canada) adorned each table; and appropriate souvenir menu cards prepared especially for the occasion were distributed.

A personally escorted tour of the Passenger Terminal after the luncheon was made which the party enjoyed very much.

Army Automobiles.

Motor vehicles of all kinds play an indispensable part in the European conflict. Cannon, even of large calibre, are mounted upon heavily armored motor trucks, and moved from place to place with far greater speed than could possibly be obtained from horses. There are also trucks for carrying provisions, travelling kitchens, motor ambulances, water-tank trucks with apparatus for distilling water that carry the water to the men on the firing line, motor vehicles equipped with wireless telegraph and telephone stations, tractors with a winch and chain for hauling heavy guns into position. Upon the outbreak of war, army officers requisitioned taxicabs and motor carriages in every large city; with which to hurry the troops to their rendezvous, and from there to their places on the frontier. The generals and staff officers of all the leading armies use high-powered automobiles to travel from place to place. Many of these machines are travelling war offices.

Every Stiff Joint Limbered, Rheumatism Cured!

That Old Family Remedy "Nerviline" is Guaranteed for the Worst Cases.

CURES NEURALGIA, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO.

Rheumatism to-day is unnecessary. It is so well understood and so readily curable that every day we have reports of old chronics being freed of their tormenter.

"I can speak confidently of the Nerviline treatment, for the simple reason that it cured me," writes Albert B. Cornelius, from Kingston. "You can't imagine how stiff and lame and sore I was. Nights at a time I couldn't sleep well. I followed the Nerviline directions carefully—had it rubbed into the sore regions four or five times every day. Every rubbing helped to reduce the pain. The swelling went down. I got a fair measure of relief in a week. I also took two Ferrozone Tablets with my meals. They increased my appetite and spirits, purified my blood and toned up my system generally.

"I am well to-day as a man could be—in perfect good health. I give Nerviline all the credit."

A large family size bottle of Nerviline costs only 50c., or the trial size 25c., and is useful in a hundred ills in the family. Whether it's toothache, earache, headache, neuralgia, lame back or a cold, Nerviline will cure just as readily as it will cure rheumatism. For family use nothing equals Nerviline.

How He Knows.

A travelling sales agent visiting a large factory made a bet with the manager that he would pick out all the married men among the employes.

Accordingly he stationed himself at the door as they came back from dinner and mentioned all those whom he believed to be married, and in almost every case he was right.

"How do you do it?" asked the manager in amazement.

"Oh, it's quite simple," said the traveller, "quite simple. The married men all wipe their feet on the mat; the single men don't."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Strategy.

"I say, old chap, I'm in shocking luck. I want money badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. I thought perhaps you had an idea you could get it from me."

A Well-known Man.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.

Yours truly,
T. B. LAVERS,
St. John.

The Awe-inspiring Cook.

"My house is so well organized," said Mrs. de Graw, "that I don't go into my kitchen once a week."

"That's the pleasant way she puts it," her husband explained. "As a matter of fact, she's afraid of her cook."

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

A Mean Offer.

First Maid—That rich young feller that's courtin' Miss Ethel is awful stingy.

Second Ditto—What makes you think so?

First—Why, I heard him say to her: "A penny for your thoughts," and he a millionaire, mind you.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Quite Safe.

An American clergyman was once holding a service near an Indian village camp. His belongings were scattered about in one of the lodges, and when he was going out he asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while he went to the village to hold a service. "Yes," the chief answered, "quite safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!"



WATERY RASH ITCHED AND BURNED

On Arms. Would Tingle and Itch. In One Great Mass. Looked Scaly. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Rash Disappeared.

So. Buxton, Ont.—"My skin trouble started about seven years ago. My arms began to tingle and itch. A watery looking rash, very fine and close together, would break out every summer. It would itch and burn as the trouble progressed and it became worse when I scratched it. It looked ashy and scaly and in one great mass. My arms were so disfigured I could not wear short sleeves. I could not help scratching it all the time and when I had taken a bath it would itch and burn for about an hour. My flesh was sore from scratching.

"I used all kinds of soap and used sulphur baths but nothing would relieve me. At last I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper and I sent for a sample. The samples helped me so much I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and began bathing with the Soap and water as hot as I could bear it, then I would take a little of the Ointment and put on the skin. I did this every night and morning. I used only two cakes of Soap and one box of Ointment and in less than six weeks the rash had all disappeared and now my arms look natural again." (Signed) Mrs. Andrew Johnston, May 29, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold throughout the world. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A."

FRANZ JOSEPH'S HUMAN SIDE

Carried a Load of Wood for An Old Peasant Woman.

The humanity of the Austrian Emperor, that aged and much-harassed monarch, has often been revealed in his dealings with the peasantry. In his earlier days, says T. P.s Weekly, the Emperor had many adventures in the mountains, since, as he was undistinguished in his shooting kit by any mark of his rank, the Tyrolese peasants often failed to recognize him.

Once, when he was descending late in the evening from one of these expeditions, he met an old, wrinkled peasant woman, groaning and grumbling under the weight of a fagot. The Emperor addressed a cheery good evening to her. His overtures were not at all well received, for the old lady was in a very bad temper. "If I were a great strong man," she observed, "I should offer to help a body to carry her wood home, instead of passing her by as if she were of no account."

The Emperor took the delicate hint, shouldered the fagot, and carried it for nearly two miles to the nearest village, with the old woman grumbling at him behind. It was only when she saw the imperial foresters anxiously looking out for their lost master that she learned that she had shifted her burden to the heavily-weighted shoulders of the Emperor.

A SEPARATION GRANTED

Not by process of law, but by the silent working of "Putnam's" are corns separated from aching toes. Any corn or wart that "Putnam's" won't cure hasn't been discovered yet. Insist on Putnam's Corn Extractor only, 25c. at all dealers.

Some people drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl, and others jump into the sea of matrimony.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

CANADIAN TROOPS FOR THE FRONT

EVERY CANADIAN will wish to have a record of the part our "Boys" are playing in this greatest war of history.

"THE WAR PICTORIAL" has secured splendid photos, at great expense, of the embarkation of our troops from Quebec. This is just one of the features of our "Special Embarkation Number," just published.

EMBARKATION PICTURES SHOW

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS
ALBERTA HORSE
GORDON HIGHLANDERS
48th HIGHLANDERS
ARMY SERVICE CORPS
FIELD HOSPITAL
GRENADIER GUARDS
CANADIAN FIELD ARTILLERY
CANADIAN NURSES FOR THE FRONT

PICTURES FROM THE WAR ZONE

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE
BRITISH WOUNDED
GERMAN PRISONERS
RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

In addition to the fine illustrations, the Summary of the War gives a record of the outstanding happenings of each day in interesting story form.

The publication is issued in weekly parts, in handy size for binding. It is printed on fine enamelled paper, size 9 x 12, with attractive three-color cover. Price 15 cents, at all newsdealers.

Special Subscription Offer.—Send 50 cents (money order or coin) for four parts, or one dollar for eight parts, commencing with No. 1, and including Valcartier and "Special Embarkation Number." Postage paid anywhere in Canada or U.S.A. Send all orders to the publishers of

"THE WAR PICTORIAL"
DODD-SIMPSON PRESS LIMITED
1514 NOTRE DAME STREET WEST, MONTREAL, QUE.

CAIN.

There's many a man in flaring hell
For a single twist o' the knife;
There's many a rotting prison corpse
That keeps his cell for life;
But there's none will stand
By the man who planned
With a Pit-perverted skill
To mint the world with a German die—
At the price of a million-kill!

It isn't the Uhlan battle thirst,
It isn't the Belgian rage,
It isn't the English greed for land
That mires the reeking stage,
But the monstrous plan
Of a Single Man
With a world-engulfing will,
Who calls to the vultures out o' the north
To feast on a million-kill.

The Kaiser sits in an armoured train,
Far back from the battle-grip,
It's the Liepzig boy and the Paris boy
Who crouch where the bullets nip.
It's the Antwerp man
Who is ending his span
With a blood-choked prayer, if he will,
As he lies by the side of the Liverpool lad
In the Kaiser's million-kill.

The Kaiser's mother—rest her soul!—
She hides her face in heaven.
She prays that she were the Yorkshire maid,
Or the widowed wife in Devon.
They mourn their dead
With proud-held head,
Whose souls are in God's will,
She mourns for the thrice-damned soul of him
Who planned the million-kill!

—Betty D. Thornley in October Canada Monthly.

When a Woman Suffers With Chronic Backache

There is Trouble Ahead.

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion.

In the stores, factories, and on a farm are weak, ailing women dragged down with torturing backache and bearing down pains.

Such suffering isn't natural, but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kidneys.

The dizziness, insomnia, deranged menses and other symptoms of kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they require the assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which go direct to the seat of the trouble.

To give vitality and power to the kidneys, to lend aid to the bladder and liver, to free the blood of poisons, probably there is no remedy so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For all womanly irregularities their merit is well known.

Because of their mild, soothing, and healing effect, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe, and are recommended for girls and women of all ages. 25 cents per box at all dealers. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

IN DEFENCE OF FRANCE.

Deaf Mutes Say, "We Can Shoot Even If We Can't Hear."

With almost the entire remainder of the male population of France at war, men who are deaf and dumb are eager to contribute their part in the national defence. The Minister of War has received a letter from one of the officers of the mutes' organization, in which these persons plead for an opportunity to serve their country.

"As a matter of fact, our infirmity is more apparent than real," writes the petitioner. "The great majority of us are men of good constitutions, healthy, vigorous, and trained in athletics and gymnastics. Man of us are excellent shots, much more depending on the sight than on the hearing in this work.

"However, we believe that we can render the most practical service as cyclists, in carrying military orders; as bearers of ambulance stretchers, or in the auxiliary services, such as workers in offices or bakehouses; in the national arms and munition factories; in the national printing house, where some of us are employed already; or any place where the call to arms has caused many vacancies."

The Minister has taken the appeal under consideration, and expects to find work for some of the deaf and dumb patriots.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Brevity Appreciated.

The young lawyer has been very lengthy in his closing speech of his first real case, and noticing the judge give evidences of his weariness, he said: "Your Honor, I shall soon be through now, I trust I am not trespassing too far on the time and patience of the court."

"Young man," responded the judge with a yawn, "you long ago ceased to trespass on my time and patience. You are now encroaching on eternity."

A Short Sermon.

I herewith discourse on
The subject of sorrow;
The troubles that kill are
The troubles we borrow.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.



Highest grade beans kept whole and mealy by perfect baking, retaining their full strength. Flavored with delicious sauces. They have no equal.

FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL a Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 94 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

FOR SALE.

REGISTERED HAMPSHIRE SWINE prize winners. All ages. Both sexes. Fisher Bros., Benmiller, Ont.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS, UP-TO-MINUTE WAR BOOK and Combination Christmas Gifts are SURE MONEY-MAKERS. Handsome Samples Free; Best Terms. ORDER NOW! Postage twenty-five cents. Nichols Company Limited, Publishers, Toronto

Your Last Chance!

Canada's Troops off to the war. Just before embarking 21 magnificent copyright views were taken, including two large panoramic cards and handsome Souvenir booklet. Yours for 35c. post-paid. Trade supplied. Agents wanted.

T. H. DAVIES
525 St. Paul St. - Montreal.

—CONSUMPTION— AND BRONCHITIS

Mrs. W. J. Martyn, 46 Garden Ave., Toronto, is another sufferer who has been relieved by Copeland's Cure for Consumption and Bronchitis.

It will be interesting for any having even traces of these dread diseases to read what Mrs. Martyn says:

"After taking several bottles of your Consumption Cure, I am now fully recovered and in four months have gained in weight 17 lbs. I cannot speak to highly of it, and will be pleased to recommend it to any one enquiring as to its benefits."

Copeland's Cure for Consumption will benefit even the worst cases. Try a bottle to-day.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS,

or a trial bottle will be sent prepaid on receipt of the regular price, $1.00.

COPELAND MEDICINE COMPANY, Limited
811 PAPE AVE., - TORONTO.
Registered under Proprietory and Patent Medicine Act No. 1211.



WHAT IS *YOUR* MIRROR'S STORY?

YOU can't have a beautiful complexion for the asking.

Vaseline
Trademark
COLD CREAM

used regularly will remove blemishes, and make the skin smooth, clear, and sound.

Vaseline Cold Cream contains no animal or vegetable fats. It is sterilized in the making and delicately perfumed.

A full size jar of **Vaseline Cold Cream** will be sent to you direct on receipt of the price—15c.

Drug and department stores everywhere sell the various "Vaseline" preparations.

Write for free, illustrated "Vaseline" booklet telling all about them.



CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(Consolidated)
1880 CHABOT AVE. MONTREAL

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 13, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to subscribers in Canada for $1.00 in advance or $1.50 at the end of the year and the United States $1.50 in advance.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free to subscribers.

Locals, constituting 4 lines or less 25 cents per each insertion

All transient advertising matter charged at 10c. per line nonpareil measurement.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE. . QUE.

SANE PATRIOTISM: WHAT IT MEANS.

THE WAR WILL BRING FORTH A BETTER LOVE OF EMPIRE.

R. B. Bennett, Calgary's brilliant representative in the House of Commons, in an address to his constituents on "Patriotism." struck an imperial note that reflects the sentiments of the Canadian people toward the Empire.

"Without freedom there can be no patriotism," said Mr. Bennett, in pointing out the reason for determined resistence of the Belgians to the great German war machine. "The Belgians valued their freedom too highly to permit the violation of their country, and fought every inch of the ground in order that they might retain their self-respect."

"Did you ever stop to think that the present war is being carried on principally by a nation which has violated its solemn word in regard to the neutrality of Belgium?" We, as a nation, were also parties to that agreement, and to the last dollar and to the last man we will fight where our word and honour are pledged.

"Our greatest duty is to think imperially If we have in our conceptions a great British empire it will inspire us to a true and lofty patriotism. From what does patriotism come? First, it comes from the land of one's birth.

"This is the patriotism of Germany, and I honour the Germans for it. They were consolidated into a great empire by Bismarck, and they are now fired with a patriotism which demands your respect and mine. It comes because they were born in Germany, but it is a narrow patriotism compared to imperial patriotism. Imperial patriotism comes from the reason, as well as the love of country. It inspires those who have come to Canada to make their homes, since all who come under the British flag realize what British institutions stand for. I have no sympathy for the man who becomes naturalized to this country and then preaches sedition.

"I will tell you why I believe in this Empire of ours. An illustration will serve my purpos to show you the reason. Three per cent. of the population of Scotland have volunteers nnmber amongst them the sons of dukes cotter's sons, fishermen, sheep herders, and, in fact, all classes. But yesterday the Irish Guards marched to the front, and a day or so ago they faced the enemy in the trenches at Mons. They rushed upon the Germans, and only 200 came back to tell the tale. The Lancashire, Birmingham and Welsh regiments have also stepped nobly to the front.

"Transports carrying 70,000 turbanned Indian princes and their subjects have sailed from India. Men of all colors and nationalities have responded to the call, and only recently Plymouth harbour was all resplendent when 30,000 Canadians landed. From Africa comes General Botha a man who only a few years ago was fighting for the Dutch republic.

"That's the answer to the question Every man who calls himself a Britisher should give all he has it he is called upon to do so. Perhaps next month, or next year, all these different peoples from all parts of the globe will be gathered together in one great army. They will be the living proofs of a patriotism that is much more than material, for it represents freedom and all the principles that human men hononr and will fight for. Truly, the greatest democracy the world has ever known is the British Empire.

"Those of us who remain at home can still be patriots by seeing to it that the women and children left behind do not sufier while their breadwinners are at the front fighting and risking their lives for our freedom and the principles which we all admire and endorse.

"Contrased without patriotism that of Germany lives on material things. There might is right, and the patriotism must necessarily be one of country alone. We who are heirs to our splendid patriotism must do our duty. We must teach all, that patriotism starts in the cradle and ends in the grave. Let us only do our duty, and from this war will come a greater British Empire and a greater and purer patriotism."

Academy Exams.

GRADE III ACADEMY.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Class I.—Miriam Burk 65, Inez Giles 64, Howard Nicoll, Wesley McAllister 60.

Class III.—Nora Somerville 57, Mary Hope, Doris McIntyre 54, Jean McGibbon 53, Lila Giles 52, Jessie Black, Kenneth Sawyer 51.

GRADE II ACADEMY.

GREEK HISTORY.

Honours.—Ervin Center, Estelle Inglis, Marjorie Mount 94, John Hope 91 Annie Drennan, Wilma Joss 90.

Class I.—Bessie Hammond 89, Irene Scott 88, Kathleen Bradley 82, Allison Rodger 81, Carswell McClure 78 Constance Banford 77.

Class II.—George Clark 74, Stuart Van Dyke 68, George Calder 60.

Class III.—Ruby McOuat 58.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

ARITHMETIC.

Honours.—Verda Kettyle 90.

Class I.—George Bain 75.

Class II.—Isabella Bennett, Doris Campbell 71, Nora Rodgers 68. Alma Gordon 62, Enid McCullough 60.

Class III.—George Hammond, Amy Bates 57, Edwin Johnson, Kenneth McConnell 56, Percy Gordon 55, Osborne Lackey 54, Jean Higginson 51, Leona Garretsee 50.

GRADE III MODEL.

SCRIPTURE.

Honours.—Edna Conlin 93

Class I.—Violet Rogers 88, Annie Silverson 83, Isabel Wason 82.

Class II.—Jessie Berry 73, Maude Painter 67, Clarence Rodgers 66. Stuart Hay 65, Violet Grey, James cCullough 61, Ethel Boyd, Katie Jones 60.

Class III.—Willie Cruise 59, Donald Beers 58, Mina Dixon, George McCormick 55, Ruby Miller Hazel O'Brien 50.

GRADE II MODEL

ARITHMETIC.

Honours.—Grace Mount 93, Lyall Middleton 92, Jessie Paul 91, Dora Barley, Ernest Calder, Doris Hammond 90.

Class I.—Percy Carpenter 88, Kenneth Hay 87, Mamie Graham, James Smith, Inez Sutton 82, James McGibbon 76.

Class II.—Jean Campbell 70, Alfred Hunter, Stanley McNaughton 68, Elsie Lackey 64, Ernest Baldwin 60.

Class III.—Samuel Graham 57, James Calder 54.

GRADE I MODEL.

GEOGRAPHY.

Honours.—May Boyd 94, Catherine Burwash 95, Helena Dobbie 93, Genevieve Murphy 92, Ruby Rodgers 91, Ross Muir 90.

Class I.—Kenneth McOuat 89, Keith Christie 88, Emma Smith 87, Olive Boyd, Anna Scott 86, Mary Boa 85, Raymond Boyd 83, Ella Giles Angus Kinmond Laura McPhail 82, Bruce Bradford 80, Wilhelmina Shaw 76.

Class II.—Edna Bampton, George McCoy 68, Oscar Duffy, John Paul 61.

Class III.—Eddie Barker 52.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.

ARITHMETIC.

Honours.—Ryckman Alexander 100 Arthur Lackey 98, Lindsay Demerse 97, Henry Murphy 91.

Class I.—Ivan Carpenter, Margaret Jones 85, Gerald Hammond 83. Myrtle Mitchell 80, Margaret McOuat 76.

Class II.—Roy Chambers, Ian Hay 74, James McKimmie 72, Evelyn Hamilton 71, Douglas Patterson 68.

Class III.—Jessie Hay 59.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.

ENGLISH.

Honours.—Lilian Hamilton 96, Nellie Cowan 95, Irene Byron 93, Muriel Burk 92, Florentine Cyr. James Hay 90.

Class I.—Clifford McPaul 86, Kenneth Campbell 85, Lillie Bradford Ralph Goldsworthy 83, Myrtle Barker Jessie McFarlane 79, Arthur Cruise 77.

Class II.—Annie Fraser, Elmer Ryan 72, Beatrice Cunningham, Arnold Scott 69, Herbert Darlington 64, Harry Bull 63

Class III.—Albert Darlington. Mina Paul 58, Gordon Cruise 55, Hilda Sutton 50.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.

SCRIPTURE.

Honours.—Ida Bampton 92

Class I.—Ivan Bennett, Ruth Byron 85, Cecil Staniforth 82, Harold Window 76

Class II.—Gordon G. Cruise, Lilly Paul 74, Evelyn Creswell 73, Earl Gunn 72, Kenneth Elliott 71, Howard Morrison 67, Alice Burk 66, Lawrence Cruise 61 George Gunn 60.

Class III.—George McGibbon 58, Annie Combie 50.

EDINA

Our farmers are busily engaged in fixing up for the winter, some are engaged in fall ploughing; others in repairing barns and getting things into shape before the blast of the winter's breeze

Mr. Joseph Moncrieff is elated at the success of his Social at Dalesville Orange Lodge last week. Though the figures have not yet come to hand as to the proceeds the happiness that prevailed through the whole occasion is sufficient proof that the event was most successful; combined with the big crowd that attended.

We are pleased to notice that Chief Detective Carpenter is back again to Montreal in a Government position. It is hard to keep a good man down; and though Montreal's graft was the means of once removing a good man we hope the time will speedily come when that same man will be largely instrumental in removing Montreal's graft.

The beauty about Edina is that we never see a doctor up there. Away upin the mountains perhaps it may be, but people there enjoy perfect health. The water is splendid, anyone who has lived in Montreal can appreciate it. One of these days people will wake up to the fact that there is good cheap land that can be purchased for a mere song. Now is the time for holders of property to hang on to their possessions in Edina for the time is coming and not far distant when prices will be increased six fold.

GRENVILLE

Last Sunday the Town of Grenville was *en fete* on the occasion of the Annual Orange Parade which took place. Eye witnesses claimed that never a more brilliant procession has taken place in Grenville's history, which speaks volumes for the progress that this Order has made in recent years in this part of the country. The Chaplain, Mr. Wm. Skeicher, was leader in the procession and he carried the volume of Holy Writ. In next Order we noticed the Lady representatives of the Avoca Lodge led by Miss Laura Trinear and Miss Abigail Stewart.

The Royal Scarlet Chapter was represented by James Stewart, Esq., and Henry Trinear, Esq., whilst Mr. Thomas Loughrin and Mr. Robert Trinear represented the members of Lodge No. 58 at Grenville Mr. William McGilvray, our worthy friend from Rawcliffe, carried the "No Surrender" flag in a most acceptable manner. The flag was followed by a large number of Orangemen.

The members had first met at their Grenville Lodge Room and in a body marched down King Street to the English Church, where the Rev. Mr Ellis, who bears the proud name of an Orangeman, gave them a most hearty welcome.

A splendid discourse was preached on this most auspicious occasion and the impression left on the minds of all present will be felt for many a long day. The Pastor was ably assisted by Mr. Ernest Dawson, of Chapleau.

The ranks of the Orangemen swelled on their return journey and they passed by way of Main and King streets, back to the Lodge Room. The Parade and the Service did much to fasten in the hearts of many onlookers a desire to belong to this wonderful Order.

At the Lodge Room the members were welcomed by Mrs. Henry Trinear, who had prepared a delightful meal for the now hungry men. The dinner was much enjoyed. At the dinner we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and they were heartily welcomed.

A vote of thanks was given to the ladies who had done so much to prepare the refreshments and many a word of appreciation was given in doing so much to ensure the success of the whole affair.

FOR SALE—Good farm of 163 acres, situated in the Township of Chatham, all under cultivation except 20 acres. Well watered, fenced and ditched, with good frame house and outbuildings, convenient to churches, schools and railroad stations, etc. For further particulars apply to Mrs. John Somerville, Ste Philippe d'Argenteuil, P.Q.

Ladies Jackets are running out well we have about 70 in hand still. Every size.

W. BANFORD & SON.

C. N. R. to Ottawa.

The Canadian Northern Railway are now operating through passenger service, from St. Jerome to Ottawa running into Central Station, Ottawa. This train leaves Lachute Westbound at 8 a.m. arriving in Ottawa at 11 a.m. leaves Ottawa at 6 p.m. and arriving at Lachute 8 52 p.m. for St. Jerome, This office will be closed at 6.45 p.m. and not open for 8.52 p.m. train.

M. ROBY Agent.

DALESVILLE

Mrs H. Morrow has been visiting in Mabel.

Mrs. Aiken spent part of last week in Brownsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tomalty were in Pine Hill this week.

Miss Jessie MacArthur visited friends in Montreal last week.

Miss Alma Dixon of Rawcliffe and and Miss Duffy of Edina, were guests of Mrs. J. S. Dixon over Sunday.

Mrs. C. Hall accompanied by Miss Edith and Master Charlie left this week to visit friends in Hamilton, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Turney who have been visiting friends here for the past two months returned to Port Arthur this week.

Dalesville Baptist Church will commence Special Services on Sunday morning Nov. 15th. Rev. E. F. handler, B.A., of Ormond, Ont., will assist Pastor W. G. White for a week. Mr. Chandler will preach morning and evening, Sunday 15th. Monday evening at 7.30 the choir will present the gospel in song, conducting the whole service. The public are cordially invited.

STAYNERVILLE.

Mr. Bethel Steele was in Montreal on Monday.

Mrs. A. Steele spent a few days in Cushing last week.

Miss M. McKenzie was the guest of Mrs. D. McKenzie on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Wm. Nichols and Miss Muriel and Ruby were the welcome guests of Mrs Devine on Sunday.

Mr George Cresswell has returned to Louisa after spending a few weeks with Mr. P. A. McKenzie.

The people are all pleased to have Mr Kempffer back in the station of Staynerville after spending his two weeks' holidays in fishing, hunting and visiting.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of Richard Hooper on the farm of

JOHN McMEEKIN, Drover
Stonefield Heights,
Friday, November 20th, 1914

The following effects: One work horse, one brood mare, two and a half year old colt, eight milch cows, four 1½ year old heifers, six calves, five pigs of 6 months and year old, quantity of buckwheat, one mow of hay and one of straw, which can be seen at the farm of Mrs. Keir, at Chatboro, one mowing machine, one horse rake, two walking plows, one gang plow, one smoothing harrow, one farmer's boiler, one tumbril cart, one lumber waggon, one milk waggon, one set of cart harness, one set of double harness, 1 thrashing mill, chains, household furniture and other articles unmentioned.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock sharp.

TERMS: $5 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

R. TODD, Auctioneer.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

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

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

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent, also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CHICAGO EXPRESS
TORONTO—DETROIT—CHICAGO
The Canadian No. 21.
Lv. Montreal 2.05 a.m. 10.00 p.m.
Ar. Chicago 7.45 a.m. 9.05 p.m.
Lake - Ontario Short Line
TORONTO
via Belleville, Trenton, Brighton, Colborne, Port Hope, Newcastle, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby.—Leave Windsor Sation 8.45 a.m.

For tickets and full particulars apply to
J. S. GILES, Agent.

Desjardins' Footwear.
The Best in Town

Special atttention is given to persons hard to fit and who suffer with bonions or corns.

Our long experience is to your advantage.

Opposite Post-Office

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA
Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized: - - -	$2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus: - -	$1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.
Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.

All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

J. D. CAMPBELL
Main Street. Lachute.

... UNDERWEAR ...

For Men—Penman's Underwear for Fall and Winter. Turnbull's fine goods, (Ceetee Brand), heavy ribbed, from $1.50 to $2.00.

For Youths—Penman's, from sizes 24 to 32 and heavy ribbed.

For Women—Combinations from $1.00 to $2.25, Union and All wool, from 35 cents to $1 25.

For Children—Turnbull's from size 1 to 7.

Hose—Heavy and Fine Wool Ribbed and Plain Cashmere, etc.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, etc.—Very good assortment in fine goods and heavy for Men, Women, Youths and Children, of the best makes.

Choice Groceries—Creamery and dairy butter, lard, cheese, etc.

GILES BROS.
Main St. - - Lachute

STYLISH and NOBBY!

That is the kind of Suits we turn out, together with the added distinction of

QUALITY.

Suits pressed and cleaned. Try us and we will give you satisfaction.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute



DIXIE NoTUFT
TEN COMPARTMENT MATTRESS

The housewife who wants handsome, even-edged, well-draped beds uses the Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress. Tufted mattresses "spread" and "widen." The Dixie NoTUFT is guaranteed again *both*.

It's easy to keep clean because its smooth surface offers no lodging place for dust, dirt, and germs. It's 100% comfortable because it has no tufts to detract from its resiliency. The Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress is so constructed that we are able to *permanently* distribute filling heavier at points where wear is greatest. It is so distinctly different from the tufted mattress you *now* use that you can't afford *not* to come in and see it.

J. A. BEDARD & SON.

Professional & Commercial.

DR JOHN McO. DREW, B.A.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
LACHUTE, QUE.
Day Phone. No. 20.
Night Phone. No. 6.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his office every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

DR. HENRI DORVAL
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST
Specialist on Spectacles & Glasses
451 ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL
From Paris, Vienna and Berlin Hospitals.
Will be in Lachute, at Rodrique's Hotel, the 4th Sunday of each month, from 5 to 8. 4 10

R. JOLY, UNDERTAKER,
First-class hearse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
Agent for Marble and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.

ROBERT TODD,
AUCTIONEER.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in both French and English.
Geneva Post office
Phone No. 91 Ring 2.

SEASONABLE SPECIALS.

MEN'S and LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Then you must remember that our Grocery Department is always well stocked with the choicest of provisions at POPULAR PRICES.

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET, - - - LACHUTE.

TRAVEL! TRAVEL!

ANYHOW -- WHEN -- WHERE

By Rail or Steamship, on the following lines.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY and STEAMSHIP.
CANADIAN NORTHERN
ALLAN LINE
WHITE STAR DOMINION
DONALDSON

For particulars apply to

J. S. GILES,
General Agent,
Phone 27. *FOUNDRY STREET, Lachute, Que.*

THINGS THAT COUNT FOR TEMPERANCE.

KEEP ON CUTTING IT DOWN.

For the following year the Kentucky distillers have agreed to cut down their production of whisky 20,000,000 gallons because of the over-production of recent years. And by 1916 they may find it necessary to do still more cutting down.

***

UNDOING YOUR RECOMMENDATIONS.

The head of one of the leading corporations of Minnesota says that when a man comes to him for a position, if there is the smell of liquor about him, he is invariably turned down. That telltale odor is more than a match for all the recommendations he can bring.

***

IN GOOD COMPANY.

The action of Secretary Daniels in forbidding the naval officers to supply themselves with liquor for use on the Government ships, is the culmination of a series of steps in the right direction. Up to 1861 liquor had been served to the men enlisted in the navy, but at that time, Congress passed a law abolishing that custom, and the enlisted men furnished their own liquor. But John D. Long, former Governor of Massachusetts, and Secretary of the Navy under McKinley in 1899, issued an order revoking the dangerous "privilege." Mr Long realized that this order should logically be extended to the officers, as his successor has done. Secretary Daniels is in good company.

***

ENFORCED IN ONE HUNDRED COUNTIES

William Allen White, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, says that the prohibitory law is enforced in one hundred out of the one hundred and five counties of the State of Kansas as rigidly as any law on the statute books. "In these counties," said Mr. White impressively, "there are sporadic convulsions of the rum fiend that seem to indicate vitality, but it is mere alcoholic reaction in dead muscles." In two counties Mr. White says there are violations of the law in small mining towns, but in the larger towns, even in these counties, the law is enforced.

***

LIFE INSURANCE AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The manager of a large life insurance company refused to grant the application of a saloon keeper for life insurance, and in a letter to his agent explaining his reasons, he put it this way; "Life insurance companies are engaged—all of them—in encouraging thrift, protecting homes, and in serving the welfare of the individual, the community and the state. Saloon keepers—all of them—are engaged in discouraged thrift, destroying the homes, and injuring the individual, the community and the state. There is nothing in common between us, and we do not even care for business relations with them."

BIRTHS.

WALKER,—At Lachute on Tuesday, November 10th, 1914, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Walker

DEATHS.

MILLER,—On November 8th, 1914, At the Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah, of Pernicious Anemia, David Miller, Merchant, of Dubois Idaho, in his 58th year, formerly of Lachute, P. Que.

CLELAND,—At Cowley, on Saturday, October 24th, 1914, Michael Cleland, son of the late Samuel Cleland formerly of Lachute, aged 63 years and 8 months.

THE NATION'S WELFARE BY ELBERT HUBBARD

"The Philistine" Comments on National Welfare—How Manufactures Help in This Matter

In a recent number of "The Philistine," of which Elbert Hubbard, the East Aurora philosopher, is editor, has this to say on how the nation's wealth is increased by manufactures.

The country that sells raw materials will always be poor, just as the farmer who sells corn, and not hogs, will never lift the mortgage.

If you have a forest, and can work it up into tables, chairs, bookcases and violins you will make a deal more money than if you sell firewood.

The United States has one-sixteenth the population of the world. But we have one-third the wealth of the world.

The North American Indians had the raw stock, but they did not know how to use it. Our wealth comes from the ability to combine coal and iron-ore; lumber and steel bolts; leather and shoestrings; paint and glue; rubber and steel.

So we have supplied the world automobiles, shoes, farm implements, locomotives, engines, brass castings, machinery and manufactured commodities in a million forms.

And to-day there is being brought into America in payment for goods manufactured in the United States, five thousand, five hundred dollars every minute for ten hours, three hundred days in the year.—"The Philistine."

TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Paralyzed Bowels and Digestion

ST. BONIFACE DE SHAWINIGAN, QUE. Feb. 3rd, 1914.

"It is a pleasure to me to inform you that after suffering from Chronic Constipation for 2½ years, I have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives". While I was a student at Berthier College, I became so ill I was forced to leave the the college. Severe pains across the intestines continually tortured me and it came to a point when I could not stoop down at all, and my Digestion became paralyzed. Some one advised me to take "Fruit-a-tives" and at once I felt a great improvement. After I had taken four or five boxes, I realized that I was completely cured and what made me glad, also, was that they were acting gently, causing no pain whatever to the bowels. All those who suffer with Chronic Constipation should follow my example and take "Fruit-a-tives" for they are the medicine that cures".

MAGLOIRE PAQUIN

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

DR. R. CHARLEBOIS, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
397 Victoria Avenue,
cor Sherbrooke St.
Montreal, P. Q. Westmount,
Tel Westmount 4849.

WHEN IN DISTRESS

The naval class was under signal instruction. The room was very close, and, as a result, to some of the boys in blue, the instructor's voice seemed very, very far away indeed.

"A ship in distress," he was saying, through the room spaces, "has several methods of which she can make known her condition to other vessels or shore stations. Name one, Binks!"

"The international code-signal 'N C,' replied Binks, waking up just in time.

"Right," said the instructor, "Jenks, name another."

Jenks started out of a dream.

"Eh?" he ejaculated

"What would you do if you were in distress?" repeated the signal instructor.

"Why," drowsily mumbled Jenks, "pawn me watch of course."



"Hezekiah's saving his chewing tobacco tags to git him an auto."

"Sho. Chewing fer a choo-choo wagon, eh?"

Always Keep Them In The House

That's what Mr. H. J. Eastwood, of Carleton Place, Ont., says about Gin Pills.

"I have taken Gin Pills and find them good for pain in the Joints, Swollen Hands and Ankles, and all symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Trouble. We always keep them in the house.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

If you are feeling badly, perhaps it is your Kidneys or Bladder that is causing the trouble. If there is pain over the Bladder—if the urine is hot and scalding—too free or scanty—if the urine shows brick dust deposits or mucus—if there is constant pain in the back—restless sleep and loss of appetite—then you certainly need Gin Pills. Get them to-day and feel better to-morrow.

Gin Pills are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50. Free trial treatment if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

29



GEOFFROY BEDARD

What I want is Customers who know and can appreciate a good job. And what you want is a tailor who will give you good Suits at reasonable Prices. I am the tailor you are looking for.

In spite of the heavy increase in all lines of goods, I have not raised my prices, for I had all my goods bought before the raise and I am giving my customers the benefit of the low prices in all Suits, Pants, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Furnishings of all Sorts.

Geoffroy Bedard

THE TAILOR,

Main Street, - Lachute.



Stoves! Stoves!

Happy Thought Ranges.

McClary Furnaces.

These are some of the lines we handle and will guarantee your comfort if you buy them from

G. Y. Deacon, - West End, Lachute.

Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874

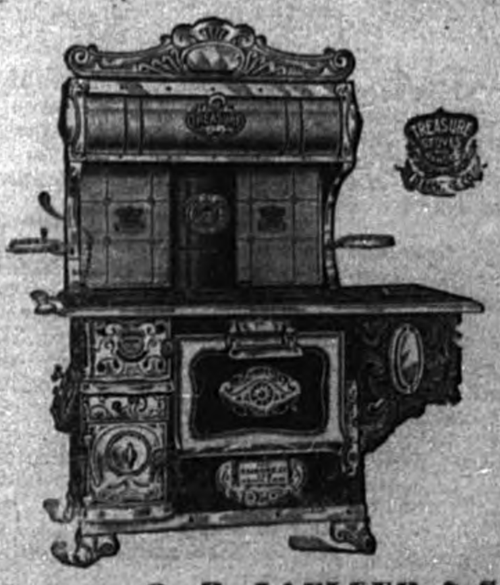
Capital Paid Up	$ 4,000,000
Rest and Undivided Profits	$ 4,952,759
Total Assets Over	$54,000,000

The accounts of

Corporations, Merchants, Business Firms

Carried on favorable terms.

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MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

WISDOM CAME TO THE PRODIGAL

The firefly lights of the little voitures winkled up and down the Champs Elysees. Now and then the chug-chug of an automobile consumed the distance from the Place de la Concorde to the Rond Point in a minute and disappeared as rapidly toward the Place de l'Etoile.

Beyond the double lines of trees at one side, festoons of gas jets decked the Ambassadeurs. The echo of a strident voice filtered through the trees singing, O Pamphyle! to a rhythm well marked by the staccato drums.

Opposite across the maze of flitting fireflies hung the glittering festoons of the Jardin de Paris—more lights, more gayety.

Henderson kicked the gravel impatiently with his heel. His last ten centimes had been spent for the rent of the iron chair on which he sat. He had been wondering if the ticket of the old woman who rented it to him entitled him to occupy it all night—or if he would be turned out at midnight.

He had just committed the egregious folly of eating an elaborate meal—a very dainty meal, crowned with great, tender delicious strawberries buried in a silver bowl full of whipped cream, set on a block of crystal clear ice.

He was simply whimsical and it amused him to have a jest—with fate. So when he had faced that evening the alternative of pawning something from his depleted wardrobe or going without a meal, he had arrayed himself in evening dress and taken his last daylight garment to the Mont de Piete.

On a handsome winter overcoat and a London made silk-lined suit, scarcely worn, he had raised enough money for his final fling at fortune.

The amount might have lasted for two or three days at Duval, he mused. But what was the use? His rent was due on the morrow, and he knew he could not pay. That meant expulsion and the seizure of his trunk for a small amount unpaid on the last settling day.

"Nice night, isn't it," said Cazenove as he sat down on the adjoining chair.

"Quite nice," said Henderson with an affectation of interest. "What you doing out here, Cazenove?"

"Taking the air like yourself," said Cazenove, as he tendered his cigar case. "Healthful open-air life, this in Paris."

"Almost as primitive as Africa," said Henderson as he indicated a passing voiture in which a young woman sat with her arm tight about the neck of the young man beside her.

"Or Coney Island," said Cazenove with a smile. "Is it ingenuousness or depravity?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say. Possibly indifference. One would hardly say simplicity in Paris."

"Not very like New York," said Cazenove. "Things are a bit plain there, too, but in a coarser way. The riot of night life on Broadway isn't much like this busy but subdued existence, is it? Are you going back before the fall?"

Was he ever going back? Henderson heard the whirr of the open electric cars, the clanging of their gongs, saw in his imagination the joyous summer throng moving in the glare of the electric signs—and wondered if he should ever be a part of it again.

Cazenove puffed at his cigar, apparently indifferent to his companion's silence. Presently he said: "It's beastly hot in America. I was there last week."

Henderson's heart came up in his throat. This link seemed to bring him closer and closer to the old life.

"Didn't know you'd been away," said Henderson, trying to control a voice that threatened to break for a moment.

"Just ran over for three days," said Cazenove. "Had to see my partner. Saw your governor for a minute. He's looking well."

"I guess he's all right," said Henderson. He could not say much more, since he hadn't heard from his father in more than three months.

They sat watching the procession of carriages for several minutes silently. Then Cazenove said: "I think I'll be going. Dine with us to-morrow?"

"Thanks," said Henderson. "I mean, thank you, no. I can't. I've an engagement."

"Can't you break it? Mrs. Cazenove hasn't seen you in a long time."

"It seems very ungrateful of me, I know," said Henderson, "but it isn't, because I really am not ungrateful."

"Then come to-morrow. May I tell her you're coming?"

"Yes—no—really I can't, old chap, I'm sorry, but—"

"Break your engagement. Is it in town?"

"Yes—that is, Cazenove, old man!"

"Well, Henderson."

"I'm an ass."

"Yes, Henderson."

"You needn't be so positive about it."

"I'm only accepting superior authority."

"I think I've come to the jumping-off place, Cazenove."

"So I thought when I saw you sitting here."

Cazenove smiled and sat down again, balancing his cane on one finger to distract his eyes. Henderson gave his a quick look.

"I didn't know I looked so seedy as that," he said.

He hadn't intended telling any one of his trouble. He had pictured himself dropping out of life in the American colony and disappearing; perhaps—at the best—turning up a little later at Sherbourg, weary with tramping, to seek employment in a ship bound for America.

When imagining this he had not considered the impossibility of becoming a sailor in a dress suit and a silk hat. Now the incongruity of his clothing struck him forcibly.

He would have drawn back after that first confession, but there was no way open.

Ordinarily he would never have thought to seek sympathy from Cazenove. Cazenove was such a confounded cynic in everyday life. But his manner was not unsympathetic—nor was it indifferent.

"I cut myself off from the governor three months ago," said Henderson.

"Three and a half," said Cazenove.

"How did you know? You seem to know a lot of my affairs," said Henderson. Cazenove didn't answer.

"Did the governor tell you?"

"We talked about you a little."

"Well, it wasn't my fault. He was just as stubborn as I was."

Again Cazenove smiled a little; but he didn't answer.

"Did he—" Henderson hesitated a moment. "Did he tell you about the girl?"

"No," said Cazenove. Henderson was sorry he had spoken.

"It wasn't the only reason," he continued. "The governor never could understand that I wasn't a child."

"It's a peculiarity of fathers and mothers," said Cazenove softly. "I was the baby of the family till I developed a big red beard."

"I suppose the governor was right," he said lamely, "but I couldn't see it that way, and he was—he was so positive. The fact is, Cazenove, I wanted to marry Josephine Dedham—we were engaged—and he said I must put it off for two years and get into some work—and I didn't think it was fair to Josephine, because I'd told her we'd be married right away, and so—"

"And so you broke with Josephine."

"How do you know?" Henderson looked at him alertly. "You said you didn't know about her."

"No, I said he hadn't told me."

"Was I wrong?"

There was an irritating cynicism in Cazenove's expression when he answered, but Henderson didn't see it.

"It's a question," he said, "whether it was more wrong to tell Josephine she must wait two years or that she must wait forever. You chose the second alternative."

"Oh, she doesn't care," said Henderson gloomily. "I've never had a word from her since I left."

"You've written regularly, of course," said Cazenove in his even voice.

"I wrote her once," he said, "and told her the governor was going to disinherit me and that we couldn't marry. She didn't reply."

The regular beat of the string orchestra in the restaurant beyond echoed through the vaulting of the trees. Cazenove beat time to it on the gravel with his stick for a minute. Finally he said:

"Of course, old man, it's no business of mine."

"You can say what you like," said Henderson. "What is it? I shan't mind."

"Well, then, my boy, what could a self-respecting girl say if a man wrote to her—as perhaps you did—and told her that—"

"Well, go ahead."

"—say, that his disinheritance would undoubtedly make it impossible for her to marry him?"

"Did I write that?"

"Didn't you?"

There was another pause.

"I think I did," said Henderson, "though I don't see how you could know. . . . You don't mean that she thought I accused her of—"

Cazenove waited a few moments. Then he said softly: "What else could it mean?"

Henderson stood up and struck the gravel with his cane. A half-choked ejaculation came through his clinched teeth. Cazenove arose too. An alert cabman drew up at the curb and held up his hand.

"Come up to my house to-night," said Cazenove with his hand on Henderson's arm. "I've a spare bed."

He half pushed him into the seat of the little voiture.

Henderson presently broke the silence that lay between them.

"I've been stubborn—and—and wrong, Cazenove. I knew it down somewhere in my heart when the governor was speaking to me. But I wouldn't acknowledge it even to myself. I'd go to him this minute if I could and tell him so."

"But I couldn't go to him if I wanted now." He laughed in an embarraased way. "The truth is, old man, I haven't anything left but the clothes on my back. When I ran away from the governor I had a few thousand in the bank. But instead of saving them, I haven't a centime to my name."

"If I gave you money would you go back to New York?"

"Lend it to me—yes—and I'll go back and beg the governor's pardon—and Josephine's, and I'll wait two years and work for her—if she'll let me."

The voiture had stopped before a big white building, one floor of which was lighted brilliantly.

"You know I saw your governor when I was in New York," he said. "Would you like to hear what he said to me? He said, "Tell Jack if he wants to come home at any time that we all need him badly. Give him all the money he needs. And perhaps I wasn't as considerate as I might have been.'"

Henderson did not answer, but he turned his head away, and a tear ran down his cheek and stole under his collar—to his great discomfort.

"Come along," said Cazenove. Henderson followed his host up two flights of steps. As they reached the landing Mrs. Cazenove threw open the door.

"I thought you were never coming," she said, "and the chafing dish has been waiting an hour."

She held out a welcoming hand to Henderson. But as he entered the brightly lighted room another figure half in the shadow stood hesitating.

"Josephine," he cried—and held out his arms.

It was fifteen minutes later when Mrs. Cazenove's voice from the other room summoned them with a cheery "supper's ready."

They came in, arm in arm, smiling through half-dried tears. There was something of Cazenove's dry smile on his wife's lips as she said: "Did I forget to tell you that Josephine was one of my chums at college, Mr. Henderson? Wasn't it stupid of me?"

"I'm afraid I've delayed your supper," said Henderson.

"Not very much," said Mrs. Cazenove quizzically. "Let me see. How many hours ago was it, Henry, when we were driving up the Champs Elysees and you saw Mr. Henderson sitting under the trees"

"Just long enough to make me very hungry," said Cazenove.

It was two o'clock when Cazenove put out the lights and, candle in hand, escorted Henderson to his room. As he put down the candle, Henderson grasped his hand and pressed it hard.

"I was an ass, Cazenove," he said.

"So I understood," said Cazenove with a smile.



Rheims, French City Destroyed by German Bombardment.

A view of Rheims, the beautiful French city which was laid in ruins by the siege guns of the Germans during the bombardment of the city. In the distance on an eminence stands the seven-hundred-year-old Cathedral of Notre Dame, which was destroyed during the bombardment. It was a prominent mark for German guns, and shelling it could easily have been avoided had the Germans wished.

THE FIGHTING FRENCH.

Rush to Arms When Beloved France Is Threatened.

"For centuries it has been one of the characteristics of Anglo-Saxons to affect to despise the French as a nation. It has never been fashionable nor safe to despise a Frenchman to his face, but the British, the Americans, and the Germans have for generations affected to believe that the French people are decadent," says the Beaumont, Texas, Enterprise.

"Their attitude toward our particular brand of religion has never suited, for it is an Anglo-Saxon trait to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences and to keep everybody else from doing the same thing. We do not like French politics, because the French do not seem to take their politics as seriously as we do. We sneer at French politeness, which we say reminds us of the manners of a head waiter. We quarrel with their administration of law, which seems trivial to us, forgetting how atrocious our legal procedure must appear to any enlightened nation. We are horrified because the French are a shade franker but probably no more rotten in their social vices than we are. We are shocked because the French birth rate is said to be decreasing. We say the nation is decadent. Wordsworth said it in verse more than a century ago. He found the French decadent in everything.

"But what fighters they are! How these Frenchmen rush to arms when their beloved France is threatened! And what glorious fighters they are, especially on the offensive.

"That French drummer boy who told Napoleon that he had never learned to beat the retreat, but that he could beat a charge that would wake the dead, was a typical French soldier.

"In this war the French have rushed to arms just as they always have when their country was invaded these thousand years.

"All classes of men have joined the colors, from the peasantry to the ancient nobility; from the day laborer to the banker; from the cook to the judge on the bench.

"Even those socialists who are opposed to nationalism have not waited to be conscripted. They have joined the colors voluntarily. Such men as Gustave Herve, the anti-militarist, who is said to have spent eleven years of his life in prison because of his opposition to militarism, has shouldered a rifle. Statesmen, former Cabinet Ministers, artists, financiers, leaders of fashion are fighting in the ranks, and they are fighting as Frenchmen have fought from the dawn of history.

"The world loves a good fighter. The highbrows may argue out that the French nation is decadent morally, physically and intellectually, but the manner in which the French are maintaining their glorious traditions in war does not bear out the theory that the nation has retrograded in virility and in stamina."

"You mustn't give up hope like this," said the doctor. "Cheer up and you will recover. Some years ago I had exactly the same trouble. "Ah," replied the patient gloomily, "but you didn't have the same doctor."

HOME

Tried Recipes.

Minced Egg and Lettuce Sandwiches.—Mash hard boiled eggs with a little salt, paprika and a few drops of vinegar. Spread liberally on thin slices of bread and place a crisp lettuce leaf between. Bread may be buttered, but to be economical butter can be omitted.

Mock Oyster Soup.—Ingredients: One Spanish onion, one cupful of diced celery, two cupfuls of diced potatoes, one tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, milk as needed. Method: Use outer stalks of celery, reserving the hearts for table use. Skin and slice the onion, then place three first ingredients in a saucepan and cover well with water. Cook until very tender, then rub through a sieve or fruit press. Add butter and as much milk as will render soup a creamy consistency. Season to taste, then bring to boiling point.

Hot Potato Salad with Bacon Dressing.—Ingredients: Three cupfuls of diced potatoes, one tablespoonful of diced onions, three slices of bacon, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Method—Cook onion and potatoes until tender, then drain. Cut bacon into cubes, fry until a golden brown, then add vinegar and sugar. Season salad to taste, then pour the dressing over. Toss up well and serve hot.

Fresh Rolls.—Easy Method.—Ingredients for sponge: One and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one small cake of dissolved yeast, one cupful of warm milk and water. Method: Rub the butter and salt into the flour, add sugar to dissolved yeast, then add to liquid. Beat this into the flour, then cover and set aside about two hours or until light and full of bubbles. Now beat in one and one-half more cupfuls of sifted flour and beat hard. Cover and let raise until double in bulk, then divide into greased roll or gem pans, filling two-thirds full. Let stand half an hour, then bake.

Pan Baked Pears or Apples.—Method: Pare, half and core the fruit, pack close together in a deep pudding dish, sifting sugar over each layer. Cover at first, then bake in open dish until tender and slightly browned. This is good either hot or cold.

Corn Souffle.—Made of left-over corn on the cob. Method: Scrape the kernels from the cob, season slightly with salt and pepper. To two cupfuls of corn add one cupful of milk and one egg well beaten. Mix thoroughly and bake in a pan of water in moderate oven until the souffle is set. To be eaten at once.

Lima Bean Salad.—Young lima beans cooked slowly twenty minutes in boiling water. Drain. Dry in napkin. Season. Keep on ice until ready to serve in bowl lined with crisp lettuce. Sprinkle with one tablespoonful finely chopped mint; pour over dressing mixed of one-half teaspoon each salt and celery seed, one saltspoon white peppr, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, four tablespoons olive oil, one tablespoon vinegar added last.

Cucumber Chutney — The cucumbers should be ripe, chopped very fine, put in a cloth and all the water squeezed out. To a dozen large cucumbers, peeled and seeds scraped out before chopping, allow six large onions, six green and red peppers, some celery, all chopped to a pulp, salt, a little sugar and vinegar. Raisins, chopped very fine, may be added also.

Household Hints.

Be sure to boil soda in the coffee pot once a week.

Squeaking shoes may sometimes be silenced by rubbing with oil.

Lace continually cleaned with gasoline or naphtha will turn yellow quickly.

Iron the button side of a waist on a folded bath towel, buttons turned downward. It will prevent them from breaking.

When serving hot bread or pastry of any kind use hot plates. The most delicious pastry can become soggy when served on cold plates.

Paint can be removed from clothing by saturating the spots two or three times with equal parts of ammonia and turpentine then wash out in soap suds.

Tea is used for giving laces an antique tint; coffee for ecru. Use both in clean, strong solutions and rinse in clean water till the shade desired is reached.

Gold and silver jewelry may be washed in a cupful of warm water with a teaspoonful of amonia in it. Dry with soft cloth and polish with chamois leather.

Place new gloves between the folds of a damp towel for an hour before being worn. They are much easier to put on; the damp makes the kid more pliable.

Cabbage should never be boiled longer than 30 minutes, for when the time is lengthened, the leaves lose their tender crispness and become soft and dark colored.

Lamb, if fresh should be of a bright red color, with white fat. It should be used within three days after killing. It is unwholesome if not thoroughly cooked.

Kitchen utensils made of wood may be kept clean and white by rubbing with soap and lukewarm water to which is added a little common soda or household ammonia.

After embroidered sheets and pillow cases have become worn, the monogram may be cut out in a circle and used again by neatly feather-stitching it on the new material.

A lump of soda dissolved in a little hot water and added to the bluing water on wash day prevents the bluing from settling in the clothes and makes them perfectly white.

Kerosene will do the work of any of the cleansers on the market and is much less expensive. It is excellent for cleaning the tub and tiling in the bathroom and equally good for the oiled floors.

Curtains or stair linens to be washed should first be laid in cold water, then wrung from the cold water and placed in very hot water, in which a goodly allowance of kerosine has been poured.

When cleaning in gasoline, set the container with material and gasoline in a tub of boiling water out of doors and use white soap and a brush in the process, unless soap would take the color out.

Many housewives find it convenient as well as healthful to substitute a good brand of condensed milk for cooking purposes for use during the summer. In most cases it answers the purpose just as well as fresh milk, and is always more healthful than milk not perfectly fresh.

BELGIUM'S HORRIBLE PLIGHT

Evidence Gleaned in a Visit to the Stricken Country.

A graphic picture of the desolation of Belgium is brought to London, England, by J. H. Whitehouse, member of Parliament for a division in Lanarkshire, who has just returned from a tour around Antwerp for the purpose of assisting in the relief measures.

Around Antwerp, to perfect the defences, the Belgians have had to destroy hundreds of thousands of trees and flood some territory, and he estimates the damages at $50,000,000. In the villages all ordinary life is at a standstill. At Termonde, recently a beautiful city of 16,000, a town of square after square, he found "every house entirely destroyed with all its contents. It was not the result of bombardment; it was the systematic destruction. In each house a separate bomb had been placed which had blown up the interior and set fire to the contents. This sight continued throughout the entire extent of what had been a considerable town." A blind woman and her daughter were the sole living residents who remained. Of the rest, "some had reached Antwerp, but a great number were wandering about the country, panic-stricken and starving. Many were already dead.

"What had happened at Termonde was similar to what had happened in other parts of Belgium under the military occupation of Germany. Food supplies which would ordinarily reach the civilian population are being taken by the German troops for their own support. The peasants and poor are without the necessities of life, and conditions of starvation grow more acute every day. Even where there is a supply of wheat available, the peasants are not allowed to use their windmills owing to the German fear that they will send signals to the Belgian army.

"The completeness of the destruction in each individual case was explained to me later by the Belgian Ministers, who described numerous appliances which the German soldiers carried for destroying property. Not only were hand bombs, of various sizes and descriptions carried, but each soldier was supplied with a quantity of small black discs, a little bigger than a sixpenny piece. I saw some of these disce which had been taken from German soldiers on the field of battle. These were described to me as composed of compressed benzine. When lighted they burned brilliantly for a few minutes, and are sufficient to start whatever fire is necessary after the explosion of a bomb."

Europe's Spoiled Child.

One gracious lady the Kaiser was always terribly afraid of. This was his grandmother, Queen Victoria, of whom he stood in great awe, and who had a way of treating him like the spoilt child of Europe he is. He liked King Edward only in a very moderate degree, and the Peacemaker, who had a very effective way of showing what he thought of people, never refrained from letting the German Emperor know that his attitude towards this country was foolish. The Kaiser was always very jealous of King Edward's popularity and his enormous influence in the Councils of Europe. The flattering reception that King Edward received when he went to Ischl to see the aged Austrian Emperor made William II. nervous about a possible deflection of the sympathies of his ally.

FAMOUS IRISH REGIMENTS

FIGHTING THEIR COUNTRY'S BATTLES.

Have Taken Part in Britain's Wars in Many Parts of the World.

Among the most famous regiments of the British Army are several having their headquarters in Ireland. For two hundred years Irish regiments have distinguished themselves on the battle field, bringing glory to their brave race, and doing not a little to build up the mighty fabric of the British Empire.

The Royal Irish Regiment.

Among the finest of Irish troops is that corps which, at the siege of Namur in 1695, received from William III. the proud title of the Royal Irish Regiment. After the Grenadiers had been beaten back by the overwhelming force of the defenders of Namur the Royal Irish dashed on, and sweeping through a breach in the walls planted their colors on the summit. Would they had been at the defence when Namur fell the other day! In all Marlborough's victories the Royal Irish did splendid service. Their charge was so fierce that the finest troops on the Continent fell back before them. At Venloo they drove the enemy from the outwork of a fort and chased them across the moat to the very ramparts, when the garrison was so dismayed that it immediately laid down its arms, the whole thing being over in a few minutes. At the siege of Tourney the Royal Irish fought with pick and shovel in subterranean galleries, and lost many of their numbers by the explosion of the enemy's mines.

The gallant regiment saw service in the American War of Independence, and later on at Toulon, where Napoleon first faced the British. They fought in Egypt, China and in the Crimea, where they took part in the famous assault on the Redan. They saw service in New Zealand, in Afghanistan, and, under the command of Lord Wolseley, took part in the famous night march over the Egyptian sands at Tel-el-Kebir. In the South African War the Royal Irish figured in many a desperate fight. They defended a little fort near Belfast against dreadful odds until half their men were killed and wounded. The place was captured, but a private of the regiment would not leave until he had made his maxim gun useless when it fell into the enemy's hands. For this brave deed he received the Victoria Cross.

The "Enniskilleners."

Another great Irish corps distinguished for dauntless courage and daring deeds are the Enniskillen Dragoons and Inniskilling Fusiliers. Raised at Enniskillen in 1689, the Fusiliers fought in Flanders, in North America, and in the West Indies, in Holland, and in the Peninsular War. In Spain the Enniskilleners were confronted by a regiment of French Grenadiers. A French officer came in front of the firing line and challenged any of the Enniskillen regiment to single combat. Instantly a captain of the Irish regiment accepted the challenge, and after a little brilliant sword play laid the Frenchman low. With a cheer for their brave champion the Enniskilleners rushed forward and made one of those terrible charges which no enemy could withstand. It turned out that the French officer's weapon was a sword of honor which had been presented to him by Napoleon himself. This trophy the champion of the Enniskilleners bore with him proudly off the field.

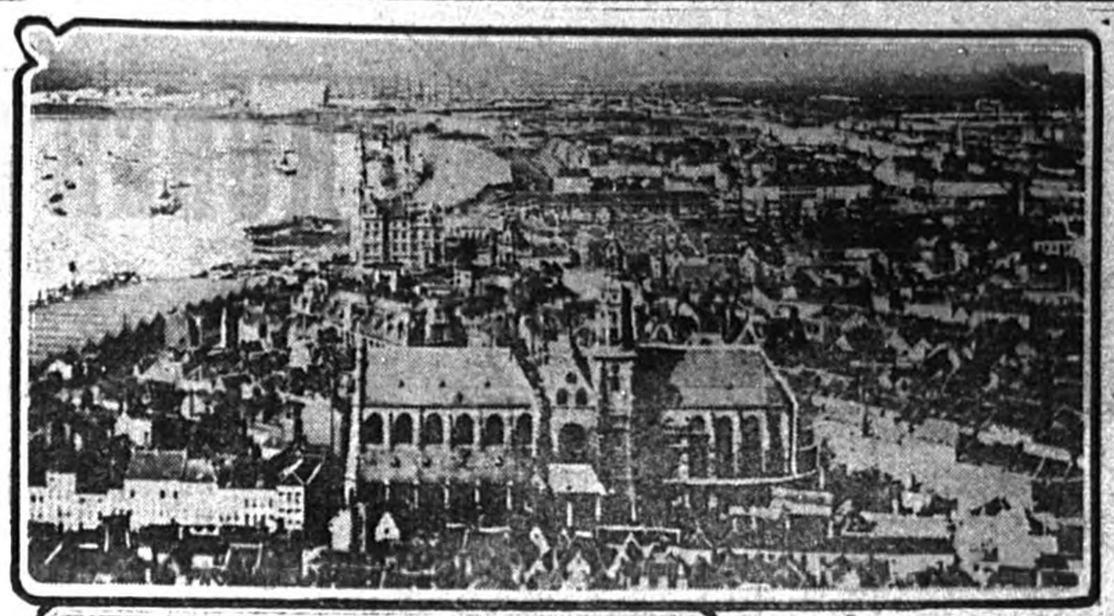
At Waterloo the Enniskillen Regiment had to withstand a fearful cannonade, and at the same time were attacked by French cavalry from La Havre Sainte. All that day they stood in a compact, though ever-lessening square, and at nightfall every officer and two-thirds of the rank and file were dead or wounded. No British regiment suffered so severely. No wonder the 18th of June, Waterloo Day, is an anniversary which the regiment keeps with great pride. In the Boer War the Enniskilleners fought at Collenso, where they made a desperate effort to cross the river under the muzzles of the enemy's guns. Nor did they come back until Sir Redvers Buller gave the order, and then they retired extremely disappointed. At Railway Hill the Enniskilleners had to climb a steep ascent among boulders and rocks, and then rush across a bare piece of ground before they could reach the enemy. They climbed up the slopes in the face of thousands of Boers, each one a practised marksman. It was impossible to scale the bare ground; the Colonel and half the battalion fell killed or wounded in the attempt, but the brave Enniskilleners stuck to the rocks and held on until an important movement had been made, and victory was won a day or two later.

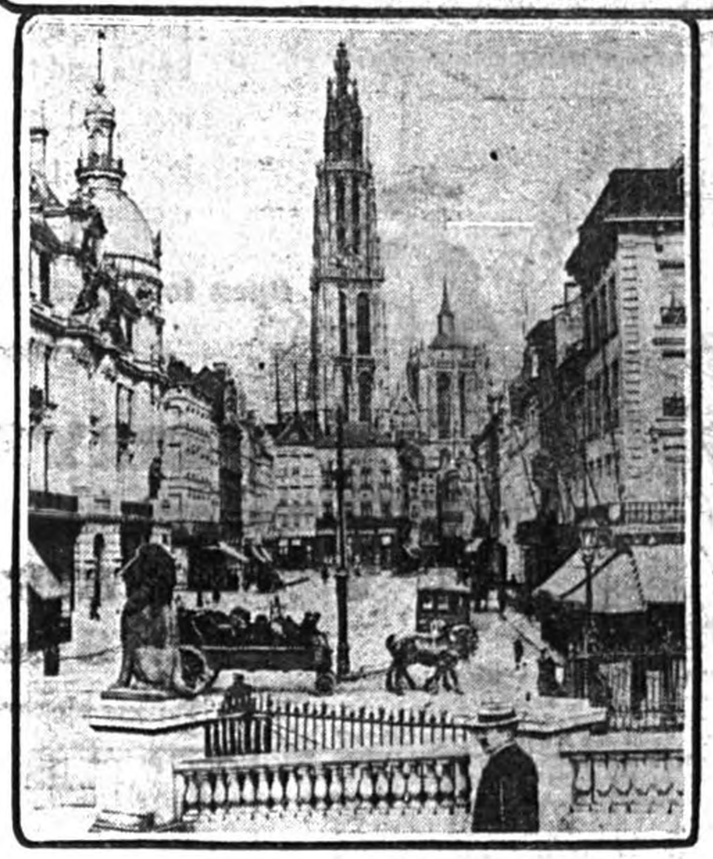
The Connaught Rangers.

The Connaught Rangers, raised at Galway in 1793, have won deathless fame on many a hard fought field. They took part in most of the Napoleonic Wars. At Badajoz and Cuidad Rodrigo the Connaught Rangers fought with desparate gallantry. At the former place the regiment's bugler boy was wounded, but continued to sound the "Advance," until the enemy had been completely subdued. The Official Record stated that "the Connaught Rangers gave a display of British valour never exceeded in the annals of war." In the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny and at the Zulu War the Connaught Rangers pursued their brilliant career.

In the South African War the Connaught Rangers suffered severely. The Boers attacked a party of them before they knew that war had been declared, and poured in such murderous fire that the gallant Rangers had to surrender. This took place while the regiment was marching to Pretoria, and there were women and children with them. The Bandmaster's wife, though she saw her husband killed and her little child wounded, nobly devoted herself to the wounded and dying. Amidst a hail of bullets she calmly went on with her noble work tearing up part of her clothing to bind up the wounds. Of the two companies of the Connaught Rangers concerned in this affair, numbering 250 men, 150 were killed or wounded, the remainder being taken prisoners. Another achievement added to their laurels when 75 men of their regiment held out at Lydenberg for twelve weeks against an opposing force of 700 Boers. At the end of the war Lydenberg was still untaken.

In this war these and other Irish regiments, inspired by the glorious traditions of the past, will unquestionably do famous deeds of valor, and cover themselves with fresh renown.





ANTWERP.
A General View of the City, and a View from Quay Van Dyck, showing the Cathedral.

Boer General With British.

It is announced that the Boer General, Francois Joubert-Piennar, has arrived at Bordeaux, France, to offer his sword to the Allied armies. "I fought against General French in South Africa. Now I am going to fight with him," said he. "I commanded a Boer army opposed to him at Elandslaagte, where I received my baptism of fire. I have offered my services unconditionally, and do not know as yet how I may be employed, but expect that I will be attached in an advisory capacity to General French's staff. This war will be long and fierce. The German Army is the finest fighting machine in the world, but we shall beat it in the end, because our armies are something better than a machine."

Unlucky.

Cynicus—I once knew a fellow who gave a girl an engagement ring of opals.

Sillicus—Gracious! Wasn't it unlucky?

Cynicus—You bet it was! She married him.

It's almost impossible to discourage the man who thinks he can tell a funny story.

AMAZING INDIA.

Emperor William's Calculations Went Wrong.

The Secretary of State for India was sore perplexed during the first half of the present year. Hindus in South Africa were in revold against the manner in which they were treated by other British subjects. Canada had refused to admit a shipload of emigrants from India and the Hindus had declared their intention to return to their native land and preach a crusade against British rule. The empire of the East was filled with unrest and revolution seemed imminent, says the Boston Advertiser.

The Kaiser is believed to have calculated on the seriousness of the Indian situation to keep Great Britain out of the European conflict. His advisers said that if the English forces were removed from the East Moslems and Hindus would rise against the foreign rule and overthrow it. England did not understand India. The country was held by force of arms. The Kaiser need only send a few regiments up from German East Africa and he would be looked upon as a deliverer.

The British army was removed from India and nothing happened. The government brought native Indian troops to fight for Great Britain on the Continent and nothing happened. The Cabinet told India that England was in need of money and soldiers. That was the signal that, according to the Kaiser's calculation, should have started the uprising. What happened? India immediately started to raise an army of seventy thousand to go to England's aid. India immediately gave $5,000,000 to England's war chest and promised more. The princes of India offered to contribute their crown jewels and asked permission to serve in the King's army.

Not only Germany, but the whole world has been wrong about England's position in India. The English Viceroy is more secure in the government of India than any native ruler that held sway before the conquest. England will rule India so long as the princes of that country can command their subjects' respect. When the people develop a spirit of independence and rebel against their native rulers, then, and not until then, the King of England will cease to be Emperor of India.

Egoism at its Apex.

She—Your friend is a bit of an egotist, isn't he?

He—A bit! Why if he hadn't been born he would have expected people to ask why not.

Styles that turn women's heads also put kinks in the necks of gentlemen.

Sapleigh—"I shall never have the courage to propose to a girl—never!" Miss Pert—"Well, you will be saved one disappointment in life, anyway, Mr. Sapleigh!"

LONDON'S HOLY OF HOLIES

CENTRE OF THE MUNICIPAL LIFE THE METROPOLIS.

The Guildhall is at Present a Depot for Red Cross. Paraphernalia.

As you come into the courtyard of the Guildhall you see the gleam of lance-points, the flutter of red and white pennons. These are sentries posted over the centre, the holy of holies, of London's municipal life. Through the centuries and in every land the city, the municipality, has been first the cradle, then the stronghold of freedom, order and law. Seven hundred years ago the stout citizens of London were on the side of liberty against baron and King, just as today the municipality of Brussels, in the person of M. Max, its Burgomaster, sturdily refuses to cringe before the brutality of German militarism.

It is natural that the city of London, most favous of municipalities, should be ardent in support of the national war against a despotism by right of arms, most fitting that in this hour of stress the precincts of the Guildhall, famed for an age-old hostility to militarism, would glitter with steel and echo to the rattle of spur and sword.

Spared by Fire of 1666.

While you watch the pennons there comes out between the sentries a nurse in the uniform of the Red Cross. For part of the Guildhall is given up now to the work of those who minister to the wants of England's armies. Under the hall, which echoed recently to the stirring call of patriotism, you go down to the crypt, with its fine clustered columns and groined vaulting. Spared by the great fire of 1666, which worked so much havic among the memorials of old London, the crypt is a remnant of the Guildhall which was built 500 years ago, before ever Dick Whittington was Lord Mayor of London. Now it has been granted to the city branch of the British Red Cross Society, and is being used to splendid purpose for the work of that organization.

Devoted to Red Cross.

At this moment the crypt is a depot of all the thousand and one things of which a Red Cross detachment stands in need. The organization is under the care of Lady Wynne, wife of General Sir A. S. Wynne, keeper of the Jewel House at the Tower. To the crypt come flannel and linen, gifts of the great firms of the city and of private people. These fabrics are to be cut out, and then, through local organizations, made up into necessary garments by the capable workpeople whom the outbreak of war has robbed of regular employment.

But it is not only textile materials with which the authorities of the crypt can deal. Into great baskets all sorts and kinds of things useful to those at the front or on active service are being packed. There are baskets of two species, surgical and comestible. For the first, besides such matters as lint and sprints, hair brushes, sponges, and matches are needed. For the second, abundant crockery and such groceries as tea, coffee and biscuits.

It would be superfluous to praise the forethought and care with which all the lessons of experience have been brought to bear upon the work. Surely in all the five centuries of their existence the arches of the crypt have never looked down upon an enterprise more beneficent.

No man with a good conscience is ever afraid when a policeman rings his bell.

Mother—And so my little man didn't cry when he fell down. That was brave. Little Man—There wasn't anybody to hear!

"Sububs declares," said Coakley, "that out his way one night the temperature dropped to zero." "That's nothing," said Joakley. "What's nothing?" "Zero."



READ THE LABEL

FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CONSUMER THE INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IT IS THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM AND WHICH HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

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

FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in The Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Newbury racecourse is being made ready for the reception of German prisoners of war.

Gifts of fruit received at Ipswich have been made into half a ton of jam for the benefit of the National War Fund.

A chauffeur named Ernest Thorne was shot by a sentry at Renney Fort, near Plymouth, for failing to answer a challenge.

Eligible single men in Mr. George Lambton's stables who refuse to offer their services to the army are being discharged.

Queen Mary has inaugurated a fund to provide employment for women who have been thrown out of work by the war.

The City Corporation has placed at the disposal of the War Office the south court of the Guildhall for recruiting purposes.

The Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Lieutenant-Colonel Martineau, has resigned office, having volunteered for foreign service.

Seven thousand families in Birmingham have applied for relief, all but 15 per cent. having their breadwinners at the front.

The Army Council have accepted the offer of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. to supply 50,000 tons of vaseline for the troops.

At a meeting of the council of the South Wales Miners' Federation it was stated that over 7,000 miners were idle in the coalfields.

Substantial offers for fine yarns, which have hitherto been executed at Lille, in France, are being carried out by a Manchester spinning firm.

Mrs. Glasspool, of Ashton, Bishop's Waltham, Hants, who has four sons at the front, has received a letter of congratulation from H. M. the King.

At Blythe, recently, Earl Grey announced that it was the intention of the military authorities to form a miner's battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers.

About 500 members of the staff of the London, City & Midland Bank have joined the army and navy forces, and further large numbers are enrolling themselves daily.

In most of the church porches in rural Devon the wives of the local men serving at the front are posted with the request that prayers should be offered for their safe return.

An order has been issued by the Section Commander at Sheerness, authorizing the closing of all public houses at Sheerness at 10 p.m. on week days and 9 p.m. on Sundays.

Mr. James McCormack of Uther Hall Gardens, Hamstead, has offered 50,000 cigarettes for the use of the troops at the front. His offer has been gratefully accepted by the Army Council.

Colonel Greig, C.B., M.P., who relinquished the command of the London Scottish four years ago on entering Parliament, will command the 2nd Battalion which is now being raised.

The death has occurred at Ryde of Captain John H. Jellicoe, father of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, who is now in supreme command of the Home Fleet. Captain Jellicoe was in his ninetieth year.

The Stanton Iron Works Co., at Nottingham, which employs several thousand hands, are giving $10 to every workman accepted as a recruit, besides paying weekly $2.50 to each married dependent.

NATIONAL WAR SONGS.

"Rule Britannia" Is the Finest Among Many.

It may be interesting at the present time to recall those national war-songs that have inspired the various countries of the world to do and dare everything in their defense. Written into them both in words and music is a passionate love for country which impels to almost superhumen deeds that the charter of liberty may not be forfeited in their persons. Think of the Austrian Anthem, one of the finest in existance; Haydn's "Creation" in which ocurs the splendid chorus, "The Heavens Are Telling." Germany marches to battle to the soul-stirring composition, "The Watch On the Rhine." Russia has perhaps the most stately anthem in "God the All Terrible," whose very title strikes a heroic strain. We are told that, played upon the great organ in the Cathedral at Moscow, it sounds like a prayer. Our own national anthem has probably the largest circulation of any tune in the world, while in "Rule Britannia" we have perhaps the finest national song possessed by any nation. Norway finds her war spirit in the song, "Yes, We Love This Land of Ours;" whilst America, to the strains of John Brown's Body," with its refrains of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," to the thrilling "Star Spangled Banner," or to the famous "Yankee Doodle," could not help marching anywhere. But the greatest war songs, pure and simple, is "The Marseillaise." What memories it has clinging to its fervidly patriotic words. It was the song of the French Revolution, and did more to bring down the dynasty of the Bourbons than half a dozen army corps. It is now the national anthem of Republican France, and it will be heard all over that fair country as the French army goes marching on to-day.

POPULAR WITH TROOPS.

Gen. Smith-Dorrien Trusts in Honor of the Soldier.

General Smith-Dorrien, who has earned such high praise from Sir John French, is the most popular general in the British Army, because during the whole of his career the soldiers' welfare has always occupied first place in his programme.

Nine-tenths of his service has been passed in India, and it was there at Quetta that he built the first soldiers' club that the Army has known.

The General's first public appearance in England was made on a Wesleyan platform, from which he delivered a lengthy speech in favor of ameliorating the discomforts of barrack life.

He is one of the few soldiers who can speak eloquently and without notes.

The acts which perhaps have endeared him to Tommy Atkins more than any others were the repeal of piquet duty and the freedom granted to soldiers during manoeuvres.

Until General Smith-Dorrien took command at Aldershot piquets of four or eight men paraded the streets until midnight. General Smith-Dorrien put the soldier on his honor not to misbehave himself in the public streets and abolished the piquets. They have never been reinstated.

FOUND OUT

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee a nurse writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion. (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because both contain the drug caffeine.)

"While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of coffee. After using Postum two weeks I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

"I observe a curious fact about Postum when used by mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness.

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. But when it is prepared according to directions on package and served hot with cream, it is certainly a delicious beverage."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instand Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

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Prepare for the cold weather by fitting yourself out from our complete stock of

Woollen Underwear, Socks, Mitts, Gloves, Caps, Boots and Rubbers

LUMBERMAN'S REQUISITES.

Heavy Rubbers, Moccasins, Long Socks, Axes, Saws, Axe Handles, etc., etc.

Agents for the famous Maple Leaf, Simond and Black Diamond Saws.

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Fall Footwear.



For Men, Women and Children.

We wish to announce that we are displaying the largest and choicest stock of good Fall Footwear. Having bought in large quantities we are in a position to offer you some great values at lower prices than elsewhere,

— ALSO —

a large assortment in Ready Made Clothing for Men and Boys.





Extra Special Values in Overcoats, Gents' Furnishings, Shirts, Sweaters, Underwear, Socks, Gloves, Etc.

Boots neatly and promptly Repaired.

Telephone 65.

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Terms to suit purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman)

CHAPTER XIX.

"But we were there for weeks and saw nothing, no evidence of humanity."

"I don't care. The mountains are filled with secret nooks you could pass by within a stone's throw, and never see into; she may be in one of them. I suppose she is dead, and it's all foolish, this hope; but I'll never believe it until I have examined every square rod within a radius of 50 miles from your camp. I'll take the long chance, the longest, even."

"Well, that's all right," said Robert Maitland. "Of course, I intend to do that as soon as the spring opens, but what's the use of trying to do it now?"

"It's use to me. I'll either go mad here in Denver, or I must go to seek for her there."

"But you will never come back if you once get in those mountains alone."

"I don't care whether I do or not. It's no use, old man, I am going, and that's all there is about it."

Robert Maitland knew men. He recognized finality when he heard it, or when he saw it, and it was quite evident that he was in the presence of it then. It was no use to say more.

"Very well," he said. "I honor you for your feeling, even if I don't think much of your common sense."

"Damn common sense," cried Armstrong, triumphantly. "It's love that moves me now."

At that moment there was a tap on the door. A clerk from the outer office bidden to enter, announced that old Kirkby was in the ante room.

"Bring him in," directed Maitland, eager to welcome him.

He fancied that the newcomer would undoubtedly assist him in dissuading Armstrong from his foolhardy, useless enterprise.

"Mornin', old man," drawled Kirkby. "Howdy, Armstrong, my respects to you, sir," he said, sinking his voice a little as he bowed respectfully toward Mr. Stephen Maitland, a very sympathetic look in the old frontiersman's eyes at the sight of the bereaved father.

"Kirkby, you've come in the very nick of time," at once began Robert Maitland.

"Allus glad to be Johnny-on-the-spot," smiled the older man.

"Armstrong here," continued the other, intent upon his purpose, "says he can't wait until the spring and the snow melt, he is going into the mountains now to look for Enid."

Kirkby didn't love Armstrong. He didn't care for him a little bit, but there was something in the bold hardihood of the man, something in the way which he met the reckless challenge of the mountains that the old man and all the others felt that moved the inmost soul of the hardy frontiersman. He threw an approving glance at him.

"I tell him that it is absurd, impossible, that he risks his life for nothing, and I want you to tell him the same thing. You know more about the mountains than either of us."

"Mr. Kirkby," quavered Stephen Maitland, "allow me. I don't want to influence you against your better judgment, but if you could sit here as I have done, and think that maybe she is there, and perhaps alive still, and in need, you would not say a word to deter him."

"Why, Steve," expostulated Robert Maitland, "surely you know I would risk anything for Enid. Somehow, it seems as if I were being put in the selfish position by my opposition."

"No, no," said his brother. "It isn't that. You have your wife and children, but this young man—"

"Well, what do you say, Kirkby? Not that it makes any difference to me what anybody says. Come, we are wasting time," interposed Armstrong, who, now that he had made up his mind, was anxious to be off.

"Jim Armstrong," answered Kirkby, decidedly. "I never thought much o' you in the past, an' I think sence you've put out this last projick of yourn, that I'm entitled to call you a damn fool, w'ich you are, and I'm another, for I'm goin' into the mountains with you."

"Oh, thank God!" cried Stephen Maitland fervently.

"I know you don't like me," answered Armstrong, "That's neither here nor there. Perhaps you have cause to dislike me, perhaps you have not. I don't like you any too well myself, but there's no man on earth I'd rather have go with me on a quest of this kind than you, and there's my hand on it."

Kirby shook it vigorously.

"This ain't committin' myself," he said cautiously. "So far's I'm concerned, you ain't good enough for Miss Maitland, but I admires your spirit, Armstrong, an' I'm goin' with you. 'Tain't no good, 'twon't produce nothin', most likely we'll never come back agin; but jest the same, I'm goin' along. Nobody's goin' to show me the trail. My nerve and grit, w'en it comes to helpin' a young female like that girl, is as good as anybody's, I guess. You're her father," he drawled, on turning to Stephen Maitland, "an' I ain't no kin to her, but, by gosh, I believe I can understand better than any one else yere what you are feelin'."

"Kirkby," said Robert Maitland, smiling at the other two, "you have gone clean back on me. I thought you had more sense. But somehow I guess it's contagious, for I am going along with you two myself."

"And I, cannot I accompany you?" pleaded Stephen Maitland, eagerly drawing near to the other three.

"Not much," said old Kirkby promptly. "You ain't got the stren'th, ol' man. You don't know them mountains, nuther. You'd be helpless on a pair o' snow shoes; there ain't anything you could do, you'd jest be a drag on us. Without sayin' anything about myself, w'ich I'm too modest for that, there ain't three better men in Colorado to tackle this job than Jim Armstrong an' Bob Maitland an'— Well, as I said, I won't mention no other names."



"I'm Goin' Into the Mountains With You."

"God bless you all, gentlemen," faltered Stephen Maitland. "I think, perhaps, I may have been wrong, a little prejudiced against the west. You are men that would do honor to any family, to any society in Philadelphia or anywhere else."

"Lord love ye," drawled Kirkby, his eyes twinkling. "There ain't no three men on the Atlantic seaboard that kin match up with two of us yere, to say nothin' of the third."

"Well," said Robert Maitland, "the thing now is to decide on what's to be done."

"My plan," said Armstrong, "is to go to the old camp.

"Yep," said Kirkby, "that's a good point of deeparture, as my seafarin' father down Cape Cod way used to say; an' wot's next?"

"I am going up the canon instead of down," said the man, with a flash of inspiration.

"That ain't no bad idea, nuther," assented the old man. "We looked the ground over pretty thoroughly down the canon. Mebbe we can find something up it."

"And what do you propose to take with you?" asked Maitland.

"What we can carry on the backs of men. We will make a camp somewhere about where you did. We can get enough husky men up at Morrison who will pack in what we want, and with that as a basis we will explore the upper reaches of the range."

"And when do we start?"

"There is a train for Morrison in two hours," answered Armstrong. "We can get what we want in the way of sleeping bags and equipment between now and then, if we hurry about it."

"Ef we are goin' to do it, we might as well git a move on us," assented Kirkby, making ready to go.

"Right," answered Robert Maitland grimly. "When three men set out to make fools of themselves, the sooner they get at it and get over with it the better. I've got some business matters to settle. You two get what's needed, and I'll bear my share."

A week later a little band of men on snow shoes, wrapped in furs to their eyes, every one heavily burdened with a pack, staggered into the clearing where once had been pitched the Maitland camp. The place was covered with snow, of course, but on a shelf of rock half way up the hogback, they found a comparatively level clearing, and there, all working like beavers, they built a rude hut which they covered with canvas and then with tightly packed snow, and which would keep the three who remained from freezing to death. Fortunately they were favored with a brief period of pleasant weather, and a few days served to make a sufficiently habitable camp. Maitland, Kirkby and Armstrong worked with the rest. There was no thought of search at first; their lives depended upon the erection of a suitable shelter, and it was not until the helpers, leaving their burdens behind them, had departed, that the three men even considered what was to be done next.

(To be continued)

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With a nice assortment of Bananas, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Candies, Ganong's Chocolates and Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk (3 colours.)

Try our Cherry and Pine Apple Sundaes.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Flour and Feed always on hand.

Orders delivered anywhere in town by calling up Telephone No. 80.

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Baker & Confectioner, - LACHUTE

PREPARE FOR THE COLD WEATHER

Buy Stanfield's Underwear and you will have comfort and satisfaction.

The finest selection of Cloaks and Suits ever shown in Lachute, "Northway's Make," styles, fit and shape keeping is perfect.

200 pairs of Sample Boots and Shoes "Lintons' Make," on Sale this week, Men's, size 7, Ladies' 4, Boys' 5, Misses' 2, Child's 13, 10, 7, 5. Quite a lot of Skating Boots in this lot, these were bought at a bargain as Linton's are going out of business and will be sold cheap.

Many other bargains to offer. Come and see, you will get a pleasant surprise.

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West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1914. — NO. 44

CENTRAL MARKET.

FISH IN SEASON, (Salted and Smoked).

OYSTERS, good solid meat.

I am also prepared to fill orders for a good stock of Ontario Winter Apples.

All kinds of California Fruits in Season, comprising Malaga Grapes, Naval Oranges, Grape Fruits, etc.

Sole Agency for Neilson's Chocolates.

A large and good stock to choose from.

PHONE. No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. FULLER

Died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Wm McCaw, 152 Mance St., Montreal, on the 18th inst. in her 97th year, Marietta Schagel, relic of the late Ivory Fuller, of Chatham, Que. Funeral from the C. P. R. Station at Staynerville, to St. Andrews' Cemetery, on Friday, Nov. 20th, on arrival of the morning train from Montreal.

Mrs. Fuller was highly esteemed by the community in which she always resided and was a descendant of one of the oldest and most respected families that settled in Chatham about the year 1800 or previous, and her husband descended from one of the families of the Pilgrim Fathers that came to America in the Mayflower nearly three centuries ago.

NOTICE.—Would the party who took the plough from Mr. Jno. McGibbon's field, Dalesville, return the same without delay and save trouble, as parties are known.

FOR SALE.—Four second hand sleighs in good order,—Two cutters, 1 trano and 1 Berlin. Apply at

THE WATCHMAN OFFICE.

BIG SALE OF MILLINERY.

Felt, Velvet and Plush Hats, from 50cts. up.

Childrens' Hats, a good assortment, from 50cts up.

Feather Mounts and Fancy Trimmings, all latest styles to be sold below cost price. All must be sold at once. Come early and get the choice. Sale commences Friday Nov. 20th.

HORSES WANTED.

J. H. Kimball will be at the Windsor Hotel, Lachute, on Saturday, November the 21st, to buy horses weighing from 1,000 pounds to 1,400 pounds Horses with good backs and good middles on good legs and straight goers.

Ages from five years upwards.

For further information apply to

GEORGE HAY,

11-20 Lachute, P. Que.

Are you Insured?

If not, why not! You owe it to yourselves and those who are near and dear to you. A policy in the London and Lancashire Life, Assurance Co., will mean a small outlay now and a big return by and bye. Think it over and then have a talk with R. A. GILES, Agent,

Watchman Office,

There are mens, youths, and boys overcoats, and every size to begin with.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CORRESPONDENCE

CUSHING

Mr. C. F. Kains received recently a letter from Sergt. R T. Holmes, who is well and favorably known to many of our friends in Cushing, which news will prove interesting to our readers:—

DEAR CHARLIE,—

I received your very welcome letter when we were at Valcartier Camp, but have not been able to reply until to-day: We were kept very hard at work at Valcartier. There was a turnout nearly every night, besides the morning and afternoon turnout. We had a nice voyage however, the troops travelling 2nd class and Officers and Sergts first class, the sea was like a mill pond all the way across, nobody was sea-sick.

I went home for 3 days leave last week and had a swell time, everybody in London seems to think that there are no faults in Canadian Troops; all they talk of is the help Canada is giving. We are being reviewed by the King and Queen on Wednesday. We are under canvas here and the horses are picqueted out. It rains 4 days out of 5 but we are getting used to it and turn out rain or shine. We lost some horses on the way over, it was very hard on them; they had to stand in the same position for 3 weeks as there was not enough room on the boat to exercise them.

I expect that they will build some huts for us and shelters for the horses if we stay here much longer. How are things going on at Cushing? I would like to be able to take a week-end trip down to see you all. We have Flying machines at camp here they are quite interesting to watch. We would not be surprised if we were ordered to Egypt as Turkey may try to hold some portion of it, if she once gets a chance and the garrison there at present is only on a peace footing and would have to be increased in case of war. We get lots of news here, and are able to get the London newspapers within a couple of hours of being printed. I must conclude now as I owe nearly all my friends letters and must write them now, while I have a chance

Well goodbye, with best wishes to all my Cushing friends,

Yours Sincerely,

R. HOLMES.

The following is a letter received by Major S. E Smith, from Mr. Telesphore Dallaire, who left recently for training at St. Johns, Que.—

Dear Friend,—

Just a few lines to let you know that I have been at St. Johns since the 4th. I am feeling fine and enjoying the military life A 1. We have over 1,000 men, and I have not seen a familiar face yet, but have made a number of friends among the Sergeants and Privates. On Friday there was need of a corporal in a section no. 7 in which I was incorporated. I was bold enough to offer my services and lucky enough to be promoted, although the non-commissioned officers are not yet officially appointed. Still there is a great rush for these positions and many have a pull with the officers, but I will try and hold my own. It was a funny sight the first few days there were so many styles, it looked just like a Masquerade, but now that all have their uniforms, it looks very good. This week I am the Company orderly Corporal so it keeps me very busy and I am missing some very good drill which I need very badly, as I am told there are some very stiff examinations before any one is chosen officially.

I close my letter by wishing you good luck and thanking you again and hoping that you will pay a visit to St. Johns before we leave for Europe.

I remain, yours sincerely,

TELESPHORE DALLAIRE.

Casern da R. F C. Company No. 7,
Section No. 3

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. S. Goldsworthy were in Montreal over the week-end.

Mrs. Hinks spent a few days in Montreal the guest of her sister Mrs. Cote.

Mrs. Cregeen and daughters, of Montreal, are visiting friends in Dalesville.

Don't forget to read Miss Hampton's Advt. for real bargains in Millinery.

Miss Plaisted and Miss Cowling spent the week-end in town, guests of Mrs. H. M. Gall.

Mrs. Jno McGibbon and Miss Savage, spent Saturday last with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Duffy have returned from a weeks visit with friends in Chateguay.

Miss Alice Berniquer spent the week-end the guest of her cousin Mrs. Cote of Montreal.

Mr. Arthur Hendry spent the week-end in Montreal, the guest of his sister Mrs. Campbell.

Mrs. Swails and Miss Lucy McDonald, returned on Saturday evening for their homes in Winnipeg.

Mrs. H. Coutie of West Sheffo d, was a guest of her sister Mrs. Jos. Berniquer for a few days last week.

The Misses Patterson, Hattie McCoy and Christina Drennan, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town.

Mr. George Deacon is spending this week at Charette Mills, Que., installing a furnace in the Westminster Club.

Mr. Jane, of the Hamelin & Ayers left on Sunday morning for a two months trip to his friends in the Old Country.

Messrs. Jos. Berniquer and James Cleland returned home this week with a fine deer as the result of a couple of days hunt.

Mrs. Robinson, of Shrewsbury, and Mrs. Buck, and son Lawrence, of Montreal, spent a few days in Lachut last week the guest of Miss E. Creswell.

On the afternoon and evening of Thursday, November 26th, the Ladies of the Baptist Church purpose holding a sale of useful articles in the vacant rooms adjoining Mrs Painter's, opposite the Post Office. There will be a table of home-made cooking and afternoon tea will be served. Don't fail to come as you can buy many pretty and useful articles cheaper than you can make them.

Church Notices

Lachute Methodist Church Sunday Nov. 22nd, 1914,—Services 10.30 a.m. and 7 p m. St. Canute, 3 p.m.; East Settlement, 3 p m.; Brownsburg, 7.30 p.m.; Mr. Darlington will preach at St. Canute and take the evening service at Lachute. The regular monthly meeting of the W. M. S. will be held on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

CYCLISTS WANTED.

Major S. E. Smith is in receipt of the following letter from Lieut.-Col. Riley, asking for thirty cyclists for service at the Front:—

SIR:—Montreal has been asked to supply a troop of Divisional Cyclists in lieu of Divisional Cavalry, as no Cavalry are being taken from this district. Lt.-Ma Farlane who is qualified in infantry, cavalry, musketry and signalling has been recommended for the command of this unit, although his appointment is not yet confirmed.

We will want 30 men, who, as the 17th Hussars Unit, will be transferred to the Divisional Cyclists.

If there are any men in your Squadron wishing to enlist to go in this service on the Second Contingent, would you be good enough to forward their names and particulars.

I am,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JAS. J RILEY,
Lt.-Col. O.C.
17th Duke of York's R.C. Hussars.

One hundred overcoats to select from, at

W. BANFORD & SON.

Be a Booster

for

Your Home Town!

The many friends of Mrs. Thos. Morrin will be sorry to learn that she went to Montreal on Monday last to undergo an operation in the Royal Victoria Hospital

Mr. and Mrs McDonald, of Genoa, left on Tuesday evening last for Vancouver, taking with them the three young children of Mr. Griffith who is there to await them.

Mr. John McKimmie and Mr. Wm. Hammond accompanied by his sister Miss Laura, of Weyburn, Sask., arrived home on Friday last to spend the winter months.

The Orangemen are attending Divine Service in St. Simeon's Church on Sunday morning next, when the Rev. J. A Lackey will preach appropriate to the occasion.

Professor Howell has again assumed leadership of the new Choral Society recently formed. They held their first practice on Friday evening, and the members present gives promise of a good strong choir.

Mr. Ben Rogers, of Hill Head, is justly proud of a turnip he has grown, which tipped the scale at 17½ lbs. He says it speaks well for the phosphate sold him by Mr. Cottingham and which was responsible for its abnormal growth.

The Christmas Tree Entertainment of the Baptist Sunday School will be held this year again in the Victoria Hall, and they promise a great treat. The date is Friday, Dec. 18th, so you have something to look forward to.

The Ladies of St. Simeons Church are holding their annual Sale of Work in the Victoria Hall, on Thursday, December 10th, at 2 p m. There will be a nice display of useful articles which are suitable as Christmas gifts. Tea will also be served. Don't forget the date. The Sunday School also wish to announce their Christmas Tree entertainment in Victoria Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22nd.

New dress goods. New colours. Low prices.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CUSHING

Misses Ella Watson and Miron Weir are visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss Edith Kerr, of Lakefield, was a recent guest of her cousin, Miss Violet Kerr of this place.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church met on Thursday last at the residence of Mrs Wm. Kerr.

Miss Grace B. Fraser left on Monday to spend a couple of weeks in Montreal as the guest of Mrs. F. R. Douglas

The Ladies of this locality met at St. Mungo's Manse on Wednesday last, and organized a society to which they gave the name of the "Soldiers' Aid Society" whose members will devote themselves to Red Cross Work. They have already made a good beginning and are busily engaged in the manufacture of articles of apparel destined for the comfort of our brave soldier boys at the front. A number of the young ladies have been out collecting and their solicitations have everywhere met with a generous response. over $50.00 being already subscribed which will be expended in material to be made up by the ladies.

Miss M. Derrick, of Stonefield, left last week for a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. J. Kahala, at Inkerman, Ont., and later will go on to Winnipeg, where she will be the guest of her brother, Mr. J. Derrick, and where her marriage to Mr. J. Lurges, of Calgary, will take place at New Years. Miss Derrick has been one of the most admired and popular of our young ladies and has the good wishes of a large circle of friends in this vicinity for her future happiness.

Ladies Jackets are running out well we have about 70 in hand still. Every size.

W. BANFORD & SON.

C. N. R. to Ottawa.

The C.N.R. call attention to the change of time, taking effect on the 23rd Nov., when a mixed service between Joliette and Ottawa will be run, leaving Lachute at 12.20 p.m. westbound, and 2.10 p.m. Eastbound. This train will connect at St. Jerome for North.

M. ROBY Agent.

TO-DAY

We begin to push our

Men's Overcoats

We have laid in an extra large Stock of the newest styles and cloths. The colours are excellent.

There are also all sizes in BOYS' OVERCOATS MEN'S and BOYS' SUITS in full Stock, all prices.

Come early and get your size and choice of cloth.

W. Banford & Son,

Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

Large Stock of

FALL MILLINERY

The latest Styles in Velvet and Plush Hats, Fancy Mounts and Wings at prices that cannot be competed with.

Women's and Children's Apparel. Collars, Gloves, Underwear, Corsets. Fancy China. Cut Glass at odd prices.

H. E. Burwash, Rg'd.

Albert Hall

Telephone 83.

Moving Pictures on Saturdays only, Starting at 8.30 p.m.

A. E. Bishop

Plumber & Electrician

Gasoline, Engine Oils, & Automobile Repairs.

Main St. Phone 83 Lachute.

When you Require Anything

In Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, Etc.,

You will find a large and reliable selection at our store. While we make a specialty of testing eyes, and selling the right kind of glasses, we have enough other things here to share the expense of doing business and make it possible to be more than reasonable in our charges.

The precise advantage of coming here for your glasses is that you know us and we know you. We are equipped with modern facilities for examining eyes and relieving eye strain. Every element of risk has been entirely eliminated. We do the best that can be done by each and every customer.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.

Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician

Agent for the Edison Phonograhp.

Have a Taffy-pull on Halloween ===

Bully fun, a Taffy-pull, isn't it? An evening of rare enjoyment, and it costs so little for a single tin of

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

—will make enough taffy for a big party.

Crown Brand Taffy

2 cups Crown Brand Syrup.
2 cups Sugar.
1-2 cup Butter.
Grated rind of half a lemon.

Boil all together over a slow fire until it hardens when dropped into cold water. Pour into well-buttered tins and when cool enough pull until a pale yellow. Cut into small pieces.

It's the same delicious syrup that kiddies like so well, spread on bread, and that grown-ups are so fond of with griddle-cakes and hot biscuits.

Made in Canada.
Sold by All Grocers.

The Canada Starch Co., Limited

Makers of the Edwardsburg Brands.

(Benson's Prepared Corn—Silver Gloss Laundry Starch —Lily White Syrup—Etc.)

Montreal, Cardinal, Toronto, Brantford, Fort William, Vancouver.

THE SCHEMES OF GERMANY

INFLUENCING THE PRESS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

Despatches From His Majesty's Ambassador Respecting a German Organization.

No. 1.

Sir E. Goschen to Sir Edward Grey.
(Received March 2.)

Berlin, Feb. 27, 1914.

Sir,—I have the honor to transmit herewith a report on the establishment, under Government control, of a powerful secret association for the purpose of influencing the foreign press in the interest of the German export trade and of the spread of German influence generally.

I have, &c.,
W. E. GOSCHEN.

Enclosure 1 in No. 1.

REPORT.

For some time past a variety of schemes had been ventilated in the press with the object of improving German prestige abroad. It was said that in certain foreign parts Germany was being persistently and wrongfully abused, that she could obtain no fair hearing because the press of those distant countries was in hands hostile to any German enterprise, and because the telegraphic agencies serving those countries were equally biassed. An "Association for World-Commerce" was to have remedied this evil by a persistent pro-German propaganda in the countries most bitterly complained of. It was hoped that the necessary funds could have been raised by contributions from all the trading and industrial societies interested in the German export trade, and, in view of the supreme importance to Germany of her export trade, it was intended that agents of the Association should be sent and stationed abroad to assist the exporting industries by timely advice and an active policy generally, such as private individuals could pursue more effectively than officials.

The opportunity for realizing this scheme seemed to offer itself under the following circumstances. A plan was being prepared to start a German-American Economic Society. Similar societies with an application to other countries already exist—e.g., a German-Argentine Society, a German-Canadian Society, a German-Russian Society, &c. The foundation of a German-American Society had been advocated in connection with the revision of the American tariff which gave German industries new chances of an intensified export to the United States. As was natural in any matters dealing with German-American affairs, M. Ballin, of the Hamburg-America Line, was approached to take the matter in hand. He consented. Under his inspiration the idea of a German-American Society was abandoned and the idea of a World Society was substituted. A preliminary meeting was held at which the various German foreign societies were represented; there were present also representatives of the "Central Association of German Industrials," and of its great rival, the "Federation of Industrials," as well as most of the leading industrial firms. Internal dissentions, however, soon appeared, and several important members sent in their resignations.

The details of the foundation were to have been settled at a meeting convened for the 26th February; to-day the whole scheme stands prorogued sine die. If it is ever realized its plan will have to be considerably altered. In the meantime the original plan of a German-American Society has been revived. This Society is, in fact, to be constituted in Berlin early in March in the form originally intended.

It would seem strange had M. Ballin so readily accepted defeat. The explanation lies in the fact that, at the request of very highly-placed persons, his interest has been transferred to another more delicate and more or less secret organization, devised to undertake those duties of M. Ballin's would-be "Weltverein" which concerned the German reputation abroad.

A short time ago, a meeting, of which the secret has been well kept, was convened in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, of which Dr. Hamann, the notorious head of the Press Bureau of the German Foreign Office, was the originator, and at which the Foreign Secretary himself was present. The meeting was attended by members of the leading industrial concerns of this country: the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American Company, the Deutsche Bank, the Disconto Gesellschaft, the Allgemeine Electricitatsgesellschaft, Siemens and Halske, the Schuckert Works, Krupp, the Cruson Works, &c. They formed a private company with the purpose of "furthering the German industrial prestige abroad"—a conveniently vague purpose. The company will be financed by private subscriptions and by a Government grant. The sum at first suggested as a necessary revenue from private subscription was £12,500, but the company present at the first meeting was so enthusiastic that it definitely promised annual subscriptions amounting to £25,000. The Government will add £12,500 per annum—the whole Secret Service Fund, in fact, at the disposal of the Imperial Foreign Office for similar purposes (e.g., for the payment of subsidies to certain papers abroad):

The company has entered into an agreement with the "Agence Havas"* that the latter will in future only publish news concerning Germany if supplied through "Wolff's Telegraphen-Bureau." The latter will receive its German news exclusively from the new company. The company intends to make a similar arrangement with Reuter's Telegraphic Bureau for those foreign countries in which Reuter controls telegraphic communications. If Reuter declines, the "Deutsche Kabelgesellschaft," a smaller German news agency supplying telegrams from certain countries (e.g., Mexico) and working in agreement with Wolff's Telegraphic Bureau, is to be financed by the new company to run a service in competition to Reuter's.

All the concerns represented at the meeting have furthermore agreed to pay into the company's hotchpot the very vast sums which they are accustomed to spend abroad for their advertisements in foreign papers. The total of this item alone is believed to be not less than £25,000 per annum—so the annual sum available for the purpose of the new company will reach a total of £50,000 to £75,000. The company will in future issue the advertisements of its members only to those foreign papers which publish German information originating exclusively from the new company, which is to be regarded as the only authentic source of information concerning Germany and all things German. This information they are to receive free of cost or at a nominal sum—so that the willing foreign papers will derive very material benefits from their collaboration with the company, viz., lucrative advertisements and free matter written in the language of the country in which the papers are published. The foreign press is to be watched by the company's agents appointed in the various foreign centres. Any incorrect reports are to be telegraphed home and corrected by telegrams issued by the company. The countries in which the system is to be immediately inaugurated are chiefly the South American States and those of the Far East, but the system is to embrace all countries outside Europe. The German cable rates for press telegrams are to be reduced in the interests of the new company.

It is difficult to say whether the evil which the new company is to remedy really exists, or exists to any perceptible extent, but it is certain that a very influential private company has been called into existence with every official encouragement commanding an enormous revenue for the purposes of a pro-German newspaper propaganda. Whether the evil exists or not—the money will be spent on secret service to popularize Germany abroad. It does not seem to have occurred to the promoters of the scheme that they are preparing the ground for a vast system of international blackmail—hardly a proper way to reach the desired end.

*Note.—Information since furnished to the Foreign Office has conclusively established that such an agreement, whilst apparently intended by the Germany Company, was not in fact entered into, or indeed ever contemplated, by the "Agence Havas."

No. 2.

Sir E. Goschen to Sir Edward Grey.
(Received April 6.)

Berlin, April 3, 1914.

Sir,—In my despatch of the 27th February last concerning the secret foundation of a German society to supply the foreign press of certain countries with news favorable to Germany and German interests, it was foreshadowed that German cable rates for press telegrams would probably be reduced in the interests of the new society.

I have the honor now to report that, in fact, reduced rates for telegrams to the United States, Canada, Argentine, Chile, Peru and the German colonies are to come into operation as from the 1st April, 1914. These telegrams, which are to be officially known as week-end telegrams, will be admitted at a reduced rate between Saturday midnight and Sunday midnight, to be delivered on Monday or Tuesday respectively. These week-end telegrams must have reached the cable station at Emden before midnight on Saturday, but can be handed in at any telegraph office in the course of the week.

The rates, which in some cases represent a reduction to one-fourth of the usual rates fixed, are:—

	Pfennigs per word.
To New York, Canada, Argentine, Chile, Peru (minimum charge for each telegram 20 M.)	80
To Togo and Cameroons (minimum charge 18 M.)	90
To German South-West Africa (minimum charge 15 M.)	75

Negotiations are pending for extending the week-end telegram service to other distant countries.

Telegrams sent to the United States or Canada are sent at the reduced rate only to New York or Montreal respectively; thence they are forwarded either free of charge, by letter, or at the local telegram rates per word by telegram.

I have, &c.,
W. E. GOSCHEN.

No. 3.

Sir E. Goschen to Sir Edward Grey.
(Received May 4.)

Berlin, May 2, 1914.

Sir,—With reference to my despatch of the 3rd ultimo, I have the honor to report that, according to an announcement in the North German Gazette, the system of reduced rates for what are called "week-end telegrams" is to be extended as from the 1st instant to Cape Colony, Natal, The Orange Free State, Transvaal, South and North Rhodesia, Nyasaland, British India, Burma, Ceylon, Malacca, Penang, Singapore, and Labuan, under the conditions described in my above-mentioned despatch.

The rates are as follows:—

	Pfennigs per word.
To Cape Colony, Natal Orange Free State, Transvaal	70
To South Rhodesia, Malacca, Penang, Singapore and Labuan	80
To North Rhodesia and Nyasaland	95
To British India, Burma and Ceylon	50

I have, &c.,
W. E. GOSCHEN.

No. 4.

Sir E. Goschen to Sir Edward Grey.
(Received June 12.)

Berlin, June 9, 1914.

Sir,—I had the honor, in my despatch of the 27th February last, to explain a scheme under which a society had been founded with the object of supplying the foreign press, by telegraph, with information favorable to Germany generally and to German industrial enterprise in particular. I have since transmitted lists of the countries to which, under the name of "week-end telegrams," the cable rates have been very considerably reduced to assist the propaganda of the said society.

I to-day have the honor to forward a translation of a cutting from the Deutsche Export Revue, of the 5th June, 1914, in which the existence of the scheme is, for the first time, as far as I know, admitted in public print.

The Deutsche Export Revue, which is published in Berlin, is a weekly periodical devoted to the interests of the German export trade. It is regarded as well informed, and enjoys a good reputation generally.

The article confirms the various particulars set out in my despatch; it confirms more especially the fact that the Imperial Foreign Office is supporting the scheme with an annual subscription of £12,500, paid out of its secret service fund. It supplies a list of the members of the society, the names of the directors, &c. The last paragraph of the article merits special attention on account of a certain refreshing ingenuousness.

I am informed that the order has gone forth from high official quarters not to reproduce or in any way to refer to this article, as its inadvertent publication is not unnaturally considered extremely inopportune and embarrassing.

I have, &c.,
W. E. GOSCHEN.

GERMANY'S ECONOMIC AIMS.

Extracts from the Deutsche Export Revue of June 5, 1914.

Our readers will remember that one of the items in the programme of the German Association for World Commerce was the establishment of a news service abroad on generous lines. Whilst the other parts of the Association's programme met with hostile criticism as soon as they became known, the proposed service for the supply of news abroad was greeted with general sympathy, as such activity promised to have a useful effect on our foreign relations. The failure to organize the Association for World Commerce seemed unhappily to render it doubtful whether the organization of the news service could be realized. It is all the more gratifying that, according to information which has reached us from well-informed quarters, the scheme for a German news service in foreign countries has by no means been abandoned, but that, on the contrary, an extensive organization is actually doing work in the desired direction.

A German syndicate was very quietly formed a few weeks ago for the purpose of this foreign news service. It uses the organization of a news agency already in existence; its activity is gradually to be extended over the whole globe. Its main object will be to reply in an appropriate form to the prejudiced news concerning Germany and to the attacks made upon her, and by the judicious publication of newspapers inspiring the necessary articles to spread abroad the knowledge of the true state of German industry and of Germany's cultural achievements.

We are in a position to give the following information concerning the organization of the enterprise. It is presided over by a directorate, consisting of three men, viz.:—

Privy Councillor von Borsig;
"Landrath" Roetger (retired); and Herr Schacht, a director of the Deutsche Bank.

A special administrative board, the main duty of which it is to make suggestions as to the organization and the methods of reporting, comprises among others:—

Professor Duisburg, of the dye works, "Bayer";
Herr Hagen, of the Disconto Gesellschaft;
Commercial Councillor Hasenclever, of Remscheid;
Herr Hermann Hecht, of Berlin;
Director Heineken, of the North German Lloyd;
Director Helfferich, of the Deutsche Bank;
Director Huldermann, of the Hamburg-America Line;
Director Kosegarten, of the "Deutsche Waffen-und Munitions-Fabrik";
Herr von Langen, of the Disconto Gesellschaft;
Privy Councillor Rathenau;
Director Reuter, of the Maschinen Fabrik, Duisburg;
Director Salomonsohn, of the Disconto Gesellschaft;
Privy Councillor von Siemens;
Herr Edmond Bobler, Hamburg, &c., &c.

The management will be entrusted to two managers, Herr Asch and Dr. Hansen. The former has for years edited several foreign news agencies; the latter is known to the readers of the Deutsche Export Revue through a series of articles dealing with the question of a supply of news covering the whole world.

For the present the enterprise has taken the form of a loose syndicate constituted for three years, which is, later on, to be replaced by a more systematic form of organization. The annual subscription payable by the firms which are members amounts to a minimum of £50. It is a significant fact that the Imperial Foreign Office has voted a grant of £12,500 towards the expenses of the syndicate, provided the same amount is contributed by German industrial houses. As the subscriptions and the contributions by the latter already exceed the sum of £12,500, the contribution from the Foreign Office funds seems secured. As every firm subscribing a sum of £50 has a vote, or, rather, for every £50 subscribed the subscriber receives a vote, it may be expected that the Imperial Foreign Office will have a powerful and decisive influence upon the management of the syndicate generally and upon the development of the news service in particular.

We further learn that efforts are now being made to induce the joint German and Foreign Economic Societies to join the syndicate, as these societies embrace pre-eminently merchants and manufacturers interested in the German foreign trade. These societies, it is true, appear to be still divided in their opinion concerning the new enterprise—at least, so far no definite decision has been arrived at.

It is believed that an increasing membership will make it possible to establish a reserve fund out of subscriptions and voluntary contributions received, so that, later on, the interest of the reserve fund may suffice to defray the expenses of the news service. It is also hoped that the foreign press may eventually be induced to pay for the news supplied. Finally, it is intended to send journalists to the various countries, who are there to busy themselves in favor of German interests in the manner indicated above.

The task which the syndicate has set itself is in itself worthy of acknowledgement. But only the future can show whether the task can be accomplished in the manner indicated. We are of opinion that good results could be achieved, and perhaps with greater success, by utilizing the German legations and consulates abroad, if ample funds for this purpose were placed at the disposal of the official departments. At the same time, the joint German and Foreign Economic Societies might well, as indeed some of them already do, work quietly for a better appreciation abroad of the state of German industry and of German cultural progress. The intended despatch of journalists we believe, however, in any case, to be a mistake, as it would certainly soon become common talk in the editorial offices in the several places abroad that they represent a syndicate officially supported by the German Empire. If such things are intended, it would be better to fall back upon gentlemen who are already in touch with the respective editorial offices, and who could serve German interests without attracting so much attention as would journalists sent out for the purpose.



BOY TELLS SECRET.

Poignant Incident in a French Hospital Ward.

A poignant tale comes from one of the French hospital wards. A mother called to see her wounded son and found him in bed with his head bandaged.

"You suffer much, my son," she inquired tremulously.

"No, mother," replied the soldier. "Not much."

"The day is fine," she said, "will you come for a walk in the garden?"

"To-morrow, mother, perhaps," he replied.

The next day the mother came again. Again she begged her son to come for a walk, and he frankly told her to bend over so that he could tell her a secret. "My two legs and my left arm have been shot away, mother," said the soldier, and the mother collapsed.

Not the Least.

"Why do you call the baby Bill?" "He was born on the first of the month."

She—"Did you find Mrs. Smiles a good hostess?" He—"Splendid! She makes one feel away from home at once."

Mrs. Smith (on her first visit to Niagara Falls)—"Oh, Reginald, that reminds me! I forgot to turn off the water in the kitchen sink!"

I know that this day will never come again, wrote George Matthew Adams. Therefore I will make it the best day in which I have ever lived.

"You have your father's eyes, declared grandma, looking earnestly at the young girl. "Yes'm. "And you have your mother's hair." "No; this is sister's hair," faltered the girl, "and she said I could borrow it."

THINK HARD.

It Pays to Think About Food.

The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, illustrated in the experience of this lady.

"About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could scarcely walk up a flight of stairs without stopping to regain breath and strength.

"I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and used other remedies, but found no relief.

"Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes or hot biscuit, and in one week's time I was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

"I gained ten pounds in this short time, and my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use.

"I like the delicious flavour of Grape-Nuts and by making Postum according to directions it tastes similar to mild high grade coffee." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

The most perfect food in the world. Trial of Grape-Nuts and cream 10 days proves. "There's a Reason."

Look in the pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

"THE BRITISH FIRING LINE."

This stirring poem is one of 29 in the new book dealing with the War. Every patriotic Canadian should have these timely popular poems from the pen of Mr. T. R. Gainee, who has quickly caught the imagination of the people. Price 50c. postpaid to any address. Positively the best 50c. investment you can make.

THE WAR PUBLISHING COMPANY,
149 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, Que.

Ontario Horticultural Exhibition

EXHIBITION GROUNDS, TORONTO, ONT.

NOVEMBER 10, 11, 12, 13, 14

FRUIT, FLOWERS, HONEY, VEGETABLES

This year's Exhibition promises to be just as large and splendid as the many successful Exhibitions of former years.
The Growers in each section have consented to exhibit the best in their possession, and to forego the acceptance of prize money, which will enable the giving of the entire gate receipts, to the

RED CROSS SOCIETY

Special Rates on all Railways. Ask your Ticket Agent for Certificate when purchasing ticket.
Entries should be made at once with the Secretary.

WM. COUSE, President.
P. W. HODGETTS, Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

THE TERRORS OF INDIGESTION

Disappear When the Blood is Made, Rich, Red and Pure

The mistaken idea that laxatives or drastic purgatives provide a short cut to the cure of indigestion is largely responsible for the prevalence of dyspepsia and other stomach disorders. Indigestion calls for more than a makeshift. your stomach needs tone; it cannot absorb nourishment from the food you eat. To give new strength to your stomach so that it may perform the work of digestion without pain or distress, you must enrich the blood. This is the tonic method for strengthening weak stomachs. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best medicine known. Every dose makes new, rich blood, which not only strengthens the stomach but builds up every part of the body as well. Here is an illustration of what this medicine can do: Mrs. I. N. Brown, Dowville, N.B., says: "For three years I was a sufferer from Chronic indigestion. I was hungry all the time, yet could take very little food, and what I did take was followed by great distress and nausea. My sleep at night was broken, and I often had profuse night sweats. The suffocating feeling which often followed eating would cause my heart to palpitate violently. At times my hands and face would become the color of clay and I would be completely prostrated. I was under the care of a good doctor, who finally told me the trouble was incurable and that the most I could hope for was temporary relief. I was in these straits when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and used the pills steadily for two months, when I was again a well woman, and have since had no return of the trouble."

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

THE WOMEN OF ANTWERP.

Tend Heroically to the Wounded—Their Dear Ones Dead.

The women of Antwerp become more wonderful every day. While their men live they comfort and cheer them; when they are dead they put the Red Cross band on their mourning and stifle their grief to minister to the dear ones of others.

There is a woman living in my hotel, says a London Daily Mail correspondent, whom I have watched for a week. Her husband was a captain of infantry. While he was away on duty she would sit sewing in the salon with a sorrowing face as she wondered what was happening to her husband out in the firing line. When she heard his step, the gloom went and the smile and joke—it was easy to know with what an effort—replaced it. The soldier gone, the weary foreboding descended again. After Saturday's fight at Termonde, she came down in deepest black. This morning I saw a Red Cross on her sleeve. This is no xception; that captain's wife has a thousand peers in Antwerp.

It is almost certain that the man or woman you are sitting next to can tell you a story of personal tragedy. One morning I addressed four people in the Cafe Metropole. Three of them were direct and dire sufferers. One, a nobleman, told me, without a word of complaint, how his chateau near Liege had been razed by the Belgians to make way for the fire of the heavy guns; how all the horses in his racing stud had been commandeered; how, through his ruined tenants' inability to pay any rent for two or three years, his income was gone. He asked me anxiously whether if he put the wreck of his fortunes, namely, the family plate, in a big chest, he would be allowed to take it to England.

A second man described with glittering eyes how his dearest friend, a youth of twenty, had been tied to a tree by German officers and told he would be shot. First, however, they wanted dinner, and dined around the tree, taunting their victim with offers of champagne, till they had finished their repast. Then they shot him. The third man was a refugee from Malines who had been separated a week before by the Germans from his wife and two children. "Ah, monsieur," he cried, "I would rather be dead with them than not know whether they are dead or alive or where they are."

The "Meat" of Corn

—the sweet centers of choice Indian corn; cooked, seasoned just right, rolled thin as paper and toasted until they become golden brown flakes—crisp and delicious!

That's why

Post Toasties

are better than ordinary "corn flakes."

Toasties are packed in an inner container inside the tight-sealed, familiar, yellow carton—keeps the food fresh and crisp for your appetite—

Superior Corn Flakes

—sold by Grocers.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Windsor, Ont.



A Belgian Princess.

The Princess Karadja is president and honorary treasurer of the Belgian Relief Society. She has transformed Bedigny Castle, situated in the very heart of the war zone, into a hospital. In recognition of her work, the Governor of Liege has addressed a letter of gratitude to her.

BABY CRIED CONSTANTLY

Mrs. Simon Aumont, Mushka, Ont., says: "My baby was ill and cried continually till I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They worked a marvellous change in her and she became happy, gained in weight and all signs of sickness left her. The tablets are the very best medicine I know of for little ones." Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones such as colic, colds, constipation and indigestion, etc. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Corrected.

Mr. Gotrox—"That there sculptor fellow says he's a-going to make a bust of me."

Mrs. Gotrox—"Henry, it's just terrible the way you talk. Say 'burst'."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

STRANGE WEAPONS.

British Soldiers Fought With Their Bare Fists.

In all ages the use of primitive means of defence and offence has been a mark of warfare. When Wat Tyler's men of Kent marched over London Bridge and scared the City and Court almost to death, their arms were sickles and billhooks and scythes, and a few blacksmith's tools. The same remark applies to the arming of the men of Devon and Somerset at the Battle of Sedgemoor, the last real battle fought on English ground. But even in these days of arms of precision there have been many cases where these scientific tools have been discarded in favor of something much more primitive.

For instance, at the Battle of Inkerman, which was a soldiers' battle, fought in a mist almost without leadership, many of the English soldiers, finding their fire useless and their bayonets untrustworthy and bent, went in with their fists in true British style. Bluejackets have more than once followed this example when a punitive force has been landed to punish the natives. The tars have gone for them with fists and belaying pins, possibly feeling that anything more deadly would be more than the occasion required.

The band has on many occasions joined in the fray. It is reported to have occurred in the late war in the Balkans, during the later fighting which took place between the late allies, Bulgarians and Servians. The former were greatly outnumbered, and seeing them getting the worst of it, the band went into the melee with their instruments, and many a Servian was laid low by a blow from the butt-end of a cornet, ophecleide, and trombone, not to mention the formidable bassoon.

There is a story about a peasant who defended his hearth against a horde of the enemy with a three-legged stool, and another of a woman who routed the enemy on the double by overturning a stand of bee hives in her garden, but certainly one of the most remarkable weapons on record was the big saucepan which it is creditably said a lusty Turk brandished with great effect at the Battle of Widdin. Since Samson's use of the jawbone of an ass there has never been surely a stranger weapon.

In one of the fierce actions in the Peninsular War ammunition ran short, and many shifts were resorted to in order to make up for the lack of bullets. The chief means were buttons. There were not many left on the soldiers' uniforms when the fight was over. To-day, of course, a soldier could not do this, for all the rifles are breech-loaders. But in those days it was different. Thus in this very same battle it is reported that a soldier took a razor from his haversack, rammed it down, and fired it after the flying French cavalry. Evidently that cavalry had a close shave.

Chest Colds and Hoarseness Quickly Rubbed Away

"Nerviline" Gives Speedy Relief and Cures Over Night.

Got a cold?

Is your voice raspy—is your chest congested or sore?

If so, you are the very person that Nerviline will cure in a jiffy.

Nerviline is strong and penetrating. It sinks right into the tissues, takes out inflammation and soreness, destroys colds in a truly wonderful way. Rub Nerviline over the chest—rub on lots of it, and watch that tightness disappear. Nerviline won't blister, it sinks in too fast—doesn't simply stay on the surface like a thick, oily liniment would. If the throat is raspy and sore, rub it well outside with Nerviline, and use Nerviline as a gargle diluted with warm water. Just one or two treatments like this and your voice and throat will be quickly normal again.

Just think of it—for forty years the largest used family medicine in this country—Nerviline must be good, must quickly relieve and cure a hundred ills that befall every family. Try it for earache, toothache, coughs, colds, sore chest, hoarseness and muscular pains in every part of the body. Large family size bottle 50c.; trial size 25c., at all dealers.

BABY'S FACE MASS OF ERUPTION

Spread Over Head and Neck. Caused Disfigurement, Burning and Itching. Could Not Get Any Sleep. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.



1 Hibernia Ave., West Toronto, Ont.—"First we noticed a rash on our child's face, which soon began to spread all over his head and then around his neck. I thought it was going all over his body. It was in red patches on his face, then pimples began to form which broke and matter was running from them. His face and head was a mass of eruption and it caused a very bad disfigurement, also burning and itching. The child could not get any sleep. I tried several kinds of ointments and powders but with no success for about two months. The rash seemed to get worse. Little blisters would form then burst and a lot of discharge would come out.

"We tried ——— Ointment and ——— but to no good effect. After the child had been suffering about two months we were recommended to try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After a few applications it gave relief and the child began to get some sleep. In about six weeks Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely healed the trouble and not a scar is left." (Signed) Mrs. Wm. Tucker, Feb. 19, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold throughout the world. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A."

COLORS IN UNIFORMS.

Nearly All Europe's Armies Wear Khaki.

The war put everybody into khaki, with a few exceptions. On the battle line or in the field the English soldier and the English officer get out of their richly colored and historic uniforms and into khaki of a neutral hue. The Germans are in grey. The Austrians have most of their soldiers in khaki, and the Russians all wear khaki-colored cloth. The French still cling to their blue coats and brilliant red trousers, and the Belgians have a uniform that is very similar to the French.

The French and Belgian officers are dangerously ornamented with gilt trimmings during warfare, and present such brilliant targets that some of the Belgian regiments during the hard fighting with the Germans have lost nearly all of their leaders.

The new twentieth century mode of warfare put the ban on anything that glitters, even the rifle barrels, bayonets and sabres.



THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

By Joaquin Miller.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
'Tis fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen!
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.
But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! their battles, they last
From babyhood to the grave.
Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.
Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in those silent ways.
Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

A Frightful Fire

Causes widespread sorrow—likewise a lively corn causes much pain—the cure is "Putnam's," the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor, that never fails and always cures, try it, 25c. at all dealers.

Sure, Mawruss.

Credit Man—"No, we can't sell you those goods on four months' time."

Isaacs—"Vy not? I gifs you my note."

Credit Man—"But your notes do not sell on the street."

Isaacs—"Mine gracious, no, or I vould go home and make notes instead of cloding."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

An Idea.

Our idea of nothing worth worrying about is the announcement that new style trousers are to be without cuffs.

"HELP KEEP THE POT ABOILING."

Mr. T. R. Gaines, the People's Poet, is destined to set Canada on fire with his war poems! His last effort "Help Keep the Pot Aboiling" (dealing with the business situation) will soon be heard in every village, town and city of our land. Every home, store and factory will become familiar with this superb poem. It goes out as the business man's war song. 5c. brings a copy postpaid, in postcard form, 6 for 25c. Be in line, buy a postcard for yourself and friends.

THE WAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, 525 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal, Que.

That's Different.

Mrs. Exe (complainingly) — Such servants as we get nowadays!

Mrs. Wye—Well, one can't expect all the virtues for $4 a week, you know.

Mrs. Exe—But I pay $5.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Rank Hypocrisy.

"The best of us have to be hypocrites at some time."

"How now?"

"I was just condoling with my neighbor over the loss of his graphophone. It got smashed last night."

Foggs' Old Friend—"Great heavens, man, do I find you reduced to playing a cornet at the street corner to make a living?" Foggs—"I ain't doing this to make a living; my wife won't let me practice in the house."

Japan's empress is making bandages for the Red Cross nurses.

Bad Blood

is the direct and inevitable result of irregular or constipated bowels and clogged-up kidneys and skin. The undigested food and other waste matter which is allowed to accumulate poisons the blood and the whole system. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills act directly on the bowels, regulating them—on the kidneys, giving them ease and strength to properly filter the blood—and on the skin, opening up the pores. For pure blood and good health take

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

British Aeroplanes the Best.

"The British aeroplanes have proved to be more than equal to those of the Germans," says the Paris correspondent of the London Times. "Especial success has been scored with the new type of British aeroplane called the 'chaser,' which is capable of developing a speed of 150 miles an hour, and which can rise from the ground at a very sharp angle. The German anti-airship guns are so effective that it is unwise for the British or French aviators to fly lower than 6,000 feet from the ground. An airman when under fire has to keep up continual glides, sharp turns and evolutions in order to prevent the enemy from getting an accurate aim. Looping the loop, however, is strictly forbidden."

A Nova Scotia Case of Interest to All Women

Halifax Sends Out a Message of Help to Many People.

Halifax, N.S., Dec. 15.—When interviewed at her home at 194 Argyle St., Mrs. Haverstock was quite willing to talk of her peculiarly unfortunate case. "I was always 'blue' and depressed, felt weak, languid and utterly unfit for any work. My stomach was so disordered that I had no appetite. What I did eat disagreed. I suffered greatly from dizziness and sick headache and feared a nervous breakdown. Upon my druggist's recommendation I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"I felt better at once. Every day I improved. In six weeks I was a well woman, cured completely after different physicians had failed to help me. It is for this reason that I strongly urge sufferers with stomach or digestive troubles to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills strengthen the stomach, improve digestion, strengthen the nerves and restore debilitated systems to health. By cleansing the blood of long-standing impurities, by bringing the system to a high point of vigor, they effectually chase away weariness, depression and disease. Good for young or old, for men, for women, for children. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

An Authority.

"A man told me to-day that there is as much nourishment in a nickel's worth of peanuts as there is in a pound of steak," said the Old Fogy.

"Who was he? A scientist?" asked the Wise Guy.

"No," replied the Old Fogy. "He was a peanut merchant."

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon, Pigeon & Davis, Patent Solicitors, Montreal, report that 117 Canadian patents were issued for the week ending October 6th, 1914, 78 of which were granted to Americans, 24 to Canadians, 10 to residents of foreign countries and 5 to residents of Great Britain and colonies.

Of the Canadians who received patents, 12 were residents of Ontario, 4 of British Columbia, 3 of Nova Scotia, 2 of Quebec, 2 of Saskatchewan, and 1 of Manitoba.

As Good as Ever.

"Oh, George, before you get your razor, I must tell you that I —I borrowed it yesterday."

"What, again?"

"Y-yes. I had to do some ripping. But it's just as good as ever. I sharpened it on the stovepipe."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Peevish Child.

Mother—"What makes the baby cry so, Nettie?"

Small Nettie—"Oh, he got fussy because I tried to open his mouth wide with your glove-stretcher."

A Well-known Man.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.

Yours truly,
T. B. LAVERS,
St. John.

Has That, All Right.

"I'm afraid that young nephew of yours lacks application."

"Not at all; he applies to me for a loan regularly every week."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

The Reproof Valiant.

An artisan and his assistant came to a house to do some repairing. As he entered, the lady of the house said, in loud tones:

"Anna, before you do anything else, lock all the silverware in the vault!"

The man heard this, and after he had put on his overalls, he called to his assistant, so that the mistress of the house should hear him. "Fritzie, I think you had better run over to the shop with my watch and purse; evidently they are not safe here!"

Lots of people would rather send a dollar to the heathen than give the poor at home a pleasant look.

CLARK'S SOUPS



Delicately flavoured—Highly concentrated.

WHY WORRY! Choose your variety and ask your grocer for "Clark's".

FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 90 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

FOR SALE.

REGISTERED HAMPSHIRE SWINE prize winners. All ages. Both sexes. Fisher Bros., Benmiller, Ont.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS, UP-TO-MINUTE WAR BOOK and Combination Christmas Gifts are SURE MONEY-MAKERS. Handsome Samples Free; Best Terms; ORDER NOW; Postage twenty-five cents. Nichols Company Limited, Publishers, Toronto

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

PATENTS

OF INVENTIONS

PIGEON, PIGEON & DAVIS
71a St. James St., - Montreal
Write for Information

BOILERS

New and Second-hand, for heating and power purposes. Water Flumes, TANKS AND SMOKE STACKS.

POLSON IRON WORKS LIMITED TORONTO
Engineers and Shipbuilders.

"Doubling the Watch"

A Truly Canadian Patriotic Picture.

Made in Canada.

This 11 x 14 reproduction is rich in color and should be in every home. Send 25c. for sample copy. Post paid to any address.

Agents Wanted.

MALONE MOULDING & FRAMING CO., MONTREAL.

COPELAND'S

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

David Warnock, 202 Withrow Ave., Toronto, writes that he owes his life to the above remedy:

"Now that I am well and strong again, I write to state that the fact I am alive to-day witnesses to the merit of your medicine. The doctors gave me only 8 to 10 days to live. . . . I wish every one could know the worth of your medicine, especially those afflicted with consumption, as I was, for I undoubtedly saved my life to its use. Etc."

A doctor and a specialist attended David Warnock and gave him no hope. That was in March, 1911. Four months afterwards, he was a well man and had gained 66 lbs. If you suffer, or know of one, send us your address, and we will send a copy of Warnock's testimony in full and also many others; some of which have been cured of chronic bronchitis of over 30 years' standing.

At your druggist or direct from us at $1.00 per bottle.

COPELAND MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED.
511 PAPE AVE., - TORONTO.

Looking Ahead.

"I have just telephoned to our new neighbors to ask them if there is anything we can lend them," said Mrs. Scrimpins.

"Aren't you getting wonderfully generous" asked her husband.

"Oh, it's just as well to be neighborly. Most of our stuff is pretty well worn, and as they moved in I saw a lot of things that will be worth having when it comes our turn to borrow."

Odd.

It is odd that the man who speaks without thinking is the one most apt to say what he thinks.

A Fair Warning.

Barber (turning sharply round, almost wrenching off his client's nose)—Don't go, sir, it's your turn next.

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—50c box.

Zam-Buk

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to subscribers in Canada for $1.00 in advance or $1.50 at the end of the year and the United States $1.50 in advance

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free to subscribers.

Locals, constituting 4 lines or less 25 cents per each insertion

All transient advertising matter charged at 10c. per line nonpareil m asurement.

Address all communications to The WATCHMAN

LACHUTE. . . QUE.

The Empires Day of Need.

Is Canada doing all she should do and all she might do at this moment to strengthen the forces of the Empire in the field? It is stated that Canadian troops are going forward in accordance with the wishes expressed by the War Department, and that if more are wanted more will be forthcoming. It is pointed out also that men are being raised not only in advance of the call for them, but more rapidly than they can be equipped with weapons and supplies.

All this may be true, but there is an uneasy feeling abroad that the Dominion is not taking an adequate share in the defence of the Empire in its day of need, and that a very much larger body of men than we have should be at this moment under training. If the matter is put to the touch in the light of the statements made by Lord Kitchener at the Lord Mayors banquet recently held, there can be no doubt that Canada should have more men in the field.

There are at the front 300,000 British troops. There are under training in Great Britain, according to Lord Kitchener, 1,250,000 men. The population of the United Kingdom is slightly over 46,000,000 people. There are over a million more women than men, so that there are altogether some twenty-two and a half million males of all ages, from the infant in arms to the centenarian, in the United Kingdom. It appears, therefore, that on in fourteen of Britain's male population is at the front or getting ready to take part in the war against militarism.

In Canada thep pulation cannot be less than eight millions, unless al the immigration of the past few years has consisted of birds of passage. The males in Canada are much the more numerous. The census of 1911 gve 3,821,995 males and 3,384,648 females It is not unreasonable to suppose that to-day there are 4,100,000 males in Canada, avery large proportion of whom are between the ages of 20 and 45 We have sent overseas 32,000 men, 16,000 more have recently been called up to form a second contingent. Canada has, therefore, en route to the front or in training for active service only one in eighty-five of her male population

There is no need to multiply words in the face of these figures. If Kitchener, with one in fourteen of the entire male population of the United Kingdom under arms, still considers it necessary to call for more recruits, Canada, with only one in eighty-five of her male population designated for overseas service, is no taking a reasonable share of the burden.

The British Empire is hers no less than Britain's. German militarism menaces the Dominion as well as the motherland. If freedom perishes in Europe it will not long survive on this side of the Atlantic. There should be at this moment at least a hundred thousand Canadians under arms and in process of training for overseas service Canada will not be doing her duty till that number is reached.

Academy Exams.

—:o:—

GRADE III ACADEMY.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Class I.—Miriam Burk 87, Howard Nicoll 86, Doris McIntyre 84, Inez Giles 82, Alex. Murray 81. Lila Giles and Kenneth Sawyer 79, Jean McGibbon 77 Myrtle Duffy 76.

Class II.—Allison Cottingham 74, Jessie Black 68, Wesley McAllister 62.

Class III.—Sybil Arthur 59 Nora Somerville 56, Mary Hope and John Smith 54

GRADE II ACADEMY.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Honours.—Ervin Center 94.

Class I.—Estelle Inglis 87, Marjorie Mount 86, Stuart Van Dyke 84 Edgar Hammond, Wilma Joss 83, George Clark, Carswell McClure, Allison Rodger 80, Annie Drennan 79, George Calder Bessie Hammond 77.

Class II.—Constance Banford, John Hope, Irene Scott 70, Edward McOuat 68, Kathleen Bradley 67.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Class I.—Nora Rodgers 84, Doris Campbell 80, Percy Gordon 76.

Class II.—Keith Douglas 70, Verda Kettyle 64, Amy Bates, Mary Westgate 63, Myrtle McGregor 62.

Class III.—Jean Higginson 59, Enid McCullough 56, George Bain 55. Muriel Joss 53. Hazel McCoy 52, Aggie Hay 51.

GRADE III MODEL.

FRENCH.

Honours.—Hazel O'Brien 91

Class I.—Violet Rodgers 87, Edna Conlin 86, Willie Cruise 83, Annie Silverson 81, Mina Dixon 80.

Class II, Katie Jones 74, Jessie Berry, Myrtle Berry 70, Stuart Hay 65, Maude Painter 63, Edith Beers, Ruby Miller 62. Donald Beers 60.

Class III, — Ethel Boyd, Douglas Bradford Kenneth Morrison 57, Percy Robinson 56, Lila Cruise 55, Mabel Rodger 51, Clarence Rodgers, Isabel Wason 50.

GRADE II MODEL

MENTAL & RAPID ARITHMETIC.

Honours.—Dora Barley 95, Mamie Graham 93, Kenneth Hay 91.

Class I.—Doris Hammond 84, Ernest Calder 83, Ernest Baldwin, Jessie Paul 80, Percy Carpenter 79, Samuel Graham 78, James McGibbon 77, Lyall Middleton 75.

Class II.—Stanley McNaughton 74, Alfred Hunter 73, Grace Mount, Harold McFaul 72, Ines Sutton 71, James Smith 65.

Class III.—Melvin Burk 58, Elsie Lackey 57, Jean Campbell 53, James Calder 50.

GRADE I MODEL.

ENGLISH.

Honours.—Catherine Burwash 99, Ruby Rodgers 97, Wilhelmina Shaw 94, Genevieve Murphy 93, Anna Scott 92, May Boyd, Olive Boyd 91.

Class I.—Edna Bampton 84, Mary Boa 83 Laura McPhail 80, Ella Giles 78, Angus Kinmond 76, Bruce Bradford 75.

Class II, — Raymond Boyd 74, Helena Dobbie 73, Oscar Duffy 70, John Paul 69, George McCoy 68, Kenneth McOuat 67. Keith Christie 64, Eddie Barker 62.

Class III.—Emma Smith 56, Ross Muir 55.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.

READING.

Honours. — Margaret Jones 98, Ryckman Alexander 96, Evelyn Hamilton 93, Ian Hay 92.

Class I, — James McKimmie 89, Arthur Lackey 88, Margaret McOuat 87, Linnie Thompson 86, Florence Hunter 85, Ivan Carpenter 84, Douglas Patterson 83, Henry Murphy 80, Gerald Hammond 79.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.

DICTATION & SPELLING.

Honours, — Lillian Hamilton 99, Florentine Cyr 98, Irene Byron 97, Kenneth Campbell 96, Beatrice Cunningham 91, Muriel Burk 90

Class I.—Lillie Bradford 89 Nellie Cowan, Hilda Sutton 88, Clifford McPaul 87, Ralph Goldsworthy, Mina Paul 85, Ethel Hay 84, Arthur Cruise, Elmer Ryan 83, Annie Fraser, Myrtle Hunter 82, James Hay 80, Myrtle Barker, Herbert Darlington, Arnold Scott 78, Willie Cottingham 75.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.

GEOGRAPHY.

Honours, — Alice Burk, Lawrence Cruise 100, Lilly Paul 97. Evelyn Creswell, Harold Window 94, Ivan Bennett 91, Howard Morrison 90.

Class I.—Earl Gunn 89, Ida Bampton 87, George McGibbon 86, Ruth Byron, Gordon G. Cruise 84, Kenneth Elliott, Cecil Staniforth 82, George Gunn 79.

STAYNERVILLE.

—:o:—

Miss Muriel Nichols was in Lachute on Saturday last.

Mrs. G. Devine spent Monday with Mrs. Wm. Nichols.

Miss Yvonne Ouillette spent last week in Montreal visiting friends.

Mr. Chas. McKenzie was the guest of Mr. Wm. Murdock on Sunday last.

Mrs. A. Steele and Miss Gertrude visited Mrs. Jas. Stewart on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. James Biglow, of Dalesville, were the welcome guests of Mr. Chas. McKenzie on Thursday last.

A few coats carried over, full length Womens and Misses, very good styles at only $5.00.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FIERI FACIAS DE BONIS ET DE TERRIS

SUPERIOR COURT

District of Montreal, No. 1588 } JOSEPH PAQUETTE, Pl'ff vs E. ST-AMOUR, ES QUALITÉ, Defendant, to wit:

A lot of land situate in the eleventh range of the township of Howard county of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne, known and designated upon the official plan and book of reference of the said township of Howard, under the number one (No 1).

2. Another lot of land situate at the same place, known and designated upon the same official plan and book of reference, under the number two No. (2).

3. An island situate at Lake Noir, in the seventh range of the township of Wentworth, said county of Argenteuil and district of Terrebonne, under the number thirty eight (No. 38) of the subdivision of the Nos. 4, 5 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 18 19, 20, and 21—with the buildings erected upon the above mentioned lots in the township of Howard and Wentworth.

To be sold at the registry office of the county of Argenteuil, in the Town of Lachute district of Terrebonne, on the FIFTH day of DECEMBER next 1914, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriff's office, Sheriffs.
Sainte Scholastique, 27th October, 1914 5220
(First published, 31st October, 1914.)
11-27

FIERI FACIAS DE BONIS ET DE TERRIS.

SUPERIOR COURT

District of Ottawa, } Joseph Beauline
to wit: No 3734. } ET ALES QUALITE
Plaintiff; vs MOISE EUCLIDE COTE Defendant, to wit:

1 These certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being in the augmentation of the township of Grenville, in the county of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne in the province of Quebec, being composed firstly of the north half of lot number eight (8), in the third range of the said augmentation of Grenville, containing hundred acres more or less, now known and designated upon the official plan for the said augmentation of Grenville, under the numbers eight A (8-A) and eight B (8-B), in the third range of the said augmentation of Grenville.

2. The north half of lot number nine (9) situate at the same place, containing one hundred acres more or less, now known and designated upon the official plan and book of reference aforesaid under the number nine A (9-A) and nine B (9-B).

3 The west half of lots known according to the official plan and book of reference for the augmentation of the Township of Grenville, aforesaid as lot seven A (7-A) and seven B (7-B), in the forth range of the augmentation of Grenville aforesaid—with the shanty and stable thereon erected.

4 The north half of lot number eight (8) in the said forth range of the augmentation of Grenville—with all and every the members and appartenances thereunto belonging.

To be sold at registry office of the county of Argenteuil, in the town of Lachute, district of Terrebonne, on the TWENTY-FOURTH day of NOVEMBER, next, 1914, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriff's office, Sheriffs.
Sainte Scholastique, 19th October, 1914, 5048
(First published, 24th October, 1914.)
11-20

AUCTION SALE.

—:o:—

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of Richard Hooper on the farm of

JOHN McMEEKIN, Drover
Stonefield Heights,
Friday, November 20th, 1914

The following effects: One work horse, one brood mare, two and a half year old colt, eight milch cows, four 1½ year old heifers, six calves, five pigs of 6 months and year old, quantity of buckwheat, one mow of hay and one of straw, which can be seen at the farm of Mrs. Keir, at Chatboro, one mowing machine, one horse rake, two walking plows, one gang plow, one smoothing harrow, one farmer's boiler, one tumbril cart, one lumber waggon, one milk waggon, one set of cart harness, one set of double harness, 1 thrashing mill, chains, household furniture and other articles unmentioned.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock sharp.

TERMS: $5 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

R. TODD, Auctioneer.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CHICAGO EXPRESS
TORONTO—DETROIT—CHICAGO
The Canadian No. 21.
Lv. Montreal 8.45 a.m. 10.00 p.m.
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Lake - Ontario Short Line
TORONTO
via Belleville, Trenton, Brighton, Colborne, Port Hope, Newcastle, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby. Leave Windsor Station 8.45 a.m.

For tickets and full particulars apply to

J. S. GILES, Agent.

ITALIAN SPAGHETTI MADE IN CANADA

How Canadian Housewife Was Deceived—The Virtues of the "Made-In-Canada" Article

According to the "Monetary Times" of Toronto, British Columbian manufacturers are losing no opportunity to impress on the public the advisability of using home-made products. The association includes all the manufacturers both on the lower mainland and Vancouver Island, so that the markets in the coast cities are carefully looked after. Foreign products have been the rule here. A manager told "The Monetary Times" of an instance of how people apparently prefer something made elsewhere.

Empty Prejudices

A local brand of spaghetti was put on the market, and proud of their product the manufacturers had their name on the box. A housekeeper saw the brand at her grocer's and she tried it, but reported adversely. Evidently others did also, proving that a maker has little honor in his own country, for the firm got out a new package, taking off their name, and labelling it "Finest Italian Spaghetti." In one instance, the same woman who had said the other was no good tried it, and declared it was "the loveliest she had ever tasted," not knowing it was the same brand. Acting on the knowledge that British Columbia products are not behind any other in quality, the manufacturers are making a determined campaign to interest the public. The latest move is the resolution of the board of trade that the Burrard Inlet Tunnel and Bridge Company be urged to insert in the contract for the construction of the bridge across the Second Narrows a clause to the effect that the iron and steel for the bridge be fabricated in Vancouver, where there are two companies which have a combined investment of over a million dollars in plant.

Favor the Home Product

There is a moral in this that has a far wider application than in the case of spaghetti. A vast amount of material is sold in Canadian stores labelled "Latest Importations;" "Best Imported Brands"; "Direct Imports from France"; "Best British Make," etc., that is the result of an honest day's work by a Canadian workman in a Canadian factory. The imported idea is a delusion, and it is gratifying to those who believe in the "Made-in-Canada" product to know that the consumer who is so prejudiced against the Canadian made article cannot note the difference between the home and foreign made product. This is an indirect compliment to the Canadian manufacturer and the Canadian mechanic, and should convince the most sceptical that he should patronize the home product wherever possible. Now is the time to pursue this policy if we wish to restore good times in Canada.

BROWNSBURG

—o—

Miss C. D. Bellaire spent the week-end in Lachute visiting friends.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

—o—

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

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

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. 64388

Desjardins' Footwear.
The Best in Town

Special atttention is given to persons hard to fit and who suffer with bonions or corns.

Our long experience is to your advantage.

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THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized: . - - - $2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus: - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.
Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.

All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

J. D. CAMPBELL
Main Street. Lachute.

... UNDERWEAR ...

For Men—Penman's Underwear for Fall and Winter. Turnbull's fine goods, (Ceetee Brand), heavy ribbed, from $1.50 to $2.00.

For Youths—Penman's, from sizes 24 to 32 and heavy ribbed.

For Women—Combinations from $1.00 to $2.25, Union and All wool, from 35 cents to $1 25.

For Children—Turnbull's from size 1 to 7.

Hose—Heavy and Fine Wool Ribbed and Plain Cashmere, etc.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, etc.—Very good assortment in fine goods and heavy for Men, Women, Youths and Children, of the best makes.

Choice Groceries—Creamery and dairy butter, lard, cheese, etc.

GILES BROS.
Main St. - - Lachute

STYLISH and NOBBY!

That is the kind of Suits we turn out, together with the added distinction of

QUALITY.

Suits pressed and cleaned. Try us and we will give you satisfaction.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute



DIXIE NoTUFT
TEN COMPARTMENT MATTRESS

The housewife who wants handsome, even-edged, well-draped beds uses the Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress. Tufted mattresses "spread" and "widen." The Dixie NoTUFT is guaranteed again *both*.

It's easy to keep clean because its smooth surface offers no lodging place for dust, dirt, and germs. It's 100% comfortable because it has no tufts to detract from its resiliency. The Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress is so constructed that we are able to *permanently* distribute filling heavier at points where wear is greatest. It is so distinctly different from the tufted mattress you *now* use that you can't afford *not* to come in and see it.

J. A. BEDARD & SON.

As Liquor Men see it.

Is there really anything in the prohibition agitation? Is it a serious thing, a thing which threatens the very existence of the liquor traffic; or is it a passing fad, a thing that the trade can afford to ignore, or which at the worst need only provoke a smile? What do the liquor men themselves think on the matter? In a recent discussion of the movement in the United States towards national prohibition, the *National Liquor Dealers' Publication* speaks very plainly and very pessimistically. It makes a careful survey of the situation, and concludes that while it will require thirty-six states to carry national prohibition, the prohibitionists are even now practically sure of twenty-seven. And then it proceeds to deal with the old arguments upon which the trade has long relied for its logical defence. It says: "The most influential argument against prohibition is that it is not effective, that 'Prohibition don't prohibit.' This is not basic or moral; the fact of failure to enforce is no argument against even the expediency, much less against the moral issue involved. Ultimately all questions must be settled by moral standards; only in this way can mankind be saved from self-effacement. The liquor traffic cannot save itself by declaring that government is incapable of coping with the problem it presents; when the people decide that it must go, it will be banished." Coming from a liquor organ, this is remarkably and amazingly frank, and cannot but be looked upon by some of the trade as most flagrant treachery. If it be true that all questions must ultimately be settled by moral standards, what chance is there for the liquor traffic?

But the *Publication* does not hesitate to follow its reasoning to a logical conclusion and this is what it arrives at: "To us there is 'the handwriting on the wall,' and its interpretation spells doom." We have read a good many honest confessions of the trade, but none quite so honest and frank as this.

And then the *Publication* proceeds to apportion the blame for the state of affairs and, contrary to the usual precedent, it does not lay the blame upon the temperance fanatic and the "unco guid," but upon the trade itself and in reading one can almost imagine he has made a mistake and picked up the *Issue* or the old *Voice*. Listen to this liquor organ; "For this the liquor business is to blame; it seems incapable of learning any lesson of advancement or any motive but profit. To perpetuate itself it has formed alliance with the slums that repel all conscientious and patriotic citizens. It deliberately aids the most corrupt political powers, and backs with all its resources the most unworthy men, the most corrupt and recreant officials. It does not aid the purification of municipal, state or national administration. Why? Because it has to ask immunity for its own lawlessness. That this condition is inherently and inevitably necessary we do not believe, but it has come to be a fact, and the public, which is to pass on the matter in its final analysis, believes anything bad that anybody can tell it of the liquor business. Why? Let the leaders of the trade answer."

The worst part of this awful indictment is its bald truthfulness, and even the trade must recognize the facts. The condemnation which is now pronounced upon the trade in so many quarters is but the inevitable and legitimate result of its long course of evil-doing and the deliberate flaunting of its lawlessness and its shame in the eyes of the law-abiding public. The traffic will go down to its doom, and it will be a deserved one. It is too late now to think of reformation, and the men who are responsible for the business are not the ones to reform it.

The traffic appears to be inherently evil, and its own corruption has sealed its doom. When its own friends and even its paid advocates plead guilty to the charges against it there seems small hope of escape.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He Tried "Fruit-a-tives"



D. A. WHITE, Esq.
21 WALLACE AVE., TORONTO,
Dec. 22nd, 1913.

"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of "Fruit-a-tives". These wonderful tablets relieved me of Indigestion, and through the continued use of same, I am no longer distressed with that terrible disease, Asthma, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives" which are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I did. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from Asthma, which I believe is caused or aggravated by Indigestion". D. A. WHITE

For Asthma, for Hay Fever, for any trouble caused by excessive nervousness due to Impure Blood, faulty Digestion or Constipation, take 'Fruit-a-tives"

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

DR. R. CHARLEBOIS, L.D.S.
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397 Victoria Avenue,
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Tel Westmount 4849.

ARTHUR H. HOWELL
Conductor Lachute Choral Society; Secretary London College of Music; Organist and Choirmaster Calvary Congregational Church, Westmount, will visit Lachute Friday of each week, during the present Season and would accept a limited number of pupils in Pianoforte Playing and Singing.
For terms and other information kindly address,
69 Park Avenue,
Montreal, Que.

THE OUTLOOK IN CANADA

Handicap For Some Industries—Increased Activity For Others.

Truly, it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good. One Continent's "down" is another Continent's "up." The industries of Europe are, generally speaking, at a standstill, and matters will be worse before they can be better.

The whole world is looking to the North American Continent—to Canada and the United States—for much of its provisions, machinery, textiles, boots and shoes, beverages, vehicles, cement, brick, earthenware, fancy goods, furs, glass, garments, paper, soap, tobacco, wood products, and much else. Canada must get ready to meet the demand made upon her. We have continued prosperity ahead of us if our manufacturers and merchants rise quickly to take advantage of their opportunity.



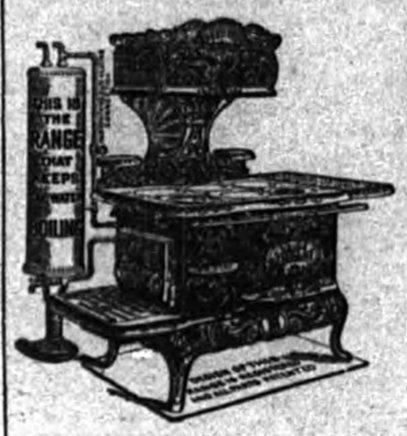
If you are having trouble with your Bladder—with incontinence or suppression of urine—burning pain—weakness or pain in the back—or Stone in the Bladder—take Gin Pills. They cure—50c.—6 for $2.50
At dealers everywhere. 29

GEOFFROY BEDARD

What I want is Customers who know and can appreciate a good job. And what you want is a tailor who will give you good Suits at reasonable Prices. I am the tailor you are looking for.

In spite of the heavy increase in all lines of goods, I have not raised my prices, for I had all my goods bought before the raise and I am giving my customers the benefit of the low prices in all Suits, Pants, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Furnishings of all Sorts.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.



Stoves! Stoves!
Happy Thought Ranges.
—:o:—
McClary Furnaces.
—:o:—
These are some of the lines we handle and will guarantee your comfort if you buy them from

G. Y. Deacon, - West End, Lachute.
Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.
Paid Up Capital - - - - - - $4,000,000
Rest - - - - - - - - - 4,750,000

If you open an account in the
Savings Bank Department
and make a practice of at once depositing any monies you may receive, your savings will increase and your idle capital will be earning interest.

Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - W. H. Lamb, Manager.



RANGES AND COMFORT

The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fit you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
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SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his office every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

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ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

DR. HENRI DORVAL
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST
Specialist on Spectacles & Glasses
451 ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL
From Paris, Vienna and Berlin Hospitals.
Will be in Lachute, at Rodrique's Hotel, the 4th Sunday of each month, from 5 to 8. 4 10

R. JOLY, UNDERTAKER,
First-class hearse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
Agent for Marble and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.

ROBERT TODD,
AUCTIONEER.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in both French and English.
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SEASONABLE SPECIALS.

MEN'S and LADIES' UNDERWEAR.
OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Then you must remember that our Grocery Department is always well stocked with the choicest of provisions at POPULAR PRICES.

R. McFAUL,
MAIN STREET, - - - LACHUTE.

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Phone 27. FOUNDRY STREET, Lachute, Que.

DALESVILLE

—:o:—

Mrs. P. Cleland spent a few days in Montreal last week.

Mrs. L. Robinson of Louisa, visited friends here on Tuesday.

Mr. T. R. Cregeen spent the week-end the guest of Mr. A. Murdoch.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dixon spent Sunday in Edina the guests of Mrs. W. Kennedy.

Miss Sadie Kennedy of Pine Hill, visited Mrs. R. S. MacArthur a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Graham were visiting Mrs. J. L. Kennedy in Pine Hill on Wednesday.

Pastor W G. White will speak next Sunday in Mount Maple at 3 p.m. and in Dalesville, at 730. p.m.

On Tuesday evening a few friends met at the home of Mr. A. J. Campbell in honour of his birthday.

Mr. R. A. Kennedy is teaching this week owing to the illness of Miss Murdock. Her many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Dalesville Baptist Church will continue the special services through the coming week. Rev. A. E. White B. A., of Quebec will preach each evening.

On Sunday, 22nd, at 11 a.m. Rev. A. E. White will speak at Dalesville Baptist Church, also at 3 p m and at Roussillon in the French Church, at 7.30 p.m.

The development of the milling industry in Western Canada is one of the best assets for the mixed farming industry, as it will ensure a plentiful supply of mill feeds, which are essential to successful mixed farming. In addition it provides steady work at good wages for a large number of workmen, and coming at a time when the unemployment problem is staring nearly every Western community in the face, the advent of a number of new channels of employment will be very welcome.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

She had conquered in the battle with her own heart. She had remained true to herself, even with Lucian Ferrier's reproachful eyes burning into her face, his sad voice ringing in her ears. And now, it seemed, all of a sudden, as if all the light and buoyancy and vitality had gone out of her future, leaving a dull pain of sickening monotony behind.

So the days went by. Lucian Ferrier absented himself entirely from the house, and Fenella openly wondered why.

"You haven't jilted him, Leslie, I hope," said she, with a careless laugh.

"I," echoed Leslie, with a forced laugh. "Why should you think that?"

"I didn't think it," said Fenella. "It only popped into my head. He used to come here so much, you know."

"Fenella," said Mrs. Lancaster, when Leslie had left the room, murmuring something about a book she wanted from the library, "of course I didn't want to speak of it before Leslie, but did it ever occur to you that Mr. Ferrier was evincing proper resentment?"

"Proper resentment!" cried out Fenella. "And what is he resenting now, I'd like to know?"

"Mr. Ferrier is only human, my dear. And it is very natural that he should be jealous."

"Jealous!" almost shouted Fenella. "Lucian Ferrier jealous! Oh, mamma! that isn't his style at all."

"I rather think you will find out that it is, my dear. Your evident partiality for Mr. Devereaux—"

"But, mamma, he has been paying the most devoted attentions to Leslie Ford of late."

"That was to make you jealous, Fenella."

"But Lawrence Devereaux is perfectly delightful," pleaded Fenella.

"Yes, Fenella, and his father keeps a liquor store in Centre Street."

"I don't care for his father," retorted Fenella. "My grandfather was a pawnbroker. The pot mustn't call the kettle black, mammy, dear!"

Mrs. Lancaster bit her lip.

"And it is to add a few such distinguished connections to the family that you would rebuff the heir apparent to Sir Talcote Ferrier!"

"Don't be sarcastic, mammy," said saucy Fenella. "It isn't a bit becoming to you. But really, though, I didn't suppose that my Lord High-and-Mighty cared enough for yours truly to pay her the compliment of being jealous."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Lancaster, highly gratified with the impression she had made, "we outsiders see a great deal more of the great game of love than you who are on the board."

"Mamma, that's figurative," said Fenella, striking an attitude of intent interest. "It's allegorical. You're coming out as a woman of genius in your old age!"

But for all that, Mrs. Lancaster knew that her hints and innuendoes had not been thrown away.

"Leslie," said she to her cousin's daughter a few days afterward, "Uncle Jason thinks you are growing thin and pale."

"Am I?" said Leslie, with a sudden startled look that had become habitual to her of late. "I think it must be his imagination. I am feeling quite well—only a little languid and tired out."

"Would you like to go away for a little while?"

"I don't know, Aunt Emily," Leslie answered, listlessly.

"Mrs. Utley, Mr. Lancaster's cousin, has sent for Fenella to visit her. Fenella declares up and down that she won't go. Would it not be well, my dear, that you should go in her stead just for a few days, and to make a little change for you?"

"I will go if you wish it," said Leslie, indifferently.

"I think it would be better for you."

"Then I will go."

And that very evening Mrs. Lancaster sat down to her inlaid davenport and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Utley, explaining the whole tangled state of affairs and introducing the orphaned daughter of her second cousin Julia Leslie Ford.

Mrs. Utley was a tall, grim-looking old lady, well toward the eighties, who lived in a tall, grim-looking old house, in one of the quietest, dreariest, and most immaculately neat streets of Philadelphia, where every house was so like its neighbor that one was compelled to stop and count the door-bells before one was at all certain about getting to the right destination. And Mrs. Utley read her cousin's letter, and nodded her lavender cap-strings over it.

"So they want to make a cat's-paw of me!" said she to herself. "Well, anything to create a diversion!"

She sat down and wrote to Mrs. Lancaster a gracious permission to send the young person on.

"For I dare say she'll be quite as amusing as Fenella, and not half so bad for the nerves," argued Mrs. Utley within herself.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was in the twilight of a snowy December evening that Leslie Ford arrived at the tall Philadelphia house with the overhanging window facings that were so like the overhanging brows of its mistress, and was ushered through a gloomy hall into a large, cavernous apartment, where the isinglass eyes of an immense base-burning stove winked a welcome at her, and an ancient lady in black satin was seated on a sofa, behind a red baize screen, with a reading-lamp close to her elbow.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Utley, lifting her spectacled eyes, "so you are Leslie Ford? Don't kiss me; I'm not partial to kisses from strangers. Shake hands. And don't shake too hard, if you please, for I'm rheumatic! Yes, yes! That'll do. Now sit down. Wing!" to an apple-faced little maid, in a frilled white apron, who stood obediently in an angle of the red baize screen, "order tea; Leslie Ford must be tired."

Leslie sat down in a low chair covered with cushions of exquisite satin patchwork, and looked at Mrs. Utley. Mrs. Utley returned the gaze with compound interest.

"Well," said she, after a minute or two, "how do you think we shall like each other?"

Leslie could not forbear smiling.

"I don't know," said she. "Not yet!"

"Young folks are generally in a hurry about making up their minds," said Mrs. Utley. "More fools they! Here comes the tea."

And just then Wing tripped into the room, with a napkin-covered tray neatly set out with cold boiled fowl, pickles, bread and butter cut in thin slices, and a tiny silver pot of deliciously fragrant tea. And Leslie and the weird old lady partook together of the simple, but well-appointed appetizing meal.

This ceremonial over, Wing put fresh coal on the fire, trimmed the lamp, shut the two ladies in behind the screen, and made Mrs. Utley a low courtesy.

"Is there anything more I can do, ma'am?" said she.

"Nothing, Wing," said Mrs. Utley, with much dignity—and Wing departed.

Outside the snow clicked against the windows; inside the coals dropped softly into the fire-pan, the stove expanded with a curious cracking sound, and a big clock ticked sepulchrally in some distant corner of the shadowy room. Mrs. Utley was busy with some fancy knitting that kept her wrinkled old fingers jerking to and fro as if she had a perpetual St. Vitus's dance. But she never looked at her work—she only looked at the slender figure sitting so quietly in the satin-cushioned chair. And Leslie, chancing to glance up suddenly, met her gaze, piercing and penetrating as gray lightning.

"Yes," said Mrs. Utley, not in the least discomposed, "you've caught me prospecting. I must say, though, you don't look like it!"

"Look like what, Mrs. Utley?"

"A girl who steals her cousin's sweetheart away!"

"Have I been represented to you in that light?" said Leslie, somewhat haughtily.

"Well, not exactly. It was an idea I took into my own head. There was something about a young man, wasn't there? Young men are mixed up in most of the troubles of the present day, I observe. Fenella Lancaster liked him, and he liked you."

Leslie was silent. Mrs. Utley reached out her thin, withered little hand, and touched the girl's luxuriant bronze hair with a motion that was not ungentle.

"Would you mind telling me all about it, my dear?" said she. "I am an old woman, but I haven't quite forgotten the days of my girlhood."

Leslie prisoned the fairy godmother's hand in hers, and kissed it impulsively.

"I will tell you," said she, "and then you shall judge for yourself whether I am right or wrong."

Mrs. Utley listened with her venerable white-capped head on one side, like an elderly eagle while Leslie related the incidents of the past few weeks.

"Well my dear," said she, when at last Leslie paused for a comment, "if you really want to know my opinion—"

"I do, of course."

"Then it's this. If you really like the young man, you should have stuck to him."

"But Fenella—and Aunt Lancaster!"

"Stuff and nonsense! It was a matter between you and him. No outsider had any right to come edging in. But that's all over and gone! There's no use in crying over spilled milk."

"No, I know it," said Leslie, sadly. "And I think, Mrs. Utley—mind, I don't assert it for a certainty, but my instinct tells me so—that Aunt Emily has sent me here to get me out of the way."

"It's as plain as daylight, I should think," said Mrs. Utley, jerking fantastically away at the knitting pins. "There, my dear, don't cry. the world is full of selfish people, and Emily Lancaster is no worse than the rest of them, Fenella's her own child, and you are not. It's human nature, neither more nor less. The only way is for you to make yourself independent of the whole scot and lot of 'em."

"But how?" said Leslie, pitcously.

"How? Good gracious! for an able-bodied girl to sit there, in this nineteenth century of the world, and ask me such a question as that!" exclaimed the old lady. "Wash, scrub floors, sell peanuts on the street corners. Do anything for an independence."

Leslie thought of the "Dog of Montargis," and smiled to herself.

"Well, Mrs. Utley," said she, "I will do any of the three things you suggest, if you will get me the opportunity. I have washed out my own pocket-handkerchiefs and papa's shirts, many a time, when the money ran low, and we dared not ask the laundress to lengthen her already discouraging bill. And I have gone on my knees and scrubbed the floor before now. As for selling peanuts, I don't see why I shouldn't be as successful as any of the old Irish women in quilted hoods and frilled caps, who make their livelihood by it."

Mrs. Utley nodded approval.

"Good!" said she. "I like your spirit, my dear. Give me the girls that are not afraid of work."

"Afraid!" repeated Leslie. "I only long for the opportunity of losing my own sad thoughts, and doubts, and fears in good, honest toil. Work would be the greatest blessing that could come to me just now, Mrs. Utley."

The old lady laid aside her ivory knitting-pins and tangle of soft lilac wools, and drew toward her the little japanned work-table, which glided over the well-worn carpet on noiseless castors, and began to fumble in one of the shallow little drawers, out of which floated a faint, pleasant odor of sandal-wood and dried roses.

"Now, where is it?" said the old lady. "What can have become of it? I could have sworn I put it in the left hand corner of this middle drawer. Oh, here it is!" with a little pounce at a folded paper. "What is it, Mrs. Utley?" asked Leslie.

"Your work, my dear. There's never a nail-hole in creation but what there's a nail fitted to it somewhere. You say Miss Ford, that you're not afraid of work?"

"On the contrary, I am rather fearful of being idle, Mrs. Utley."

"Well, then, here's the nail-hole all ready and waiting for the nail of your life to fit itself into. How would you like to be a companion?"

"I should have no objection to it," said Leslie, after a second or two of reflection. "Or a governess?"

"But I am not so very accomplished," hesitated Leslie. "Do you mean governess to a little child?"

"No, my dear, to a young woman as old as you are, and a good deal taller," answered Mrs. Utley, with the greatest composure.

"I fear I should be unable to satisfy the requirements of such a situation as that, Mrs. Utley."

"Permit me to be the judge of that," said the old lady, briskly. "You know something about music?"

"Ah," said Leslie, smiling, "that is my only real accomplishment—my one tower of strength. I believe I play tolerably well, and sing correctly."

"Very good," said Mrs. Utley. "That's one. And do you speak any language but your own?"

"Papa taught me something about Latin—"

"That's two," interposed Mrs. Utley.

"And of course, traveling about as we did, I learned to speak and write French as if it were my native language."

"Three."

"I can play the guitar a little. An old Italian who lodged in the same house with us at Florence taught me how."

"Four."

"And I picked up dancing myself—how or when I haven't the least idea."

"Five. Come, we're getting along swimmingly for a totally unaccomplished young lady. Can you draw or paint?"

"I never attempted painting," said Leslie; "but I have sketched ever since I can remember."

"But what sort of sketching?"

"Oh, scenery from Nature, and people's heads in chalk, and all that sort of thing."

"Not an acquisition to be despised," said Mrs. Utley. "You have read a good I suppose?"

"Almost everything," said Leslie. "Papa had access to all the libraries wherever we went, and he used to make out courses of reading for me which I followed up whenever I had the opportunity."

"And you can write? Poetry and essays, and all that sort of thing?"

"I have done so," owned Leslie, looking a little conscious and blushing. "Of course, nothing fit for presentation, but—"

"No apologies, my dear, no apologies," said Mrs. Utley. "An accomplishment is not a profession, as we all know. Upon the whole, I think you'll suit. This letter," tapping the folded paper with one slender forefinger, "is from a very old friend of mine—Miss Tribulation Jackson."

"What a singular name!" cried out Leslie.

"Yes, it is strange, but she isn't responsible for that. She didn't name herself. The only serious trouble about Tribulation is that she is a fool."

"A fool!" said Leslie, doubtingly.

"Yes, a fool. But she's a good-natured fool, and I've noticed that they never do so much harm as the vicious ones. I've known Tribulation a long time. She used to be my housekeeper. But she's very rich now—or her niece is—and has a housekeeper of her own. She had a very pretty sister—a fool likewise; it seemed to run in the family—who ran away at sixteen, and married a Spaniard, who died as soon as he conveniently could, and left one child—Corona Calderon. Mrs. Calderon having made all the trouble she could, concluded to die also. So the child was left to Tribulation's care, and poor Tribulation put it out to board at a farm-house while she worked hard to earn its livelihood as well as her own. And I can tell you, it was hard work for awhile. At length Tribulation had a chance to become housekeeper to a rich old widower who was able to pay more than I could offer her. 'What shall I do, Mrs. Utley?' said she. 'Do!' said I. 'Why, go where you can make the most money, of course! You owe it to yourself, and to that girl with the outlandish foreign name!' So she went—and I've heard nothing from her in ten years, until last week, when she wrote me a letter—the queerest, odd-spelled concern you ever read—informing 'Honored Madame,' as she addressed me, that some of Corona's distant Spanish relations had died and left her a cool million or so. And here is old Tribulation at sixty become rich, and here is Corona Calderon herself at twenty as ridiculously ignorant as a child of all that a lady is expected to know. And Miss Jackson wants me to look out for her some person with tact, education, and an infinite supply of patience, who will officiate in the double capacity of governess and companion to this diamond in the rough. For this service she is ready to pay the startling sum of twenty-five dollars a month, board, and traveling expenses."

"It is not much," said Leslie, thoughtfully, "but it is enough. I will accept the situation, Mrs. Utley—that is, if Miss Calderon and her aunt think me suitable."

"My dear, you are a trump," said Mrs. Utley. "I'll take you to see Tribulation Jackson to-morrow."

"Do they reside in Philadelphia?"

"They are stopping at the Continental Hotel until they can get a furnished house for the winter. The idea of my calling on Tribulation Jackson at the Continental Hotel! Ha! ha! ha!" And Mrs. Utley laughed until her crisp white curls shook all over. "The world has made many a funny somersault in my time, but none more unaccountable than this. Yes, my dear, we'll go there to-morrow, and if you're really anxious for something to do, you will be suited with this situation. And now you are tired, and want to get to bed; those pretty eyelids of yours droop like a shut flower. Wing will be here in a minute to show you your room."

"But you will retire also?"

"I? Bless your heart, my child, it's only a little after nine. From six to nine, knitting—from nine to twelve, reading novels. That's my programme, and I'm as methodical as a clock. And I never retire before twelve. But go you to bed, and get your beauty sleep. Wing!" to the little maid who appeared with a bed-candle, "the Portrait Room! Good-night, Leslie Ford!"

(To be continued.)

Many Were Horrified.

A Britisher who has just returned from Brussels has been interviewed. He speaks Belgian, Flemish, and German fluently, and has thus been able to get about freely, and also mix with the German soldiers. Many of them, he said, are very much against the war. "Many of us," said one, "detest the war. All we want is to get back to our wives and children." Another German soldier took him on one side in a cafe and showed him his cartridge pouches. "See," he said, "I have not fired a shot. I have not the heart to do so. It is the mad Kaiser who has brought this upon us." Many of the German soldiers were horrified at the Louvain atrocities. "Ah, sir," said a reservist, "it was awful, but do not blame us. It is the officers and the N.C.O.'s who wish that sort of work to be done."

Memories of the Past.

The jolly old uncle was relating some of the incidents of his earlier life to his nephew. "Of all the women you ever met, uncle,' said the young man, "by which were you most struck?" "By your aunt, my boy, by your aunt," replied the old gentleman, dropping his voice and feeling the back of his head tenderly.

A VAST CAMP OF TROOPS

WHAT A CHICAGO MAN SAW IN BRITAIN.

Thousands Upon Thousands of Soldiers Marching and Drilling.

The British Isles have been transformed into a vast camp for the recruiting and training of armies for the continental war, according to G. B. S. Steward of Chicago, who after escaping from Germany, drove an automobile through England on a special permit from the London Government.

"Up the east coast I went as far as Edinburgh," Mr. Stewart said, thence in a wide swing around the highlands around Loch Lomond, and down the west coast to—well, so as not to betray official secrets, I will say as far as I was permitted to go.

"And I had my desire at last. I saw a nation answering the call to arms. From every side they came; from every shire and village, and hamlet; highlander, and lowlander and southron; Gael, and Celt, and Saxon; all were of one blood now; all were Britons.

Sees Armies in Making.

"Before I had fairly cleared the suburbs of the great city I saw the first of the troops, an infantry regiment of territorials route-marching. A few miles farther on we passed a wide field where troops of cavalry were manoeuvring; next an interminable procession of waggons filled with forage and supplies.

"It was on this same day, a few miles farther on, that I caught my first glimpse of what a field of battle must resemble after the tide of conflict had rolled over it. It was the midday rest period following hours of marching and manoeuvring in full equipment and under a broiling sun.

"Everywhere, in the fields, under the hedges, beside the road, almost in the track itself, the still forms of men were sprawled in every conceivable attitude. Most of them had evidently dropped where the ranks had been broken too completely exhausted even to seek a grassy spot or a bit of shade.

"Many lay with burned, sweat-streaked, grimy faces turned up to the full glare of that hot sun, their knapsacks still on their backs, hats partly off, heads lower than their feet, and, as often as not, rifles still clasped in right fingers, and how astonishingly young they looked.

"It was rather too realistic, that scene—a picture of war with all the pomp and glory left out—and it sobered us somewhat. We treaded our way at a snail's pace between the sleeping forms, fearful lest we disturb their rest, though I doubt if anything less insistent than Gabriel's trumpet would have done that.

"Though I saw thousands upon thousands of soldiers marching and drilling, not once throughout Britain did I hear the inspiring strains of martial music cheering them to their task. Moreover, I heard no shrill sound of fife nor stirring roar of drum; no, nor even the solitary wail from highland bagpipe.

Lo, the Poor Kiltie.

"They have put a khaki coat upon the highlander, leaving him but the kilt of his former glory. I wondered if they had taken away his beloved pipes, too.

"A war without music, without fiery oratory, without enthusiasm, without noise; it typifies the nation's state of mind. This war was none of their seeking; they did not want it, do not want it now, but the burden had been laid upon them, and they are carrying it without a murmur. Grimly, doggedly, and silently they have set about doing this work which has come to their hands to do."

Japan has over 425,000 female mill operators.

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ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

The former Sultan of Zanzibar is stranded in Paris with his fifteen wives.

Baku, Caucasus, has a population of 217,853, of whom 93,892 are women.

Marrying in haste is blamed for the unusually large number of divorces.

A military drill for girls is carried on in the Japanese public schools.

Southern Nigeria women wear brass anklets which make walking very difficult.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is acting as a dishwasher in the Red Cross hospital in Paris.

All of the postoffices in Germany are now being conducted almost exclusively by women.

Women in Belgium who earn from five to seven cents an hour consider themselves well paid.

Among the French troops fighting Germany is a young woman laundress who wears a soldier's uniform.

From twenty to 25 cents a day is paid the women employed in the rubber industry in British Guiana.

Miss Edith Havermeyer, heiress to over $7,000,000, has set up her own bachelor-girl establishment in London.

Over 350,000 women signed the suffrage petition which was rejected by the Swedish parliament.

Women are conceded to be the best insurance agents, as their beauty and charm induce a man to take out a policy.

Several Servian girls have taken a pledge not to marry a man who has not killed at least one of the enemy in the war now going on.

The wives of the municipal councillors in France have been given the right to vote in place of their husbands, who have gone to war.

Mrs. E. Conybeare of Clydach, Eng., is knitting socks for the British troops, just as she did for the soldiers in the Crimean war and in South Africa.

The Czarine of Russia has displayed in a prominent place in her boudoir, the knife with which the monk Rospoutin was stabbed to death by a peasant woman.

So that she may be near her fiance, a doctor in the British army, Miss Ethel Harrison, of Ethelburg, Kan., has sailed for England, where she acts as a Red Cross nurse.

The high council of the Church of England has voted to give women the suffrage in the election of the church councils and also the right to sit in parochial councils.

"Billson yonder tells me he trusts his wife implicitly and absolutely, but—" "Well?" "Well, I notice he carries his change and his fish-hooks loose in the same pocket."

College Youth (writing to father)—Dear dad: Send me $500. Money makes the mare go. Father (by return mail) Yours received. I enclose $50. That ought to be enough for a jackass.



The Wreck of a German Motor Truck Provision Train Which was Shelled by French Artillery.

David's Second Chance

As Mr. David Durrant strolled along Piccadilly meditatively chewing a toothpick, the tissue envelope of which had borne the name of a restaurant famous all over the world, he did not look in the very least like a man who was considering the manner of the expenditure of his last shilling.

His silk hat shone again, his clothes had evidently been built by an artist, his hair was glossy, and his dark moustache sleek. In fact, he looked every inch a prosperous City man.

But if you examined him, you would have noticed that he was a trifle fine-drawn for one of the breed—that he lacked that comfortable plumpness which always goes with success in the City at the age of about forty.

And the reason why in Mr. David Durrant's case this slight excess of superfluous flesh was lacking was a sad one.

Mr. David Durrant had only a week or so before left the hospitable walls of one of his Majesty's prisons, after a stay of three years and three months.

At one time there had been a mention of the term of five years; but his Majesty took into consideration the fact that David had conducted himself in an exemplary manner, and had decided to dispense with his company after the expiration of the term mentioned.

Now, although Mr. David Durrant agreed, on the whole, that his conviction was just, he was always huffed if any suggestion was made that he had committed crime.

"I made use of money which did not belong to me," he would say. "Of course I did. Every business man does. That is the way business is done. Where I was wrong was in putting the cash into things which didn't turn up trumps. But how that can be called criminal I cannot for the life of me see. Heigho! Well, I've done the time; but I wish the punishment ended there."

For Mr. David Durrant was learning the bitter lesson that the prison-cell does not constitute the only punishment which a man of the "respectable" classes is called upon to bear, after he has been found out.

People he had thought were friends eyed him askance, exchanged hurried sentences, or else openly cut him. But one or two, for shame's sake, had lent him a few sovereigns to tide him over until the luck turned, and it was with the proceeds of such generosity that he had just given himself the treat which he had promised himself a thousand times in the solitude of his cell—a good meal in a first-class West End restaurant.

Still, he had been able to gather from the manner of these open-handed ones that the fount of their good-nature would very soon dry up—in short, that they had done for him all they intended to do; and that was how he came to be fingering his last shilling that June night in Piccadilly.

As he walked along he became aware that his footsteps were being dogged by an individual who had eyed him curiously as he had left the doors of the Splendide.

"Someone from Scotland Yard, I expect," he reflected. "Probably recognizes me as one of the criminal classes, and is keeping me in view on the off-chance of there being anything doing. The fools might know that I am not the sort of man who would crack a crib or try on the confidence trick. I haven't the faintest notion of how to go about either of these hobbies. I wish I had. I should know what to do then. As it is—— Well hang him! It's my last bob that ought to be occupying my thoughts now, not Scotland Yard men. What shall I do with it?" Impulsively he made up his mind. "I'll finish the evening well," he said. "I'll have a good cigar!"

He turned into a shop, and ordered a shilling Ramon Alone. This famous brand had always been his favorite smoke in the days of his prosperity, and as he emerged from the shop puffing luxuriously he felt almost happy.

Scarcely had he gone half a dozen yards when the individual he had noticed had been following him tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, Mr. Pennfeather," said the stranger in an embarrassed manner. "I thought at first I was mistaken. My sight is not what it was, and I was uncertain. But when you bought that magnificent cigar, sir, I knew I was not in error."

David Durrant stared at the man without speaking.

"Ah, you do not remember me, I can see! My name is Chalmers, of Chalmers, Son & Root, Capel Court. I had the honor of sitting next to you at the dinner in aid of the Business Man's Orphanage Fund. Do you remember?"

"Indeed, I do," said David. He did not know the man; but he had been present at the dinner, and he reflected that he would be glad of the fiver he had p[illegible]ted to the fund on the occasion in question. "But you will excuse me——"

"Yes, yes!" said the other, hurriedly. "You want to know what I am leading up to? Well, I rather wanted a few minutes' conversation with you, Mr. Pennefeather, on a matter of business. If we could have a cup of coffee somewhere, sir——"

"By all means. Come along!" said David.

He could see that he was being mistaken for some notability; but it would amuse him to find out what favor the stranger was about to beg. There was a touch of grim humor in the thing.

"You are affability itself," said Mr. Chalmers, as they sat over the coffee, "for so great a man, Mr. Pennfeather——"

"Suppose we cut that, Mr. Chalmers, and come to the hosses," said David quietly.

"Yes, yes! Always a business man! Not much use trying to bamboozle you. Well, sir, it so happened that you were the very man I was thinking of when we came face to face to-night when you left the Splendide. You see, Mr. Pennfeather, my firm is interested in the New Florida Concession flotation.

"Well, I am sorry for you," said David. "From the way the papers are going for the concern, I should think those interested are likely to be badly hit."

"That, Mr. Pennfeather, depends upon you."

"Upon me! How?"

"Well, I admit the public confidence in the flotation is shaken," said Chalmers. "But I am convinced that if we could persuade a man of your substance and integrity to join the board of directors, Mr. Pennfeather, confidence would be restored, and——"

"And you would be unable to unload your interest upon a confiding investing humanity," finished David. "Well, what is it worth?"

"Always a business man, Mr. Pennfeather, and even now not above turning an honest shilling. But, as a matter of fact, we are making a strong point that the directors are receiving no remuneration, save what they make out of their own holdings. Still, there are other methods by which we business men can fix such matters up. And if I might be allowed to give so great a man what is vulgarly called a 'tip, sir,' I should say to him, 'Have a big flutter in the Passington Oil Co.'"

"Eh? Why their shares are down to eighteen-pence apiece!"

"True. All the more reason for buying. I happen to be a director of that concern also, and to-night, to our great surprise, we have received a secret report from the manager out there that several new wells of high-grade oil have just been tapped upon the company's property.

"Not a soul on this side save the directors and yourself know a word about this, Mr. Pennfeather. And for a few days the thing is going to be kept very dark, because—because—well, as a matter of fact, when things began to look bad for the company, myself and the other directors sold most of our shares, and now we shall have to buy them back as cheaply as we can get them.

"But the news is bound to leak out in a day or two, and Passington Oils will be worth as many shillings at least as they are pence at the moment. That is a tip worth having."

"I will certainly bear it in mind," said the interested David. "But, as you know, this sort of thing is hardly in my line. Perhaps you will enlighten me as to one or two details concerning the Concessions which I must admit have been puzzling me, and have led me to believe that the papers were not mistaken in their rather outspoken criticisms."

"Certainly," said the obliging Mr. Chalmers.

He could see that his big fish was nibbling at the tempting bait, and he meant to do all he could to bring it safely to land for the much respected firm of Chalmers, Son & Root was what is called "in it up to the neck," so far as the Concessions were concerned, and if those pesky papers were seriously taken notice of, the consequences were likely to be disastrous for Mr. Chalmers—not to mention Mrs. C. and several small sons and daughters.

And thereupon the two fell into a highly technical discussion which it would be wearisome to read, and which the reader would not understand if he went to the trouble of doing so.

At the end of the half-hour's powwow, the wily David confessed himself convinced that the scribes who had dared to criticize Mr. Chalmer's methods were woefully mistaken, if not worse. He was, he said, favorably disposed to Mr. Chalmers' suggestion that he should join the board of directors, and thus restore the confidence of the public, and he was obliged to Mr. Chalmers for his tip about Passington Oils, and he would let Mr. Chalmers have his decision, if possible, on the following day.

Mr. Chalmers was charmed, and expressed his thanks in a fulsome manner.

"And now," he concluded, "I will not waste any more of your valuable time, sir. I repeat that I am obliged to you, and I shall hope to see you again very soon."

The two rose to leave the tea-room, Durrant leading the way.

"Your check, sir,' said the languid-eyed waitress who had waited upon them.

Durrant took it, and put his hand into his pocket. Then he took it out again, and handed the check to Mr. Chalmers.

"I am afraid I must ask you to discharge this small liability, Mr. Chalmers," he said. "Like most rich men, I do not find it necessary to carry much ready-money, and I find I haven't a penny of minted coin upon me. I must go to my club and cash a cheque."

Eager to place the big man under further obligation, Chalmers pressed a five-pound note upon him.

"Do not go to that fatigue," he said genially. "Allow a poor man to be your banker!"

Two minutes later Durrant found himself alone on the pavement of Piccadilly, the possessor of an unexpected five-pound note, a valuable "tip," and the stub of a Ramon Alone cigar, which he extinguished with tender care.

"I wonder," he mused, as he slowly made his way along the street—"I wonder who the dickens Pennfeather is?"

Then he looked up to the stars shining in their midsummer glory.

"Maud—Maud!" he murmured brokenly. "You who I left in grief and despair at my degradation—you who promised to wait for me, if necessary, to the end of the chapter, but whom I thought I should never be able to claim—the luck has changed, my darling. I can see my way to better times, my dear, and to happiness with you!"

. . . . . .

With a cash capital of five pounds, a valuable tip, and twenty years of experience in the wiles of business men, a very great deal can be done, and during the next two or three days David Durrant did it.

The "tip" proved a good one, and when, at the end of the week, David sold out of Passington Oils, and took his profit, he found himself the possessor of a snug little sum, which caused him the greatest satisfaction. It was not a huge fortune, but it was sufficient to enable him to pay a visit to a quiet home in Leicestershire, and to defray the expenses of a very pretty wedding which took place soon after.

Moreover, there was enough left after that to pay fares to a thriving town in Southern America, where David was able to convince the business men that, although a London-bred man may make mistakes, he is not necessarily the slowest thing that ever happened.

And Mr. Chalmers—well, he got his five-pound note back intact, and a box of Ramon Alone cigars.—London Answers.

THE FOLLY OF THIS WAR.

By Chas. M. Bice, Denver, Colo.

The present dreadful European war is a senseless, aimless, soulless conflict, without hate except such as it engenders. Strictly speaking, it is more of a holocaust than a civilized war, the slaughter surpasses anything in the world's history, and yet the world knows but little of the details of the terrible conflict going on behind the censorship curtain in France. It is all the work of the sabre-rattlers and those ambitious fiends who trade in war and connived at it in the councils of Europe.

It seems the inevitable culmination of those accursed and degraded notions of the nations respecting the "Balance of Power" and the "Armed Peace," resulting in hidden deals of what they call diplomacy, under which guise they prepare for war while outwardly proclaiming a disinterested peace.

The 300,000,000 of peace-loving people of Europe could not prevent it. They have postponed it, but for the past ten years the trend has been towards war, for the war-makers controlled the machinery.

The voice of reason was completely silenced; war must be declared on the instant or it would not be made. Those who made it gave no time for protest, and no force was at hand to stop them.

In the rape of Belgium Great Britain found a moral sanction for doing what she had pledged herself to do. A false step in the diplomacy of Austria set the world on fire, and the fight now is practically for existence on the part of Germany and Austria. That no one man has a right to bear the torch and start such a quenchless fire is a lesson most obvious. Civil law in Europe is paralyzed and martial law holds the boards. Thus barbarism takes its revenge. There can be no security even in democracy as long as absolutism or militarism prevails. The victory of the one nation and the defeat of the other, forty years ago, after the fighting over these same grounds, are the main factors in the war of to-day. The infection that arose from Gravelotte and Sedan has spread over all Europe, and the fruits are now being reaped. When the hour of meditation and sanity comes, after the war has spent its force, let us hope that instead of the "Concert of Powers" ever out of harmony we shall have a "Concert of the Peoples" ever in time and devoted to the common welfare of mankind.

We have much to be thankful for in the Peace policy that has prevailed between Canada and America since 1817. In that year Great Britain and the U.S. signed a memorable treaty relative to disarmament on the Great Lakes and all along the boundary line.

Negotiations having in view the dismantling of hostile fleets on the Great Lakes, and hostile forts on both sides of the boundary, were begun by the U.S. immediately following the close of the second war with England, and were concluded in April, 1817, by an agreement, which is yet in force, completely neutralizing our mutual boundary. As a result of this treaty it would be difficult to sum up the saving in military equipment and armaments which both countries have been spared. Here is a lesson our European brothers would do well to study. For nearly 100 years no hostile fleets, no frowning fort or battlement, has reared its menacing form as an invitation to war. True, in 1837, some agitation on both sides of the border appeared a little threatening for a time, and again in 1861 to 1871, misunderstandings threatened to embroil the two nations, but in the absence of forts and fleets, and before preparations for war could be made, the war fever happily subsided and died out entirely. Here we have a practical test of what a mutually agreed disarmament understanding can effect. The history of Europe in 1914, now being written in the blood of her chivalric and noble sons, would have been spared had she adopted and lived up to the same human policy along her many national boundary lines.

The war system must go, and let us not forget, that while we are about certain to crush the German machine, which, perhaps, the arrogance of rivals has done much to upbuild, the machine will soon rise again unless all the rival machines are swept away with it.

Let them all go. The world can have no abiding civilization or peace without security of property and life, so long as a war lord remains to apply the torch of destruction. Let us bend every effort possible for a saner, wiser and more patriotic public opinion, and for a public conscience which will make another great war impossible.

May God bless America in her efforts to reach out the hand of conciliation.

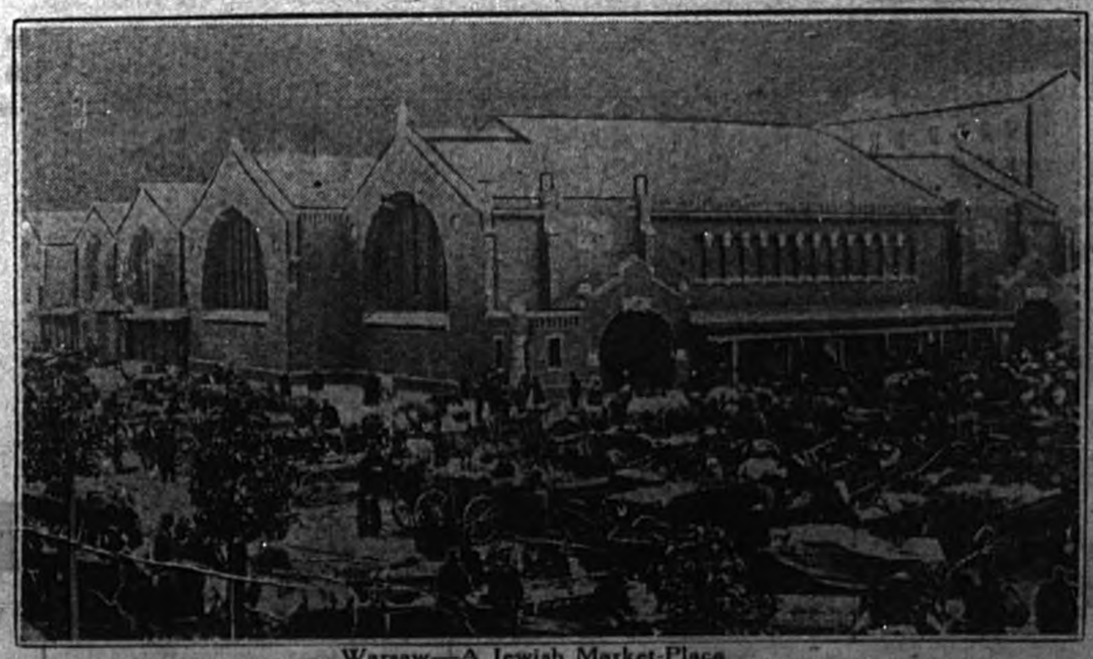
The great masses of the contending nations look to America for the final decisive action, the final help. It is her greatest opportunity, and I am glad that President Wilson is alive to his God-given duties, and is putting forth every endeavor possible to quench the mad war spirit that is driving European civilization to its utter destruction.

While England is one of the belligerents, she did not voluntarily enter the contest, and would gladly have shifted the responsibility; but it was fight or humiliation and forfeiture of national honor. Her policies and her acts were always for peace; and just because she has asserted a higher virtue and a more unselfish purpose than other European nations, and because she has been foremost in deploring war and condemning militarism, a greater circumspection and a more conservative attitude have been demanded and may be expected of her. She has already shown a willingness to consider terms of peace as soon as the proper moment arrives, but it seems the other contending nations are not yet ready, though, in all probability, they will be soon, for Germany, shut off from the world's food supply by the British Navy, and having for many years discouraged agriculture to build up her manufactures, will soon be starved into submission. Already we hear of her half famished soldiers, taken as prisoners of war, and whose tongues, no longer under restraint, tell of the fearful condition of the German Commissary, and its near approach to a total collapse. It seems certain that Germany could not maintain a long drawn out war, and that her greatest weakness is in her scanty food supplies. But the Chauvinistic demagogues will not see or realize this until many useful lives are snuffed out and much blood is spilled. Vainglorious in their hero worship of the war-god, they shut their eyes and continue on in the hopeless strife. However large the circle, nature ever returns into her own matrix. The elements become mineral, the mineral advances to the vegetable, the vegetable feeds the animal, but the animal at death is pulled back again to elemental conditions. Out of chaos comes the cosmos, but it is sure to return again. Out of warring and down-trodden principalities Germany was formed, and forty years have welded the union, but to-day disintegrating signs are conspicuous that portend its utter dissolution. We grieve to lose the Germany of science, of art, and of philosophy, but she has herself alone to blame.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, Colo.

A SCENE IN POLAND'S CAPITAL, MENACED BY GERMANS



Warsaw—A Jewish Market-Place

HOME

Tested Recipes.

Cooking Lima Beans.—If the lima beans are the least bit wilted, when they are likely to be bitter, first cook them for five minutes in boiling salted water, then drain and put into freshly boiling water, and add a small piece of butter when they are half done. Some people consider their flavor improved by cooking them with a sprig of mint, which should be removed when they are served. They should not be boiled violently, but just simmered and may be beautifully cooked in a chafing dish. In order to be savory they should have about a cup of liquid to a box of beans around them when they are done. Pour this on to a tablespoon each of butter and flour cooked together, then cook the beans in this gravy for a few minutes, adding some fresh butter at the last minute. There is no vegetable that is more improved by a generous use of butter than the lima bean.

Left Over Lima Beans.—Mash the beans, put them through a sieve, and use them for thickening any cream soup. This bean puree with water in which celery is cooked, with some butter and milk, makes an excellent soup if put together with discretion.

Cucumbers In Butter.—Peel and cut cucumbers into pieces an inch and a half or two inches long, take out the seeds and the thready part, cook for about fifteen minutes in boiling salted water, drain, then put into a saucepan with a piece of butter and simmer for some minutes. Serve with chopped parsley.

Cooked Lettuce.—The French have nearly a hundred varieties of cooked lettuce. It is a pretty sort of cooking, and cooked lettuce dishes can be made ornamental. Wash thoroughly after taking off all the coarsest leaves or those which are in any way defective. Blanch in boiling salted water, boiling from five to seven minutes, then drain. Lay each head or bunch on a board and split it. If the heads are large they may be cut in four parts, lengthwise of the leaves. Fill each of these parts with a tablespoon or so of some dainty and well seasoned chopped meat or a vegetable mince. Roll up and tie. Put rolls close together in a saucepan, add whatever vegetables you choose for seasoning—an onion and carrot at any rate, and perhaps some tomato, herbs, etc.—and then add a little butter and water to cover, or, better, some meat stock. Cook over a gentle fire. Scraps of meat may be added to this stew. The lettuce without any stuffing, but rolled into balls, may be cooked after blanching with some agreeable flavoring of vegetables and perhaps an herb bouquet.

Green or Red Fried Tomatoes.—If the red ones are used take off the skin, cut in one-third inch slices, dip in beaten egg, seasoned with salt and pepper, and then in white corn meal. Fry in bacon fat or butter. With the meal the bacon fat is preferable.

Beets for Garnishing.—After thoroughly washing a quart of young beets put them on to cook in a covered kettle with cold water to cover. Add to this a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoons of vinegar. Cook for one hour or perhaps ten minutes longer, if it seems necessary. If gently and properly cooked it will not be necessary to add water. When the beets are done skim them out into cold water and rub off the skins. Then put them into a stone jar—glass will do—and strain over them the liquid in which they boiled. The vinegar keeps this from turning dark. Spread two tablespoons of powdered sugar on the beets, cover, and put away in a cold place. These are much better for salads and garnishing than are pickled beets and more wholesome.

Beet Relish.—Two quarts of beets, measured after they have been boiled and chopped; one large head of cabbage, chopped before cooking so that it will cook more quickly; three green peppers chopped; four cups of sugar, one tablespoon black pepper, salt to taste, vinegar to cover.

Indian Relishes.—Twelve sour apples, six green tomatoes, two onions, one cup raisins, two green peppers. Chop the tomatoes and drain; then chop the other ingredients, and add two cups of sugar, two tablespoons of salt, one quart of vinegar, and cook all together until all ingredients are tender.

Roquefort Dressing.—Make a thick French dressing by putting seasonings of salt, pepper, or paprika in a bowl, adding a little vinegar, then beating olive oil into it until thick. Finally rub into this Roquefort cheese enough to form a thick paste and thin just before serving with thick cream.

Household Hints.

Boiled puddings should never be turned out the moment they are done. They are very likely to break if this is done.

If vegetables are overcooked their texture toughens, their flavor is somewhat destroyed, and they are not so digestible.

To take out a scorch from a shirt-front or any article lay it where the sunshine will fall on it. It will leave it clean and white.

This is just the time of the year to cultivate a taste for porridge. Try it for breakfast twice a week. It is more economical and more strengthening than bacon.

When you were cutting new bread for the table did you ever try putting the knife in hot water? Try it sometimes and see if you don't find it cuts much easier.

Don't forget to give your hair at least a hundred strokes with a brush morning and evening. Proper brushing does away with the necessity for too frequent washing.

An effectual way to remove all taste from dripping when using it for cake is to squeeze the juice of a lemon over it and beat it to a cream; it also makes the cake lighter.

Don't forget to bathe the neck and arms in a little milk the night before going to a dance. This is grandmother's remedy, which never fails to make the skin look smooth and white.

A smoky lamp is often the result of a clogged and dirty wick. Take the burner out of the lamp and soak it in a little strong washing soda and hot water, then dry thoroughly, and the lamp will burn much better.

To prevent new shoes from pinching lay a cloth moistened in hot water across the place where the pressure is most felt, changing the cloth as soon as it becomes cool. This will make the leather shape itself to the foot.

To keep water cool and fresh fill a jug early in the day, place a wet linen cloth round it, and stand it in a cool, shallow place in the pantry. This will be much cooler than drawing from a tap and using at once.

An ounce of soda, two ounces of soft soap, a pennyworth of fuller's earth, dissolved in a pint and a half of water, makes an excellent mixture to clean leaden sinks. A little laid on a flannel will be enough each time.

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Prepare for the cold weather by fitting yourself out from our complete stock of

Woollen Underwear,
Socks, Mitts, Gloves,
Caps, Boots and Rubbers

LUMBERMAN'S REQUISITES.

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The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XIX.

"We must begin a systematic search tomorrow," said Armstrong decisively, as the three men sat around the cheerful fire in the hut.

"Yes," assented Maitland. "Shall we go together, or separately?"

"Separately, of course. We are all hardy and experienced men. Nothing is apt to happen to us. We will meet here every night and plan the next day's work. What do you say, Kirkby?"

The old man had been quietly smoking while the others talked. He smiled at them in a way which aroused their curiosity and made them feel that he had news for them.

"While you was puttin' the finishin' touches on this yere camp, I come acrost a heap o' stuns that somehow the wind had swept bare, there was a big rift in front of it which kep' us from seein' it afore; it was built up in the open w'ere there was no trees, an' in our lumberin' operations we wasn't lookin' that a-way. I came acrost it by any chance an—"

"Well, for God's sake, old man," cried Armstrong, impatiently, "what did you find, anything?"

"This," answered Kirkby, carefully producing a folded scrap of paper from his leather vest.

Armstrong fell on it ravenously, and as Maitland bent to him, they both read these words by the firelight.

"Miss Enid Maitland, whose foot is so badly crushed as to prevent her traveling, is safe in a cabin at the head of this canon. I put this notice here to reassure any one who may be seeking her as to her welfare. Follow the stream up to its source.

"WM. BERKELY NEWBOLD."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Robert Maitland.

"You called me a fool, Kirkby," said Armstrong, his eyes gleaming. "What do you think of it now?"

"It's the fools, I find," said Kirkby sapiently, "that gener'ly gits there. Providence seems to be a-watchin' over 'em."

"You said you chanced on this paper, Jack," continued Maitland. "It looks like the deliberate intention of Almighty God."

"I reckon so," answered the other simply. "You see He's got to look after all the fools on earth to keep 'em from doin' too much damage to themselves an' to others in this yere crooked trail of a world."

"Let us start now," urged Armstrong.

"'Tain't possible," said the old man, taking another puff at his pipe, and only a glistening of the eye betrayed the joy that he felt; otherwise his phlegmatic calm was unbroken, his demeanor just as undisturbed as it always was. "We'd jest throw away our lives a-wanderin' round these yere mountains in the dark. We've got to have light, an clear weather. Ef it should be snowin' in the mornin' we'd have to wait until it cleared."

"I won't wait a minute," said Armstrong. "At daybreak, weather or no weather, I start."

"What's your hurry, Jim?" continued Kirkby, calmly. "The gal's safe; one day more or less ain't goin' to make no difference."

"She's with another man," answered Armstrong quickly.

"Do you know this Newbold?" asked Maitland, looking at the note again.

"No, not personally, but I have heard of him."

"I know him," answered Kirkby quickly, "an' you've seed him too, Bob; he's the feller that shot his wife, that married Louise Rosser."

"That man!"

"The very same."

"You say you never saw him, Jim?" asked Maitland.

"I repeat I never met him," said Armstrong, flushing suddenly; "but I knew him wife."

"Yes, you did that—" drawled the old mountaineer.

"What do you mean?" flushed Armstrong.

"I mean that you knowed her, that's all," answered the old man with an innocent air that was almost childlike.

When the others woke up in the morning Armstrong's sleeping bag was empty. Kirkby crawled out of his own warm nest, opened the door and peered out into the storm.

"Well," he said, "I guess the dame has been God this time. It don't

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA



"What Do You Mean?" Flushed Armstrong.

look to me as if even He could save him now."

"But we must go after him at once," urged Maitland.

"See for yourself," answered the old man, throwing wider the door. "We've got to wait 'til this wind dies down, unless we give the Almighty the job o' lookin' after three instid o' one."

CHAPTER XX.

The Converging Trails.

Whatever the feeling of the others, Armstrong found himself unable to sleep that night. It seemed to him that fate was about to play him the meanest and most fantastic of tricks. Many times before in his crowded life he had loved other women, or so he characterized his feelings, but his passion for Louise Rosser Newbold had been in a class by itself until he had met Enid Maitland. Between the two there had been many women, but these two were the high points, the rest was lowland.

Once before, therefore, this Newbold had cut in ahead of him and had won the woman he loved. Armstrong had cherished a hard grudge against him for a long time. He had not been of those who had formed the rescue party led by old Kirkby and Maitland which had buried the poor woman on the great butte in the deep canon. Before he got back to the camp the whole affair was over and Newbold had departed. Luckily for him, Armstrong had always thought, for he had been so mad with grief and rage and jealousy that if he had come across him, helpless or not, he would have killed him out of hand.

Armstrong had soon enough forgotten Louise Rosser, but he had not forgotten Newbold. All his ancient animosity had flamed into instant life again, at the sight of his name last night. The inveteracy of his hatred had been in no way abated by the lapse of time, it seemed.

Everybody in the mining camp had supposed that Newbold had wandered off and perished in the mountains, else Armstrong might have pursued him and hunted him down. The sight of his name on that piece of paper was outward and visible evidence that he still lived. It had almost the shock of a resurrection, and a resurrection to hatred rather than to love. If Newbold had been alone in the world, if Armstrong had chanced upon him in the solitude, he would have hated him just as he did, but when he thought that his ancient enemy was with the woman he now loved, with a growing intensity beside which his former resentment seemed weak and feeble he hated him yet the more.

He could not tell when the notice, which he had examined carefully, was written; there was no date upon it, but he could come to only one conclusion. Newbold must have found Enid Maitland alone in the mountains very shortly after her departure, and he had her with him in his cabin alone for at least a month. Armstrong gritted his teeth at the thought. He did not undervalue the personality of Newbold. He had never happened to see him, but he had heard enough about him to understand his qualities as a man. The tie that bound Armstrong to Enid Maitland was a strong one, but the tie by which he held her to him, if indeed he held her at all, was very tenuous and easily broken; perhaps it was broken already, and so he hated him still more and more.

Indeed, his animosity was so great and growing that for the moment he took no joy in the assurance of the girl's safety; yet he was not altogether an unfair man, and in calmer moments he thanked God in his own rough way that the woman he loved was alive and well, or had been when the note was written. He rejoiced that she had not been swept away with the flood or that she had not been lost in the mountains and forced to wander on finally to starve and freeze and die. In one moment her nearness caused his heart to throb with joyful anticipation. The certainty that at the first flush of day he should seek her again sent the warm blood to his cheeks. But those thoughts would be succeeded by the knowledge that she was with his enemy. Was this man to rob him of the late love as he had robbed him of the first? Perhaps the hardest task that was ever laid upon Armstrong was to lie quietly in his sleeping bag and wait until the morning.

(Continued)

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Buy Stanfield's Underwear and you will have comfort and satisfaction.

The finest selection of Cloaks and Suits ever shown in Lachute, "Northway's Make," style, fit and shape keeping is perfect.

200 pairs of Sample Boots and Shoes "Lintons' Make," on Sale this week, Men's, size 7, Ladies' 4, Boys' 5, Misses' 2, Child's 13, 10, 7, 5. Quite a lot of Skating Boots in this lot, these were bought at a bargain as Linton's are going out of business and will be sold cheap.

Many other bargains to offer. Come and see, you will get a pleasant surprise.

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The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1914. NO. 45

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FISH IN SEASON, (Salted and Smoked).

OYSTERS, good solid meat.

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All kinds of California Fruits in Season, comprising Malaga Grapes, Naval Oranges, Grape Fruits, etc.

Sole Agency for Neilson's Chocolates.

A large and good stock to choose from.

PHONE. No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

MARRIAGES.

—:o:—

McCUBBIN—JOHNSON,—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armstrong, Lachute Road, Miss Margaret Johnson to Mr. David McCubbin, (both of Scotland) on Wednesday, Nov. 25th, by the Rev J A. McKenzie, of Lachute.

FOR SALE—One brood mare, 8 years old, perfectly sound, weighing 1600 lbs. Apply to W. H. Ayers.

FOR SALE—Second hand Cutter, also Set Light Harness. Apply to Wm Drennan.

BIG SALE OF MILLINERY.

Felt, Velvet and Plush Hats, from 50cts. up.

Childrens' Hats, a good assortment, from 50cts. up.

Feather Mounts and Fancy Trimmings, all latest styles, to be sold below cost price. All must be sold at once. Come early and get the choice. Sale commences Friday, Nov. 20th.

MISS HAMPTON.

FOR SALE,—Four second hand sleighs in good order,—Two cutters, 1 trano and 1 Berlin. Apply at

THE WATCHMAN OFFICE.

Are you Insured?

If not, why not! You owe it to yourselves and those who are near and dear to you A policy in the London and Lancashire Life, Assurance Co, will mean a small outlay now and a big return by and bye. Think it over and then have a talk with R. A. GILES, Agent,

Watchman Office,

There are mens, youths, and boys overcoats, and every size to begin with.

W. BANFORD & SON.

The Christmas Tree Entertainment of the Baptist Sunday School will be held this year again in the Victoria Hall, and they promise a great treat. The date is Friday, Dec. 18th, so you have something to look forward to.

Ladies Jackets are running out well we have about 70 in hand still. Every size.

W. BANFORD & SON.

C. N. R. to Ottawa.

The C.N.R. call attention to the change of time, taking effect on the 23rd Nov., when a mixed service between Joliette and Ottawa will be run, leaving Lachute at 12.20 p m. westbound, and 2.10 p.m. Eastbound. This train will connect at St. Jerome for North.

M. ROBY Agent.

New dress goods. New colours. Low prices,

W. BANFORD & SON.

One hundred overcoats to select from, at

W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Morrison celebrate their 25th. Anniversary.

—:o:—

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, well known and highly esteemed residents of Upper Lachute, celebrated their silver wedding at their residence on Friday evening, the 20th inst, in a very appropriate manner. A quarter of a century ago Mr. T. B. Morrison and Miss Janet Doig joined their hearts and hands in the holy bonds of matrimony and have since resided continuously in this county, and two sons and four daughters have been born to bless and esteem their happy parents. A very large number of their relatives and friends were present and their commodious residence was filled by a jolly throng of both old and young, who enjoyed themselves at dancing, card playing and other amusements. The music was furnished by the Messrs. Riley, of Thomas' Gore, and was highly appreciated by all, especially the dancers. A splendid supper was served to which all did ample justice The esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Morrison are held in ihis community was well exemplified by the many costly, useful and ornamental presents which they received from numerous friends and guests. A beautiful set of silver forks and knives was presented to them from the rural subscribers of the Telephone Company by Mr. W. M. Doig, barrister of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, accompanied by a complimentary address, to which Mr. Morrison made a suitable and appropriate reply. At an early hour all dispersed to their respective homes wishing Mr. and Mrs. Morrison many more years of health and prosperty, and that they might be spared to celebrate both their golden and diamond wedding.

Don't forget to read Miss Hampton's Advt for real bargains in Millinery.

DALESVILLE

—:o:—

Mr. Hadley, of Montreal, spent the week-end here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McOuat, visited friends here on Monday.

Rev. A. E. White, of Quebec, spent this week at the Manse

Miss M. Tomalty, of Mount Maple, is visiting friends here this week.

Mrs. J. MacKenzie and son, of Mabel, are visiting Mrs. J. Campbell for a few days.

In a few well chosen remarks Mr. Calder expressed his thanks for the favour.

Mrs. T. R. Cregeen returned to the city on Tuesday, accompanied by Miss Elsie Cregeen who has been with Mr A. Murdoch, for the past few months.

On Monday evening last the commissioners of the School Board of Chatham No 3 met at the home of Mr. Alex. Calder and tendered him an address, and presented him with a Morris Chair, in recognition of his services as chairman of the Board from which office Mr. Calder has lately resigned.

Sunday November 29th, Pastor W G White will preach in Dalesville Church, at 11 a.m. The B.Y.P.U. will hold a roll call meeting at 7.30 p.m. Tuesday Dec. 1st. the week night service will be held at the home of Mr. Green at 7.30

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

—o—

Miss Annie McCoy, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town.

Mr. Reid Giles, of Montreal, spent a few days in town this week.

Still a few Hats left at Miss Hampton's. Now is the time for bargains.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Alexander and family spent Monday in Montreal.

Miss McKay, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mrs. Geo. Hardie.

Mr McGarry, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guest of Rev. Mr. McKenzie.

Miss McNee, of Hawkesbury, spent a few days last week, the guest of Mrs. Geo. Calder.

Mrs. Rutherford and daughter, of Hawkesbury, were recent guests of her mother Mrs. J. R. McOuat.

Grand Shooting match of first class Turkeys will be held in the L. A. A. Rink on Friday night at 8 p.m.

The Misses Margaret and Eleanor Hay of Montreal, spent the week-end in town with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hay.

The Misses Winnie and Irene Riddell, also Mr. Anderson, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town as guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Riddell.

A Lecture, by the Rev. J. L. George, on the European situation will be given in the Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday evening Dec. 8th. Proceeds in aid of Organ Fund. Patriotic music.

We are pleased to report that the moulding shop of McOuat's Foundry is still open for business. The temporary shut down reported a couple of weeks ago was but a slackening of their usually busy time.

The many friends of Mr. Harold Brennan, of Calumet, will be pleased to learn that having to be removed to Montreal on Saturday for appendicitis, the operation proved successful and he is getting along nicely.

Be a Live Wire!

Dead ones are trod on!

Boost Your Home Town!

Mr. W. R McAdam, of Chapleau, Ont., who is home on a short visit to his father in Chatboro, was in town the early part of this week and paid the Watchman a friendly call.

Joined the Cyclists.

In response to the appeal of Lieut-Col. Riley of the 17th Duke of York Royal Canadian Huzzars, published in our last issue, three of our town boys Messrs Fred Walker, Delmer Mitchell and Alderic Nadon presented themselves to Major Smith, and on Monday morning were sent into Montreal where they passed a successful examination, and are now awaiting their further orders.

Free Advertising.

The question of free advertising is a source of worry to every publisher of a country newspaper. He does not wish to appear mean or offend his friends, and yet he must remember that he has to depend upon the revenue from his paper to provide his bread and butter, and no small portion of this revenue must be made out of the advertising. In this office there is a rule that whenever an admission fee is charged to an entertainment or meeting, we charge for all advertising therewith. We also charge for all cards of thanks, or any matter from which any person or organization expects to reap a pecuniary benefit The storekeeper is not expected to hand out free of charge the goods he has for sale; the publisher has his advertising space for sale, and he should not be expected to give away free of charge, any more than the merchant is expected to give away his goods.

Agricultural Society.

The Secretary of the Agricultural Society would be pleased if the winners of all premiums would call in and get them as soon as possible. There was a deficiency in the receipts this year on account of unfavorable weather at the time of the fall Exhibition, which affected the gate receipts, but owing to the representations of Mr John Hay, Ex. M. P. P. to the Provincial Government, he succeeded in obtaining a special grant of $250.00 which will more than cover the deficiency.

The Thanks of the Directors of the Agricultural Society and all parties int rested in the wellfare of the Society are certainly due to Mr. Hay for his successful efforts in this matter.

The Ladies of St. Simeons Church are holding their annual Sale of work in the Victoria Hall, on Thursday, December 10th, at 2 p.m. There will be a nice display of useful articles which are suitable as Christmas gifts. Tea will also be served. Don't forget the date. The Sunday School also wish to announce their Christmas Tree entertainment in Victoria Hall on Tuesday, Dec. 22nd.

Patriotic Rally.

Most gratifying was the attendance in the Town Hall last Thursday evening which was packed to the doors with an audience of both French and English eager to listen to the masterful addresses of the Hon. Justice Robidoux, A R McMaster, K. C., W G. Scott Esq, and others all of whom upheld the action of Britain in the conflict and inspired confidence as to the positive overthrow of Germany. Messrs. G. F. Calder and L. L. Legault acted as joint chairman in the absence of Mr. H. Slater M. P. P. who later came on and assumed his duty. Stirring appeals were made by these gentlemen for a continuance of the good work in which the local Red Cross Society are engaged. The Society has already done much, having shipped to the Montreal headquarters over 550 articles Another shipment goes forward this Saturday, comprising 22 shirts, 8 pair wristlets, 5 pair bed socks, 2 pair socks, and Mrs. Alexander has also a timely donation for the ladies of Dalesville of twenty-five pair rocks as a Christmas present "to the Boys at the Front."

As an outcome of the meeting it is hoped that renewed efforts will be made for the assistance of the Red Cross Society, the local principals of which have borne nobly the work involved, but they are greatly in need of other ladies to assist in the cutting out and preparatory work. It is further proposed to hold a series of meetings in varied parts of the county in order that the farming community may realize the responsibility which rests upon them in contributing towards the Patriotic Fund.

Mrs. John Gales, of Montreal, was the guest of her sister Mrs. John Cruise on Wednesday last

Orangemen Attend St. Simeons'.

A goodly number of Orangemen of Lachute L. O. L. No. 2231, in full regalia attended Divine service at St. Simeon's Church, on Sunday morning, 22nd inst. They were addressed by Rev. Bro. Lackey, who based his remarks on Rom. II 28-29. The speaker quoted from the constitution and laws of the order, shewing that it was demanded of Orangemen that they should have a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world that their behaviour should be kind and conciliatory; that they should have a hatred of cursing and swearing; that they should be temperate, sober and honest, and do their utmost in supporting and maintaining the Protestant religion, and the principle of "equal rights to all, but special privileges to none."

He said we had no quarrel with our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, or even with their Church as a religious institution, but the fact that their system was political as well as religious, and that according to their theory, the whole world should become absolutely subject to the papacy, this made their symstem a menace to our liberties, and made orangeism a necessity

"Here" said he, "is where Orangeism does its best work, protecting in our legislative halls, the flanks of the legions of truth and liberty."

Hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung by the choir and congregation. The hymn "Faith of our Fathers" was rendered as a trio by Rev. A. E. Mount, Mrs. Mount and Mrs. Lackey, and was much appreciated by the large congregation present.

Horses Wanted.

J. H. Kimball will be at the Windsor Hotel, Lachute, on Saturday, November the 28th, to buy horses weighing from 1000 pounds to 1400 pounds. Horses with good back and good middles on good legs and straight goers. Ages from 5 years upwards.

For further information apply to,

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We are now well stocked with a splendid assortment of everything that will make pretty Holiday Gifts. We will just say, that in Jewelry, Watches, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, etc., we have THE GOODS.

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Shop Early.

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Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician

Agent for the Edison Phonograph.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Leslie Ford awoke the next morning, it was difficult for at first to realize where she was. The dark, old-fashioned room in Mrs. Utley's house, with its carpet of dim, time-worn fabric, its shining, well-waxed furniture, and the old pictures in tarnished gilt frames, was so essentially different from the splendors of the Lancaster mansion, where all was so dazzlingly new and brilliant; the quiet of the secluded Philadelphia street, so unlike the rattle and roar of Madison Avenue.

"Where am I?" she asked herself, sitting up in bed, and pushing back the hair from her head. "Oh, I remember now—I am at Mrs. Utley's, and I am going to earn my own living!"

And, springing up, Leslie hurriedly commenced her toilet, resolutely putting away all of the haunting recollections of Lucian Ferrier that would beset her mind with subtle pangs.

"That belongs to the past," she thought, as she splashed the ice-cold water over her face. "And I am determined that the past shall be dead and buried henceforward!"

There are heroines whose fame never reaches the light of day; there are sacrifices which never bear human record. And Leslie Ford, in her quiet, uncomplaining way, was carrying out her destiny with unflinching courage and self-denial worthy of her noble nature.

Mrs. Utley met her at the breakfast-table with a congratulatory smile.

"Well, my dear," said she, "have you repented of your resolution by this time?"

"Do you give me no more credit for stability than that, Mrs. Utley?" asked the girl, with an answering smile.

"Well, not exactly that. But young women hardly know their own minds nowadays," returned the old lady. "Then it's a settled thing that we shall go to Miss Calderon's after breakfast, is it?"

"Of course it is," responded Leslie, valiantly.

Mrs. Utley kept no carriage. She was wont to say that she had other uses for her money than to feed fat horses and a lazy coachman.

"The street cars are good enough for me," said Mrs. Utley, as she hailed a passing vehicle. "My Cousin Lancaster has a pair of menservants in livery, I am told, with a carriage that cost a thousand dollars in gold. But then, she was a pawn-broker's daughter, and my father, who was only a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, can't expect to leave his daughter as much money."

Leslie Ford made no response to this wordy arrow. She knew that Mrs. Lancaster was very sensitive as to her parentage, and she could not forget that Mrs. Lancaster had been kind to her. Mrs. Utley looked keenly at her face.

"Humph!" thought she, "that's not a common type of girl. Nineteen out of twenty would have flung their little stone too, at the old pawnbroker and his self-sufficient daughter. But I do believe that Leslie Ford has some lingering idea of gratitude and honor about her." And then she added, aloud: "Tell the conductor to stop the car, my dear: here is our corner to get out."

And a very few minutes afterward, Mrs. Utley and Miss Ford were ushered into an elegant private parlor on the first floor of the Continental Hotel—a room all mirrors, gilding, and fresco, where the jumble of brilliant colors made Leslie's eyes ache—and found themselves face to face with a fat old lady, in a crimson satin wrapper, and cap-strings untied, who was fanning herself violently—an old lady with a triple chin, small black eyes, and a false front very much on one side.

"I declare to gracious!" cried this old lady, scrambling nimbly out of her chair, and dropping a succession of little courtesies. "It's Mrs. Utley! Pray be seated, ma'am—do take this easy-chair, ma'am. I hope I see you well, ma'am?"

"Don't get excited, Jackson," said Mrs. Utley, with the air of an ancient queen, as she sat down in a luxurious satin fauteuil. "Let me introduce Miss Ford."

"Delighted to have the honor, miss, I'm sure," said the ex-housekeeper, dropping another courtesy, and twirling her thumbs, while she balanced herself uneasily, first on one velvet-slippered foot, and then on the other. "Croney! Croney! Where are you, Croney?"

"Tribulation," said Mrs. Utley, impressively, "don't stand there and shout. It's your old way exactly, and it's a way I never could endure. Send a servant for your niece, or go and call her yourself, but in the meantime do have a little compassion on my poor nerves."

"I humbly beg pardon, I'm sure, ma'am," said Miss Jackson, more embarrassed than ever. "I'll go directly — no here she is now."

"What's all this hullabalooing about?" demanded a sharp, high voice at this instant, and a tall girl swept into the room—a girl of eighteen or twenty with large dark eyes, an olive complexion, and a face of strange, gypsy beauty.

She wore a dress cut a la princesse, of rose-colored silk, with knobs of jet, and, early as it was in the morning, great rubies glistened in her ears and flashed at her throat — rubies surrounded by a double row of glistening brilliants. An India scarf was looped carelessly over one shoulder and under the other, and an overpowering odor of patchouli followed her every movement.

"Croney, my dear," said the fat little woman, in conciliatory accents, "this is Mrs. Utley, as I served so faithful for forty odd years, and has done me the honor to call."

Corona Calderon scowled under her heavy eyebrows at Mrs. Utley as she bowed coldly.

"Aunt Tribulation is always talking about the days she lived out to service," said she, sullenly. "I wish to goodness she'd forget it, for good and all!"

"Then you show very bad taste, young lady," said Mrs. Utley, calmly. "They were years that did your aunt infinite credit."

But Miss Calderon only scowled more darkly at these words. She was afraid of Mrs. Utley; she dared not reply as she would have liked, with insolent repartee, and the repression was not agreeable to her.

"And who is this?" she demanded, suddenly sweeping around so as to transfix Miss Ford with the jetty flash of her immense eyes.

"This is Leslie Ford," said Mrs. Utley. "You wrote to me, Tribulation, about a companion and governess for your niece."

"So I did—so I did," answered Miss Jackson, twirling her thumbs around with a velocity that made Mrs. Utley dizzy to look at.

"And I think," added that lady, involuntarily closing her eyes to evade the lightning revolutions of the fast-flying thumbs, "that Miss Ford will suit you."

"I'm sure, ma'am, you ought to be a judge," said Miss Jackson, with a little courtesy toward Leslie. "I don't pretend to no edication myself, but you'll know, ma'am."

"Jackson!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Keep your thumbs quiet."

"Yes, ma'am," said Miss Tribulation, dropping her hands with a guilty look. "I know it ain't lady-like, but I can't help it."

Corona Calderon glared sullenly at Leslie.

"Why, you are nothing more than a child!" said she, abruptly.

Leslie colored. She knew, now, how the Circassian slave feels when she is put up for exhibition before the critical eyes of the purchaser.

"I am nearly seventeen," said she, with grave dignity.

"And I am nineteen past," cried Miss Calderon, with a derisive laugh. "Pooh! I don't believe you know any more than I do myself!"

"Croney, hush!" whispered her aunt, in an audible sotto voce. "P'r'aps she's an accomplished young lady!"

"Miss Ford plays on two instruments and sings," said Mrs. Utley. "She dances, draws, speaks several languages, and is well read in general literature."

"Law, now!" said Miss Jackson, staring with open-eyed admiration at Leslie, who sat blushing under her regards.

"And I think," added Mrs. Utley, "that you will not find it easy to suit yourself better."

"Of course, ma'am," said Miss Jackson, "as your recommend, we'll give the young person a trial. What do you think, Croney, my dear?"

"I suppose one person will do as well as another," said Corona, with a toss of her head. "Can you come at once, Miss Ford?"

"This very day, if you wish," said Leslie.

"Very well," said Corona. "Come, then."

And turning on her heel she stalked out of the room as unceremoniously as she had entered it.

"You won't mind Croney, ma'am," said Miss Tribulation, sidling close up to her former mistress, and assuming on accent of coaxing deprecation. "It does seem as if the very old boy got into her sometimes; I can't do nothin' with her till the kink gets out of her temper. It's the Spanish blood, I guess."

"I assure you, Jackson, that I do not mind her in the least," said Mrs. Utley, smiling.

"And you'll be patient with her, too, Miss Ford?" said Tribulation, turning to Leslie, with her little black eyes full piteous entreaty, and her "front" gradually settling more and more to one side.

"Jackson," said Mrs. Utley, decidedly, "set your false hair straight, and leave off being a fool. Of course Leslie Ford will be patient with your niece. It's her business. Isn't she paid for it? Twenty-five dollars a month and her board?"

"It ain't a great deal, I know," said Miss Jackson, stung by the scarcely concealed sarcasm in Mrs. Utley's tones, "but Croney's as close as the bark of a tree about some things, for all she has such extravagant streaks in others."

"Indeed, Miss Jackson," interposed Leslie, gently, "it is all I have a right to expect, at present, and I will use my best endeavors to deserve your good opinion."

And Miss Jackson pulled her "front" to the perpendicular and felt relieved.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Utley, as they went together down the broad stairs, "what do you think?"

"I think they are both very strange," admitted Leslie, half reluctantly. "But I believe I can get along with them, by a little tact and patience."

"A good deal, I should think," said Mrs. Utley, lifting her shaggy white eyebrows. "But you have spirit and courage—and I foresee that you will succeed."

And Leslie Ford felt assured by the words.

CHAPTER XV.

She took leave of Mrs. Utley that very afternoon, and, with her one modest little trunk, arrived at the Continental Hotel, and asked for Miss Jackson.

"Yes, my dear," said that personage, "I am glad you are punctual. There's nothin' like bein' up to time. I've engaged your room already. It's just back of Croney's. I hope you don't mind a look-out over the kitchen chimbleys?" with a little uneasiness.

Leslie assured her patroness that she was not particular, and was presently installed in a pretty little apartment next to the sumptuous rooms occupied by the heiress. Corona herself came in, and superciliously watched Leslie while she unpacked her few and simple belongings.

"Humph," she commented, with a slight curl of her full red lips. "You haven't got such a many things, have you?"

"No," said Leslie, half smiling, "I am not rich."

"I am," said Corona Calderon.

"So I have been told," rejoined Leslie. "Uncle Rodrigo left me seven hundred thousand dollars! All for my own!" announced Corona, self-sufficiently.

"That is a great deal of money," observed Leslie.

"Don't you wish you was me?" insolently demanded the heiress.

"Not on that account especially," answered the other.

"Oh," said Corona. "I suppose you think you're a deal better than me, 'cause I ain't educated."

"No, Miss Calderon," said Leslie, turning around, and facing the handsome, sullen face of the girl, "you are very much mistaken there. Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"Is it very hard to get educated?" said Corona, wistfully. "Me and Aunt Trib, we're different from other folks. I don't know just where the difference is, but it's somewhere, that I do know. Folks laugh at me and Aunt Trib—some of 'em right out, and others in a polite sort of way, that cuts just as deep. It's our ways. It's our talk. Now, look here, Leslie Ford, I want you to make us like other folks, me and Aunt Trib. And how are you going to do it?"

"Have you never been to school at all?" asked Leslie, beginning to be conscious that a Herculean task lay before her.

"Only a little while. I can read and I can write a little—and that's all. Aunt Trib was poor in them days, and I was fetched up anyhow."

"Then," said Leslie, "I should advise a course of reading to begin with."

"What's that?" interrupted Corona.

"I'll make out a list of the standard English and American authors for you to read a little every day, so as to make yourself acquainted with the best literature of the day."

"What good'll that do, anyhow?" said Corona, with an impatient toss of her superb braids of blue-black hair that made Leslie Ford think of a wild animal shaking its chains.

"It will enlarge your mind, and make you acquainted with the authors and writings that everybody knows."

"What authors?"

"Shakespeare," Leslie answered, "and Milton, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Hume, and Macaulay."

"Have you read all them fellows?"

"Not all," said Leslie, wincing a little at Miss Calderon's peculiarities of speech. "Pardon me, Miss Corona, but it would be more elegant to say 'those authors.'"

"Why?" sharply demanded Corona.

"Because it is better grammar."

"What's grammar?"

"The science of language."

"There!" said Corona, smiting the table with one large, beautifully shaped hand, "I knowed it!"

"Knew it," gently suggested Leslie.

"Oh, don't be bothering me all the time," snapped the heiress. "That's where the screw was loose. Me and Aunt Trib—we're dumb ignorant of grammar. You learn it out of books, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Well, write down the name of the book, won't you, and send one of the nigger waiters out to buy it, right off! We'll go into the grammar, or we'll know the reason why. Well," as Leslie wrote down the name of the first author on the subject of grammar that she could think of, "course of reading and grammar, and what else? Because, if me and Aunt Trib are ever going to be licked into shape like other folks, it's high time we began."

"Don't you think, Miss Corona," suggested Leslie, nearly overborne by the rushing torrent of the heiress's tongue, "it would be an excellent plan for you and me to have a few hours of study every day?"

"That's going to school!" said Corona, sharply. "I'm too old to go to school."

"No; it is not going to school," reasoned Leslie. "It is only cultivating your mind a little."

"You want to put on airs, like a governess," said Corona, still distrustfully.

"Not at all But I supposed you wanted to learn?"

"So I do; but, oh, dear!" with a grimace, "the idea of books and tasks!"

"It will become a pleasure to you by and by."

"No, it won't!" retorted Miss Calderon, without much politeness. "But I want to play tunes and sing. And I'd like to talk French, like I heard—"

"As you heard," gently corrected Leslie.

"Well," with another shake of the blue-black mane, "as I heard—though where the difference comes in I don't see—as I heard a young lady down in the parlor here last night. Jiminy! didn't her tongue slip along like it was greased?"

"Miss Corona!"

"Well?"

"I beg your pardon; but no lady ever uses that expression."

"What expression? Jiminy! Well, I don't think it is very genteel. I picked it up from Aunt Trib. It's all Aunt Trib's fault, from beginning to end, that I ain't a lady. She ought to have educated me, instead of leaving me at old Polly Bassett's, to be brought up with her young ones, all in a heap together."

Just then Aunt Tribulation's head, brilliantly adorned with a bonnet of garnet velvet, and a gigantic black ostrich feather, was thrust into the room.

"Croney, dear, the carriage is here. Don't you want to drive out to the park?"

"Yes," said Corona, rising, "I'll be ready in a jiffy. And you, Leslie Ford, just write down a list of them things I'm to learn, and the books I'm to read! There ain't no time to be lost now! I'm going in for an education, hot and heavy!"

And Corona Calderon swept out of the room as beautiful and tropical and untamed as a young tigeress.

Such was the beginning of this new and strange chapter in the life of Leslie Ford. A child of scarcely seventeen herself, she was promoted all at once to the situation of governess, mentor, and adviser to a woman older than she was, to say nothing of Aunt Tribulation, who came daily into the room with a sort of scared look, obedient to the order of Corona, and immediately fell fast asleep at the end of the first five minutes!

"Somehow, I don't seem to get interested in Mr. Shakespeare," said Aunt Tribulation, meekly. "And as for that there History of England, it is as dull as ditch water! I'd rather read 'Alonzo and Melissa,' or 'The Mysteries of Paris,' a thousand times!"

"You're a fool, Aunt Trib!" Corona would exclaim, wrathfully.

"Yes, Croney, I know it," said Miss Jackson, mildly accepting the inevitable. "But there ain't no use of tryin' to learn an old dog new tricks.' So if you'll let me take my naps peaceable, while you and Miss Ford are educatin', I'll be much obliged, and thank 'ee kindly!"

So Aunt Tribulation was perforce left off.

The course of reading proved a stupendous failure. Corona exclaimed, like Aunt Tribulation, that she couldn't get interested in "Mr. Shakespeare." Hume and Macaulay bored her indescribably, and Dickens could not arouse her with sympathetic fire; and finally, one day she flung Milton's "Paradise Lost" into the fire.

"A pack of trash!" pronounced the heiress. "And I'm blessed if I spend any more time fooling with it!"

So ended the course of reading. Grammar endured no longer than the first three lessons.

"I can't make neither head nor tail of it," said Corona. "And I ain't a-going to give myself the headache with a lot of jaw-aching words that haven't got nothin' to do with conversation."

"But Corona," argued Leslie, "if you will persevere a little, you will comprehend the whole meaning of this thing, and—"

"Well, I ain't a-going to persevere, so there now," said Corona, who always grew more ungrammatical and less elegant in measure as her excitement rose. "It's all bosh, grammar is. And education is a humbug! That's the long and the short of the business!"

In music, Corona did better. She had a natural ear, and a vague idea of harmony, which made practice less irksome to her than were her other studies. She learned to waltz and polka without the least difficulty, and picked up a little French with readiness. In Latin she failed egregiously.

"What do I care about stuffy old dead and done languages?" said she to Leslie.

"Yes, but dear Corona, Latin is the foundation of all other languages, and—"

"Oh, get along with your foundations!" interrupted Corona. "I'm twenty next spring, and I've no time to lay foundations."

(To be continued.)

Willie's Broad Hint.

Willie (to the young man caller)—Say, when you were a kid and some chap was calling on your sister, didn't he give you a quarter to go out and spend?"

To do an evil act is base. To do a good one without incurring danger is common enough. But it is the part of a good man to do good and noble deeds though he risks everything in doing them.

ROCK ON WHICH SEXES SPLIT

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN MAN AND WOMAN ARGUE.

Very likely Adam and Eve Thus Quarrelled Over the Apple.

Like the sense of humor, the sense of logic will ever be a rock upon which the opinions of the two sexes will split.

Every man knows that every woman is utterly inconsistent; any woman knows that every man argues just for the sake of argument. And they each know that it is absolutely impossible to convince the other, and, to prove it, resume the argument until the danger signal of tears and strong language bids all but the youngest cease, says a London paper.

And, as the case in so many arguments, both parties are right and both are wrong.

Man never will be convinced, and woman never can be, when they argue together; for to man and woman the very word argument carries a different meaning. Man enjoys argument; woman hates it even if she gains her point.

"London life is expensive," says man. Woman denies it. "Where else in England are cab fares so cheap?" she asks triumphantly. Nowhere? Then London life is cheap. It is self-evident. It is stupid of man to say London is expensive.

Of course he may be right if he says house rent is dearer and food more expensive, but he did not. He said life; he generalized.

Life Means Everything,

and everything includes cab fares. Cab fares are cheap, absurdly cheap; therefore, as she said before, London life is not expensive. And man is always making silly statements like that.

But that is an argument man cannot follow. He dodges, he tries for a clearer definition. He would go over it again.

"You do not understand," he begins. She interrupts. She does, she has just said so. It is no good for him to try to wriggle out of it like that. He is "floored." How like a man not to admit it.

But will she listen, he pleads. She will listen, of course, but nothing he can say can alter the facts and the facts she stated.

And he murmurs that she must not be unreasonable; he did not say everything in London life was expensive, he said on the whole it was. And she denies it; he never mentioned the words "on the whole," and as for being reasonable, that was the crowning outrage; only yesterday he was saying how ridiculously cheap restaurants were in town, and lamenting the impossibility of getting a decent dinner out of one's own home in the country. And now he is saying exactly the opposite.

"One must dress so much more expensively in town," he murmurs, anxious to get back to concrete things. But she will not have it so. One must dress decently wherever one is. Yes, he agrees, but one does not need so many decent clothes out of town.

And then, with the tears coming very near to the surface, she protests. It is mean of him to say she is extravagant in dress.

She Is Most Economical.

She is sure no other woman has such a ragbag of a wardrobe.

But he did not say she was extravagant, he interrupts. If he didn't, he meant it; it was obvious. He was trying to "crawl" again.

And the tears of blank incomprehension break into flood, and if they are wise the argument ceases, and the great problem of the economic relations of country to town remain unsettled.

Woman is right, man's arguments are insincere; arguments to him is a game. Man will not waste his deeper convictions in a warfare of words. Be a thing a matter of principle, then why waste words over it, he will not be convinced of error, he does not wish to risk conviction.

Those deeper thoughts may be stated, but never debarred. Politics and religion are the forbidden subjects in communities of men. But over a trivial thing—the weight of a golf ball, the merits of certain stock, a superfluous point of etiquette, or his food—man will argue with man in heat and passion, and he will give his best to the discussion which ever side he takes.

His adopted point of view becomes a point of honor so far as the discussion goes. He must defend it with the full power of his intellect.

And when the close of the meal or the restless clockhands bring the debate to a finish, he will abandon it lightly with never a hard thought for his opponent, and quite prepared, since the game is over, to admit the justice of many things he hotly combatted a moment before.

But a woman's argument is a serious thing, not to be wasted on trivial matters; it is a combat in which matters of the deepest gravity are involved.

Woman Will Argue on Religion,

or politics, or theics, but never on dress or taste, never on games or food.

Every woman knows how superior or inferior she is to any other woman in the lesser matters of life, and to argue about them would be either to proclaim her inferiority or to explain her superiority; and those are things no woman will do.

And woman is wise not to argue with her sister, for in arguments she has a tactless regard for absolute sincerity and truth.

Man and woman began to argue long, long ago over an apple in the Garden of Eden. Doubtless, Adam never could understand why Eve blamed him for the trouble that ensued.

Undoubtedly, Eve thought Adam most ungallant for suggesting it was her fault; most certainly they argued the primal nights away. Eve maintaining it was partly the serpent's fault, but mostly Adam's, he trying to delete the serpent and to concentrate on the great point of who first mentioned apples.

And they neither understand one another's point of view any more than do their many-time great-grandchildren of to-day.

DIED AT THE GUNS.

Heroic and Gallant Conduct of R.H.A. Captain.

The following graphic description of the heroic and gallant conduct of Captain E. K. Bradbury, R.H.A., who was killed while serving a gun, has been received from one of Captain Bradbury's brother officers:

"We are having a short rest after ten or eleven days of hard trekking and fighting. The rest has lasted now for twenty hours, and I hope may last for a day or two. I have a very sad piece of news to tell you. . . The battery Captain Bradbury was in was surprised by a German battery in a mist early one morning, and poor old Brad. was killed. Brad. served a gun himself, and during that time knocked out one German gun completely; he first had a hip and one leg shot away, and still managed to fire off a round or two more until the other leg was taken off from just above the knee. The doctor who told me about it afterwards said that all he asked was for heaps of morphia so that the men should not hear him screaming, and that he might be taken quickly to the rear.

"The whole story is that Brad. died as one felt he would do. . . . I was riding between two others — one after the other, and about five or six yards apart—when we got a part of a bolt of bullets from a machine gun. The fellow behind me had his horse shot in the head. It was the morning of the day poor Brad. was killed and we were sent to extricate a brigade. Our artillery and some infantry inflicted tremendous losses on the Germans, and we captured eight guns."



Red Cross Hospital Established in Hotel.

Hotel Flandria, Ghent, the largest hotel in Belgium, used for Red Cross Hospital for 1,500 patients. Picture shows Belgian, English, and German wounded all located in the same ward.

Redpath

PACKAGE SUGAR

Why take chances by asking for "A Dollar's Worth of Sugar?"

Buy REDPATH in Original Packages and you'll be sure of full weight — highest quality — absolute purity.



100 - 50 - 20 AND 10 LB. BAGS

5 AND 2 LB. CARTONS

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, • MONTREAL.



Lessons Come Easier

IF the child has a big, generous light to study by. The

Rayo

lamp saves eye strain. It is kerosene light at its best — clear, mellow, and unflickering.

The *RAYO* does not smoke or smell. It is easy to light, easy to clean, and easy to rewick. The *RAYO* costs little, but you cannot get a better lamp at any price.

Made in Canada

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY LIMITED

ROYALITE OIL is best for all uses

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto Quebec Halifax Montreal
St. John Winnipeg Vancouver

Decided for many years to come be-

FREE TO GIRLS



Rolled Gold Locket and Chain

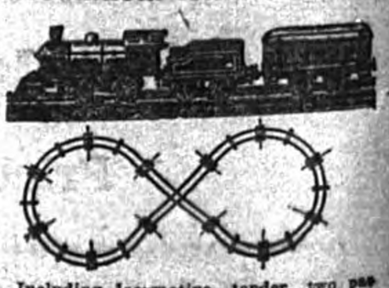
We will give this beautiful rolled gold locket and chain free of all charge to any girl who will sell 30 sets of Beautiful Xmas Post Cards at 10 cents a set (six lovely cards in each set).

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold send us the money and we will send you the locket and chain. Address.

HOMER-WARREN CO.,
Dept. 48 - - Toronto, Ont.

FREE TO BOYS

Mechanical Train & Tracks



Including locomotive, tender, two passenger coaches, track making large oval. Locomotive has strong clockwork mechanism and coaches are of metal, lithographed in colors.

Send us your name and address and we will send you 40 sets of Xmas and other postcards to sell at 10 cents a set (six beautiful cards in each set). When sold send us the money, and we will send you the prize, all charges prepaid. Address

Homer-Warren Co.
DEPT. 47, TORONTO.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT TO HEALTH

No Reason Why They Should Suffer From Backaches and Headaches

To every woman belongs the right to enjoy a healthy, active, happy life; yet nine out of ten suffer, often in silence, from splitting headaches, torturing backaches, violent heart palpitation or some other of the many evils that follows anaemia, or bloodlessness.

That is why one sees so many women with pale, thin cheeks, dull eyes and drooping figures—sure signs that the blood is out of order. All suffering women should win the right to be well by refreshing their weary bodies with the new, rich blood of health that promptly transforms them into healthy, attractive women. There is no other medicine can supply this new, rich blood so speedily and so surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Through this medicine thousands of tired, suffering women have found new health and strength. Mrs. James Drost, Chipman, N.B., says: "For years I did not know what it was to be entirely free from headache or backache. My hands were cold and clammy all the time. It was difficult for me to get my work done, and to walk even a short distance would leave me completely worn out. My life was one of constant worry, and I thought I would never be better. I was doctoring all the time, but without a bit of benefit, and finally the doctor stopped giving me medicine, as he said he could not help me. Do you wonder that I was in despair. My mother urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I said "what's the use; medicine can't help me." However, my husband got six boxes of the pills, and to please him I began to take them. By the time I had finished them I undoubtedly had improved, and there was the signs of returning health in my cheeks and hands. My husband thought the improvement so great that he got another half-dozen boxes, and before these were completed I was enjoying such good health as I had not had in years; in fact, I was a well woman, and have since enjoyed the best of health. I sincerely feel that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and shall always recommend them to all sick people."

You can get these pills at any medicine dealers, or they will be sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A TENNYSON CALL TO ARMS.

The following hitherto unpublished poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, has been forwarded to the editor of the Spectator (London, Eng.') by the present Lord Tennyson, who recently quoted one of the three stanzas in the course of a speech.

As the editor of the Spectator remarks, the poem seems almost as if it were written for the present crisis:—

O where is he, the simple fool,
Who says that wars are over.
What bloody portent flashes there
Across the Straits of Dover?
Nine hundred thousand slaves in arms
May seek to bring us under;
But England lives, and still will live,
For we'll crush the despot yonder.
Are we ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

O shame on selfish patronage,
It is the country's ruin.
Come, put the right man in his place,
And up now, and be doing!
O gallant, gallant volunteers
In every town and village,
For there are tigers—fiends, not men—
May violate, burn and pillage!
Are you ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

Up, stout limb'd yeomen, leave awhile
The fattening of your cattle—
And if indeed ye wish for peace,
Be ready for the battle!
To fight the battle of the world,
Of progress and humanity,
In spite of his eight million lies
And bastard Christianity!
Are we ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

—Tennyson.

WHEN BABY IS ILL.

When the baby is ill or out of sorts give him Baby's Own Tablets. They are the ideal medicine for little ones and never fail to relieve constipation and indigestion; cure colds, allay simple fevers and promote healthful sleep. Concerning them Mrs. F. Wurker, Ingersoll, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for eight years and can highly recommend them to all mothers for babyhood and childhood ailments." The tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

In Command of the First Army of the British Force.

Cameron Brig in the Kingdom of Fife, Scotland, has been well acquainted with the Haigs for many generations, and it was here that Sir Douglas, Commander of the First Army Corps in the British Expeditionary Force, was born just fifty-three years ago. In due time he went to Clifton and from there to Brasenose College, Oxford, but the army was his love. He entered the Royal Military College, and very early in his career gave promise of what was to come, for he passed first out of Sandhurst, gaining the highly-prized Anson Memorial Sword.

In 1885 Haig was gazetted to the 7th Hussars, and four years later was lucky enough to get on the Soudan Expedition, where he was present at Atbara and Khartoum. Needless to say, this very thorough and masterful young man was mentioned in despatches, as well as getting the Egyptian Medal.

A Scientific Soldier.

Sir Douglas is believed to be a very scientific soldier, and has written a book called "Cavalry Tactics." His authorship gained for him the name of "Von Haig." He duly passed the qualifying examination for entrance to the Staff College and then had to go before a medical board for fitness. The board announced he was color blind. Haig emulated the example of our army of bygone days in Flanders; got specialists both in England and France to prove that he was not color blind, but the condemned Beechams, as he called the board, were obdurate. It seemed certain that he would never be able to write "P.S.C." after his name, when the late Duke of Cambridge, hearing of the matter, gave him the Commander-in-Chief's nomination, which exempted the recipient from all examinations. The situation was saved. Haig duly went to the College and passed out brilliantly.



Sir Douglas Haig.

On the outbreak of the South African War, Captain Haig was appointed staff officer to Sir John French, and was at Elandslaagte, Colesburg, the relief of Kimberley, Paardeberg, and Belfast, and after the cavalry division was broken up, had command of all the different columns in Cape Colony. The work was tremendous; but apparently it agreed with him, for the harder he worked and the less he slept the fitter he seemed to keep and the more unreasonable did he become when the plea of "tired" was put forward. This could not go on, so he was made a brevet-major and got a C.B., shortly afterward being promoted to command the 17th Lancers ("The Death or Glory Boys").

Went Next to India.

After the war he went to India as inspector-general of cavalry. There was much grumbling in the Shiny over the appointment. The Indian cavalry thought he was much too young, and that he knew too little about India. They shortly acknowledged they were wrong. Though he succeeded that brilliant cavalry soldier, Sir Edward Locke-Elliott, Haig was a great success, and only returned home in order to become the director of military training at the Army headquarters.

Five years ago he became chief of the staff in India, and on General Smith-Dorrien going to the southern command General Haig succeeded him at Aldershot. Smith-Dorrien had done much for Aldershot. Haig did more, and it is certain that the troops there were never so efficient as under this young and brilliant soldier. But—there is always a but—he made sad the hearts of many by publishing a very strong order on the subject of cigarette smoking. There is no doubt that General Haig was right, for the wild and fragrant Woodbine played greater havoc with young soldiers hearts than all the pretty girls in Aldershot, and stopped their powers of marching more even than tight boots. But T. A. was not the only one to come under Haig's eagle eye. Officers were blamed for spending too much on motor cars and not enough on their polo ponies and chargers. Cavalry officers had to be well mounted, and after all, good chargers make very good hunters, and polo and hunting General Haig looks on as being essential for the proper training of a cavalry officer.

Tortures of Rheumatism Yield to This Remedy

A Marvel of Speed, an Unfailing Cure for Old Chronic Cases.

GET A TRIAL BOTTLE TO-DAY.

With reliable old Nerviline you can rub out the pain of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, or Neuralgia—rub it away so completely that you feel like new all over.

It matters not how deeply seated the pain is, how long you have had it—rubbing with the king of all liniments "Nerviline" will cure you.

Nerviline is highly concentrated—about five times stronger than the ordinary white ammonia liniment—therefore it penetrates quickly—sinks in deeply—and gets right at the core of the pain at once—draws out the lameness, takes away the stiffness—eases the joints that have hurt you so much.

Out comes the pain every time you rub on Nerviline, which contains some of the most valuable pain-subduing remedies known to science. Worth its weight in gold to every family in the land, and sure to cure the emergent and minor ills of a hundred kinds that constantly arise. Get the large 50c. family size bottle; small trial size 25c. Nerviline is sold by every dealer, everywhere.

RAISE BRITISH PENSIONS.

Scheme Proposed Would Mean a Fourfold Raise.

A campaign to raise British pensions and separate allowances has been started by G. N. Barnes, M.P., who proposes a minimum of one pound sterling a week for the widow of every soldier and sailor killed at the front, for the mother dependent on any soldier and sailor killed, for the wife of every soldier and sailor now in the fighting line, and also for every soldier and sailor permanently maimed by fighting.

Such an increase would mean a four-fold raise in most instances. From $1.25 a week the widow's pension would be raised to $5. Mothers dependent for support on men who die on active service are now unprovided for. The wives of men at the front at present get only $1.85 a week, while the minimum weekly pension allowed to disabled soldiers is 85 cents. Mr. Barnes also proposes to double the present allowance of 28 cents a week for each dependent child.

It is pointed out that the nation has to support these dependents in any case, and to throw the main burden on private charity does not relieve the country of the cost. An adequate separation allowance and pension would also relieve the men who are offering their lives for their country from the stigma of being objects of charity.

But as the proposed increase is likely to take the form of a super-tax on incomes, it is not popular with the wealthy classes.

PRESSED HARD

Heavy Weight on Old Age.

When people realize the injurious effects of tea and coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are usually glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach." (The effects on the system of tea and coffee drinking are very similar, because they each contain the drug, caffeine.)

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual flavour of the "coffee," and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well plesed with it that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better that she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was well and hearty.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 50c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

Would You Like Hair Like This



Cuticura Soap Will Help You

Realize this ambition, when assisted by Cuticura Ointment, by keeping your scalp clean and free from dandruff, itching and irritation.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. K Boston, U.S.A.

An Unwilling Thief.

The captain of a steamer who, while loading at Burntisland, took on two hands—one, a Kirkcaldy man who was without a written "character," and another, a Dundee man who had abundance of documentary evidence as to his honesty and uprightness.

They had not been long at sea when they encountered rough weather, and the Dundee man, while crossing the deck with a bucket in his hand, was swept overboard. The Kirkcaldy man saw what had happened, and sought the captain.

"Dae ye mind yon man frae Dundee?" he asked, "that ye engaged wi' the fine character?"

"Yes," replied the captain. "What of it?"

"Weel, he's rin awa wi' yer bucket!"

Would Like to Prove It.

The German Emperor once paid a handsome compliment to the British marines. He was lunching with some Royal Marine officers at their headquarters at Eastney, by Portsmouth, and he told them: "I consider that the British Royal Marine is the best all-round fighting man in the world." That was twenty years ago; but the "Jollies" are now wishing for a chance of reminding him of the incident.

An Appalling Condition

Invariably results when you use a cheap corn salve. Be judicious, use "Putnam's," for fifty years it has cured corns and warts that nothing else can touch. Ask for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor only, 25c., at all dealers.

The Clean-Up.

"Did you find anything in that house?" asked the footpad.

"Nothing worth while," answered the burglar. "But it's bad luck to come away empty-handed, so I brought along the watchdog and a lot of burglar alarm apparatus."

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

More than a quarter of the working people in the United States are women.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Impossible.

"Women may learn to smoke and drink."

"Well?"

"But they will never adopt the habit of getting behind a newspaper at breakfast and contributing only grunts to the conversation."



THE KAISER AS A SHOW.

Russians Are Anxious to See him in a Cage.

A very curious suggestion comes from Rusia regarding the punishment to be meted out to the Kaiser. The peasants in far-away inland villages, for example, in the very poor province of Riazan, are clubbing together to maintain hospitals for returned wounded, are imposing voluntary taxation upon their villages for war purposes, and are in every way indicating their whole-hearted sympathy with the objects of this war. A friend from these parts says that the peasants there have what is considered by them to be an admirable idea for raising large sums for the war, namely, to capture the German Emperor and put his Majesty in a cage, which the Russian authorities could then take throughout the Empire as a spectacle to be shown to every village. The villagers would be willing to pay anything as an entrance fee for such a sight.

The proposal has been made in all seriousness, and is interesting from the historical point of view. Apart from the ancient history of Tamerlane and other such Oriental monsters, the Russian authorities a couple of hundred years ago took the archtraitor and pretender to the Throne of Catherine the Great round the central province of Russia on his way to Moscow for execution. The peasants would like to have an opportunity of paying a good fee to see the "German monster," as they term him, in a similar plight. They say, "Our cause is right, and we will take this William prisoner, but he is not Napoleon, and we will not send him to St. Helena, but will have him taken around every hamlet in Russia. There is not a Russian alive who will not pay his last farthing to see it done, and the Government may have the money, for they will want plenty before the war is concluded."

How a Sick Woman Can Regain Health

READ THIS VERY CAREFULLY.

"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's Pills by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew keen—my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife a well-known miller in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's, 25c. per box. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

Of No Use To Him.

Coal Dealer—Why don't you wheel the barrow along more quickly, Pat? It's not a very hard job; there's an inclined plane to relieve you.

Pat—Aye, master, the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am!

Minard's Liniment Cures Caregt in Cows.

"Why are you so down on Briggs, the hotelkeeper?" "He gave me bad quarters in exchange for a good dollar."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

His Report.

During the sugaring season a farmer sent his hired man to find out how the sap buckets were filling. The man investigated and reported as follows: "Some is full, half full, and some runnin' over; but they average about full."

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best:
Mathias Foley, Oil City, Ont.
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.
Charles Whooten, Mulgrave, N.S.
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N.S.
Pierre Landers, senr., Pokemouche, N.B.
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N.B.

All Gone.

When the doctor called to see the baby its mother informed him that the medicine left for the infant the day before was all gone. "Impossible!" declared the surprised physician. "I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour." "Yes, but John and mother and I and the nurse have each had to take a teaspoonful, too, in order to get baby to take it."

Aunt Ethel—Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's? Beatrice—Yes, Auntie, I was. Aunt Ethel—Then there's the fifty cents I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you. Beatrice—He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CLARK'S POTTED MEATS—

The child's delight. The picnicker's choice. Everybody's favorite.

Full flavored and perfectly cooked make delicious sandwiches.



FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 74 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

FOR SALE.

REGISTERED HAMPSHIRE SWINE prize winners. All ages. Both sexes. Fisher Bros., Benmiller, Ont.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

COPELAND'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

David Warnock, 232 Withrow Ave., Toronto, writes that he owes his life to the above remedy:

"Now that I am well and strong again, I write to state that the fact I am alive to-day witnesses to the merit of your medicine. The doctors gave me only 8 to 10 days to live. . . . I wish every one could know the worth of your medicine, especially those afflicted with consumption, as I was, for I undoubtedly saved my life to its use, Etc."

A doctor and a specialist attended David Warnock and gave him no hope. That was in March, 1911. Four months afterwards, he was a well man and had gained 66 lbs. If you suffer, or know of one, send us your address, and we will send a copy of Warnock's testimony in full and also many others; some of which have been cured of chronic bronchitis of over 30 years' standing.

At your druggist or direct from us at $1.00 per bottle.

COPELAND MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED.
811 PAPE AVE., - TORONTO.

More Likely.

"By feeling the bumps on your head I can tell exactly what sort of a man you are," said the phrenologist. "Faith," replied Pat, "Oi belave it wad give ye more of an idea what sort of a woman me wolfe is."

The National City Bank of New York city has a graduate woman cook whose duty it is to prepare good wholesome meals for its 400 employees.



Just A Scratch

BUT it needs looking after just the same. First aid treatment with

CARBOLATED **Vaseline** Trademark

will help it to heal quickly and prevent risk of infection. **Carbolated "Vaseline"** contains 1½% of Carbolic acid, blended with a pure "Vaseline" base. It is a most effective antiseptic dressing for cuts, bruises, boils, and skin irritations of all kinds, such as eczema, poison ivy and barber's itch. Also good for corns.

Sold by drug and department stores everywhere, or sent to you direct on receipt of price—20c for a full size bottle. Free booklet on request.



CHESEBROUGH MF'G CO. (Consolidated)
1880 CHABOT AVE. MONTREAL

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to subscribers in Canada for $1.00 in advance or $1.50 at the end of the year and the United States $1.50 in advance

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free to subscribers.

Locals, constituting 4 lines or less 25 cents per each insertion

All transient advertising matter charged at 10c. per line nonpareil measurement.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE. - - QUE.

Call for Recruits will be Continuous

Government's decision finds General Favor.

The government's decision to increase from 38,000 to 58,000 the number of men under arms in Canada, to send forward successive contingents as quickly as they can be taken care of and to promptly fiill up with recruits the vacancies created by the despatch of the forces abroad, carries out the wishes of the authorities of the War Office, while at the same time meeting with the enthusiastic approval of the Canadian people. Orders were issued today to prepare generally for the increased enlistment The department of militia has not yet considered any general details in connection with the increased establishments Where the extra regiments will be raised will depend, in a considerable degree, upon the progress reported in the recruiting at the different centers, but the belief is that the enrolment will be more especially in the West and in Ontario.

It is intimated that the decision to so greatly increase the forces to be maintained under arms will mean a reversion in the spring to the plan of mobilization camps These would be at Valcartier and Petawawa, both of which are now well equipped with all the needed accessories, including ranges.

In outlining the latest scheme of augmented mobilization, the government has acted in full cooperation with the War Office. The plan means that by early in the New Year, counting the forces now on Salisbury Plain, the second contingent being raised and the arrangements for successive drafts, 108,000 will be under arms. As soon as the second instalment goes in January a third contingent will be got in readiness and this will be despatched in March or April.

It is apparent that the call for recruits will be steady and constant, for the experience of the war has shown that reinfo cements are required at the wholly unusual extent of 25 per cent per month once an expeditionary force goes into action. This applies more especially to infantry units. Thus, when in the space of a few months Canada has 50,000 men in action, reinforcements for them alone will be called for at the rate of 12,500 per month.

There is every reason to believe that a good part of these mounted forces will be detailed for service in Egypt, where units of that classification are required more especially than in the European theater of operations. The renewed calls for men impose a great obligation upon Canada to give more and still more of its brawn and sinew, but there are the most hopeful indications of the response being fully equal to every successive requirement of the common cause.

A few coats carried over, full length Womens and Misses, very good styles at only $5.00.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Academy Exams.

GRADE III ACADEMY.

LATIN

Class I, — Alison Cottingham 86 Ella Giles 83. Iriam Burk 81, Jean McGibbon 76, Doris McIntyre 75.

Class II, — Howard Nicoll 70. Wesley McAllister 69. Alex. Murray Nora Somerville 68, Inez Giles 64, Mary Hope 62, John Smith 60.

Class III,—Myrtle Duffy 55, Sybil Arthur 50.

GRADE III ACADEMY.

ADVANCED ALGEBRA.

Class II, — Thayer Carpenter 72 Kenneth Sawyer 67.

GRADE II ACADEMY.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Class I.—Estelle Inglis 76.

Class II, — Ervin Center 73, Irene Scott 68, Constance Banford 67. Kathleen Bradley 65, Allison Rodgers 64, Wilma Joss 63.

Class III, — Marjorie Mount 55. Bessie Hammond 54.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Honours,—Nora Rodgers 96.

Class I, — Doris Campbell 85 Myrtle MacGregor 83, Percy Gordon Enid McCullough 80, Verda Kettyle 79.

Class II,—Willis Hooper 73, Amy Bates, Aggie Hay 72, Alice Cameron Muriel Joss 71, George Bain, Osborne Lackey, 67, Edwin Johnson. Hazel McCoy 65, Keith Douglas 64, Susan Kelly 63, George Hammond, Ruth Todd 61. Isabella Bennett 60.

Class III. — Ena Peet 59. Grace Copeland 58, Elsie Hay 57, Kenneth McConnell 52, Leona Garretsee 50.

GRADE III MODEL.

ARITHMETIC.

Honours, — Clarence Rodgers 100, Violet Rogers 92.

Class II.—Violet Grey, Stuart Hay, James McCullough 70, Annie Silverson 68. Jessie Berry 67, George McCormick 65, Mina Dixon 63, Lawrence Gordon 62, Katie Jones, Percy Robinson 60.

Class III, Edna Conlin 56, Mabel Rodger 53, Kenneth Morrison 50.

GRADE II MODEL

HYGIENE.

Honours, — Dora Barley, Percy Carpenter, Grace Mount 97, Doris Hammond 94, Jessie Paul 94, Lyall Middleton 93, James Calder 91. Stanley MacNaughton 90

Class I, — Inez Sutton 86, James Smith 83, Mamie Graham, Samuel Graham 82, Melvin Burk 81, Ernest Baldwin 80, Elsie Lackey 79.

Class II.—Jean Campbell 74, Kenneth Hay, James McGibbon 72, Alfred Hunter 69, Harold McFaul 67, Ernest Calder 62.

Class III,—Joseph Dodd 50.

GRADE I MODEL.

SCRIPTURE.

Honours,—Catherine Burwash 98. Ruby Rodgers 97, Mary Boa 95. Olive Boyd, Wilhelmina Shaw 92, Edna Bampton 91.

Class I. — Genevieve Murphy 87, Keith Christie 83, Ella Giles 82, Helena Dobbie 81, Angus Kinmond 80, Bruce Bradford 77, Laura McPhail 75.

Class II,—Anna Scott 74, Eddie Barker, Kenneth McOuat 71, Emma Smith 70, Ross Muir 69, George McCoy 68, Oscar Duffy 66, Raymond Boyd 61.

Class III,—John Paul 50.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

Honours, — Margaret McOuat 95, Margaret Jones 93, Mabel Garrard 90.

Class I, — Douglas Patterson 88, Ryckman Alexander 87, Ivan Carpenter 85, Gerald Hammond, Myrtle Mitchell, Henry Murphy 77, Ian Hay, James McKimmie 75.

Class II,—Roy Chambers 72, Evelyn Hamilton 63, Florence Hunter 61, Arthur Lackey 60

Class III,—Jessie Hay 55, Linnie Thompson 52.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.

MENTAL & RAPID ARITHMETIC.

Honours,—Irene Byron, Florentine Cyr. James Hay 100, Muriel Burk, Arthur Cruise Arnold Scott 90.

Class I, — Kenneth Campbell, Gordon Cruise 88, Myrtle Hunter, Jessie McFarlane, Elmer Ryan 80, Lawrence Carpenter 76, Lillie Bradford 75.

Class II, — Nellie Cowan, Ralph Goldsworthy 73, Herbert Darlington 72, Lillian Hamilton, Clifford McFaul 70, Albert Darlington, Ethel Hay 68, Harry Bull 64 Hilda Sutton 63.

Class III,—Beatrice Cunningham 56 Willie Cottingham 54, Myrtle Barker 53.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.

MENTAL & RAPID ARITHMETIC.

Honours,— Gordon G. Cruise 100.

Class I —Lawrence Cruise, Harold Window 86. Ivan Bennett, Earl Gunn Lilly Paul 85, Evelyn Creswell 80, Alice Burk 76. Annie Combie 75.

Class II.—Kenneth Elliott 69, Ida Bampton 67, Ruth Byron 66, George McGibbon 61, Howard Morrison 60.

Class III.—Roy Mott 58.

LOUISA

Mr. Chambers, of St. Philippe, spent Sunday as the guest of Mr. Jos. Creswell.

Mr. Robert Brown had the misfortune to be kicked by a horse recently. The injury is not as serious as inconvenient.

The snow which came to us this week was very welcome, enabling us to have some enjoyable sleigh drives again.

Mrs. A. Hall and her daughter Doris spent a very pleasant week-end and part of this week with friends in Calumet.

Messrs. P. & A. McGibbon have commenced their winters task in the bush, as also have the McFaul Bros.

Mr. A. Tomalty had the misfortune to meet with a painful accident last Saturday. It occurred in the bush while logging, one of the logs suddenly falling upon the cant-hook which caught Mr. Tomalty in the groin and ruptured a blood vessel. We are pleased to report he is able to be about again.

News of Brownsburg

Miss M. Rodger is visiting friends in Montreal.

Mrs. D. McOuat spent a few days in Montreal last week.

Miss C. Clarke is spending a short visit with friends in town.

Mr. Erle Todd was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. D. D. McGibbon for the week-end.

A concert will be given under the auspices of the Brownsburg Young People's Society, in the Presbyterian Church, Brownsburg, on Tuesday evening December 1st, at 8 p.m. sharp, the proceeds to be donated to the Belgian Relief Fund. There is no need to emphasize the fact that the object is monthly of everyone's support. The programme will include solos, duets quartettes, dialogues, readings and patriotic address also two tableaux "Our Empire" and "John Bull." The young people have spared no effort to make this concert successful.

CUSHING

Miss Alberta Nicholls is visiting with friends at Mount Maple this week

Nurse McCallum, of the Royal Victoria Hospital was a recent guest of her aunt, Mrs. Jas. Watson.

Miss Bessie Dobbie was a guest of Miss Alberta Nicholls, at Highland Home for a few days last week

Jack Frost got ahead of St, Andrew this year and froze the river at Greece's Point the latter part of the week. Crossing is somewhat precarious yet however.

Did anyone say turnips? There is one now on exhibit at Mr. J. F. Owens, at Stonefield, which was grown on the farm of Mr. George Nicholls, Cushing, which tips the scale at 37 lbs. Mr. Nicholls also had a collection of several dozen not one of which weighed less than 25 lbs. — not bad for the rocky shores of the Ottawa,—the fertilizer used was just the good old fashioned kind.

On going last week to bring home some young cattle which he had at pasture, Mr E. Whelehan missed one of his herd, a valuable Ayrshire heifer, two years old. A search was made of the surrounding country, and numerous inquiries have failed to find any trace of the missing animal, and rumours are current of several other cattle owners having lost stock in the same mysterious manner. Can we have cattle thieves operating in our midst? It looks rather suspicious.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

COAL and WOOD
FOR SALE.
Give your order at once for next Season.

Apply to
Harry Ayers
Lachute Mills, Que.

FIERI FACIAS DE BONIS ET DE TERRIS

SUPERIOR COURT

District of Montreal, No. 1588 } JOSEPH PAQUETTE, Pvt vs E. ST-AMOUR, ES QUALITÉ, Defendant, to wit:

A lot of land situate in the eleventh range of the township of Howard county of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne, known and designated upon the official plan and book of reference of the said township of Howard, under the number one (No 1).

2. Another lot of land situate at the same place, known and designated upon the same official plan and book of reference, under the number two No. (2).

3. A portion of the island situated at black Lake in the ninth range of the township of Wentworth, said county of Argenteuil and known as island number thirty eight (No. 38) being the official subdivisions No. 4, 5 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 18, 19, 20, and 21—with the buildings erected upon the above mentioned lots in the township of Howard and Wentworth.

To be sold at the registry office of the county of Argenteuil, in the Town of Lachute district of Terrebonne, on the FIFTH day of DECEMBER next 1914, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriff's office, Sheriffs.
Sainte Scholastique, 27th October, 1914 5220
(First published, 31st October, 1914.)
11-27

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

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

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

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CHICAGO EXPRESS
TORONTO—DETROIT - CHICAGO
The Canadian No. 21.
Lv. Montreal 8.45 a.m. 10.00 p.m.
Ar. Chicago 7.45 a.m. 9.05 p.m.
Lake - Ontario Short Line
TORONTO
via Belleville, Trenton, Brighton, Colborne, Port Hope, Newcastle, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby. Leave Windsor Sation 8.45 a.m.

For tickets and full particulars apply to
J. S. GILES, Agent.

ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS
CHRISTMAS SAILINGS
St. John N B. to Liverpool
"Hesperian"—Friday, Dec. 4th, 2 p.m.
"Scandinavian"—Fri. Dec 11th, 5 p.m.
"Grampian"—Friday Dec. 25th, 5 p.m.

Rates of passage, "Grampian," "Hesperian," $82.50 first, $55.00 second, $33.75 third. "Scandinavian." One class second cabin, $52.50, third class $33.75.

Passengers for St. John, will require to connect with C.P.R. train from Montreal, Windsor Station, 6.35 p.m. Thursdays.

Rates, One class, II. Cabin $52.00, Third class, $33.75
For further information apply to
J. S. GILES, Agent.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

MUNICIPALIMY OF THE TOWN OF TERREBONNE.

Public Notice is hereby given that the Town of Terrebonne, will sell, through its Secretary-Treasurer, the undersigned, at the Catholic Church door of the parish of Saint Louis de Terrebonne, on MONDAY, the EOURTEENTH day of DECEMBER next, 1914, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon, the following immoveables, belonging to Treffle Lagarde and to Dame Sophie Lavigne, in default of the payment of taxes, to wit:

1. A lot of land known and designated as being the official number fifteen (No. 15) of the Town of Terrebonne, upon the hyothecary cadastre of the County of Terrebonne,—with the house and other buildings erected thereon.

2. Another lot of land known and designated as being the official number sixteen (No. 16) of the Town of Terrebonne—with the house and other buildings erected thereon.

Terrebonne, this twelith day of November, one thousand nine hundred and fourteen.

ADEDEE JASMIN,
12-4 Secretary-Treasurer.

Desjardins' Footwear.
The Best in Town

Special atttention is given to persons hard to fit and who suffer with bonions or corns.

Our long experience is to your advantage.

Opposite Post-Office

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA
Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized : - - - $2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus : - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.
Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.
All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

J. D. CAMPBELL
Main Street. Lachute.

... UNDERWEAR ...

For Men—Penman's Underwear for Fall and Winter. Turnbull's fine goods, (Ceetee Brand), heavy ribbed, from $1.50 to $2.00.

For Youths—Penman's, from sizes 24 to 32 and heavy ribbed.

For Women—Combinations from $1.00 to $2.25, Union and All wool, from 35 cents to $1 25.

For Children—Turnbull's from size 1 to 7.

Hose—Heavy and Fine Wool Ribbed and Plain Cashmere, etc.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, etc.—Very good assortment in fine goods and heavy for Men, Women, Youths and Children, of the best makes.

Choice Groceries—Creamery and dairy butter, lard, cheese, etc.

GILES BROS.
Main St. - - Lachute

STYLISH and NOBBY!

That is the kind of Suits we turn out, together with the added distinction of

QUALITY.

Suits pressed and cleaned. Try us and we will give you satisfaction.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute



DIXIE NoTUFT
TEN COMPARTMENT MATTRESS

The housewife who wants handsome, even-edged, well-draped beds uses the Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress. Tufted mattresses "spread" and "widen." The Dixie NoTUFT is guaranteed again *both*.

It's easy to keep clean because its smooth surface offers no lodging place for dust, dirt, and germs. It's 100% comfortable because it has no tufts to detract from its resiliency. The Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress is so constructed that we are able to *permanently* distribute filling heavier at points where wear is greatest. It is so distinctly different from the tufted mattress you *now* use that you can't afford *not* to come in and see it.

J. A. BEDARD & SON.

Professional & Commercial.

DR JOHN McO. DREW, B.A.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
LACHUTE, QUE.
Day Phone. No. 20.
Night Phone. No. 6.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his office every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

L. L. LEGAULT B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

DR. HENRI DORVAL
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST
Specialist on Spectacles & Glasses
451 ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL
From Paris, Vienna and Berlin Hospitals
Will be in Lachute, at Rodrique's Hotel, the 4th Sunday of each month, from 5 to 8. 4 10

R. JOLY, UNDERTAKER,
First-class hearse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
Agent for Marble and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.

ROBERT TODD,
AUCTIONEER.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in both French and English.
Geneva Post office
Phone No. 91 Ring 2.

SEASONABLE SPECIALS.

MEN'S and LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Then you must remember that our Grocery Department is always well stocked with the choicest of provisions at POPULAR PRICES.

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET, - - - LACHUTE.

TRAVEL! TRAVEL!

ANYHOW -- WHEN -- WHERE

By Rail or Steamship, on the following lines.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
and STEAMSHIP.
CANADIAN NORTHERN
ALLAN LINE
WHITE STAR DOMINION
DONALDSON

For particulars apply to

J. S. GILES,

General Agent.

Phone 27. FOUNDRY STREET, Lachute, Que.

CORRESPONDENCE

—:o:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LACHUTE WATCHMAN:

DEAR SIR;—You and the rest of us have been hearing for years, of the great possibilities for persons situated in Rural Districts that will be coming their way when the Rural Mail Delivery is established. That day has come for this rural locality, and I would like to make a comparison of our old system and the new, through your columns, so that perhaps others contemplating the change may think twice before they give up the substance for the shadow. For the last forty years or more there has been a daily outgoing and incoming mail that served the villages and hamlets on both sides of the River Ottawa and it worked so well, that a letter leaving Montreal or Ottawa arrived here about mid-day or shortly after and gave you all that afternoon and evening to reply to your friend in Ottawa and your grocer, etc. in Montreal, and your letters were carried away the next morning in time for the Montreal and Ottawa morning trains, and your letters arrived at their destination at three o'clock p.m. the same day, and if necessary could be replied to by the next day's mail, if business was urgent or a friend was ill, you were not long kept waiting of the condition of matters.

For some two months we have had what is called Rural Mail Delivery and our first intimation of it came one day our former mail driver returned stating that our mail had gone on to the next station and would be delivered from there, and on making enquiry by phone we were informed that our mail was there all o.k., but there was no one there to receive it. Now some of us not in too easy circumstances and anxious to get the best and latest news from the front, as the war was on at this time, had subscribed to a morning paper instead of an evening paper at double the cost so that we could keep up with matters at the front and get the news as early as possible, and there we were with double subscriptions paid and our newspapers eight miles away and no one on hand to bring them, and our old mail man gone over the same road that morning that had brought morning papers to the locality for the last forty years. About dark, however, that evening our mail arrived and for some days continued to arrive at our gate more or less regularly, I say more or less regularly, for one week we only got two papers instead of six, then it was deposited at the post office and we are still going for our mail, though our mail box is sitting at our gate and our letters and papers arrive about three o'clock p.m., instead of at between twelve and one o'clock. Now let me call your attention to the difference. We receive a letter at three o'clock to-day and we have no opportunity to answer it till three o'clock the next day about the time that under former conditions the postman would deliver it in Montreal or Ottawa, but as far as we can learn he now delivers it about ten a.m. the next day and quite frequently I understand it is delivered at three p.m., just twenty-four hours later than the old system would have delivered the said letter. In the event of a rising or a falling market, an ill or dead friend that it might be important to see or attend their funeral we are handicapped and putting it into as simple language as possible our mail service as we have it at present and while it is costing the country double what it formerly did is not more than half as satisfactory as it was in former days which means that we are paying four times as much for the service we are getting than we formerly did, for we are only getting the equivalent of what a three mail a week post office got in former days, though we get a daily delivery. We cannot reach Montreal or Ottawa or the surrounding towns any more often than under the former system the three mail a week post offices could, and we are still going for our mail daily to the post office, though there stands at our gates as a monument of departed greatness a mail box that we have paid for through the nose to the tune of three dollars. To would-be Rural Mail localities I would say beware lest you, like ourselves, come to pine for the service of former days like the children of Israel pined for the onions and the garlic and the flesh pots of Egypt when they were in the wilderness. We were well, we wanted to be better, unwittingly we swallowed the proffered dose and now we are ill indeed.

Yours Respectfully,
C. F. KAINS.

A MORAL BOY

"Tommy, don't you know it's wicked to go fishing on a Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why do you do it?"

"Please, sir, I wasn't fishing, sir. I was just showing the naughty fishes what would happen to them if they went chasing worms on Sunday!"



VERY ENERGETIC.

Larks—How are you getting along with the three bottles of beer a day the doctor prescribed for you?

Barks—How am I getting along with it? Why, I'm two months ahead of his prescription already!

WOMAN'S BEST MEDICINE

Mrs. Kelly Advises all Women to Take "Fruit-a-Tives"

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., Aug. 26th. 1913.

"I can highly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" because they did me an awful lot of good and I cannot speak too highly about them. About four years ago, I commenced taking "Fruit-a-tives" for a general break-down and they did me a world of good. We bought a good many dollar's worth, but it was money well spent because they did all that you claim for them. Their action is so pleasant, compared with other laxatives, that I found only pleasure, as well as health, in taking them. They seemed to me to be particularly suited to women, on account of their mild and gentle action, and I trust that some other women may start taking "Fruit-a-tives" after reading my letter, and if they do, I am satisfied the results will be the same as in my own case".

MRS. W. N. KELLY

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

DR. R. CHARLEBOIS, L.D.S
SURGEON DENTIST
397 Victoria Avenue,
cor Sherbrooke St.
Montreal, P. Q. Westmount,
Tel Westmount 4849.

ARTHUR H HOWELL

Conductor Lachute Choral Society; Secretary London College of Music; Organist and Choirmaster Calvary Congregational Church, Westmount, will visit Lachute Friday of each week, during the present Season and would accept a limited number of pupils in Pianoforte Playing and Singing.

For terms and other information kindly address,

69 Park Avenue,
Montreal, Que.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Lazy Larry and Sleepy Sam had nearly come to their wits' ends. They had to live, and that without working. It was their motto.

At length Larry had an idea, and Sleepy Sam roused himself to go and get a sackful of sand from a pit. This they did up into little packets and sold as a "safe, perfect, and absolutely certain beetle-killer." Soon all the packets were gone but one. This was offered to an old lady.

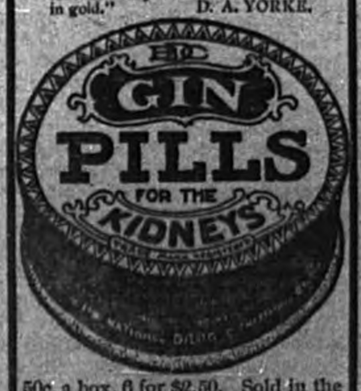
"Ah, well, yes, I'll take it," she said, paying the money then and there. "And will ye tell me how to use it?"

"Yuss," said Lazy Larry. "As it's the very last packet, I don't mind tellin' ye. First of all you catch the beetle, then you tickle it with a feather till it laughs. As soon as it does that, you drops one or two grains of the beetle-killer down its throat and chokes it! Quite simple, ain't it? Thankee, mum! Good-day!"

A Neighbor Told Him To Take Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

If you want to know what Gin Pills will do for you, just drop a line to Mr. D. A. Yorke, at Bellrock, Ont. He will tell you what Gin Pills did for him, after he had suffered with Kidney trouble for 15 years. Here is his letter:

"I suffered for about 15 years with my Kidneys. I could get nothing to help me. The pain went all through my back and shoulders and down the calves of my legs. When I would sit down for a while, I could not straighten up again until I would walk a rod or more, the pain was so great. A neighbor advised me to take GIN PILLS. I did so and six boxes cured me. It is about two and a half years since I quit taking them. My back is all right; no pains and no more backache. I thank GIN PILLS for it all—they are worth their weight in gold." D. A. YORKE.



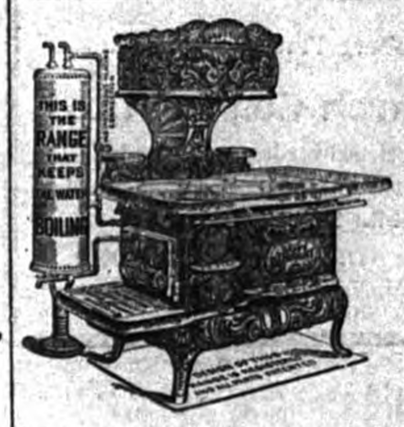
50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Sold in the U.S. under the name "GINO" Pills. Trial treatment if you write 289
National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

GEOFFROY BEDARD

What I want is Customers who know and can appreciate a good job. And what you want is a tailor who will give you good Suits at reasonable Prices. I am the tailor you are looking for.

In spite of the heavy increase in all lines of goods, I have not raised my prices, for I had all my goods bought before the raise and I am giving my customers the benefit of the low prices in all Suits, Pants, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Furnishings of all Sorts.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.



Stoves! Stoves!

Happy Thought Ranges.

—:o:—

McClary Furnaces.

—:o:—

These are some of the lines we handle and will guarantee your comfort if you buy them from

G. Y. Deacon, - West End, Lachute.
Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Paid Up Capital - - - - - - $4,000,000
Rest - - - - - - - - - - 4,750,000

OVER 95 OFFICES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

Farmers' Banking

receives careful, courteous attention. Savings Bank Department at every Branch.

SALE NOTES DISCOUNTED.

Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - W. H. Lamb, Manager.



RANGES AND COMFORT

The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fit you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

O. B. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,

Dusters, Rope and all kinds of Binder Twine, Oils, Soaps, etc., etc.

Also Agent for MASSEY HARRIS MACHINERY and LEE RANGES and STOVES.

A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.



---umm! Griddle Cakes

and CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Children and grown-ups everywhere love this delightful and wholesome syrup. Cakes never taste so good as with CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP. It has a distinctive flavor—all its own.

For those favorite home-made candies that are so good and so much fun to make—always use CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP. So delicious! Economical too!

Made in Canada.
Sold by All Grocers.

Write for the Edwardsburg Free Recipe Book.

The Canada Starch Co., Limited

Makers of the Famous Edwardsburg Brands

(Benson's Prepared Corn—Silver Gloss Laundry—Starch—Lily White Syrup—Etc.)

MONTREAL, CARDINAL, TORONTO, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM, VANCOUVER.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED

SYSTEM IS VERY THOROUGH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Arrangement of Transferring Sick and Wounded to Various Hospitals.

It may be of interest to the public, the London Press Bureau message suggests, to know how the sick and wounded of the Expeditionary Force are being received and distributed after their arrival in Great Britain.

All the hospital ships proceed to Southampton, where there is a special staff for the reception and distribution of the sick and wounded officers and men who are being sent on them. The arrangements are under the control of a surgeon-general, who holds the appointment of a Deputy Director of Medical Services. He has at his command twelve ambulance trains specially constructed for the conveyance of four officers and ninety-six men lying down, or for a considerably greater number of patients sitting up.

Twice weekly telegrams are received by him from all the larger Military and Territorial Force General Hospitals, stating the number of beds vacant in each. With this information before him, he arranges convoys of sick and wounded on arrival and dispatches them to their destination in one or more of the ambulance trains.

From Station in Motors.

Already the sick and wounded from overseas have been comfortably placed under treatment in most of the large Military or Territorial Force hospital centres. At the railway stations of these localities arrangements are made by the military authorities for conveying sick and wounded in motor cars or other ambulance vehicles from the railway stations to the hospitals. Voluntary Aid detachments have already done useful work in connection with this stage of the movements of the sick and wounded, ed, and it is expected that the scope for utilizing Voluntary Aid in this direction will be extended as its value becomes better known.

Military Hospitals First.

As the military hospitals get filled up arrangements have been made for transferring sick and wounded from them to various hospitals arranged by voluntary effort. Many schemes have been submitted to the War Office, through British Red Cross Association, in accordance with Field Service Regulations. At present the opportunity of using private hospitals to any great extent has not arisen, as there are still several thousand beds vacant in the Military and Territorial Force Hospitals. There is no doubt, however, that in time private hospitals will be of much use as an overflow, and also when it is necessary to set free a sufficient number of beds for future requirements in the larger military hospitals.

Convalescent Homes.

When sick and wounded are sufficiently convalescent to be granted sick furlough, advantage is being taken of the many offers of accommodation for them in convalescent homes in different parts of the country; and, in order to prevent overlapping, and to facilitate the means of placing men on sick furlough, so far as possible, in their own counties, a Central Registry of Convalescent Homes has been formed by a joint committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society.

This central registry acts as a clearing house. Only convelescents, who would have been given sick furlough to their own homes, if they so desired, are being sent to convalescent homes. Convalescents who require continued hospital treatment, will be sent either to the special home in connection with the hospital from which they are transferred (under the supervision of the medical officer of the hospital) or to one or other of the private hospitals already referred to.

Choose the Country.

In order to enable the convalescent to be placed on sick furlough in a convalescent home, all that he has to do is to inform the medical officer who is in charge of him where and what county or neighborhood he would like to proceed to. These particulars are entered on a form and sent to the Central Registry. The address of the nearest railway station to the convalescent home in the neighborhood is entered on the form, and it is immediately returned to the medical officer of the hospital.

Whenever the convalescent is ready to leave on sick furlough the medical officer sends word to the convalescent home, stating the hour of the man's arrival at the railway station, where arrangements are made to meet and take him over. This arrangement has been working very well, and already over one hundred convalescents have been received in various convalescent homes.

Kits Are Replenished.

It may also be of interest to know that in all the hospitals arrangements are made for replenishing any deficiencies in the men's kits and for giving them any additional clothing, which it may be desirable for them to take with them when they go on sick furlough. The hospitals are for this purpose, receiving many generous gifts of pyjama suits and other articles of clothing.

At the end of their sick furlough the men are required to rejoin the depots of their regiments, in order to be refitted, until arrangements are made for their rejoining their units, either in Great Britain or abroad. They are provided with railway warrants to enable them to go to convalescent homes and to rejoin their depots. Arrangements have also been made that they shall receive their pay both while they are in hospital and while they are convalescent.

Bank Sends 800 to Battle.

Lloyd's Bank in London has sent 800 men to the war from its head office and county branches. Meanwhile all of its pensioned clerks have been set to work again.



SEAGER WHEELER.

The World's Champion Wheat Grower.

For the third time the wheat of Seager Wheeler has brought distinction to the little town of Rosthern, located on the Canadian Northern Railway between the cities of Saskatoon and Prince Albert in Saskatchewan. At the International Soil Products Exhibition, held in Wichita, Kansas, very recently he satisfied the judges that his was the best wheat, and to him was awarded, accordingly, the prize which carries with it the honor of a worlds championship. A telegram was sent at once to the Hon. Robert Rogers, acting Minister of the Interior, and Government circles in Ottawa exhibited a great deal of pleasure over the announcement.

Seager Wheeler "breeds" wheat. He studies the grain as carefully and as scientifically as any student of live stock. His farm, well worthy a visit, is situated only a short distance away from the Canadian Northern line, and experts from the United States who have inspected his place and tested his ground have gone on record classifying the land as equal to the highest-priced areas in the Republic to the south. In constant care and experimentation lies the secret of his success. He takes any new variety of grain, or the best of his past season's crop, and sets it out in trial plots, and with the multiplication of high-class wheat berries thus produced he extends the scope of his work until a field of the sort of grain which yielded him the honors of this season is secured. The big men of his province have united in the past to do honor to this modest Saskatchewan farmer, and those demonstrations, coupled with the pride he takes in his own achievements, are regarded by him as sufficient reward for the really great work he is doing for the Dominion.

IF ENEMY INVADE ENGLAND

SCOUTS BEING PREPARED BY SIR R. BADEN-POWELL.

Work of the Scouts If Enemy Comes—Prepared for the Worst.

In case the Old Land is invaded by the Germans, either through the air or from the sea, the Boy Scouts are being prepared. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, writes in the Headquarters Gazette as follows:—

"I am never tired of advising we should prepare for what is possible as well as what is probable. As I said at the Guildhall recently:

"'There is still a possibility, I may say a great probability even, of the enemy making one desperate cast to try and invade us in one form or another, and we must be ready for that. Although things may seem to be going perfectly well on the continent, we must prepare our minds and our men. If we keep of one mind and a cheery countenance all will be well.'

"Now, next to the military authorities, the Scouts in the case of an invasion should be prepared in their own particular way to help their country. Every possible contingency should be thought out and provided for. This applies even to places where attack is least likely to occur, because the enemy's ships, in order to avoid contact with our own, might make raids upon parts of even the west coast, or their aeroplanes, or airships, might come over and bombard inland places. The Germans say that their attack on England when it does come off will be "in a most unexpected quarter."

Keep Smiling.

"In the event of invasion, the Scouts, if properly prepared now, could be of great national value by acting as an organized antidote to panic, and as the machinery for the relief of the distressed. The boys, therefore, should be taught to be prepared for the worst; to think out every situation that is likely, or possible, to occur, and to be impressed with the fact that their duty is to observe discipline and to keep a smile on, even in the worst of circumstances, in order to reassure the more frightened.

"Local headquarters should be established in each centre, and their address made known to all authorities—such as police, defence force, relief organizations, municipal authorities, etc. Some Cyclist Scouts should sleep at these headquarters, and should know where to go to call up the members of their troops, should they suddenly be needed. They should also know where to find all leading authorities. All scouts should be prepared to assemble at their headquarters as rapidly as possible on the alarm being given, with food in their haversacks. The number of qualified scouts available for duties should be sent to the chief police officer, commanders of troops and other authorities in the neighborhood—especially detailing the number of pathfinders, cyclists, signallers, cooks, first aiders, etc.

"Scouts should, in the meantime, be thoroughly trained in all details for the following duties, and for any others that may appear to be desirable in their locality.

Before Invasion.

"Before any enemy attacks us, it may be necessary to distribute warnings to the inhabitants, or to move them, their cattle, stock, vehicles, etc., and to destroy forage, etc., before the advance of the enemy. The scouts would be useful for such duties under the orders of the Chief Constable. A register might be made of wagons and horses available for transport, and practice might be carried out of preparing wagons for conveyance of sick and wounded with slung stretchers, mattresses, etc.

After Invasion.

"Form search parties with equipment to look for wounded and tend them; form fire brigades, if possible equipped with motor-cars and bicycles for rapid despatch, to extinguish fires, rescue people and property, etc.; also arrange to help distressed inhabitants, rig shelters, distribute food, etc., for them; also to help the different relief societies by acting as their distributing machinery, etc.

"The above duties, if essentially non-combatant and designed to help their fellow-countrymen rather than to fight the enemy, do not render scouts liable to capture or summary punishment at the hands of the enemy. Their uniform would be a protection to them like that of the police."

A Great Freight Train.

According to the Railway News, the Erie Railroad Company recently tested with surprising results the tractive or pulling power of the new "centipede" locomotive engine. The engine weighs 410 tons, and has twenty-four driving wheels, eight of which are placed under the tender in order to get additional driving power. The officials in charge of the test, which took place at Binghampton, New York, kept adding car after car of coal to the train, until it consisted of no less than 250 fully loaded steel cars, the total weight of which was twenty-one thousand tons. The locomotive pulled the train for forty miles—a feat hitherto unequalled on any railway in the world.

ROYAL Yeast Cakes

BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD.
DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED
AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED.
WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

NAMES IN WAR ZONE.

Foreign Words in War Despatches Divided Into Three Classes.

Foreign names occurring in war despatches may be divided into three classes. First, those which have an English form or which are so familiar that they have a recognized English pronunciation.

A second group is made up of names which have different forms in languages other than English. In such cases the French form is usually more familiar to American readers. Such as Aix-la-Chapello (Aachen in German), Mayence (Mainz in German), Liege (Luttich in German), Thionville (Diedenhoffen in German), or Montreux-Vieux, which is Alt-Munsteroi in German.

The third class comprises those names which are almost or totally unfamiliar in English. These names should be pronounced as nearly as possible in the native way.

Heard Every Day.

The following are some of the usual names in the despatches of the day:

Aix-la-Chapelle—ex-la-sha-pell.
Amiens—a-me-ang.
Ardennes—ar-den.
Arras—ar-rase.
Audenarde—o-de-nard.
Avesnes—a-ven.
Avricourt—a-vree-coor.
Belfort—belfor.
Bruges—bruzh.
Cattaro—cat-ta-ro.
Chalons—sha-long.
Charleroi—shar-lu-rwha.
Chaudfontaine—sho-fong-ten.
Chauveau—sho-vo.
Chimay—she-may.
Cirey—see-ray.
Courtrai—coor-tre.
Dave—dav.
Dansig—dan-tsik.
Dijon—dee-zhong.
Dinant—dee-nahng.
Doual—doo-e.
Doubs—doo.
Erquelines—air-ke-leen.
Falux—foe.
Gembloux—zhahng-bloo.
Ghent—ghent, or as in French, gahng
Given—zhee-vay.
Hainault—e-no.
Huy—wee.
Kiel—keel
Kiau-chau—kyow-how.
Laon—lahng.
Liege—lee-yezh.
Ligny—lee-n-yee.
Lille—leel.
Longwy—long-vee.
Louvain—loo-vang.
Luneville—loo-nay-veel.
Maizeret—mez-ray.
Malines—ma-leen.
Maubeuge—mo-beuzh.
Meurthe—murt.
Meuse—meuz (vowel sound as in bird, fir).
Mezieres—may-see-yare.
Mirecourt—me-re-coor.
Monceau—mong-so.
Mons—mongss.
Moselle—mo-zell.
Mulhausen—meel-how-zen (French Mulhouse—pronounced mee-looze).
Memel—mem-el.
Metz—metz (French pronunciation mess).
Namur—na-mur (almost na-na-meer).
Nancy—nahng-see.
Neufchateau—neu-sha-toe.
Nish—neesh.
Neipenburg—ny-pen-burg.
Oise—wahz.
Oudenarde—oo-de-nard.
Peronnes—pu-ron.
Pinche—pangsh.
Rheims—rangce.
Renaix—ru-nex.
Roubaix—roo-bay.
Sabac—sha-bats.
Sambre—sahng-bru.
Save—sah-vu.
Semlin—zemlin.
Semois—su-mwah.
Serain—su-rang.
Soignies—swam-n-yee.
Tavelot—stav-lo.
St. Thibault—sang-tee-bo.
Thionville—tee-ong-veel.
Toul—tool.
Tongres—tong-gru.
Thorn—torn.
Tourcoing—toor-kwang.
Verdun—vare-dung.
Verviers—vare-vee-ay.
Vervins—vare-vang.
Vosges—vozh.
Wilballen—veer-bal-len.
Zazern—tsah-barn (French Saverne, pronounced sah-vern).
Zimony—zeemone.

BRITAIN'S ADMIRALS.

Stirring Mottoes Held Up By Men of the Navy.

In this time of crisis when the British fleet, often called the "Bulwarks of the Empire," may be called upon at any time to justify its cognomen, it is interesting to note the mottoes of some of the admirals on the active list, and the way in which they live up to them. The mottoes of those upon whom rest the safety of the British Empire will have a particular and significant meaning.

"For King and Country," is the motto which actuates every officer and man in His Majesty's service, but the following are a few of the favorites of the admirals themselves.

Admiral Sir George Astley Callaghan, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., says that his motto is "Do your duty," while that of Vice-Admiral Frederick Sydney Pelham is "Vincit Amor Patriae". (Love of Country Conquers). That of Vice-Admiral Frederick Edward Errington Brock, C.B., is "Veritas vincit" (Truth conquers); that of Vice-Admiral Ernest Alfred Simons is "Moriendo Vive" (In Dying Live). The one of Vice-Admiral James Martin Martin, C.B., is particularly inspiring, it is "Loyal Till Death."

The motto of Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Murray Farquhar, K.C.B., C.V.O., is "Sto cado fide et armis," translated "I stand and fall by faith and arms." Vice-Admiral Thomas Martyn Jerram, K.C.B., says that his favorite is "Always be trying to succeed but never imagine you have done so." "Celere et Securus" (Swift and Sure) is the family motto of Vice-Admiral William Blake Fisher, C.B., but the sentiment which appeals to him most is "Zeal, Loyalty and Obedience."

That of Sir Frederick Samuel Inglefield, K.C.B., is characteristic of the man, and perhaps embodies the spirit of the fighting men of Britain better than any other. It is remarkable for its brevity, it reads, "Deeds, not Words."

The motto of Admiral Sir Richard Poore suggests a humorous turn of mind, it is "Pauper non Spe," translated it is "Not Poor in Hope."

VALUABLE RECIPE.

Method of Water Purification Within the Reach of All.

A level teaspoonful of chloride of lime should be rubbed into a teacupful of water. This solution should be diluted with three cupfuls of water, and a teaspoonful of the whole quantity added to each two-gallon pailful of drinking water. This will give .4 or .5 parts of free chlorine to a million parts of water, sufficient to destroy in 10 minutes all typhoid and colon bacili or other dysentery producing organisms in the water. Moreover, all traces of the chlorine will rapidly disappear.

This method of purification has been tested with Toronto Bay water inoculated with millions of bacteria. Every germ has been destroyed and it has been unnecessary to boil the water.

This method should be very valuable for miners, prospectors, campers, soldiers, and those living where the condition of the waters might not be above suspicion.

DIPHTHERIA ANTITOXIN.

Reduction in Prices By Provincial Board of Health.

On and after September 1st, 1914, the prices of diphtheria antitoxin will be as follows:

5,000 unit vial package	$1.00
5,000 unit syringe "	1.15
10,000 unit vial "	2.00
10,000 unit syringe "	2.15

Address Department of Hygiene, Medical Building, University of Toronto, Toronto.

Other people's troubles bore a man more than his own.

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Baked Pork Chops With Dressing.—Select six medium pork chops. Make a dressing as you would for chicken or any fowl. Place the pork chops one on top of the other with dressing between. The fat on the ends of the chops makes enough grease for baking.

Simpler Cookie Baking. — When baking cookies a great amount of fuel may be saved as well as time by having a large piece of zinc cut to fit your oven, raised slightly at the end, or one can have a handle put on for 5 cents. Put cookies on this zinc instead of pans and see how quickly a hundred can be baked. No wasted room in between pans, etc. The zinc can be scrubbed.

Bread Souffle.—Soak two cups stale bread crumbs in hot milk. Add one cup grated cheese and beat thoroughly with an egg beater. Beat three eggs till light and add one-half teaspoon salt and one-fourth teaspoon paprika. Put a tablespoonful butter in sauce pan and cook half the mixture at a time, cooking more slowly than an omelet. When it is set, fold over the edges and serve immediately.

Potato Soup. — Six potatoes, three pints of water, one pint milk, one egg, one ounce or more butter. Pare and cut into small pieces the potatoes. Put with the water to boil. When the potatoes have cooked to pieces, add the milk, butter and well beaten eggs. The egg after beating should be mixed with a little of the soup before it is added to it. Hot water should be added from time to time to replace that lost by evaporation.

Marshmallow Apples. — Wash, wipe and core the apples. Place in pan and fill the holes with sugar, a small piece of butter on top of each and a sprinkle of cinnamon if wanted. Sprinkle sugar in pan and add a little water. When apples are cooked through, remove from oven, fill holes with nut meats, place a marshmallow on top of each apple and place in oven until the marshmallow is a dainty brown. The flavor is delicious and when apple is placed on a lettuce leaf it is indeed pleasing to look at.

For Scotch eggs boil six eggs hard, take them out of the water, crack them, and put in cold water; this will preserve their color and make the shell come off easily. Roll the eggs in flour; take either a pound of sausage meat, cold fowl and ham, or any savoury mixture of cold meat; season well with pepper, salt, parsley, and a pinch of nutmeg; divide the meat into six portions, envelop an egg in each, dip into beaten egg, cover with bread-crumbs, and fry in boiling fat, which must be deep enough to cover the eggs completely. Cut each egg in halves before serving.

For Scotch broth put on your pot with less than two gallons of water, a teacupful of best barley and peas, let it boil, add 1½ lb. of good, fresh beef or mutton off the flank, one carrot cut into very small slices, one quarter of turnip the same. Cut another carrot into thick slices and a half turnip (to eat with your meat), let all boil together for an hour, then add another carrot grated, and quarter of turnip also grated, three or four good thick leeks, two or three potatoes cut into pieces. Let all boil for two hours before dishing. Let stand a few minutes, then skim off all the fat into a bowl, and put aside. This with potatoes, makes a good two days' dinner for a family of six or eight.

Ways of Saving.

Save badly cut pieces of bread, and slices left over from the table for a bread pudding or a Brown Betty. Save every scrap and crust to crumb up for stuffings or to use for breading scallop dishes, croquets, etc.

2. Remove the sinew from the legs of a fowl when it is drawn and the meat of the leg will be as good as that of the second joint.

3. Cold rice should always be saved, it can be added to a soup, mashed into croquets, mixed with eggs, and fried like hominy or used in a scallop dish.

4. Left over vegetables when the amount is too small to be served again may be mixed in a soup sliced together and boiled with gravy for a ragout, or used separately or together for a salad. Cauliflower, potatoes, and cabbage are good broken in small pieces covered with grated cheese and baked in a baking dish, "a la gratin."

5. Small portions of left over cereals may be added to the pancake batter and will greatly improve the cakes. Or they may be rolled into balls and friend, or added to the soup stock.

6. The tough ends of steak may be chopped very fine, seasoned well with pepper, salt, butter, and a little onion juice and formed into balls or cakes for sautes or broiled for luncheon. Scraps of white meat may be chopped, mixed with a white sauce warmed up and garnished with parsley and hard-boiled eggs. The carcasses of fowl and the bones of roasts should be used to make a nourishing soup. Beef fat and drippings and the fat from poultry should be clarified and kept for frying. Wings and legs of fowls that are left over are good grilled for luncheon.

7. Sour milk may be used for corn bread, griddle cakes, ginger bread, and biscuits. It may be made into cream cheese or turned into a refreshing drink by icing it and whipping it for about five minutes with an egg beater.

Household Hints.

Economy in fuel must be considered a very important factor in wise planning of meals.

Scatter grated white potato over the carpets if you wish to clean them and freshen their colors.

Use a bicycle pump to clean such parts of the sewing machine as you cannot reach with a cloth.

Before peeling onions let them stand in water, then peel, and the eyes will not smart so badly.

Alcohol, ether, chloroform, carbona, gasoline and naphtha soap and water are all good solvents for grease.

Braising is best for large pieces of tough, lean meat. Sear, add vegetables and herbs, and cook long and slowly in a covered pan.

We get into a rut in buying our food and are apt to overlook the fact that for the best physical results we should use a variety.

If a baking dish has been scorched or burned, fill it with cold water to which a pinch of soda has been added. Allow it to boil and the dish can be easily cleaned.

It makes sponge cake very light and spongy, if a tablespoonful of water, with the chill off, is put into the cake mixture directly after putting in the eggs.

After washing quilts and while they are still on the line, but nearly dry, beat them with a carpet beater and they will be wonderfully light.

The annual coat of oil not only prolongs the life of willow and cane furniture, but it keeps it from becoming so dry that tiny splinters stick out.

Newly baked bread should be lightly covered with a clean cloth while it is cooling, and if it is not aired when it is taken from the oven, it is apt to be soggy.

Soot from a stove or chimney where wood is burned, if put into a pitcher and boiling water poured over it, makes a healthy drink for house and garden plants.

To remove perspiration stains from waists, sponge the place with a clean rag, wet in clear, cold water. Then cover with powdered chalk and brush off carefully with a soft brush.

When beating the whites of eggs with a rotary egg beater, try holding the beater at an angle instead of straight up and down in the bowl. This accomplishes the work much quicker.

CANADA'S FIRE LOSS.

Heavy Charge for Replacement Must Be Provided For.

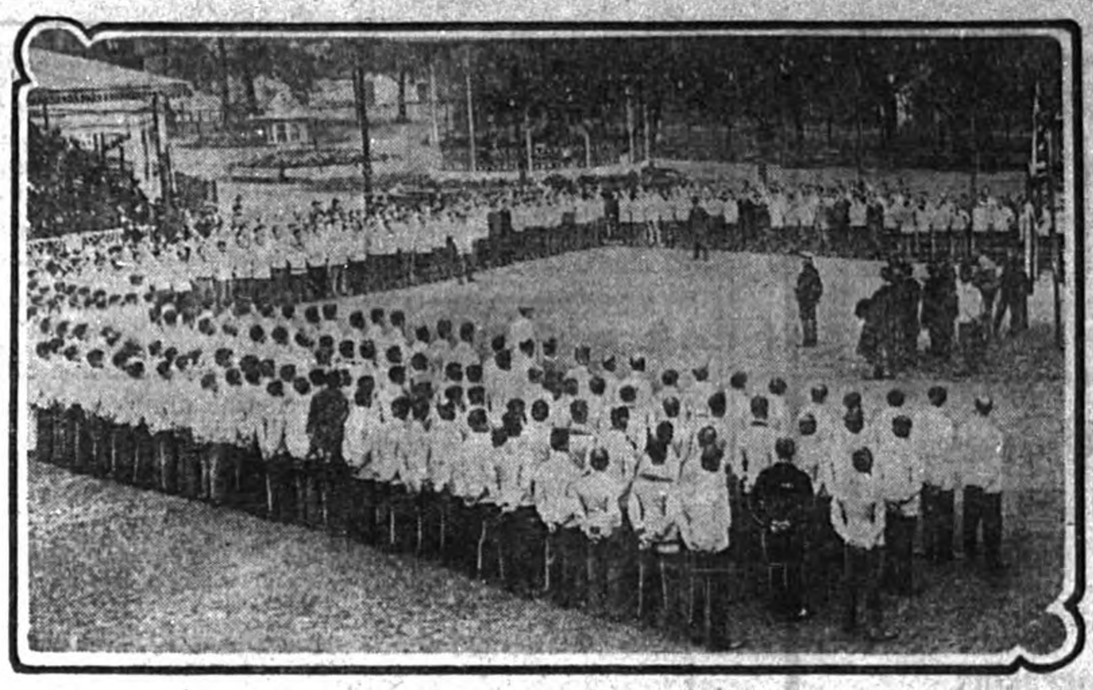
In the competition of nations for the trade of the world, any condition which would prove a handicap must be carefully considered, the causes investigated and every possible endeavor made to secure either their absolute removal to the minimum.

Canada, in her present efforts toward obtaining a share of the export trade of Germany, suffers from one of the most serious difficulties with which a nation can contend, namely, that of heavy fire loss.

In the commercial world three items make up the cost of every article, viz., raw material, labor, and overhead charges. Raw material is governed in price by market conditions. Overhead charges, however, are a factor of expense which is always open to investigation. The charge against the output of a nation consists of a great many individual items of expense; prominent among these is the cost of replacing property destroyed by fire. Canada had a fire loss in 1913 of $26,346,618 or $3.29 per capita. The Census Branch allows approximately five persons to a family, and, on this basis, the head of every family in Canada, must provide $1.45 to pay his share of this expense. Using the Census figures of 575,203 as the number of employees engaged in manufacturing in Canada, and assuming that each of these represents a family of five persons, Canadian manufacturers paid out, in 1913, no less than $8,475,089 to provide for replacement of property destroyed by fire.

Germany, on the other hand, has a per capita fire loss of .33, with a family unit loss of $1.65, and, on the basis of the number of Canadian manufacturing employees, she pays out $651,075. In other words, Canada and Germany working side by side, and with the same number of employees, Canadian manufacturers must provide, in wages alone, for an additional overhead expense of $7,824,014 to cover fire loss before Canada can compete with her opposition on an equal footing, all other conditions being approximately the same.

"Well, madam, is your husband out of danger?" "Is isn't quite sure; the doctor is coming again."



Artists Form Brigades for Home Defence in England.

The first general parade of the United Arts force at Earl Court, London. The ranks include painters, sculptors, actors, and journalists, who have banded together for the home defence of England. The photo shows a general view of the parade with Major-General Sir Afred Turner addressing the men. Included in the ranks are Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A., F. R. benson, the actor and manager, and other prominent men of arts and letters.

COST OF KILLING IN BATTLE

NUMBER OF MEN KILLED IN NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Comparatively Recent Wars Have Cost About Forty Billion Dollars.

Fifteen billion human lives, a sum total far too great to be grasped by any human imagination, have been lost in war since the beginning of authentic history, if the exhaustive researches made by Benjamin F. Trueblood, LL.D., an authority, are to be accepted.

Thus battle has cost the world a number of people greater than that of all those who have inhabited the globe during the last six centuries, allowing three generations to the century and accepting the estimate of 650,000,000 for the world's population at the beginning of the nineteenth century as the average population per generation for the six centuries.

But perhaps this statement is too general and complicated of computation to be impressive to the average mind, so it may be better to turn to definite consideration of the nineteenth century.

War during this period, according to a very conservative estimate, cost the lives of 14,000,000 men through wounds and disease, 6,000,000 being sacrificed in the Napoleonic campaign alone, in the nineteen years between 1796 and 1815.

The war of 1812-14 between England and the United States resulted in the death of about 50,000 men.

The war of 1846-48 between the United States and Mexico cost another 50,000 lives, most of the American deaths being from disease.

The Crimean War

of 1854-56 cost the five nations involved—France, England, Piedmont, Turkey and Russia—785,000 men, 600,000 of whom died of sickness and hardships.

Little Schleswig-Holstein's comparatively unimportant war, in 1864, cost Denmark, Russia and Austria 3,500 men.

The American Civil war, 1861-65, cost the United States between 800,000 and 1,000,000 lives from wounds and disease, or, to strike an average between the two estimates, 900,000 lives.

The short war between Prussia, Austria and Italy in 1863, cost 45,000 lives.

European expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Cochin-China, Lebanon, Paraguay, etc., between 1861 and 1867, cost 65,000 lives.

The Franco-Prussian war, 1870-71, not less than 250,000 lives.

The Russo-Turkish war of 1871 cost not less than 250,000 lives.

The Zulu and Afghan wars, in 1879, cost 40,000 lives.

The Japo-Chinese war of 1894-95, according to crude and surely incomplete estimates, cost 15,000 lives.

The English-Boer war in South Africa, 1899-1901, cost the lives of 125,000 men, of whom 100,000 were English, and it involved an additional loss of something like 15,000 Boer women and children.

The Spanish-American war of 1898 cost both sides from wounds and disease less than 6,000 lives, but the Philippine aftermath of this war has cost the United States the loss of about 5,000 soldiers and the loss among the native Filipinos, from wounds and disease, during the entire period of definite war and occasional fighting has amounted, it is said, to 500,000.

The cost of war in money runs ever further beyond the limitations of human comprehension.

The Napoleonic Wars

cost France, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, Russia and Turkey, all of whom were involved, in actual expenditure and destruction, not counting loss of trade and other economic waste, not less than $15,000,000,000.

The British-American war, 1812-14, cost $300,000,000.

The United States-Mexican war, 1846-48, cost $180,000,000.

The Crimean war, 1854-56, cost $1,660,000.

The Italian war, of 1859, cost $294,000,000.

The Schleswig-Holstein war, of 1864, cost $34,000,000.

The American Civil war, of 1861-5, cost $8,000,000,000.

The Prussian-Austrian war, of 1866, cost $32,000,000.

The expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Cochin-China, etc., 1861-7, cost $200,000,000.

The Franco-Prussian war, 1870-1, cost $3,000,000,000.

The Russo-Turkish war of 1877, cost $1,100,000,000.

The Zulu and Afghan war of 1879, cost $150,000,000.

The Chinese-Japan war of 1894-5, cost $60,000,000.

The British-Boer war of 1899-1901, cost $1,300,000,000.

The Spanish - American - Philippines war of 1898 to 1902, cost Spain and the Philippines $100,000,000, and the United States (Edward Atkinson's estimate for the whole five years), $7,000,000,000, or a total of $800,000,000.

The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5, cost $1,735,00,000, of which Japan's share was $800,000,000.

The Grand Total

of this vast expenditure, about $33,000,000,000, and the cost of innumerable little wars, of which England alone had eighty during the last century, and of which, for another example, there have been an uncounted number in South and Central America, as well as in the foreign possessions of the various European nations (as, for example, England's India), would surely add something close to five billions to this total, giving an approximate total cost of $38,000,000,000, which, for purposes of convenience and with no fear that we really are exaggerating, we may make $40,000,000,000.

But to juggle with such figures in an attempt to estimate what it has cost so many nations of the world to kill so many of their neighbors is a cumbersome task, so we will reduce our observation to the cost of and the total of lives lost during the great comparatively modern wars, beginning not farther back than the Napoleonic campaigns, including in the list only the Napoleonic wars, the United States-British war of 1812, the United States-Mexican war of 1846, the Crimean war of 1854, the American Civil war, the Franco-Prussian war, the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, the Boer-British war, the Spanish-American war and the Russo-Japanese war.

The Biggest Room.

A gentleman, seeing an advertisement in the paper, "A five-roomed house to let," went to have a look at it. It was just the size he wanted, but was sadly out of repair. He went to the agent's office, and said he didn't want a six-roomed house. "That isn't a six-roomed house," said the agent. "Oh, yes it is." "But I say it is not," and the agent began counting—"There's the kitchen, the dining-room, the reception room, and two bedrooms—that's five, isn't it?" "Yes, but there's the room for improvement," said the prospective tenant, "and that's bigger than any of the others."

Sob Stuff.

Suburban Resident—It's simply fine to wake up in the morning and hear the leaves whispering outside your window.

City Man—It's all right to hear the leaves whisper, but I never could stand hearing the grass mown!

The old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her. "You are not so gallant, John, as when I was a gal," she exclaimed, in gentle rebuke. "No," was his ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when I was a boy!"

BRAINS OF BRITISH ARMY

SCENES AT THE WAR OFFICE IN WHITEHALL.

No Place More Busy in Old London 1,700 Persons Regularly Employed.

There is no place more busy in all London to-day than the War Office—the home of the "brains of the Army," says a London paper. Little can the ordinary civilian see of its workings; he cannot get inside except in exceptional circumstances; one can only stand outside, in Whitehall, and watch the people go in and out. Even that is a wonderful sight; for, apart from the 1,700 regular employees of the department who pass within and without the police-guarded portals from early morning and all day long, there is a continuous stream of men and women, all on state, or in any case, on official business. For the present, indeed, the War Office is open all night—"waiting"—and one of the highest officials sleeps on the premises.

Every Rank of Army.

The regular staff are supposed to cease work at 6 p.m.; that is, the day staff—an hour later for the present than in normal times. Among them is every rank of the army, from lance-corporal to general; there are hundreds of sprucely dressed clerks—nuts and dandies of the Civil Service—but serving their country in war almost as advantageously as a soldier. There are also a large number of clerks of lower social grade and messengers, mostly ex-soldiers of non-commissioned rank, and all wearing comfortable-looking but no longer smart clothing. There are scores and scores of pretty, well-dressed, chattering girls—typists and clerks—leaving for home in the evening; and, crossing them at the stairheads, are scores and scores of faded-looking elderly women, the "official" charwomen, of whom 110 are on the staff. There are also a dozen "official" cats.

100 Boy Scouts.

To the staff workers have been added in the past few days over 100 Boy Scouts from all manner of companies, judging by the many colors of their shoulder ribbons. Some, provided with bicycles, are messengers—swift, silent little fellows—taking their orders from the sergeants in the main halls and returning with envelopes of the letters they have delivered marked with the time of delivery. Other Scouts are employed all over the building as office boys, running about like so many mice among the big men. Nor are all the Scouts very small youngsters either. At least a dozen at the War Office are long, willowy fellows, close upon six feet tall, and looking still more elongated in their shorts and bare knees. Every official, high and low, is delighted with the work of these trained and drilled boys.

Churchill Popular.

Many officers in uniform—generally drab service kit—are in and out of the War Office, and occasionally a motor car dashes up with a soldier-chauffeur, and a general or colonel, with an aide-de-camp, steps out and disappears within. Sometimes an eminent soldier is recognized, and then there is a cheer from the crowd, recognized with a smile or a swift touch of the khaki cap. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, seems to be a caller at least once a day. He is becoming very popular, and is frequently hailed by name, and is "all smiles."

A woman can always tell when a man is beginning to fall in love with her; but if she is sensible she will keep the news to herself until it begins to dawn on him.

BLEW UP BRIDGE AT AISNE

THRILLING SACRIFICE OF BRITISH ENGINEERS.

The Twelfth Man to Volunteer Applied Torch and Perished.

When the full story of the present, the bloodiest of all wars, comes to be written, its pages will thrill with deeds of daring and self-sacrifice for cause and country. Even in these times of stern censorship, tales are to hand of splendid heroism, which seem to be without parallel in the pages of the past. One of British gallantry is told by Gaston Bossier, a wounded private of the 6th Cuirassiers. Here is his story:

"We were together, the Cuirassiers of France and the Royal Engineers of Great Britain, and we had retreated across the Aisne at Soissons. The Germans were trying to rush their masses across the bridge after us. The bridge had to be blown up. German sharpshooters were firing at us, and their mitrailleuses were working havoc. The whole place was an inferno of mitrailleuse and rifle fire.

"Into this 'gate of hell' your Royal Engineers suddenly went. A party of them dashed towards the bridge, and, although losing heavily, managed to lay a charge sufficient to destroy it, but before they could light the fuse

They Were All Killed.

Then we waited. Another body of these brave fellows had crept near the bridge and had taken cover, but the German sharpshooters had somehow got their range, and were pouring in a deadly fire upon them. In the next few minutes we Frenchmen saw something which we shall remember to our dying day.

"One of the Engineers made a rush, alone, towards the fuse. He was killed before he had got halfway, but immediately he was down another man dashed up and ran on, until he, too, fell dead, almost over the body of his comrade. A third, a fourth, a fifth attempted to run the gauntlet of the German rifle fire, and all of them met their deaths in the same way. Others dashed out after them, one by one, until the death toll numbered eleven. Then, for an instant, the German rifle fire slackened, and in that instant the bridge was blown up, for the twelfth man, racing across the space where the dead bodies of his comrades lay, lit the fuse and sent the bridge up with a roar as a German rifleman brought him down dead."

Private R. Duffy, of the Rifle Brigade, tells of a soldier who preferred death at German hands on the banks of the Marne rather than betray his comrades. The Rifle Brigade had just broke cover in a wood to find French infantry going in the same direction after the common foe. "We didn't want to be behind, so we put our best foot forward. We got in first, and were just in time to tackle

A Mob of Germans

heading for the crossing in disorder. We went for them with the bayonet, but they didn't seem to have the least heart for fighting. Some of them flung themselves in the stream and tried to swim to safety, but they were heavily accoutred and worn out, so that they didn't go very far. Of about 300 men who tried this not more than half a dozen succeeded in reaching the other bank, and the cries of the drowning men were pitiful in the extreme.

"Away on our left the German army had thrown pontoons across the river to facilitate the retreat of their men, but the French and British artillery had found the range to an inch or so, and kept dropping shells right in the thick of them. We were sent against them, and found we could only capture them by coming under the fire from our own guns. We did our best, and it was a shell from our own lines that laid out me and others of our regiment.

"A picket of our regiment posted on a hill overlooking our left was surprised in the early morning by a party of German infantry, who had crept up under cover of a mist. They refused to surrender, and all were shot down but one, who was overpowered by the Germans. They wanted to get information about our strength from him, and thought they had only to offer him his life in return. He refused to give them anything, and then they were going to shoot him when he made a dash for it. At that moment a party of our men, alarmed by the firing, came up, and the whole party of the Germans was cut off. Some were bayoneted, others shot, and the rest surrendered, but not a man got away."

Heard on the Train.

"What have you got in the package?"

"Drawing materials."

"I didn't know you were an artist."

"Artist nothing! It contains a couple of pairs of forcepts the dentist asked me to get for him."

Husband—Dr. B. said an alcohol sponge would do me good. Wife—To which of your cronies did he refer?

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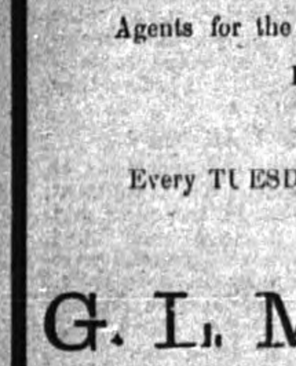
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BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XIX.

So soon as the first indication of dawn showed over the crack of the door, he slipped quietly out of his sleeping bag and without disturbing the others drew on his boots, put on his heavy fur coat and cap and gloves, slung his Winchester and his snow shoes over his shoulder, and without stopping for a bite to eat, softly opened the door, stepped out and closed it after him. It was quite dark in the bottom of the canon, although a few pale gleams overhead indicated the near approach of day. It was quite still, too. There were clouds on the mountain top heavy with threat of wind and snow.

The way was not difficult, the direction of it, that is. Nor was the going very difficult at first; the snow was frozen and the crust was strong enough to bear him. He did not need his snow shoes, and, indeed, would have had little chance to use them in the narrow, broken, rocky pass. He had slipped away from the others because he wanted to be first to see the man and the woman. He did not want any witnesses to that meeting. They would have come on later, of course; but he wanted an hour or two in private with Enid and Newbold without any interruption. His conscience was not clear. Nor could he settle upon a course of action.

How much Newbold knew of his former attempt to win away his wife, how much of what he knew he had told Enid Maitland, Armstrong could not surmise. Putting himself into Newbold's place and imagining that the engineer had possessed entire information, he decided that he must have told everything to Enid Maitland as soon as he had found out the quasi relation between her and Armstrong, and Armstrong did not believe the woman he loved could be in anybody's presence a month without telling something about him. Still, it was possible that Newbold knew nothing and that he told nothing therefore.

The situation was paralyzing to a man of Armstrong's decided, determined temperament. He could not decide upon the line of conduct he should pursue. His course in this, the most critical emergency he had ever faced, must be determined by circumstances of which he felt with savage resentment he was in some measure the sport. He would have to leave to chance what ought to be subject to his will. Of only one thing he was sure—he would stop at nothing, murder, lying; nothing, to win the woman, and to settle his score with that man.

There was really only one thing he could do, and that was to press on up the canon. He had no idea how far it might be or how long a journey he would have to make before he reached that shelf on the high hill where stood that hut in which she dwelt. As the crow flies, it could not be a great distance, but the canon zigzagged through the mountains with as many curves and angles as a lightning flash. He plodded on, therefore, with furious haste, recklessly speeding over places where a misstep in the snow or a slip on the icy rocks would have meant death or disaster to him.

He had gone about an hour, and had perhaps made four miles from the camp when the storm burst upon him. It was now broad day, but the sky was filled with clouds and the air with driving snow. The wind whistled down the canon with terrific force. It was with difficulty that he made any headway at all against it. It was a local storm; if he could have looked through the snow he would have discovered calmness on the top of the peaks. It was one of those sudden squalls of wind and snow which rage with terrific force while they last, but whose rage was limited, and whose violent duration would be short.

A less determined man than he would have bowed to the inevitable and sought some shelter behind a rock until the fury of the tempest was spent, but there was no storm that blew that could stop this man so long as he had strength to drive against it. So he bent his head to the fierce blast and struggled on. There was something titanic and magnificent about this iron determination and persistence of Armstrong. The two most powerful passions which move humanity were at his service; love led him and hate drove him. And the two were so intermingled that it was difficult to say which predominated, now one and now the other. The resultant of the two forces, however, was an onward move that would not be denied.

His fur coat was soon covered with snow and ice, the sharp needles of the storm cut his face wherever it was exposed. The wind forced its way through his garments and chilled him to the bone. He had eaten nothing since the night before, and his vitality was not at its flood, but he pressed on, and there was something grand in his indomitable progress. Excelsior!

Back in the hut Kirkby and Maitland sat around the fire waiting most impatiently for the wind to blow itself out and for that snow to stop falling through which Armstrong struggled forward. As he followed the windings of the canon, not daring to ascend to the summit on either wall and seek short cuts across the range, he was sensible that he was constantly rising. There were many indications to his experienced mind; the decrease in the height of the surrounding pines, the increasing rarity of the icy air, the growing difficulty in breathing under the sustained exertion he was making, the quick throbbing of his accelerated heart, all told him he was approaching his journey's end.

He judged that he must now be drawing near the source of the stream, and that he would presently come upon the shelter. He had no means of ascertaining the time. He would not have dared to unbutton his coat to glance at his watch, and it is difficult to measure the flying minutes in such scenes as those through which he passed, but he thought he must have gone at least seven miles in perhaps three hours, which he fancied had elapsed, his progress in the last two having been frightfully slow. Every foot of advance he had had to fight for.

Suddenly a quick turn in the canon, a passage through a narrow entrance between lofty cliffs, and he found himself in a pocket or a circular amphitheater which he could see was closed on the farther side. The bottom of this enclosure or valley was covered with pines, now drooping under tremendous burdens of snow. In the midst of the pines a lakelet was frozen solid; the ice was covered with the same dazzling carpet of white.

He could have seen nothing of this had not the sudden storm now stopped as precipitately almost as it had begun. Indeed, accustomed to the grayness of the snow fall, his eyes were fairly dazzled by the bright light of the sun, now quite high over the range, which struck him full in the face.

He stopped, panting, exhausted, and leaned against the rocky wall of the canon's mouth which here rose sheer over his head. This certainly was the end of the trail, the lake was the source of the frozen rivulet along whose rocky and torn banks he had tramped since dawn. Here, if anywhere, he would find the object of his quest.

Refreshed by a brief pause, and encouraged by the sudden stilling of the storm, he stepped out of the canon and ascended a little knoll whence he had a full view of the pocket over the tops of the pines. Shading his eyes from the light with his hand as best he could, he slowly swept the circumference with his eager glance, seeing nothing until his eye fell upon a huge broken trail of rocks projecting from the snow, indicating the ascent to a broad shelf of the mountains across the lake to the right. Following this he saw a huge block of snow which suggested dimly the outlines of a hut!

Was that the place? Was she there? He stared fascinated and as he did so a thin curl of smoke rose above the snow heap and wavered up in the cold, quiet air! That was a human habitation, then. It could be none other than the hut referred to in the note. Enid Maitland must be there; and Newbold!

The lake lay directly in front of him beyond the trees at the foot of the knoll, and between him and the slope that led up to the hut. If it had been summer, he would have been compelled to follow the water's edge to the right or to the left; both journeys would have led over difficult trails, with little to choose between them, but the lake was now frozen hard and covered with snow. He had no doubt that the snow would bear him, but to make sure he drew his snow shoes from his shoulder, slipped his feet in the straps, and sped straight on through the trees and across it like an arrow from a bow.

In five minutes he was at the foot of the giant stairs. Kicking off his snow shoes, he scrambled up the broken way, easily finding in the snow

(To be continued)

A MATTER OF DOUBT

Mrs. Youngwife had been reading books about the upbringing of children.

"Jane," she said, severely, "When baby has finished his bottle, you must put him in his cradle on his right side. After eating, a child should always lie on the right side, as this relieves the pressure on the heart."

"Yessum!"

"But, dear me, the liver is on the right side, isn't it? Perhaps, after all, you had better lay him on his left side. No; I am sure that treatise on the digestion of infants said right side. Still—well, until I can look it up, you had better lay him on his back."

The baby, however, settled the question himself by turning over on his stomach, and yelling if anyone tried to turn him back again.

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