The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1915. — NO. 1

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

Rev. Dr. Herridge, of Ottawa, Moderator of the General Assembly, will officiate in the Lachute Presbyterian Church, on Sunday, January 10, 1915, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Dr Herridge is a pulpit orator of the first rank, and it will be a great treat to listen to his masterly discourses. Those who will attend will be richly rewarded.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS JOHN EARL

There took place to-day the funeral of Mrs. John Earl, a much respected resident of this neighborhood. She was in her 73rd year. Her married life had lasted for 43 years. She died within sight ...ly home, not more than half a ... The sympathy of the whole ...es out to her respected and ...ho enjoys the confid... ...mmunity. ...ducted a brief de... ...home, which was ... ...vice at the church. ...salm 46: 14 "Our ...eath". There was a ...ance of relations and friends. Mr. Earl warmly appreciates the kind sympathy so warmly extended to him in the time of his great bereavement.

Ladies Astrachan Coats, very long very dressy and very warm.

W. BANFORD & SON.

A few fine costumes, left at very low prices to clean out.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Mens overcoats, some choice lines in hand, latest styles.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Horses Wanted.

W. J. Pearson will be at the Windsor Hotel, Saturday next Jan. 2nd at 10 a.m. till 5 p.m., for the purpose of buying horses.

For information apply to R. J. BRADLEY, Lachute.

Four Moscow Lamb Coats for Ladies at $25.00 each.

W. BANFORD & SON.

HOLIDAY GIFTS

We have a large number of suitable and seasonable Gifts for your friends.

Call and see them.

—AT—

E. LAVIGNE'S

FOUNDRY STREET

Mr. Alex. Calder



The gentleman whose portrait we here present was recently made the recipient of a little demonstration on the part of the School Commissioners of Chatham No. 2, when they visited him at his home and presented him with a Morris Chair, accompanied by a framed copy of the Resolution accepting his resignation from their Board. Mr. Calder was heartily congratulated on his having attained a record that probably stands unique in the history of school boards. Elected in 1868, he had, on July last, completed 46 years continuous service, a record in itself remarkable, but all the more so when we consider that he commenced his career at a time when the schools were largely in their formative stage, and with the population of his constituency much greater than it is to-day, he had to deal with a diversity of interests that made the position no easy one to fill, and being a man of strong definite views, always fearlessly expressed, he was often found battling against heavy odds, yet so completely did he command the respect of the electorate, that as each successive election day came round, he was invariably returned by acclamation, though never once did he seek election, and now, when compelled by advancing years to lay down the wand of office, he does so with the highest honors in the gift of the Board, having for several years been its Chairman.

This proud position must be attributed more to self effort, coupled with natural ability, than to the meagre educational advantages of his own schoolboy days.

This native ability was recognized in other quarters as well, notably in municipal affairs, as the archives of the Chatham Council abundantly testify, most of the more important proces verbaux passed by that body during the last 35 years being found over his signature.

Mr. Calder, though now retired from active public life, still follows with unabated interest, the course of current events, and we are sure all will join us in hoping that the evening of life may be to him, a long and happy one.

MARRIAGES.

MACGIBBON-MCLAURIN — At Highclere, Brittania Heights, on Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1914, Caroline Elizabeth to Mr. Finley Stuart MacGibbon.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

A Happy New Year to all our readers.

Mrs. Demerse and son Lindsay are visiting in Cookshire this week.

Mr. Walter Wert left on Tuesday to spend the winter months in Kartoum, Que.

Miss Margaret McKimmie spent the Xmas Holidays with friends in Montreal.

Miss Lydia Kearns, of Boston, was the guest of Miss Annie McArthur over the holidays.

Mr. Melvin S. Deniers left on Christmas Day for a short visit with friends in Norwood, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Finley McGibbon left on Monday last for Detroit after a pleasant visit in town.

Mrs. Barr and daughter Miss Lily were guests of Mrs. Jas. McPaul, the early part of this week.

Miss Maggie Pollock and Miss Paton, of Montreal, are visiting in town during the holidays

The Council of the Township of Grenville have voted $100 00 towards the Patriotic Fund.

Miss Wooding and Miss Mary Miller, of Ottawa, are guests of Mrs. Robt. Miller over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Christie spent Christmas Day in Montreal as guests of Mrs. T. Christie, sr.

Mr. H. Sutton wishes to thank his many friends for their kindly support during the past year.

Dr. Paiement, of Montreal, and Miss Legault, of Cornwall, were recent guests of Mr. L. L. Legault.

Miss Jennie Winch, of Montreal, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Winch, for the Christmas Holidays.

Mrs. James Yelland accompanied by her daughter Nellie are visiting friends in Montreal during the holidays.

Mr. Sterling Pollock, of Montreal, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pollock for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Carpenter and two children, of Three Rivers, Que., are spending New Years in town.

Mrs. Carl Fraser, of Winchester, Ont., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, jr., over the Xmas Holidays.

Mrs. Andrew Neil accompanied by her niece, Miss Effie, of Boston, are visiting old friends in town for a few days.

The many friends of Miss H Barrie will be sorry to learn that she is confined to the house by a slight attack of diptheria.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. McMillan and little son Kenneth, of Dorval, spent the Xmas Holidays at the home of Mrs. Millan's father, Mr. John Armstrong.

Nelson F. Pitts, jr. of the Engineering Bureau of Syracuse, N. Y., is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N F. Pitts.

The town council held a special meeting on Monday evening for revision of the voters' lists. Some 230 names were added to the roll.

Messrs. Hammond and Dalgado, also the Misses Amy Hammond and Justina McCrea were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCrea for the week-end.

The S. S. School of the Lachute Baptist Church have contributed $10 00 towards the Lachute Red Cross Society, and the Dalesville ladies have sent in 15 pairs of socks.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Armstrong, of Hill Foot and Mrs. W. H. Hume and daughter of Hill Head, are spending a few days in Montreal this week, visiting their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamb and daughter, of Buckingham, Miss Norah Christie, of Macdonald College, and Mr. Edward Christie, of McGill College, are guests of their mother, Mrs. Geo. Christie.

Lachute plays its first game of the league series in Hawkesbury on Tuesday next. Fortunately the boys have arranged with the C.N.R. for permission to return same evening on the midnight freight.

Mr. John Hay Receives Thanks of the School Commissioners of Weir.

At the last meeting of the School Board of Weir the commissioners instructed their Secretary to convey to Mr. John Hay, of Lachute, their thanks for the many services rendered by him to the Municipality and particularly for the special grant of $300 00 obtained from the government through his good offices.

Rev. Mr. McKenzie Resigns

Sorry indeed is the community to lose the Rev. J A. McKenzie, whose resignation was made known on Sunday last, owing to his having accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church at Peterboro, the people of whom are most fortunate in their choice, for Mr McKenzie will leave Lachute carrying with him the good-will of a large circle of friends to whom he has endeared himself by an exemplary life in which a true Christian standard has been fully maintained. It will certainly take a good man to fill his place in this community, and we wish him every success in his new field of labor.

Installation of Officers.

The Masons met on Monday evening and R. W. Bro. W. H. Garretsee installed the following officers for the ensuing year: W. Bro. S. Graham, W.M.; W. Bro. John S. Dixon, I.P.M.; Bro. W. J. Boyd, S W.; Bro. H M. Gall, J. W.; Bro. H. Hampton, Treas.; Bro. John M. A. Rice, Sec.; Rev. Bro. J. H. McConnell, Chap.; Bro. W R. McPaul, S. D.; Bro. W. J. Burke, J D; W. Bro. Dr. H. Murphy, D. of C.; Bro. John J. Watson and Bro. W. J. Rodgers, Stewards; Bro. Chas. McPhail, I. G.; Bro. J. D Campbell. Organist, Bro. John McGillivray, Tyler; V. W Bro. Geo. A Clunie and W. Bro. Dr. W. W. Alexander, Auditors.

After installation a friendly hour was spent around the festive board with their visiting brethren, R. W. Bro. Dewar and Bros J. T. Price and James Yelland.

Resulted in a Draw.

The Hockey Match given by the boys last Tuesday evening in the L. A. A. Rink, finished off with a tie, both sides scoring seven goals. Owing to the factory at Brownsburg being so rushed, young McOuat was the only one of their team able to play, so that the teams were composed of local players, consequently there was little enthusiasm over the game, but it proved a good practice and from it the committee of the Hockey Club will be able to select a team to play our first league match with Hawkesbury next Tuesday evening.

After the game was over, the ladies of the Red Cross Society entertained the teams to a fine supper in McArthur's Hall. Mr. Mossman Gall, President of the Club, after calling for a "Toast to the King," thanked the Ladies for their kindness and reported that the proceeds of the game amounted to about $100. Mrs. Alexander, on behalf of the Society, thanked the Club for their thoughtful suggestion of giving the game for the benefit of the Society.

Hockey Schedule

The following is the Hockey Schedule for the L.O.H.A. matches, of which Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill and Lachute form the League.

SCHEDULE.

Lachute at Hawkesbury, Jan 5.
Hawkesbury at Vankleek Hill, Jan 8.
Vankleek Hill at Lachute, Jan. 12.
Vankleek Hill at Hawkesbury, Jan. 19.
Hawkesbury at Lachute, Jan 23
Lachute at Vanklee'c Hill, Jan. 27.
Vankleek Hill at Hawkesbury, Feb 2.
Hawkesbury at Vankleek Hill, Feb. 5.
Vankleek Hill at Lachute, Feb. 10.
Lachute at Hawkesbury, Feb. 19.
Hawkesbury at Lachute, Feb. 24.
Lachute at Vankleek Hill, Feb 26.

Mrs. O. A. Richer was the hostess at a Euchre and dance this week. The prizes were won by Mrs. C. Charlebois and Mr. Lavigne. Amongst those present were Rev. Father Beauchamp and Rev. Father Viau, Mr. and Mrs. Chabot, Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Charlebois, Mr. and Mrs. LaRue, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lafleur, Mr and Mrs. Monette, Mr. and Mrs. Marchand, Miss Beaulne, Mr. Valois, Mr. and Mrs. Bedard, Mr. and Mrs. Legault, Mr. and Miss Lavigne, Dr. Rodrique, Mr. P. Charlebois, Mrs. Perrault, Mr. and Mrs. Larocque, Mrs. Paquette. A most enjoyable time was spent by all.

Mrs R. Hodge and son Robert are spending the New Year's Holidays with friends in Montreal.

The Government of our Country has asked the Christian Churches and Christian people to set apart Sunday, Jan. 3, 1915, as a day of Prayer and Intercession to Almighty God, in behalf of our Empire and our Allies, and for Divine guidance in the great affairs of the nation. It is believed there will be a hearty response throughout our land and our great Empire.

WINTER COATS

Fur Lined Coats for Men
Fur Lined Coats for Women
Fur Collared Coats for Men
Fur Collared Coats for Women
Alaska Beaver Coats for Men
Coon Coats for Men

ASTRACHAN COATS for WOMEN

(Both long and short)

We have four Ladies' Fur Coats, black lamb, excellent wear, at low price, $25.00 cash

A few LADIES' COATS left at cost price. Some less than ½

All above for quick sale at lowest prices.

W. Banford & Son,

Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

This Store of Useful and Practical Gifts for Christmas.

Comb and Brush Sets
Manicure Sets
Collar Bags — Satchels
Photo Frames
Tie Racks — Cut Glass
Fancy China — Tea Pots
Jugs, Jardinieres
Collars, Handkerchiefs
Scarfs, Gloves, Dolls
TOYS of every description
Balance of Millinery below cost.

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SEASONABLE GIFTS . .

TORIC LENSES



There's a lot of difference between Toric Lenses and Flat Lenses besides their slight extra cost. They give you extra vision and extra comfort. They are better-looking, too. Come and see us about Toric Lenses.

Buy them Now!

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.

— for —

We invite inspection and know that you will be satisfied with the combination of our Prices and Quality.

Shop Early.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.

Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician

Edison Phonograph.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXII.

June in the city! Ailanthus-trees blossoming out into sickly perfume—a broiling sun peeping through the lace and holland draperies of the Continental Hotel windows—iron-lunged itinerants making noon hideous by their perpetual repetition, in various keys and refrains of the one prevailing note—"Straw-b'rees! straw-b'rees! fifteen cents a qua-a-art!" Wrens chirped gleefully—sparrows rolling over and over in the street dust as if the mere fact of existence was too much happiness for their tiny comprehension—canaries trilling at all the windows, and children shouting merrily on the pavements, while flower-vendors trundled their wares along—clumps of daisies, velvety pansies, scarlet-turbanned geraniums, and sweet plumes of purple heliotrope—and old women with baskets of dewy lettuce, and fresh-gathered water-cresses, were a drug in the streets. And everything proclaimed that summer was approaching its golden prime.

The first week in June—and very sultry, too, for the season. Warm weather had come with a rush close on the heels of chill rains and blighting winds, and Leslie Ford, sitting at a window where the balmy breeze was freighted with dust from the middle of the street, mingled with suspicious odors from a neighboring livery stable, sighed for the delicious gales of Brighton, and the sparkle of the blue sea, stretching off toward a horizon that seemed as if it might be millions of miles away.

Only a year ago. Could it be possible, she thought, as her memory floated backward to those Brighton days, that so much could happen within one year?

Leslie looked pale and fagged. She had lost somewhat of the carmine bloom of her cheeks, what with the secret pain gnawing ceaselessly at her heart, and the thousand petty griefs and troubles of her every-day life. Miss Corona Calderon, however, was not one to take particular note of any such trifling circumstances as these. What was her salaried companion to her any more than any other piece of furniture bought and paid for?

"People who have their living to earn have no business with nerves and that sort of thing," said Miss Calderon, complacently.

But Aunt Tribulation, fortunately for poor Leslie, was made of gentler and more womanly stuff.

"I see," said Aunt Tribulation, "we'd orto go somewheres. As Corona says, it ain't the style to spend summers in the city—and Leslie Ford looks kind of pale and peaked."

"Nonsense," said Corona, laughing. "Who is thinking of Leslie Ford? She's well enough, I'm sure. I hate people that are always putting on airs and graces. The question is, where are we to go?"

For Miss Corona Calderon, all of whose summers hitherto had been spent on a dreary farm on the Jersey marshes, and whose maddest excitement had consisted of a day's excursion to the nearest town to see the Fourth of July parade, had all of a sudden turned exceedingly particular and fastidious what especial spot should be honored by her presence during the coming weeks.

"One place is as good as another, ain't it?" suggested Aunt Tribulation, "so long as they have plenty of fresh milk and vegetables."

"Not by a long sight!" snapped her niece. "One place is as good as another, indeed! But that's just like Aunt Trib's vulgar tastes!"

"Well," sighed Aunt Tribulation, "pick out the spot for yourself, Croney, I hain't no choice. What's agreeable to you is agreeable to me. Why don't you go to Sarytogy? Mrs. Mix says it's all the go."

"Saratoga!" scornfully repeated Corona. "A handful of houses, and a nasty smelling nest of mineral springs!"

"Lots of folks go there," said mild Aunt Tribby. "I've often read about it in the papers."

"I don't care whether they do or not," said Corona. "Saratoga is low."

"Newport, then!" suggested Miss Jackson. "The Whelpleys go to Newport every year. There's an old stun' mill there, and—"

"Might as well turn into a fossil at once as to bury one's self in an old-fashioned hole like that," retorted Corona, apparently determined not to be suited with any idea emanating from her aunt.

"The Catskills?" said Aunt Tribulation, brightening up. "Mountain air's dreadfully healthy."

"Bother the mountains," said ungracious Corona, "I hate stage-coaches, and I won't travel in 'em if I can help it!"

Aunt Tribulation looked sorely perplexed. She had come to the end of her little string of inspirations, and did not know what else to hazard.

"Well, where shall we go?" said she, hopelessly.

"Why not Long Branch?" demanded Corona, looking triumphantly around.

"There's races, there, I'm told," said Aunt Tribulation, dubiously.

"Well, what then?"

"Races is dreadful sinful!" said the old lady, shaking her head and crossing one black-mittened hand over the other.

"Oh, get out!" said Corona, lapsing in her impatience back into the vulgar phraseology of her girlhood, among the marshes of New Jersey. "Ain't there races everywhere, I'd like to know? We're not obliged to go to the races, are we?"

"No, not as I knows on," said Aunt Tribulation, slowly.

"Anyhow, I think I should like Long Branch, and I mean to try it!" said Corona, imperiously, nodding her head. "If we don't like it, we can only go somewhere else."

"And when?" asked Miss Jackson.

"Just as quick as we can get our dresses and things ready," said Corona.

Miss Tribulation commenced counting on her fingers.

"There's my black grenadine with the five flounces," said she, "and my best silk and the silver-gray gauze, and—"

"Oh, who's talking about your old Revolutionary duds!" impatiently interrupted her dutiful niece. "It's my wardrobe I'm thinking of. Who do you suppose will notice whether you have got on hob-nailed shoes or French slippers? Get a pencil and paper, Leslie Ford, quick, and put down a list of things I must get!"

And Leslie, who had been a silent auditor of the whole conversation, quietly obeyed.

"I must have a maize silk trimmed with white blonde," announced Miss Calderon, "and a pink silk, trimmed with black lace flounces, and a salmon silk, and a dead-white serge, with tulle, polonaise, and a Greek corsage! Have you got them things down?"

"Yes," said Leslie, wincing a little; but she knew that Corona was in no mood to listen to grammatical corrections just then.

"Drive on, then—I mean get ahead! Pink grenadine, two organdies, three cashmere wrappers—pink, blue and corn color—and one Swiss with fluted ruffles. That ought to be enough, oughtn't it?"

"I should think so," said Leslie, tapping the point of her pencil against the paper.

"I'll drive to Madame Bonfanti's with the list," said Corona. "And I'll tell her she must have 'em ready in one week!"

"Oh, Corona!"

"Well, what are you 'oh, Corona-ing' about?"

"Eleven dresses in one week!"

"Ain't there only eleven?" said Corona, lifting her handsome black brows. "Then I'll have to clap on a white India rope to make the twelve. Crepe's ugly, but it's expensive, and every one can't have it—that's one comfort."

"Yes; but, Corona, Madame Bonfanti only keeps four workwomen at this season of the year. They will have to sit up all night to finish your order."

"Let 'em sit up, then," said Corona, carelessly. "I guess it won't hurt 'em. I don't go to Long Branch every day, and I can't put off my plans to let a parcel of lazy seamstresses sleep all day."

"But why won't you give part of the order to Mrs. Bramhall, or Mademoiselle Eugenie?"

"Because Bramhall's dresses look as if they'd come from a Chatham Street second-hand shop, and I don't like the way Eugenie hangs her skirts. No; Bonfanti suits me, and she shall make my things. As for Aunt Trib, she can do as she likes."

"I think I must have a new Mexicaine, over my black satin," said Aunt Tribulation, solemnly. "And may be a silk wrapper with a quilted front. But Mrs. Bramhall shall make 'em, 'cause she don't pile on the charges like that fine French madame of Corona's."

For Miss Calderon, although she did not appear to mind expense where she herself was concerned, held the purse-strings with an unrelenting hand when Aunt Tribulation wanted anything, quite unmindful of the time when that poor old lady laid out all her earnings to keep her forlorn little niece off the parish, and pinched and scraped herself, in order that Corona Calderon might be comfortably fed and decently clothed.

The dresses were ordered, and came home in due time, packed in enormous trunks, whose sole-leather sides bade defiance to the wear and tear of modern travel.

"I guess the baggage-smashers'll have their hands full to knock in them there," said Aunt Tribulation, gleefully. "I remember when you was a bit of a gal, Croney, and I was a-coming out to Jarsey to see you, I bought a trunk at Jim Dolan's second-hand store for three dollars and seventy-five cents, and afore I'd got across the ferry them baggage-smashers—"

"Oh! who wants to hear about a hundred years ago?" impatiently broke in Corona, who did not relish any allusion to the days of her chrysalishood. "The trunks are all right. I paid for 'em, anyhow. And here's a letter from the house agent to say that he has took a handsome house. So you may just cut over to the intelligence office, Aunt Trib, and engage a lot of servants."

This business, fortunately, was one that suited Aunt Tribulation exactly. She was never more at home than among a regiment of cooks, chamber-maids, and maids of all work—and she presently returned with a staff of carefully selected maids, a coachman, and a tall man in black, who represented himself as having been major-domo to Lord Somebody or other in England, and being fully capable of managing a genteel household, in this or any other hemisphere. Aunt Tribulation herself was a little afraid of him, but Corona at once pronounced that "he was the very chap she wanted."

The villa engaged at Long Branch was one which had been unceremoniously vacated by a bankrupt millionaire who found it convenient to leave the country without an undue flourish of trumpets—a house close to the West End Hotel, with a magnificent ocean frontage, and grounds at once extensive and tasteful. It was after the modern Italian style, with marble balustrades, wide flights of steps guarded by vases, of rare tropical plants, and a marble figure of the Rain Goddess pouring silvery torrents of water from an uplifted shell into a broad basin beneath, whose rim was hidden in calla leaves, hydrangeas and other aquatic plants. A Greek-columned temple commanded a view of the sea close to the bluff, and a small conservatory, terminating in an aviary thronged with brilliant-plumed South American birds, formed a pretty addition to the south end of the house.

Within, the furniture was rare and carefully selected. Cabinet paintings, each one of which was worth its weight in gold, hung on the walls—costly bronzes stood on fluted pillars of black marble, and Sevres cups and saucers occupied posts of honor on velvet-covered brackets, while old china dragons grinned horribly from tables of inlaid malachite and polished marqueterie. But Miss Calderon speedily revolutionized all this.

"Never saw such a dismal hole in all my life," said she. "There isn't a picture or a statue fit to be seen, according to my taste!"

"And the cheeny's awful old-fashioned," said Aunt Tribulation. "Gold band's a deal later. With the initial on it."

"Blanchard," said Corona to the major-domo.

Blanchard bowed low.

"Clear out all this old truck," commanded the heiress. "Pack 'em away in the garret, and get me some bright paintings and two or three little alabaster statuettes to put around! I'll have things brightened up a little, or I'll know the reason why."

"Certainly, miss," said Blanchard, wondering if he had alighted in a colony of Goths and Vandals, who preferred "bright paintings" and "alabaster statuettes" to Pompadour china, Sevres and Dresden ornaments, and genuine Peter Paul Rubens and Correggios!

"With all these outre tastes and this very abrupt manner," thought the major-domo of the late English nobleman, "my young lady will hardly be received into society in spite of all her money!"

Mr. Blanchard, however, had not lived long enough in this republican country to understand all its proclivities. Miss Calderon was received into society—nay, welcomed most ostentatiously into it before she had been a week at Long Branch. For the rumor of her great wealth had preceded her, and produced a gentle shower of cards, billets, and notes of invitation from every quarter. Carriages daily blocked up the little labyrinthine, shadowed drive that wound around the marble fountain, where the Goddess of Rain flung down her glittering veil of drops—the fashionable luminaries of the great hotels beset one another for an introduction to the handsome, beetle-browed girl, who represented in herself a capital of so many hundred thousand dollars—and almost before she realized the fact, Corona Calderon found herself the centre of an adulation which would have turned the head of a much wiser and older personage than the heiress of Don Jose Rodrigo de Calderon's Spanish silver mines.

"This is jolly," said Corona, "ain't it, Leslie?"

"Yes," said Leslie, slowly, "the house is beautiful, and the view of the ocean—oh, Corona, that is more than beautiful!"

The tears welled into Leslie's soft brown eyes, a choking sensation stifled her breath. For, somehow, the blue, sparkling floor of the old ocean, with the white wings of the distant vessels folded against the horizon, and the thunder of the breakers against the shore, brought back the old days at Brighton with irresistible force. She had not fancied them an especially happy season at the time—she had even repined against poverty and care—but now they seemed a departed Arcadia. Was not her father with her then? Was not the future a bright dream, which included any amount of vague possibilities? And now, a year afterward, she had awakened to life's dull reality—a companion at so much a year, and all the rose tints of the future faded into one monotonous gray!

"Oh, pshaw!" said Corona, "I'm not talking about the ocean, nor the house—I mean society. Though, of course, you don't know much about it. People don't trouble themselves to do the polite to my companion."

"They do not, indeed," said Leslie, not without an infusion of bitterness in her voice.

"No; that's just what I say," said Corona, all unconscious of her rudeness and lack of tact. "But isn't it strange I have never chanced to meet Mr. St. Just?"

"Mr. St. Just?" repeated Leslie. "Who is he?"

"Oh, he's a regular lion," said Corona. "Drives the handsomest horses; plays the most reckless games at billiards; wears the most stunning diamond studs, and is the best-looking chap at the Branch. All the girls are wild about him."

"Is he rich?" asked Aunt Tribulation, who was half asleep over her netting in the corner.

"He must be, for Diana Vail says he flings his money right and left, as if he was made of gold. He's stopping at the West End. I really must go down to the hop to-night for the chance of seeing him."

"Corona!"

"Well and why not?" flashed out Miss Calderon, turning defiantly on her audacious companion.

"Is it maidenly to seek out the society of a gentleman?" said Leslie, gently. "If he wishes to make your acquaintance he will find some method of introducing himself; if not—"

"If not, he's got to make it, whether or not," said Corona, laughingly. "So you may as well save your lectures for some other time, Miss Stiffandprim. I don't often make up my mind to see a man, but I am determined to know this Mr. St. Just."

But Miss Calderon was saved the extreme measure of introducing herself to Mr. St. Just. She was invited to a petit diner, at the rooms of Mrs. Judge Richwood, at the Ocean Hotel, at six that evening—a dinner wherefrom the blessed light of day was excluded by blinds and draperies, and half a hundred glittering wax-lights shone upon flowers, ferns, masses of tropic fruits, and menus printed in violet ink upon white satin. The only participants were Mrs. Richwood and her handsome daughter, Judge Richwood himself, Aunt Tribulation, and Corona, and a sixth guest, who arrived rather late, with a debonair grace, and diamond studs, which blazed like dots of white fire—Mr. Edmund St. Just!

And Corona, who was of an impulsive and inflammable nature, fell in love at first sight with the handsome young hero of romance.

He was tall, and dark, with a full beard that was like black floss silk, and eyeglasses that concealed the full glitter of very handsome dark eyes, a figure like the Apollo Belvedere, and a musical voice in no way marred by a slight lisp. And he was entirely determined to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Richwood's young guest.

"I've heard about you a thousand times," said he, in a confidential whisper to Corona, as the waiter whisked away a plate of soup.

"No! have you?" said Corona, who, in spite of all her efforts at ease, found a strangely new sensation of awkwardness stealing over her in the close propinquity of this Prince Charming.

"And I've seriously contemplated the possibility of climbing your fence and introducing myself, when you sat under those lovely creepers at sunset."

"How did you know I was there?"

"Oh, my casement at the West End commands your bower of roses."

"Have you been here long?"

"Only ten days."

"And we have been here just a week."

And the conversation became more whispering and confidential still, as the various courses were set on and removed, and at midnight Corona came home in great glee.

"I've been introduced to him," said she, "and he's the loveliest fellow in the world! Do wake up, Leslie Ford! I'm telling about Mr. St. Just. And I'm dead in love with him!"

It might have been accident, or it might not; but Miss Calderon chose to drive her little ponies and basket phaeton on the Ocean Road that afternoon, at two precisely, and that Mr. St. Just selected that particular time of day to be caracoling along on his black Arabian pacer, just opposite the villa of the bankrupt millionaire.

Corona's great eyes flashed in too visible welcome.

"Mr. St. Just!" cried she, "who would have dreamed of meeting you?"

"And I," said the silky-bearded Adonis, as he doffed his hat, with a Sir Charles Grandisonian sort of a bow, "have dreamed of nothing else since I parted from you last night."

"Lor'," giggled Corona, "you're joking."

"I never was more vitally earnest in all my life. May I ride along by your side—or shall I bore you?"

"I'm sure the road is as open to you as it is to me," said Corona, who, unfortunately did not possess the art of saying pretty things in a gracious manner. But her cheeks were flushed with gratified pride, and her voice was raised to an unwonted pitch, as she whipped her ponies along the road, quite unconscious of the admiring glances cast by Mr. St. Just upon the slight figure and beautiful face of the companion, who leaned back in her seat, gazing thoughtfully out upon the glittering waves at their left.

"Why the deuce don't she introduce that pretty girl?" thought Mr. Edmund St. Just.

The fact was that Corona Calderon was thinking of nobody in all the wide world but herself just then. And even if she had not been so absorbed, the chances were ten to one that she would not have thought it worth while to introduce her paid companion to a gentleman of Mr. St. Just's wealth and standing. What was Leslie Ford but a servant, after all?

(To be continued.)

GERMANY'S DOOM.

Britain's Leaders Say It Is As Certain as the Fall of the Leaf.

For immediate practical purposes it was Lord Kitchener who enunciated the crying need of the hour. Important as the other speeches were at London's Lord Mayor's banquet, says a Scotch paper, they dealt with the wider and more general issues that lie behind the war itself, or to which the war is now the necessary prelude. Mr. Balfour eloquently emphasized the infamy done to Belgium—an infamy never to be forgotten, and which will be remembered by the Belgians themselves "again restored to all the more than all the prosperity of which they have been so ruthlessly robbed," and the French Ambassador, after making it plain that the contest involves the maintenance of European civilization in the face of "the pedantic barbarism of these professors of brutality," also pledged his country to do the full right by Belgium, "the victim that towers above its executions by the full height of its moral worth." Mr. Asquith spoke of the Turkish Empire as an empire that "had committed suicide and dug with its own hand its grave," and which he did not hesitate to say, would perish by the sword; and then he, too, repledged the Allies to recreate Belgium. "We shall not sheath the sword," he said, "which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium receives in full measure all, and more than all she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed on an unassailable foundation, and the military domination of Prussia is fully and finally destroyed." That the destruction of Prussian military despotism is the essential prelude to the realization of the crying need of Europe, the ending of the militarism that is a dead-weight on the necks of all the nations, and as an assured and constant menace to the peace of the world. As for the navy Mr. Churchill briefly emphasized the splendid service it is rendering to the State and to the world at large, and indicated what it involves to Germany. We are but yet in the third month of the war, he said, 'but wait a bit. Examine it in the sixth month, in the ninth month or the twelfth month, and you will begin to see results which will be gradually achieved, and simply achieved, but it will spell the doom of Germany as surely as the approach of winter strikes the leaves from the trees." Rarely, if ever, has the Lord Mayor's banquet produced so potent, grave and helpful a series of speeches. They are the utterance of a united nation, and of its Allies embarked in a good cause, justified in its inception and fraught with results that will influence the whole future of the world.

PREPARING FOR THE WINTER

ALLIES AND GERMANS ARE GETTING READY.

It Is a Question How the Kaiser's Forces Will Stand Cold-Weather Campaign.

One of the first things that the German War Office did in its preparations for the war was to buy up millions of furs and huge quantities of woollen clothing for the use of officers and men, for even the most optimistic chiefs of the Prussian grand war staff realized that there would be a winter campaign. In the clothing of their troops, therefore, the Germans have left nothing to chance.

On the other hand, it is certain they will not be able to stand the rigors of winter in the field as well as the Russians, for whom the winter is the most joyous season of the year, whose manoeuvres have continually taken place when the frost lay on the ground, and whose normal clothing is well fitted to withstand the bitterest weather.

The coming of winter indeed to the Russian army spells for them an enormous advantage, inasmuch as it will allow the easy transport of guns, heavy baggage, and huge food convoys across the marshy tracts of East Prussia, which the frost will have rendered as solid as flint. In many of the villages of the interior of Russia, where the roads are of a very primitive character, transport on any large scale is only possible through the solidifying effect of winter in the tracts.

The British expeditionary army went out to France well prepared for a winter campaign. There is nothing warmer than their serge khaki suits, made as they are of substantial thickness, and they have in addition their fine great coats. They are being provided with extra supplies of blankets to ward off the cold in the trenches, woollen shirts, and heavy woollen socks, woollen helmets, woollen and leather gloves, and knitted belts.

British Experienced.

Our army is well able to go through a winter campaign. In the South African war the cold in the uplands at times was very severe, but this did not affect either the ardour or the spirits of the troops.

The Germans are predicting that the European winter will adversely affect our Indian troops used to the Eastern suns, and give them all pneumonia, but the warmer clothing with which they have been supplied, coupled with the fact that they are accustomed to the cold mountain air of India, renders this prophecy of little account.

The clothing of the French soldier is of a particularly warm description, the double-breasted great coat, which the infantry wear, being proof against all vicissitudes of the weather. The man from the south of France and the Turcos may bear the cold with less impunity than the soldiers of the north, but the French War Office are not very much troubled on this score.

The French in Napoleon's day were continually fighting in the winter, and successfully, too, with the exception of the disastrous invasion of Russia, and there is a story told of the great Emperor sitting round a fire of chips collected by his men, remarking: "There are devilish few of these about."

Troops under fire, however, will have to be content with their emergency rations, for it can be imagined what a problem it would be to serve out soup with the shells flying all around. There will be frequent intervals, however, when the field kitchen's appetizing dishes will be available for all our men.

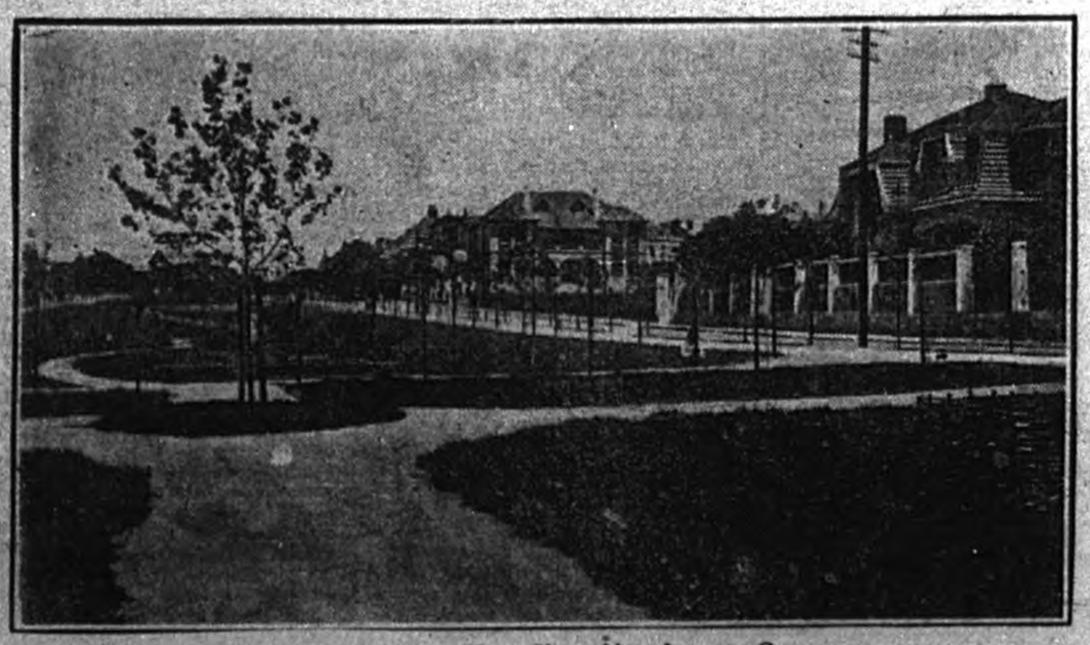
Hot Food.

In the case of the German army they only got a decent meal, it may be recalled, when they occupied a city like Brussels or Liege, and the pictures which have come through from Brussels of the German field kitchens supplying the long line of weary troops with soup convey a good idea of how welcome this dish is when it is procurable.

So far the German commissariat has not proved equal to the demands made upon it, owing largely to the distance travelled from the base and the way the troops were marched off their legs, but a winter campaign would see the troops in touch with the large Rhine cities and no such difficulties should prevail, though it may be a question whether the vast stores gathered by Germany before the war will prove adequate in view of the complete paralysis of supplies from overseas.

Summed up, the winter campaign should find the Russian army in its element, whilst not holding out any forbidding prospect either to the British or the French armies.

On the other hand, the German army, it is notorious, have never gone in much for winter manoeuvres, and they have had no war to test their endurance in winter since 1870.



A Residential Area in Kiao-Chau, Now Lost to Germany.



Perolin

WE GUARANTEE Perolin, the Boiler Metal Treatment—

To loosen scale already formed in the boilers by its mechanical action.

To prevent new scale from forming

To protect the boiler metal against pitting, corrosion, and galvanic action, regardless of kind of water used.

To correct troubles caused by oil and grease getting into the boiler water.

That Perolin is NOT a boiler compound for water treatment, but operates independent of water conditions.

The Perolin Preservative Liquid Film is a good heat conductor, adding to the efficiency of the boilers.

The establishment of the Perolin Protective Film in NEW boilers will prevent all scale formation and corrosion, thus keeping the boilers up to full rated capacity.

PEROLIN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 78 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.



Warm the Cold Corners

"I DECLARE," said Mrs. Comfort, "I thought no one ever would use that upstairs room. And you couldn't blame them—it certainly was chilly, and there didn't seem to be any way of heating it. Finally I got this Perfection Heater and now it is as good as an extra room. With a Perfection to keep it warm it is perfectly comfortable."

The Perfection can be carried anywhere, where there is need of extra heat. In five minutes it will warm any ordinary room.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS



It is solid, good-looking, easy to clean and rewick, and burns without smoke or odor. At hardware and furniture stores everywhere. Look for the Triangle trademark.

Made in Canada

ROYALITE OIL is best for all uses

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto Quebec Halifax Montreal St. John Winnipeg Vancouver



SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

FOR DISTEMPER PINK EYE, EPIZOOTIC SHIPPING FEVER and CATARRHAL

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, ex germs from the body. Cures Distemper and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling Cures La Grippe among human bei remedy. Cut this out. Keep it. who will get it for you. Free Book and Cures."

DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, I



St. Lawrence Sugar

Children Need Sugar

Pure sugar is necessary to the health of young or old. Good home-made candy, sugar on porridge, fruit or bread—not only pleases but stimulates.

Buy St. Lawrence Extra Granulated in bags and be sure of the finest pure cane sugar, untouched by hand from factory to your kitchen.

Bags 100 lbs., 50 lbs., 20 lbs., Cartons 5 lbs., 2 lbs.

FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED.

Sold by best dealers.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, - Montreal.

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 doctor 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.

NAPOLEON'S MAXIM'S.

A Few Striking Sentences by the Great Corsican.

The sight of a battlefield after the fight is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war.

...nce has rights before ... without intelligence

...loses his child-...rms. When ...s itself an

...y; it is much ...er to bivouc in the open air, for then he can build a fire and sleep with warm feet. Tents are only necessary for general officers, who are obliged to read and consult their maps.

The fate of war is to be exalted in the morning, and low enough at night. There is but one step from triumph to ruin.

It is in time of difficulty that great men and great nations display all the energy of their character, and become an object of admiration to posterity.

Valor and a love of glory are an instinct with the French, a sort of birth sense. How many times in the heat of battles I have stopped to look at my young conscripts throwing themselves into the thick of the fight for the first time, honor and courage coming from their very pores.

Military bravery has nothing in common with civil courage.

Indecision and anarchy in leaders lead to weakness and anarchy in results.

BUSY DOCTOR

Sometimes Overlooks a Point.

The physician is such a busy man that he sometimes overlooks a valuable point to which his attention may be called by an intelligent patient who is a thinker.

"About a year ago my attention was called to Grape-Nuts by one of my patients," a physician writes.

"At the time my own health was bad and I was pretty well run down, but I saw at once that the theories behind Grape-Nuts were sound and that if the food was all that was claimed, it was a perfect food.

"So I commenced to use Grape-Nuts with cream twice a day, and in a short time I began to improve in every way and I am now much stronger, feel better and weigh more than ever before in my life.

"I know that all of this good is due to Grape-Nuts, and I am firmly convinced that the claims made for the food are true.

"I have recommended, and still recommend, Grape-Nuts to a great many of my patients with splendid results, and in some cases the improvement of patients on this fine food has been wonderful.

"As a general food, Grape-Nuts stands alone." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

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.

SPENDS MILLIONS ON SPIES.

Most Effective Part of Germany's War Machine.

The author of "The German Army from Within," who signs himself "A British Officer Who Has Served In It," has little that is complimentary to say of the Kaiser. The war veterans of the army, when they drank to the coming of "The Day" that has now dawned, at the same time prayed that their War Lord would keep out of it. "When Germany goes to war," they said, "we hope that He will not lead us. We want to win." "He" is always given the dignity of a capital. But "He" is measured at his true value as a military genius by the men who make war their life's work. At manoeuvres, when the Kaiser commands, there is generally muddle and confusion. And the leader of the opposing side, we are told, is very unwise if he comes out victorious!

Of piquant interest are the chapters dealing with the Secret Service—the most complex and most perfectly organized part of the great war machine. Germany, we are told, spends a minimum of £780,000 a year on her spies. These parasites are of all nationalities and of both sexes. The wages range from £10 to £20 a month, with special pay for special work. But, true to the essentials of jack-boot bureaucracy, there are spies set to watch the spies. "The minor swarms of servants of the War Lord," says the author, "are men of no country, no belief, no morals, and no means of support." It is a sentence heavily charged with significance.

Women play an active part in this subterranean scheme—that was to be expected. "High in the hierarchy of spies is the international courtesan."

"In Berlin they have regular meeting places, one of which is so well known that I may without indiscretion name it: the Blumensale."

Farmers, laborers, bank clerks, waiters—and especially waitresses. All these guises and many more are adopted by the parasites who are yet minor cogs in the great machine. "Every German of any ability is an unofficial spy," is the author's sweeping assertion.

Pleurisy Pains Vanish! Chest Colds Cured!

NERVILINE HAS NEVER FAILED TO CURE.

Don't suffer!

Nerviline is your relief.

Nerviline just rubbed on, lots of it, will ease that drawn, tight feeling over your ribs, will destroy the pain, will have you smiling and happy in no time.

"I caught cold last week while motoring," writes P. T. Mallery, from Linden. "My chest was full of congestion, my throat was mighty sore, and I had the fiercest stitch in my side you could imagine. As a boy I was accustomed to have my mother use Nerviline for all our minor ailments, and remembering what confidence she had in Nerviline, I sent out for a bottle at once. Between noon and eight o'clock I had a whole bottle rubbed on, and then got into a perspiration under the blankets. This drove the Nerviline in good and deep, and I woke up next morning fresh as a dollar and absolutely cured. Nerviline is now always part of my travelling kit, and I will never be without it."

The large 50c. family size bottle is the most economical, or you can easily get the 25c. trial size from any dealer.

THE DADDY OF THEM ALL.

There's a hearty stout old party lives
beyond the Northern Sea,
About as rough, about as tough, as a
party well can be;
Strong nerved, well preserved, and
handy with his hands,
With muscle for a tussle to enforce
what he commands.
He's big and bold, a trifle old, his
habit somewhat full;
Recording fame inscribes his name as
Old John Bull.

Rough John, tough John, bluff John
Bull,
The man that carried his burden,
the man that has the pull.
His heart is full of kindness, with
never a drop of gall,
For old John Bull is the daddy of
them all.

There's many a lad to call him dad,
and take the old man's part;
To swell his might, to share his fight
and cheer his loving heart,
To bear his flag from cliff to crag and
thunder on the foe;
Ten thousand sons to man his guns
when the echoing bugles blow.
From every land, from every strand,
they come to the father's call,
For old John Bull is the daddy of them
all.

The waves that roll from pole to pole
still bear him on his way,
From the purple gleams of morning's
beams to the golden close of day;
The heaving seas, the freshening
breeze speed on his freighted
ships,
The roar that fills the startled hills
leaps from his cannon's lips.
The flags that fly to the bending sky
are with his glory full;
They tell the fame and spell the name
of old John Bull.

Rough John, tough John, bluff John
Bull,
With both feet getting there and
both hands full.
Where'er the march of Empire thunders his martial footsteps fall,
For old John Bull is the daddy of
them all.

—A. T. Freed.

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 of 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.

A LUCKY FIND FOR THE C.P.R.

A discovery which may mean much to the Province of Ontario has been made at Caledonia Springs, namely that the waters of one of the four springs is strongly radio-active. A recent visitor, who had hitherto gone for his cure to the Austrian resort at Badgastein, was prevented this year by the war, and tried the Canadian spring. He was struck by the similarity of the waters, which, on test, was found to be due to the presence of radium. The last official analysis was made in 1903, before the ramifications of radium were fully recognized, but Professor Ruttan, of McGill, has been commissioned to make a new complete analysis. The value of a genuine radium spring in Europe is calculated to average from two to three million dollars, owing to the number of invalids who are attracted to such a spring.

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon, Pigeon & Davis, patent solicitors, Montreal, report that 142 Canadian patents were issued for the week ending Nov. 17th, 1914, 97 of which were granted to Americans, 25 to Canadians, 10 to residents of Great Britain and Colonies, and 10 to residents of foreign countries.

Of the Canadians who received patents, 13 were residents of Ontario, 5 of Quebec, 2 of Alberta, 2 of New Brunswick, 1 of Nova Scotia, 1 of Saskatchewan, and 1 of British Columbia.

Birds the Worst Gluttons.

Birds are among the largest eaters of all the animal kingdom. Some birds consume two and one-half times their weight of food in twenty-four hours. The heron, which has a light weight of four pounds in spite of its size, is a striking example. One was lately caught which had just swallowed two trout of one and one-half and two pounds. Wild pigeons are among the foremost eaters, and they make a most copious repast whenever an abundance of food is found. Thus a single pigeon picked up 1,000 grains of wheat in one day.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

What He Wanted.

Captain—Can't you do something for that seasick passenger, doctor?

Doctor—No, he wants too much.

Captain — Why, what does he want?

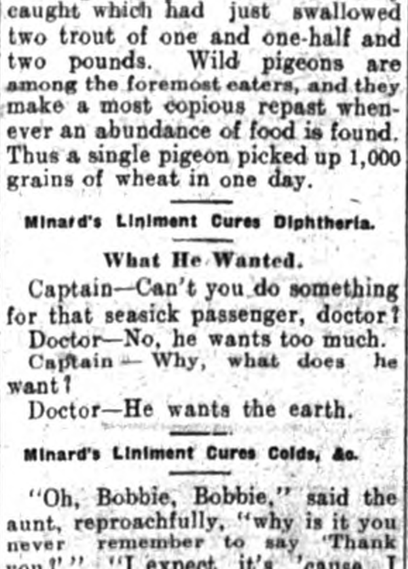
Doctor—He wants the earth.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

"Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie," said the aunt, reproachfully, "why is it you never remember to say 'Thank you!'" "I expect it's 'cause I don't get things given to me often enough to practice," answered the young diplomat.

It is sometimes almost as hard to meet a bill as it is to keep out of its way.

Warlike Mistress — Don't you think, James, you would like to join Lord Kitchener's army? Peaceful Footman—Thank you, mum, but I don't see as 'ow I'd be bettering myself. War's for them as likes it, which I never did.



ITCHING BURNING OF ECZEMA INTENSE

Began on Child's Face. Spread all Over Head. Pimples Would Fester and Break Like Boils. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

Elrose, Sask.—"My little boy had eczema when he was about a week old. It began on his face and spread all over his head. It was in pimples and they would fester and break like little boils all over his head, but were like rash on his face. The eczema was very itching and the burning was intense; it made him so restless he could scarcely sleep.



"I tried several ointments and salves and they seemed to do very little good so I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment after he had been sick about a month. When I used Cuticura Soap and a few applications of the Cuticura Ointment I noticed such a difference. He was able to sleep and his face began to get a new skin on it. I kept on using them for three months, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment cured him." (Signed) Mrs. A. F. Thayer, July 13, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skins, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails, that it is almost criminal not to use them. They do even more for skin-tortured infants and children. Although sold by dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each will be mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A."

Faint Traces.

"Is the water you get at your boarding house pure?"

"No, we frequently find traces of coffee and other substances in it."

A Bite on the Way.

Ragged Rogers—I haven't had a bite for nearly a week, mum.

Sympathetic Lady — You poor man! Have patience a few weeks longer and you'll get frost-bitten.

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

Absolute Devotion.

"I think that women ought to have the ballot."

"Do they really want it?"

"They must want it. Some of them are working so ardently for suffrage that they are paying absolutely no attention to dress."

Unpleasant Amputation.

De Carve—"I performed a very distasteful operation this morning."

De Bolus — Indeed! What was it?"

De Carve—"A wealthy patient made me cut something off his bill."

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
REV. WM. BROWN.
I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. S. KAULBACK.
I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. S. MASTERS.

Found Belgian Husband.

A Glasgow lady, who had placed her house at the disposal of the Belgian refugees received amongst her guests a woman whose husband, a Belgian soldier had been lost sight of since the beginning of the war. The lady suggested that a visit should be paid to the wounded soldiers at Stobhill Hospital, Glasgow. This was carried out a day or two ago. Great was the surprise and joy of the Belgian woman to find her husband amongst those under treatment.

A WARM WINTER.

June weather prevails in California, the ideal watering place, reached comfortably and conveniently by the Chicago and North Western Ry. Four splendid trains daily from the new Passenger Terminal, Chicago. The Overland Limited—fastest train to San Francisco; the Los Angeles Limited, three days to Land of Sunshine, the famous San Francisco Limited and the California Mail.

Rates, illustrated matter on California and the 1915 Expositions and full particulars on application to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 46 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

A Sense of Fitness.

"Wonder what makes Pounder, the famous pianist, wear his hair so long?"

"Well, he's been lionized so much, I suppose he feels that a mane is the proper thing."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A Thoughtful Man.

"Poor Jim was always such a considerate husband, mum."

"Considerate! Why, the brute used to beat you."

"True, mum; but he never hit me where the marks could be seen by the neighbors, mum."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

There is no book like the Bible in its indestructibility. — Rev. Dr. Chapman.

I do think the time has come, seeing we have a Minister of War, when we should have a Minister of Peace.—Lady Barlow.

Nobody can be rich who gets money out of the slums at the cost of the tears and sufferings of other people.—Mrs. A. Mackerly.

Scotland has given much to the world but her best gifts have been the men and women she has sent to colonize new lands.—Hon. Digby Denham.

The finest thing in the world is undoubtedly a beautiful character, and one of the most wonderful things about character and the elements of the mind is that the more they are expended upon others the more the giver becomes enriched.—Sir Henry Jones.

French's Wit.

A new story of Field-Marshal Sir John French was recently told by an officer who served with him in the South African War. A young officer who was attached to General French's staff, being fresh to actual warfare, was very fidgety, and was always imagining a sudden attack by the Boers, whome he always referred to as "Bores." General French on more than one occasion gently corrected his pronunciation, but without permanent effect. At last an occasion came when the young officer approached the general to report that he could make out through his glasses at least twenty "Bores" hidden behind the rocks above the camp. "'Bores,' you say?" inquired the general. "Yes, sir, 'Bores.' Can I do anything, sir?" "Yes, don't add to them," was the reply.

BLED TO DEATH

Tried to trim a wart with a razor and severed an artery. The only wart cure is "Putnam's," which removes warts, corns, callouses in one day. Insist on getting Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor, it's the best, 25c. at all dealers.

Correct.

Teacher (the subject being trees) —"Now, who can name the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Bright Boy—"I can, miss; the porcupine."

A pessimist is a fellow who expects to be turned down every time he turns up.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

are made according to a formula in use nearly a century ago among the Indians, and learned from them by Dr. Morse. Though repeated attempts have been made, by physicians and chemists, it has been found impossible to improve the formula or the pills. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are a household remedy throughout the world for Constipation and all Kidney and Liver troubles. They act promptly and effectively, and

Cleanse the System

FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU.

HOUSE PAINTS $1.25 GAL

No Middleman's profit.

Hercules Mixed Paints has earned a reputation for reliability. Composed of the best materials. Works easily, holds its lustre and color longer than the regular $2.00 Paints. Will not crack, blister or scale.

BARN PAINTS Guaranteed 75c. gal. Sold in 5 gal. cans.

Write to-day for color cards. Guaranteed satisfaction or money refunded.

H. & C. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
121 N. Simcoe St., Toronto.

Machinery For Sale

Engine, shafting, belting, pulleys, etc. from large factory for sale. Wheelock engine, 18 by 42, complete with cylinder frame, fly wheel, bearings, etc., all in good condition. Shafting from one inch to three inches, pulleys thirty inches to fifty inches, belting six inches to twelve inches. Will sell entire or in part.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

S. Frank Wilson & Sons,
73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Good Health!



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.

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.

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

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Engineers and Shipbuilders.



There's Money in Your Maple Grove

It's worth its weight in gold now that adulterators of pure Maple Syrup are being put to flight by the Government's new protective legislation. Farmers will be sure of getting full value for the genuine article. To get the best results from your grove you will need our "Champion" Evaporator. Let us know how many trees you tap and we will send you particulars as to cost, &c. Write for free booklet.

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

Will You Help The Hospital for Sick Children, the Great Provincial Charity?

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Thanks for the privilege of appealing through your columns on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children. The Hospital takes care of sick and deformed children, not only in Toronto, but in the Province, outside of the city.

This coming year, of all the years in the Hospital's history, has a more serious outlook, as regards funds for maintenance, than any year that has passed its calendar.

So many calls are being made on the purses of the generous people of Toronto and Ontario, to help the soldiers of the Empire, that as I make my daily rounds through the wards of the Hospital, and see the suffering children in our cots and beds, the thought strikes me as to whether the people will as of old, with all the demands made upon them, answer our appeal and help to maintain the institution that is fighting in the never-ending battle with disease and death, in its endeavor to save the stricken little ones in the child-life of Ontario.

Last year there were 394 in-patients from 210 places outside of Toronto, and in the past twenty years there have been 7,000 from places in the Province other than Toronto.

It costs us $2.34 per patient per day for maintenance. The municipalities pay for patients $1 per patient per day; the Government allows 20 cents per patient per day; so, deducting $1.20 from $2.34, it leaves the Hospital with $1.14 to pay out of subscriptions it receives from the people of Toronto and the Province. The shortage last year ran to $18,000.

Since 1880 about 1,000 cases of club feet, bow legs and knock knees have been treated, and of these 900 had perfect correction. Nearly all these were from different parts of the Province outside of the city of Toronto.

Remember that every year is a war year with the Hospital; every day is a day of battle; every minute the Hospital needs money, not for its own sake, but for the children's sake. The Hospital is the battle-ground where the Armies of Life have grappled with the Hosts of Death, and the life or death of thousands of little children is the issue that is settled in that war. Will you let the Hospital be driven from the field of its battle to save the lives of little children for the lack of money you can give and never miss?

Every dollar may prove itself a dreadnought in the battle against death, a flagship in the fleet that fights for the lives of little children.

Remember that the door of the Hospital's mercy is the door of hope, and your dollar, kind reader, may be the key that opens the door for somebody's child.

Will you send a dollar, or more if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, or

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees,
Toronto.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1915.

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.

Prohibition Before Congress

—: o: —

National prohibition has been supported by a majority vote in the United States House of Representatives, a striking proof of the steady and certain advance of public opinion The vote 197 to 189, does not approach the two-thirds majo ity necessary to provide for the submitting of an amendment to the constitution, and the question may not come to a vote in the Senate during the present session, yet the recording of a majority is deeply significant, and holds out a clear promise of the triumph of prohibition. The contentions advanced by those who would minimize its significance are familiar The publicity of prohibition sentiment in contrast with the secrecy of liquor defence is urged, for it is known that members openly advocate prohibition while depending on the liquor interests for campaign support. The vote will deepen a conviction in the public mind that the end of the liquor traffic is but a question of time.

Strong feeling regarding State rights helps to complicate the question for our neighbors. The founders of the Republic mistrusted the new power they were creating and hedged it in with many safeguards. The States are suspicious of Federal authority and careful to prevent encroachments. This feeling is strongest in the South where it is an inherited appeal from the war of secession. One Southern representative, an ardent prohibitionist, voted against the resolution, holding that the invasion of the rights of the States by the National Government would be a greater evil than the liquor traffic. The advance of local option has also had an effect on the action of congress. Members representing States already under prohibition would welcome the extension of the system as it would simplify the problems of enforcement. The effect of local restrictions in increasing the profits of the traffic in adjacent areas is also an influence. There were many uncompromising advocates in both parties prepared to favor prohibition by the Nation, the States or the Municipalities.

When all noticeable extraneous influenc s are taken into account the conviction is strengthened that the vote closely approximates the sentiment of the people. The strength of the opposition must not be ignored. There are powerful interests to be dislodged and able organizations to be overcome. But the numerical victory in the House of Representatives gives new energy and a more inspiring hope to every worker in the crusade for the coming emancipation.

Brave Raiders, not Baby Killers.

On Christmas Day, an action the like of which was never fought before was brought on by an enterprise of extraordinary daring on the part of a British naval force. The enterprise was the conducting of seven sea-planes to a point within striking distance of the German warships lying under the guns of Cuxhaven. The action consisted in the brilliant and successful attack of this air squadron and of an engagement between the escorting British warships and several of the enemy's vessels. The airmen discharged all th ir bombs at poin s of military importance. The extent of the damage done cannot be estimated, but the vital matter is that the blow was delivered The sea-planes were able to make a raid on Germany's sheltered navy What was done once could be done again, and done perhaps with more effect and less difficulty because of the knowledge thus experimentally gained. The force of light cruisers, destroyers and submarines that attended the sea-plane squadron had of necessity to come within challenging distance in order to turn the fliers loose on the enemy, and had to remain in that zone of danger in order to await the return of the sea-planes. The warships were at once attacked by a German force of submarines and aircraft. Two Zeppelins played a prominent part in the aerial attack, in which also German sea-planes assisted. In this novel warfare the British ships were more than a match for their assailants. The light cruisers went through the ordeal magnificently. They outmanoeuvred the enemy's submarines and drove off the two Zeppelins. The Undaunted and the Arethusa were able to keep off every variety of assailant and to bide the return of the sea-plane squadron after an absence of three hours, spent in making havoc with German warships. Six of the brave air pilots came back in safety. Flight Commander Hewlett is the only one of the gallant fellows missing. How different was this raid on the strongholu of the German navy from that of the German cruisers upon the civilian populatio nof the undefended seaside resorts of Yorkshire.

BROWNSBURG

—o—

Mr. Harold Hooper is home from school until New Year.

Mr. Melville McAllister spent a short vacation with his parents.

Mrs. Jas. Flood, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Iva, spent Christmas with friends in the Burg.

Mr. Harold Butler paid a visit to Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Platt.

Mr. Harold Cameron, of Ottawa, and Miss Myrtle Cameron, of Hudson Heights, spent the Christmas Holidays, with their parents.

The Skating Rink is beginning to look in good condition, thanks to Mr. Ward McAllister's attentions and a little skating was enjoyed during the holidays.

Two very pretty weddings took place in the Presbyterian Church on Saturday Dec. 19th. Miss Mona Rose Pasco, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Pasco, of Brownsburg, to Mr. Edward H. G. Secker, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Secker, also of Brownsburg. Rev. Mr. Lackey officiated. Miss Pasco was neatly attired in a navy blue suit and white hat with plumes, and was attended by Miss Florence Pasco as bridesmaid, who wore a navy blue dress and black velvet chic hat, trimmed with white osprey. Mr. T. G. Pasco gave his daughter away and after the ceremony the happy couple were driven to the home of the bride where a reception of wedding guests was held. Mrs. Secker looked charming in her reception gown of pale blue silk. After all had enjoyed an excellent wedding breakfast, dancing and singing was indulged in and a halt called at 7.30, when the bride and groom departed for their honeymoon trip to Lawrence, Maine, where they will be the guests of Mrs. E. H. G Secker's aunt and uncle until the New Year, when they will return for a reception given in their honor. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. C Freeth, Miss C. Clark, Miss Irene Davies, Mr. M. C. Fletcher, Mr. Templeton, Mr. G. R Scott, Mr. W. M. Howell, Mr. W. T. Cameron and Mr. H. Butler.

The wedding of Miss Annie Cherry to Mr William Talbot, both of Brownsburg, was also a pretty affair. The bride was charmingly dressed in white silk trimmed with maltese lace, and wore a white silk hat with white plume, she was attended by Miss Florence Butler as bridesmaid, who wore a dress of blue silk and white hat and plume. Mr. C. Hall gave the bride away. A reception was held at the home of the groom, and after breakfast dancing was the order of the evening until 11.30 when light refreshments were served. The guests then departed after wishing Mr. and Mrs. Talbot much happiness. The Rev. Lackey officiated and Mrs. Lackey rendered a beautiful solo.

LOUISA

—o—

The congregation of St. Aidan's Church, Louisa, are to be congratulated on the success of their Xmas Tree Supper and Entertainment, held in the Orange Hall, on Monday evening, the 28th inst. The weather was all that could be desired. The severe cold of the preceding week gave place to mildness, apparently just for the occasion. The moon shed a soft light, and the roads were good. Many persons from the surrounding districts took advantage of these favorable conditions and filled the Hall to overflowing. The Louisa ladies served one of those excellent suppers which have made their name famous. A three hour literary and musical programme was rendered by the Louisa young people to the satisfaction of all present.

Miss Levers and the Misses Gladys and Alma Tomalty, deserve great credit for the excellent training they gave the children, in preparing for this entertainment. Shortly before midnight, jolly old Santa Claus appeared, and distributed the presents with which the Xmas Tree was laden. Among the presents was an envelope addressed to Rev. J. A. Lackey, containing a nice sum of money for Mrs. Lackey and himself, given as a token of regard, by the St. Aidan's congregation, and friends residing in the Louisa District.

The singing of the National Anthem brought to a close this very enjoyable and long to be remembered event.

CUSHING

—: o: —

Messrs P. Nicholls and M. Watson spent Christmas with friends in Lachute.

Mrs. C. L. Cooke and little daughters Lydia and Muriel spent Christmas with friends in Montreal.

The Misses Johnson, of Ottawa, spent Christmas here as guests of their aunt Rev. Mrs. Fraser at St. Mungo's Manse.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Geo. O'Brien of Lachute who recently underwent a serious operation at the Montreal General Hospital is now convalescent.

Messrs. Fraser and Murray Watson have just completed a new barn on their premises which does great credit to their architectural abilities.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser are enjoying the pleasure of a visit from their son Mr. James M. Fraser of Halifax, N.S., who with his wife and little son is spending the Christmas vacation in Cushing.

Montrealers who spent Christmas in this vicinity include Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Keatley and children who were guests of the latters mother Mrs. James Watson Mr. W. J. Holliday and little daughter Phyllis who were also guests of Mrs. Watson, Mr. Eddie Wheleh n, and Mr. and Mrs. George Bromby who spent Christmas with the latters' parents Mr. and Mrs Thos. Weir.

CALUMET

—: o: —

Last Sunday morning, the service in the Methodist Church was conducted by Rev. K. H. Palmer, the eloquent Presbyterian preacher from Hawkesbury.

The ladies of the village have formed a society to assist in the Red Cross. A meeting for organization was held at Miss Garvin's when officers were elected. Work was commenced on some articles for the Grenville Society, pending arrival of material ordered. The following week a very successful ten-cent tea was held at the residence of Mrs. Lanigan, and other methods of raising money are being planned.

On Wednesday the 23rd inst., Santa Claus came to Calumet, at the Christmas Tree held under the auspices of the Methodist Sunday-school. In addition to numerous selections by the children, vocal numbers were contributed by the Wilman Quartette, solos by Miss Janet Gill, and a duet by Misses Gill and Wilson. Miss Wilson and Mrs. Reilly played several piano duets, and after the regular programme, and distributiou of presents, two motion picture reels were shown by Mr. Herb. Comba. Mr. Fred White made a very capable chairman, while the children's choruses were led by Rev. Mr. Reilly, and accompanied by Mrs. Willie Prophet.

GREETINGS

LACHUTE, DEC. 31ST. 1914

Mr. and MRS. H. SLATER, at this Season of Happy Greetings, would much enjoy paying a personal call on each family in the County this New Year's Day, but as such is of course an impossibility they gladly take the present most available means of expressing to everyone Kindest Thoughts and Very Best Wish s for the New Year.

That Heaven's Richest Blessings may be bestowed upon each and all is also the sincere wish of

Mr. & Mrs. H. Slater.

LACHUTE, LE 31 DECEMBRE, 14

M. et Mme. H. SLATER durant cette saison de bons souhaits, seraient très heureux de rendre visite en personne à toutes les familles de ce Comté Ce jour de l'an. Mais comme cela est naturallement impossible, ils s'empressent de leur envoyer par le journal l'expression de leurs Meilleurs Souhaits de Bonne Année.

Que le Ciel répande ses plus abondantes bénédictions sur tous et chacun de vous, telle est la sincère prière de

M et Mme. H. Slater.

GRENVILLE

—: o: —

A fine skating rink has been cleared on the canal by Messrs. Skelcher and Dodd, and is being patronized by the young people of the village.

The Christmas Day services in the Anglican Church were well attended, a large number receiving communion. The church was very prettily decorated for the occasion.

On Christmas night selections from the Cantata "Holy Night" were given in the Methodist Church by a special choir of fifteen voices. Rev. K. H. Palmer, of Hawkesbury, preached a Christmas message

On Tuesday evening last, the Anglican Christmas tree was held in Dansereau's Hall. A pleasing departure from the usual programme was the Christmas Cantata, "Santa Claus and Red Riding Hood." The children took the parts of elves, fairies, and brownies, and their costumes were very pretty. Mr. J. Keatley, as the Santa Claus, Miss R. Cummings as Mother Hood, and Miss Williamson as Grandmother Hood sustained their parts well while a chorus of young ladies sang the catchy music of the Cantata. Two tableaux were shown, "Rock of Ages" and "England and Her Allies."

STAYNERVILLE SCHOOL No. 6.

—: o: —

Grade IV.—Max. Marks 1200,—Aletha McKenzie 1001, Harold Bromby 946.

Grade IV. Jr.—Max, Marks 1200,—Yvonne Ouillette 902, Muriel Nichols 895, Margaret Davis 835, Thelma Kempffer 633, *Ida Guay 401. *Missed four exams.

Grade III.—Max. Marks 1200,—Emma Davis 811, Robert Kempffer 757.

Grade II.—Max. Marks 900,—Lorne Kempffer 766, Ruby Nichols 717.

Primer I.—Max. Marks 600,—Eileen Kempffer 503, Jennie McKenzie 436, Geo. McKenzie absent during the exams.

M. A. CHAMBERS,
Teacher.

—: o: —

Ladies dresses in wool serges various colours. To clear at $5 00

W. BANFORD & SON.



Will there be a "Victor Victrola" or a "Berliner Gram-o-phone" in your home this Chistmas?

"It's the Family Gift every day in the year."

Some day you will surely have one. Why not enjoy its many pleasures now?

Victrolas, $20.00 to $300.00. Gram-o-phones, $31.00 up.

Victor records, 10 in.. double reprodnction. 90c.

" " 12 in., " " $1 50.

Needles, 10c per 100 or 75c per 1000.

SOLD CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

Always a Large Stock of Records on hand. Come in and hear them at

OMER PAQUETTE'S

Barber and Tobacconist

MAIN STREET - - - LACHUTE, P Q.

I have also a full line of Lowney's Chocolates in fancy boxes of all kinds at varied prices.

Try our Xmas Cornucopias for young ones; they are assorted of the very best and ready to hang on the tree, 10c only.

Desjardins' Footwear.

What could be nicer for a Christmas Gift than a Pretty Pair of Good Warm Slippers? We have now in stock a full line of them that will make a Serviceable Holiday Gift!

A fine assortment also of the Best Winter Footwear.

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, Oat[illegible] Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, O[illegible] and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kind[illegible] market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIA[illegible]

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

Special Sale of PIANOS and ORGANS



When investing your money in a Piano, get the best value

FOR YOUR MONEY.

The New Scale Williams
The Sweet Toned Ennis
The Sherlock Mannering

Each have a beautifully even scale, equalled only by the words, "Most Famous."

The latest Model double repeating action is used in each, making it possible to play the most rapid and difficult music with delightful ease and effect.

The tone is perhaps the crowning. Clear, Limpid, Sympathetic and Musical, unequalled for voice accompaniment.

It will pay you to inspect these beautiful Pianos before purchasing.

Fully guaranteed for Ten Years.

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 achute, at R orique's Hotel, the 4th Sunday of each month, from 5 to 8. 4 10

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First-class hearse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices
Agent for Marble and Granite Monuments. Telephone No 42
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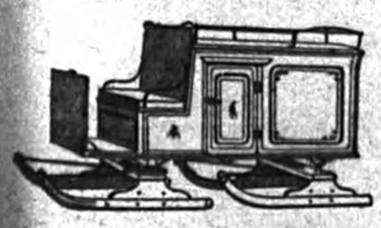
OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

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.

Sleighs at Lowest Prices



THESE SLEIGHS and hundreds of other styles and kinds for sale at Lowest prices. We pay no traveller's or agent's commissions. Every buyer with Cash (or as good) is his own agent and saves all this in buying direct from us. Why should any man wanting a Sleigh give anyone $5 to $10 to buy it for him? Besides what we build ourselves, we have the cream of three or four of the best of Canadian Manufacturers' goods.

ALL MADE IN CANADA. Come in and see for yourself the largest lot and best assortment of sleighs ever shown in one showroom and at lowest prices. St. Catherines and Demi St. Catherines at $40, $45, $50 and $60.

Pony Sleighs and other styles at $25 and upwards. Burlots, Carrioles, Surries, Manhopes, Family Sleighs and Harness.

Brown Imitation Musk Ox Robes at $10, $12 and $14.

Freights allowed on all Cash Sales within 50 miles of Montreal.



R. J. Latimer & Co.

445 St. James St.

MONTREAL - P.Q.

GRENVILLE

WEDDING BELLS.

SCOTT—CAMERON.

A very pretty house wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Angus L. Cameron on Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock, when their daughter Marion Ruphemia was united by marriage to Dr. Robert Jas. Scott, V. S., of Edgerton, Alta., by the Rev. Palmer, of Hawkesbury, Ont.

The bride who was given away by her father, entered the parlor to the wedding music played by Mrs. Anderson, of Vankleek Hill, Ont. The bride was gowned in white brocaded satin, trimmed with pearls and wore a wedding veil and orange blossoms. She was attended by her two sisters, Marscilla and Ida, who wore pale pink nun's veiling, trimmed with shadow lace. The groom was supported by his brother Thomas Scott, of Wycliffe, B.C. After receiving the good wishes of their many friends Dr. Scott and his bride left for Ottawa, the bride travelling in a navy blue costume and a black and white hat.

Those who attended the wedding from a distance were Mr and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs McLern of Hawkesbury, Mr and Mrs. Anderson of Vankleek Hill, Mrs. Graham and Miss Graham, of Arundel, Mr and Mrs. Hughes, Chute au Blondeau, Major and Mrs. S. B. Smith, The Misses Mary and Hannah Smith, Miss McLean and Mr. McLean, of Lachute, Mr. Hugh Cameron, Wycliffe, B.C.

HILLHEAD

Mr. R Hume, of Hill Head, is visiting friends at Russell, Ont.

Mr. Chas. Pollock is spending a week's visit with friends in Chesterville Ont.

Miss Annie Hume, of Wyman, Que. and Miss Pearl Pollock, of Verdun Academy, are holiday guests of their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. MacMillan, Mr. M. Kenneth, of Loc Line, also Mr. J. Armstrong and two daughters of Lachute, spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Rodgers.

MABEL

Miss Catherine Thompson, of Montreal, spent Christmas with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs J. Clark and family spent Christmas at Mrs. Wm. McKiddies.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Heatlie spent Christmas with friends in Ogdensburg.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the Christmas tree at Staynerville.

Mrs. Wm Warwick has returned home after spending the holidays with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown, of Montreal, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. McAdam during the holidays.

Miss Mary Gamble, our Mabel teacher, has left to spend the holidays at her home in Franklin Centre.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Warwick and family spent Christmas at Ogdensburg, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Heatlie.

DALESVILLE

Miss Alma Dixon is spending the holidays at home here.

Mr. Wm. White, of Grand Ligne, is a guest at the Manse.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dixon and family spent Christmas in Calumet.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tomalty spent the Christmas holidays at Mille Isle.

Miss Rodgers, of Mille Isles is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Tomalty.

Mr. R. Campbell, of Ottawa, visited his grandmother part of this week.

Mr. J. Stuart MacArthur, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs R. S. MacArthur.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and Miss Marian returned home on Monday last

Mr P. Jackson, of Montreal, spent a few days this week with Mr. A. Murdock.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brown and Miss Emma were guests of Mrs. A. Burk over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Holmes spent a few days the guests of Mrs. Holmes sisters Mrs. A. J. Campbell and Mrs. A. Forrester.

A large number of Dalesville people attended the Christmas tree at Louisa on Monday last. All report a splendid time.

Messrs. Willie, George, Charlie and the Misses Florence and Jennie Prosser spent Christmas with Mrs. C. Vary.

Mrs Land Messrs. George and Archie Robinson visited Mrs. R. S. MacArthur on Christmas.

Among those who spent Christmas here were Mr. S. S. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKenzie and family, and Mr. and Mrs. D. McOuat and family, and Mr. Jas. Lalanne at Mr A. J Campbell's. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Murdock and family, Mr. and Mrs A. Murdock and family and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wert and family at Mrs. Morrows

Pastor W. G. White will preach at Dalesville Sunday morning and evening, Jan. 3rd, 1915.

Service will be held at Roussillion Baptist Church, Sunday, Jan. 3rd, at 3 p.m. Pastor W. G. White will speak.

Brownsburg Mission Band will meet at 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday, Jan. 5. Refreshments will be served.

Brownsburg week night service will be held at Mrs. Graves, Tuesday evening, 7.30. Pastor White will conduct the meeting.

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.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore, aching Kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also because "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels, sweetens the stomach and stimulates the action of the skin.

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

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.

A SESSION of the Court of Queen's Bench, holding Crimina Jurisdiction in and for the District of Terrebonne, will be held at Ste. Scholastique, district aforesaid, on Wednesday the thirteenth day of January, 1915 at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence I give notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the common goal of the said district and all others, that they must present then and there. And I also notice to all the Justices of the Peace, Coroners and peace officers in and for the said district, that they must present with their records, Rolls, Indictments and other documents in order to do the things which belong to them in their respective capacities.

LAVOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriffs.

Sheriff's office,
Ste. Scholastiqe, Dec. 14 1914.

HILL HEAD SCHOOL.

Christmas Examinations 1914.

Grade IV,—Max. Marks 1,000,—Helena Rodgers 936, Mabel Armstrong 924. Edna Thompson 744, Amy McOuat 737, Ronald Westgate 702, *Norman Westgate 697, Douglas McOuat 645, *Cecil Pollock 629, Gladys Armstrong 623, *Randolphe Rodgers 514.

Grade III,—Max. Marks 1000,—B. Clark 746, Bella Hume 707, Edgar Pollock 675, *Jimmy Berry 558, Ivan Laporte 499, *Ben Rodgers 374, *Norman Drysdale 360.

Grade II.—Max. Marks 600,—Douglas Drysdale 576, Verda Thompson 542, Jack Hume 516, Bertie Jones 504.

Grade I.—Max. Marrks 500,—Hazel Drysdale 458, Marie Westgate 446, Annabel Hume 437, Kenneth Pollock 422, *Irene Rodgers 109.

Primer II,—Albert Day, Wilbert Day.

Primer I,—Bessie Rodgers, Rose Hume, Cameron McOuat, Doris Berry, †Bertha Scott.

*Albert during part of the examination.

HELENA S. MORRISON,
Teacher.

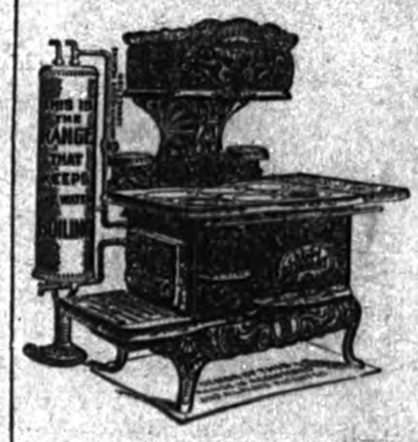
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In spite of the heavy increase in all lines of goods, I have not raised my prices, for I had all my goods bought before the raise and I am giving my customers the benefit of the low prices in all Suits, Pants, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Furnishings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

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THE WINTER'S CAMPAIGN

COLD HAS DECIDED THE FATE OF EMPIRES.

Germans Will Feel the Winter Weather More Than the Allies.

It will not be long before General January and General February take the field in Europe, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that they should prove the decisive factors of the campaign. History affords many instances of the fate of empires being determined by cold or by storms. We all know that the Armada was defeated primarily because the Spanish vessels encountered a terrific storm. Napoleon led 600,000 men into Russia and penetrated as far as Moscow in the dead of Winter. Of this vast army it is said that only 20,000 returned to France, the remainder either perishing of cold and hunger, falling prey to hovering Cossacks, or being captured and taken to Russian prisons. In 1167 the pestilential heat of Italy thwarted Frederick Barbarossa, the conqueror of Rome, and he was balked again by the rains at Alexandria. Before now Prussian generals have been enabled to win important victories on account of the cold weather. For instance, the Great Elector crossed a river on the ice and was thus in a position to cut off the Swedes from Koenigsburg. In 1741 Frederick the Great won the great victory at Millwitz because the cold weather enabled him to rapidly advance his troops over a country that was impassable until the frost set in.

To End Trench Digging.

The weather is less apt to affect the war in France than the war in Prussia, for in Northern France and Belgium the average winter temperature is about 39 degrees Fahrenheit, with a minimum of about 5 degrees. So far the weather has been of almost unprecedented coldness, and should the winter months bear out the threat of the fall it will become impossible to dig trenches as rapidly as they have been dug in the past few months. Should one army drive the other out of the trenches it now occupies it may have it "on the run," unless trenches far in the rear of positions now held have been prepared in advance. In the eastern theatre of war the armies that are facing each other are not dug in. The men are fighting upon the surface of the earth, and this is the reason why battles in Prussia and Galicia are likely to be much more decisive than battles that result in an equal loss of life in France and Belgium.

Will Help Russians.

On Germany's eastern frontier the cold weather will be of advantage to the Russians rather than to the defenders. Not only are the Russians as a whole used to colder weather than the Germans, but the frost will make it possible for them to advance in the great lake region, which in milder weather offers a formidable barrier to an invader. Continued cold weather in Prussia added to a decisive victory in the great battles now proceeding would leave the road to Berlin almost open, and might bring the war to an end with dramatic suddenness. Another distinct advantage to the Allies that winter will bring, whether it is unusually cold or unusually temperate, is that the Zeppelins will have a poor chance of crossing the English Channel. Whether it is warm or cold the Channel crossing in winter is always very rough, and frequently fogs blot out the view. In these circumstances Britain is not likely to have much to fear from the dirigibles.

Aircraft Less Useful.

The theory is advanced by a military expert interviewed by the Washington Star that the Zeppelins are expected to perform a more important duty than the dropping of bombs, and especially when the weather is such that the transport of ammunition and supplies is made increasingly difficult by soft roads. His idea is that with the Zeppelins to carry supplies that could not be conveniently transported over mired roads, the German army will be able to move great masses of foot soldiers far in advance of their bases. However, the chief difficulty in the way up to the present has not been the danger of getting too far from a supply base, but of opposing the entrenched Allies. It seems certain that both the Zeppelins and the aeroplanes will be less useful in cold weather, the one from the tempests that prevail through the winter months, and the other from the extreme cold of the higher altitudes.

Less Sickness in Winter.

Nor will artillery or rifle fire be so effective if the soldiers are obliged to use gloves. Freezing weather that prevents the digging of trenches will also make it impossible to bury the dead, and it will be necessary to cremate them. However, on the whole, the problem of sanitation will be easier. The greatest scourge of armies, typhus, will disappear with freezing weather, and though pneumonia will be more frequent, the mortality from sickness and undressed wounds is likely to be greatly reduced. On the sea the odds will be in favor of the best seamen. In very rough weather the submarines are by no means so easily operated, and mines are apt to be exploded by the action of the huge waves. On the whole, it would appear that the Allies have less reason than the Germans to fear the effect of winter weather afloat or ashore.

Saved by a Name.

An Irish soldier arriving at camp late one night was challenged—"Who goes there!" Considering a moment, and thinking he might avoid punishment, he answered, "Kitchener!" He was immediately knocked down by the butt end of a rifle, and as he sat upon the ground ruefully rubbing a lump on his head the sentry exclaimed, 'Why, it's Callaghan! Why did you say it was Kitchener!" "Shure," came the answer, "when ye would do this to Kitchener, ye'd want poor Callaghan's life, ye spalpeen."

His First Pie.

Mrs. McBride—Oh, John, don't cut your pie with a knife."

McBride—Huh! You ought to be thankful that I don't call for a can-opener.

HOW TO MAKE ENDS MEET

WHEN TIMES ARE HARD AND WORK SCARCE.

Some of the Strategems Employed to Chase the Wolf From the Door.

Many ways of Making a living when times are hard have been adopted by live men who refuse to sit idle when the factory gates are closed against them. While some of these schemes tide over the bad period only, others have had within them the germ of future fortune. Some methods employed are fakes, consequently their run is short. Want of capital presents cramping disabilities, but this handicap has been overcome by a prodigious use of native talent and "stick-ability," says an American paper.

Making and selling gravy salt secured a competence for a tailor. He boiled together quantities of salt, corn-flour, water, pepper and burnt sugar until the whole was a thick paste, then, cut into small pieces and wrapped in wax paper, he sold them from door to door.

With her last few dollars a woman purchased nainsook and flannel. She made up a set of swaddling clothes sold them, and continued the process. To-day that woman does an international trade.

An upholsterer asked a lady if she had any old chairs in the shed. Upon finding that such was the case and that a plush curtain had also been discarded, he persuaded the lady to allow him to recover the chair with the old plush. Two hours later the man surprised the lady with the effects of his handiwork. She gave him a dollar. The same man on another occasion made a washable loose cover for a parlor chair out of an old sheet. This man is earning a good livelihood in this way.

A widow made and sold covers for brooms, made from ticking. This device permits the housewife to complete the dusting of the ceiling without changing the duster.

Fire-lighters made of sawdust and resin started one man on the way to fortune; fireballs, made from clay and coal oil, another.

Dog biscuits made from horse-meat and cheap flour is a lucrative means of starting business without much capital.

A pair of cycle wheels and a small sand stone were the means of providing a living for a knife grinder.

Pulling Wires.

Wire has been used in various forms. Making a pan holder that can be adapted to many uses was successfully tried by a man who was formerly a painter. Flower-baskets, coat-hangers and tie-clips have also been made and sold by wire-twisters. Speaking of flower and fern baskets reminds us of the country.

Gathering ferns and trapping small fur-bearing animals, such as musk-rats, squirrels, etc., may be done on the outskirts of most cities, but the returns from such industry are small.

Repairing discarded clocks, mending broken dishes and china with a solution made from celluloid, gum and vinegar, repairing bolts and locks and making keys have been tried, and found useful means of keeping the wolf from the door. Cleaning cellars, beating rugs, cindering and rolling garden paths, cutting kindling wood, repairing fences, sodding lawns, moulding concrete blocks, have proven profitable as employment when work was scarce and funds low.

Key tags are made with the aid of a small set of letter dies and blanks that can be purchased at the hardware store. A Montreal man has accumulated property by this means. Rat poison ejected into the runs of the rodents procures a living for another man in Montreal.

Soliciting business for lawyers and shoe repairers, collecting money debts for doctors and storekeepers, re-polishing furniture, scraping old paint from floors, fixing window shades, wiring wooden chairs that have become loose in their joints, have brought grist to the mill.

A Cat Doctor.

Hobbies have been turned into coin. A widow, who loved cats, became so capable of tending to their needs when they were sick that she now practices as a specialist. Dog doctors and poultry specialists are often amateur lanciers who have profited by experience.

Show cards with moveable letters for store windows can be made at home and bring in a profit.

Assisting foreigners in becoming naturalized citizens, selling home-made water filters, making dolls and teddy bears, patching leaky pans and kettles with the aid of soldering iron and solder have been means of keeping together home, wife, body and soul, when the lack of steady employment has brought the sting of poverty to the man.

The virtues of some collar buttons were unknown until men sold them at the street corners; but the lack of real novelties causes fakirs to find other means.

"Silver and plating fluid," made from mercury and nitric acid is dangerous and useless, but has sometimes provided money for the fakir. "Rontgen rays," made from two pill boxes and a feather, fooled people and fed a fakir.

Paraffin wax and coal oil melted together was sold as a stain remover. Shellac and dissolved benzine was declared to be the essence of shine for furniture. These, although profitable at first, soon dropped from the market.

Raising the wind by means of soap purloined from hotels and wrapped in pieces of tinfoil secured from a beneficent tobacconist, was sold as a medicated soap. The "demonstrator" used ammonia on his hands while showing off the qualities of his invention.

BRITISH OFFICER'S HEROISM.

Received Iron Cross for Rescuing German Soldier.

One of the most dramatic stories of battlefield heroism that the war is likely to produce reached Paris the other day, says the Westminster Gazette correspondent.

During a recent combat German troops attacked the British trenches but were repulsed. They retired to their own trenches, taking with them their wounded, but one of the latter was overlooked and left behind. A comrade, observing him, left the German trenches to effect a rescue, but was almost immediately killed by the British fire, a score of bullets piercing him.

A British officer, however, realized the situation, and, having given the order "Cease fire," himself went out into the open to pick up the wounded German.

He was struck by several German bullets and badly wounded, but the Germans, as soon as they saw what his object was, also ordered the "Cease fire." Thereupon the British officer staggered to the fallen man and carried him to the German lines.

A German officer received him with a salute, and, calling for cheers, pinned upon the breast of the British hero an Iron Cross. Then the Britisher returned to his own trenches.

He was recommended for the Victoria Cross for this notable example of chivalry, but succumbed to his wounds.

It isn't every fellow who can paint the town red without getting some of it on his nose.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE EAST

THE AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS ARE DISHEARTENED.

The Russians, on the Contrary, Accept Their Lot With Complacency.

A special correspondent of The London Times at Lwow (Lemberg), writes: I am more and more impressed daily with the complacence with which the Russian soldiers accept their lot. There is no doubt that they have been deeply stirred by this war, and, though they bemoan the misery that it has brought nearly all seem to accept it as something that had to be. It is certain that they hate the Germans and are fighting willingly. But the case of the Austrians is quite different. I talked a long time with a young Austrian reservist who has been lying now for weeks with a desperate wound through the body.

An Austrian Soldier's Story.

He was a carpenter living near Prague. On July 25 he was called to the colors without even knowing what the war was about and caring less when he did learn.

I left my wife and children weeks ago, he said, without any warning. They had no money. Since then I have not heard a word from them and have no idea what has happened to them or how they are managing to live at all without me. Why is it? I am a blameless man. I have no dislike of the Russians. They are a very friendly people. Yet we are all called away from our families and sent over here to attack men we have nothing whatever against. All the men in my regiment who came as reservists feel as I do about it—that is, all that are left. Many have been killed.

We were sent forward after being told by our officers that we were marching against a thousand Russians, and we found fifteen thousand instead of one. I was shot through the back as we were withdrawing. After I fell into the Russians everything was easy for me. I am quite satisfied. They are very kind and the nurses very good to us. But always and always I am worrying about my wife and my children. Not a word since I left. How can they live with nothing

Thousands of Cases.

And as he spoke his brown eyes filled with tears. In Austria to-day there are thousands of such cases and every one of the 42 hospitals here is filled with them.

The longer I remain in this town the more impressed I am with the order and peace that prevails. Every one is within doors by 10. The bulk of the population seem perfectly indifferent to their change of masters. Even the Austrians are not particularly hostile to Russia, and one of the anomalies of the situation is that the new regime has maintained Austrian policemen to preserve order in the town, pending the arrival of officials that will eventually come from Russia to take their places.

Russian Soldier's Delight.

Dancing, singing and a hot bath every Saturday are the main delights of the Russian soldier. Drinking vodka used to be numbered among his chief amusements in life, but of late the games' field—particularly the football field—has been made a bigger attraction than the dram shop by the authorities.

Inside Information.

Madge—You shouldn't say he's a confirmed bachelor unless you know.

Marjorie—But I do know; I confirmed him.



FOR MAKING SOAP SOFTENING WATER DISINFECTING CLOSETS, DRAINS SINKS, &c

TIPPING OLD AS FEUDALISM

Everybody Lived on the Bounty of Their Lords Then.

Tipping is plainly a survival of the feudal relation, long before the humbler men had risen from the condition of status to that of contract. When fixed pay in the ordinary sense was unknown, and where the relation between servant and master was one ostensible voluntary service for life, and in its best aspect was a relation of mutual dependence and kindness. The spasmodic payment was, as they are now, essential to the upper man's dignity, and very especially to the dignity of his visitor. The feudal relation survives in England to-day to such an extent that poor men refrain from visiting their rich relatives because of the tips. The great country houses the tips are expected to be in gold. And England and on of it, Don Caesar's bestowal of his last shilling on the man who had served him still thrills the audience, at least the tipping part of it.

EGGS GONE UP IN CHINA

Housewife Only Gets 360 for $ Instead of 900.

Fifteen years ago the price of eggs in the province of Shantung, China, was $1 for 900 eggs. Now the price has risen to $1 for 360. Twenty-seven million eggs were exported from this province in 191[illegible] most of which went to England.

Few Chinese poultry raisers possess more than a dozen or so hens. They hatch most of their chickens in earthenware incubators, which are heated by the fire which warms the living rooms and the beds—thus all the heat is saved. We have the word of our consul at Crefoo that old women frequently incubate eggs by carrying them strapped about their waists under their outer garments. This is carrying economy to the limit, it would seem.

Most Chinese families are too poor to eat eggs even at the low prices mentioned, and therefore the entire product, except that portion used for hatching, is sold. On the average ten Chinese eggs weigh a pound.—Farm and Fireside.



Where Some of the Hardest Fighting of the War Has Taken Place.

First photograph of the flooded canal at Ypres, on the banks of which the allies and the Germans have been fighting for some weeks. Some correspondents have described the canal as a stream of blood, and one account of a battle stated that the Germans crossed the canal at one point, stepping on the bodies of their fellow-soldiers, which filled the channel from bank to bank. From the shelters on the banks the allies poured a devastating fire into the ranks of the fleeing Germans.

STORY OF LOUVAIN'S RUIN

AN AMERICAN AUTHOR TELLS WHAT HE HEARD.

Told By the Men Who Know Most About the Ruined City.

Only a year and a half ago I had come down from Brussels in company with a young American student, writes Mr. Barnes, the New York author and editor. I saw Louvain as it was then; as it had been for over six hundred years; as it will never be again. And it was Monday, the 13th of September, of the year of disgrace, 1914, that I sat in the little front parlor of the house of Mgr. Deploige, president of the Superior Institute of Philosophy of the University of Louvain. Seated at the table were Prof. Leon Varlest and Prof. Alfred Nerincx, acting Burgomaster of Louvain, struck by the irony of circumstances as professor of international law in this second oldest university of Europe. The speaker's English was excellent, and his words forcible and well chosen.

"It was all so unexpected," he said, "so frightfully astonishing, the destruction of our city and the murder of our people. Even to us, it is hard to understand and to believe it.

The First Shot.

"For eight days the Germans had been here in the town. We had treated them well; they had eaten much of our food and partaken much of our wine. There was no more left; that had all gone in the first three days.

"The streets were quiet; our own bourgeois police patrolled the streets in the daytime, but were not allowed to be on duty after 7 o'clock in the evening. There was a proper provost guard, although the Germans claimed to have established such.

"On Tuesday, the 25th of August, at 10 a.m., the dreadful thing began. Late in the afternoon German soldiers had come in and had been well received; they seemed to be under no command, but wandered about getting food."

[redacted]

"It is but a step from here; I can show you the very window. Let him tell you how it began."

Speaking French, but in the very quietest and calmest way Prof. Varlest began his story.

"We were seated at the table at dinner, my wife and I, a German officer, a captain of the Landwehr, who was quartered with us. Suddenly an alarm sounded, and there was much running into the street. Then a man ran by, shouting in German. The officer rose, and, buckling on his sword and revolver, went out. He closed the door and my wife and I stood in the hall. We thought perhaps our troops were coming, but we did not know.

The Germans Started It.

"Suddenly there was a great hammering on the door. We opened it slightly, and two soldiers burst through. They had both been drinking; one of them was quite drunk. I tried to stop them, telling them that there was an officer in our house, but they ran past us up the stairs; they did not stop to look in the window, but broke the door, and from there began to fire, first two shots, then another, and then two more. Then they ran down the stairs and went out the back door.

"It may have been ten minutes, perhaps there was more knocking and more beat noise; four or five soldiers had entered; they were not drunk, but very excited. I tried to talk to them, but they would not listen. One fired at me; the bullet passed under my arm.

"My wife was very brave; she tried to step in front. I dragged her back and again the shot, just missing my head. We ran out into the garden [redacted] had gone. [redacted] was the first shot fired. The next was the sudden entry, under a panic-stricken condition of a small body of Germans who had been driven with loss out of the little Bueken, between Louvain and Malines. In the semi-darkness they had seen, clattering in their hob-nailed boots into the suburbs and the square had spread before them. By the fire of their own men one German was mortally wounded, two were slightly hurt, and a horse was killed; and for this nearly two hundred citizens, men, women and children, suffered the penalty of



Red Cross Workers in Nieuport's Ruins, Where Fighting Is Hot these Days.

The shells from the German guns were still falling into Nieuport when this photo showing a group of Red Cross workers was made. They are searching the ruins of the Belgian town for those who may need their help.

They were shot in the streets or houses, or burned to death in the holocaust that followed and that lasted for two days, nearly one hundred dwellings being given to the flames, including the priceless library. A crime of vandalism unequalled!

IN THE LION'S JAWS.

A Hunter's Exciting Experience in South Africa.

In the Field there is a stirring account of an English hunter's battle with six lions, three of which he killed. It happened in South Africa. Armed with a magazine rifle and an automatic pistol, he went out in search of adventure, accompanied by a native boy, and climbed a small hill studded with boulders.

On reaching the crest, he saw a large lion sitting upon its haunches under a tree about 150 yards away. He fired and killed the lion.

Thereupon five others, which he had not seen, appeared from the bush, and began to walk round the tree. Mr. Crawley fired at a second lion, and it also rolled over on its back. Mr. Crawley then tried to bring down a third prize, and, taking careful aim at the last of the remaining four,—which were moving off,—he wounded it. The lion turned, and made toward the sound of the rifle. A second and third shot followed, both of which took effect, but did not kill, and the lion—now aware of his enemy's whereabouts—charged. Mr. Crawley brought him down at last with the Browning pistol when he was only three yards away. The remaining three lions had in the meantime disappeared in the bush.

Mr. Crawley enlisted the services of a number of boys to carry the dead lions to camp, but on reaching the tree, he found one of the animals had disappeared. He left the boys to attend to the other two, and, accompanied by a native, began a search for the wounded beast.

He had gone only two hundred yards, when he was startled by the roar of the lion, which emerged from the bush not twelve feet from him. The lion immediately charged. Mr. Crawley managed to get in a shot, which, however, did not bring down the beast, and in another instant the lion was on him. Mr. Crawley tried to force the barrel of his rifle down the animal's throat, but a sweep of the paw brushed it aside, and knocked the man back against a rock. Standing with his front paws on Mr. Crawley's legs, the lion bit him on the right arm from the shoulder downward, and on the left hand; then it left him and staggered back to the bush. It was evidently hard hit. Mr. Crawley could not use his pistol, for it was jammed between himself and the rock.

Mr. Crawley pulled himself together, called the natives to him, and went in search of the lion, which he found in the bush, quite dead.

None of the man's wounds were very serious, for he wore a very stout khaki shirt, buttoned at the wrists, and the lion was so severely wounded that he had not his usual strength.

On the Contrary.

'Did that bottle of patent medicine do your aunt any good?"

"Mercy, no! On reading the circular that came around it, she got two new diseases."

"I am very glad to see you," remarked Jones to his friend, meeting him on his return from his vacation. "How are you and Mrs. Smith?" "Quite well, thank you." "And all the little Smithereens?" pursued the questioner, anxiously.

SEES END OF WAR IN JUNE

SO SAYS AN AMERICAN JUST FROM BERLIN.

Germans Know Defeat Is Inevitable Stocks of War Materials Are Low.

The London Daily Telegraph publishes a long article by an American just returned from Germany, which gives an interesting picture of that country and the attitude of the population toward the war. He says:

"Let me say at once that the patriotism and determination of the Germans is not one whit behind that of the allies. At no time have the Emperor and the Crown Prince been more popular than at the present. At no time has the personal ascendency of the Emperor been greater. Those who expect to see a sudden outburst of Socialism, which will force the Government to make peace, are living in a fool's paradise.

Intend to Finish Fight.

"I am fully convinced that the German people intend to fight to a finish. At the present moment the Germans have sixty-eight corps, fully mobilized, each of an average strength of 43,000 men of all arms. This, you will see, makes nearly 3,000,000 of men fully mobilized and in the field.

"The military authorities have created ten fresh corps out of the surplus of the Landwehr, and from the vast numbers of volunteers who have come forward. They claim that they have applications from no fewer than 2,000,000 volunteers, but this, I think, is an exaggeration. To my certain knowledge very large numbers of the Landstrum have not yet been called up, and comparatively few of this class have been sent to the front.

No Food Shortage.

"There is absolutely no shortage of food supplies in the country. Of wheat, rye, and meat there is plenty.

"Where Germany will fail is in those articles, essential to war, which require raw material that she cannot produce herself.

"I have seen great hopes placed on the failure of her supply of petrol. These hopes are ill-founded. Officials assure me that there is still enough petrol in the country to last for another year and a half. My own personal investigations bear out this statement.

"On the other hand, every one admits that there is a terrible scarcity of rubber.

"More serious still is the shortage of copper, which is essential for the manufacture of shells and ammunition.

Gunpowder Scarce.

"I have every reason to believe that the supply of gunpowder is causing the General Staff the greatest anxiety. They lack saltpetre and nitrates necessary for its manufacture. They carefully avoid giving direct answers to all questions on this subject, and prefer to turn them away with some feeble excuse. When asked why they are using old ammunition they say, 'We wish to get rid of it.'

"I do not mean to imply that there are not still imense reserves of ammunition in the country, but from my inquiries I am convinced that even on a scale vastly below that of the present time, they will, for this reason alone, be unable to carry on the war after next June.

"I am sure that the most vital considerations of this struggle are Germany's lack of copper and gunpowder, or the essentials necessary to make the various explosives now in use."

To the Bitter End.

Summing up the writer says:

"In their inner hearts the German official classes realize quite well that there can be only one result to the present struggle. They know that they are beaten. They realize that the odds against them are too great. They are fighting now to obtain the best terms possible.

"They are determined to fight to the bitter end rather than yield, and are equally determined to hold on to Belgium and preserve their fleet, as they are the only two weapons left with which they can obtain favorable terms.

"They hope by prolonging the war to exhaust the patience and endurance of the allies. They hope to offer such strenuous resistance on both frontiers that rather than continue the war the allies will meet them half way.

What They Hope For.

"I have spoken with many who frankly admit that they expect to lose Alsace and part of Lorraine. On their eastern frontier they expect to lose part of East Prussia, so that Russia can straighten out her frontier. They expect Austria to lose Galicia for a like reason. All they hope is to preserve the unity of Germany and to save what remains of the empire.

"The official classes, society—in fact, all those who know—keep up smiling faces. At heart they are in despair because they know that, however long they continue their resistance, before a year is out the lack of certain essentials in the destruction of mankind will bring them up against a stone wall in which there is no exit except by the acknowledgment of their defeat."

Halted All Trains.

Queen Victoria had a distinct horror of travelling by train, and the strictest precautions to guard against accident had to be taken before she could be prevailed upon to proceed on a railway journey. This dislike was shared by the Duke of Wellington, and arose from the same cause—the tragic death of Huskisson at the opening of the Manchester line. Wellington actually witnessed the accident, and for twenty years after refused to travel by rail. It is doubtful if he made any longer railway journey in his life than an occasional trip to Windsor.

British in Holland.

The Dutch have chosen pleasant places for the internment of the English who have been forced to cross into their neutral territory. Groningen is a town of fine houses and wide, clean streets, in which enough sixteenth-century houses remain to give it an old-world air. Gardens and promenades abound on the north side of the town, and in the centre lies a group of open spaces, chief among them the large market square, in which the French Republicans planted their tree of liberty in 1795.

Russians Love Cigarettes.

The Russian soldiers are even greater cigarette smokers than the British Tommies. They simply must have cigarettes and failing anything better, they are quite content with a pinch of tobacco rolled up in a bit of old newspaper.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED.

Ambulance Work an Achievement of Modern Warfare.

One of the greatest triumphs of thought and science in modern warfare is the method of caring for wounded soldiers. The average person probably believes that the wounded men are left lying on the battlefield until the fighting is over but this is far from correct in the great conflict now raging in Europe. In the ordinary battle the fallen troopers are rescued from the field, carried to safety and given expert first-aid treatment while the battle still goes on. Sometimes, of course, the movements of the combatants are too swift to gather up the wounded at once, but this does not often happen.

Behind each section of the firing line there is what is known as the hospital-collecting station. From these bases stretcher-bearers are continually moving to the point where the battle is taking place, picking up wounded men and carrying them to safety beyond the range of the gun fire. Doctors accompany these stretcher-bearers and attend at once to those cases considered most critical. Stimulants are administered, temporary bandages placed and the flow of blood stopped, saving the lives of hundreds of men who might otherwise have their names placed on the long list of dead.

At the collecting stations the wounded men are again treated, proper bandages being fixed in place and other necessary attention given. As each man has his wounds dressed he is carried to an automobile ambulance, and, with others of his wounded comrades, carried as rapidly as possible to the dressing station. This second station is at least a mile in the rear of the fighting. Here surgeons are in attendance with every necessary appliance for operations and the relief of sufferers generally. Only the most urgent operations, however, are undertaken at the dressing stations, where the difference of a few hours—sometimes minutes—might mean the difference between the saving and the losing of a life. As a rule, the dressing stations are houses or buildings. If these are not handy a special operating tent is erected.

From the dressing station the wounded soldier is taken to the field hospital, where beds are provided for from 100 to 200 patients. There, after treatment for a few days, each soldier is discharged as fit for duty again, if his wound is only slight, or passed on further to one of the intermediate hospitals nearer home.

These intermediate hospitals are actual hospitals in big towns, on the lines of communication to the army, and from there the trooper is taken to the seaside base, and so to England for his final recovery.

Smallest Book.

The smallest book in the world—a micrascopic gem of book making, scarcely larger than a man's thumb-nail—is in the British Museum. It contains the New Testament, inscribed by a German artist of Nuremberg in the early part of the 17th century. There are 208 pages, and the lettering is so perfect that it can be read without difficulty. The book measures three-quarters of an inch by two-fifths.

Parried.

She was very much in love with him, and one evening, while they were alone, she asked:

"Frank, tell me truly; you have kissed other girls, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the young man, 'but no one you know."

BLUNDERS ON BATTLEFIELD

SOLDIERS MISTAKE FRIENDS FOR ENEMIES.

A Strange Mistake Recorded by Which 80 Roumanians Were Killed.

It was at Beacon Hill during the Boer War that there happened one of the saddest incidents in the history of the British Army, says Pearson's Weekly.

The East Surreys were in a hollow between two hills, creeping up the valley. The West Surrey regiment, half a mile away, caught sight of the crouching figures, and took them for Boers.

In a moment a heavy volley rang out, and it was not until an officer, realizing the mistake, rushed out in front of the West Surreys that the firing ceased.

A nurse, writing afterward from the Estcourt Hospital, said it was pitiful to see the West Surreys coming in one after another, bringing cigarettes, dainties, any present they could find for the wounded men, then hearing their groans, turn away, saying, "God forgive us! This is our work!"

In such a gigantic conflict as this present war, with battle lines stretching 100 miles and more, similar mistakes are almost bound to occur. We know of two:

A Muelhausen Case.

In the second week in August, when the French were fighting near Muelhausen, one regiment got far in advance of the others, and was ordered to go back.

As they returned some of their comrades fired at them, under the impression that they were Germans. Twenty men were killed and a large number wounded.

It was this blunder which caused General Joffre to have cards printed in colors showing the uniforms and head-dress of the various branches of the French service. These have been distributed all through the army.

The other case was more recent. It happened in Belgium early in September. We have it on fairly good authority that a Saxon regiment fired upon some Bavarians, taking them for Belgians. As it was dark at the time the mistake is hardly to be wondered at.

Then there were the seven crippled warships in Kiel harbor. The story is that two German squadrons in the Baltic opened fire on one another early on a misty morning, each taking the other for Russian ships.

One of the strangest cases of troops firing upon their own people occurred in Roumania in the year 1885. At that time Roumania was in a very disturbed condition, and bands of robbers—regular banditti—prowled over the country, raiding the villages and farms.

The largest of these bands made its headquarters in the forest of Rhodope, and gradually increased until it became 200 strong. It spread terror through the whole countryside, and at last the Government sent a body of troops to hunt it down.

The robber band was located on top of a mountain, and the colonel in command of the troops split his forces and sent half up each side so as to attack from two points simultaneously.

Friends Fought an Hour.

A thick fog fell, and the robbers took advantage of it to sneak away quietly by a path known only to themselves. The troops, unaware of this manoeuvre, continued their ascent, and the two bodies, each crawling along under cover of the rocks, and brushwood, met at the top.

They at once opened fire and fought desperately for a whole hour before the mistake was discovered. Eighty were killed and 300 wounded.

There is at least one case on record of a leader purposely firing upon his own troops. This was Osman Pasha, the greatest General whom Turkey has produced for a century.

In the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 Osman intrenched himself in the village of Plevna and held it for months, fighting several tremendous battles, and being only beaten in the end by sheer starvation.

In the second battle of Plevna the Turks began by a furious charge down hill upon the Russians. The crash of the impact has been compared to a collision between two railway trains.

The Russians were more numerous and fought well. The Turks began to give way. At once Osman ordered his artillery to fire on their own troops, and the latter, realizing that they would lose more by retiring under their own shell fire than by advancing under the rifle fire of the Russians, charged again and drove the Russians before them and won a great victory.

Willie—Paw, how long does a honeymoon last? Paw—Usually, until the last quarter is gone, my son.

G. L. Meikle & Co.

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, Diamond and Black Diamond Saws.

Every TUESDAY is Bargain Day at our Store.

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White Front

Useful Presents
— FOR THE —
HOLIDAYS

Men's Overshoes, waterproof cloth, 2 and 4 buckles.

Men's Warm Felt Boots (lined)

Ladies' Warm Felt Boots.

Children Felt Boots.

Men's, Ladies' and Children's nice warm slippers (all colors).

Extra Special Bargains in Skating Boots and Skates.

Warm Coats for Workingmen, Drivers and Farmers.

Extra Special in Men's Suits and Overcoats, Gloves and Mitts, also a full assortment of all kinds of Boots and Shoes at the lowest prices.

BOOTS REPAIRED.

Telephone 65.

W. G. Staniforth

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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, Fences 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. [illegible])

CHAPTER XXII.

him instantly, indeed, recognized or not, the newcomer could be no other than he. There was doubtless no other man in the mountains. He had expected to find him when he approached the hut and was ready for him.



"You Coward!" She Cried.

To the fire of his ancient hatred and jealousy was added a new fuel that increased its heat and flame. This man had come between Armstrong and the woman he loved before and had got away unscathed; evidently he had come between him and this new woman he loved. Well, he should be made to suffer for it this time and by Armstrong's own hands. The instant Newbold had entered the room Armstrong had thirsted to leap upon him, and he meant to do it. One or the other of them, he swore in his heart, should never leave that room alive.

But Newbold should have his chance. Armstrong was as brave, as fearless, as intrepid, as any man on earth. There was much that was admirable in his character; he would not take any man at a disadvantage in an encounter such as he proposed. He would not hesitate to rob a man of his wife if he could, and he would not shrink from any deceit necessary to gain his purpose with a woman, for good or evil, but he had his own ideas of honor, he would not shoot an enemy in the back for instance.

Singular perversion, this, to which some minds are liable! To take from a man his wife by subtle and underhand methods, to rob him of that which makes life dear and sweet—there was nothing dishonorable in that! But to take his life, a thing of infinitely less moment, by the same process—that was not to be thought of. In Armstrong's code it was right, it was imperative, to confront a man with the truth and take the consequences; but to confront a woman with a lie and take her body and soul, if so be she might be gained, was equally admirable. And there are other souls than Armstrong's in which this moral inconsistency and obliquity about men and women has lodgment!

Armstrong confronted Newbold therefore, lustful of battles; he yearned to leap upon him, his fingers itched to grasp him, then trembled slightly as he rubbed them nervously against his thumbs; his face protruded a little, his eyes narrowed.

"My name is Armstrong," he said, determined to precipitate the issue without further delay and flinging the words at the other in a tone of hectoring defiance which, however strange to say, did not seem to effect Newbold in any perceptible degree.

The name was an illumination to him, though not at all in the way the speaker had fancied; the recollection of it was the one fact concerning her that rankled in the solitary's mind. He had often wanted to ask Enid Maitland what she had meant by that chance allusion to Armstrong which she had made in the beginning of their acquaintance, but he had refrained. At first he had no right to question her; there could be no natural end to their affections; and latterly when their hearts had been disclosed to each other in the wild, tempestuous, passionate scenes of the last two or three days, he had had things of greater moment to engage his attention, subjects of more importance to discuss with her.

He had for the time being forgotten Armstrong and he had not before known what jealousy was until he had entered that room. To have seen her had been so long withdrawn from human society, but to see her with this man who flashed instantly into his recollection upon the utterance of his name was an added exasperation.

Newbold turned to the woman to whom indeed he had addressed his question in the first place, and there was something in his movement which bespoke a galling almost contemptuous obliviousness to the presence of the other man which was indeed hard for him to bear.

Hate begets hate. He was quite conscious of Armstrong's antagonism, which was entirely undisguised and open and which was growing greater with every passing moment. The score against Newbold was running up in the mind of his visitor.

"Ah," coolly said the owner of the cabin to the first of his two guests, "I do remember you did mention that name the first day you spent here. Is he a—a friend of yours?"

"Not now," answered Enid Maitland.

She too was in a strange state of perturbation on account of the dilemma in which she found herself involved. She was determined not to betray the unconscious confidence of the dead. She hoped fervently that Newbold would not recognize Armstrong as the man of the locket, but if he did she was resolute that he should not also be recognized as the man of the letters, at least not by her act. Newbold was ignorant of the existence of those letters and she did not intend that he should be enlightened so far as she could prevent it. But she was keen enough to see that the first recognition would be inevitable; she even admitted the fact that Armstrong would probably precipitate it himself. Well, no human soul, not even their writer, knew that she had destroyed them, she had determined to do so at the first convenient opportunity. Before that, however, she intended to show them not to Newbold but to Armstrong, to disclose his perfidy, to convict him of the falsehood he had told her and to justify herself even in his eyes for the action she had taken.

Mingled with all these quick reflections was a deadly fear. She was quick to perceive the hatred Armstrong bore on the one hand because of the old love affair, the long cherished grudge breaking into sudden life; on the other she realized that her own failure to come to Armstrong's hands and her love for Newbold, which she neither could nor had any desire to conceal, and the cumulation of these passionate antagonisms would only make him the more desperate.

Whether Newbold found out Armstrong's connection with his past love, there was sufficient provocation in the present to evoke all the oppugnation and resentment of his nature. Enid felt as she might if the puncheons of the floor had been sticks of dynamite with active detonations in every heel that pressed them; as if the slightest movement on the part of any one would bring about an explosion.

The tensity of the situation was bewildering to her. It burst upon her with such startling suddenness, the expected arrival of [illegible] the men on earth the one [illegible] not to be there, and then the startling arrival of Newbold, or [illegible] perhaps the same might have been said. If Newbold had only gone on, if he had not come back, if she had been rescued by her uncle or old Kirkby—But "ifs" were idle, she had to face the present situation to which she was utterly unequal.

She had entirely repudiated Armstrong, that was one sure point; she knew how guilty he had been toward Newbold's wife, that was another; she realized how he had deceived her, that was the third. These eliminated the man from her affections, but it is one thing to thrust a man out of your heart and another to thrust him out of your life; he was still there. And by no means the sport of blind fate Armstrong intended to have something to say as to the course of events, to use his own powers to determine the

(To be continued)

COAL and WOOD
FOR SALE.

Give your order at once for next Season.

Harry Ayers
Lachute Mills, Que.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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Successor to WILLIAM

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

CHRISTMAS CHEER
AT
HAMILTON'S

That is where you can procure your Christmas Cakes, Candies, Nuts, Fruits, etc. Some splendid lines of Choice Confectionery [illegible] Pretty Xmas and [illegible] until the best are gone.

Hay, Flour & Feed, always [illegible]

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80. *Baker & Confectioner*

PREPARE FOR THE COLD WEATHER



[illegible] 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, 1[illegible] 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 & Machi[illegible]

Dry Cell Batteries
Spark Plugs
Cylinder Oil
Gasoline
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Tungsten Lights
Saws and Axes
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Roofing and Building Paper
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T. McOuat & Son,
West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915. — NO. 51

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

BIRTHS.

SEALE—At Louisa, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Seale, a daughter.

MUSIC.

Canada's latest song, "England's Daughter," the song hit of the season, also "Tipperary," sent prepaid for 25c.

ED. DARLINGTON,
Main Street

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,

A few fine costumes, left at very low prices to clean out.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Tenders for Plank for White's Bridge.

The undersigned calls for tenders up to the end of January, for 1600 feet of hemlock plank, to be delivered during the winter at White's Bridge. Planks must be without whane.

JAMES W. GALL,
Sec. Parish Council.

Mens overcoats, some choice lines in hand, latest styles.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Horses Wanted.

W. J. Pearson will be at the Windsor Hotel, Saturday next Jan. 2nd at 10 a.m. till 5 p.m., for the purpose of buying horses. For information apply to R. J. BRADLEY, Lachute.

Four Moscow Lamb Coats for Ladies at $25 00 each.

W. BANFORD & SON.

HOLIDAY GIFTS

We have a large number of suitable and seasonable Gifts for your friends.

Call and see them.

—AT—

E. LAVIGNE'S

FOUNDRY STREET

DALESVILLE

School re-opened on Monday the 4th.

Mr. H. A. Dixon is visiting in Lachute this week.

Mr J. Stuart MacArthur returned to Montreal on Monday.

Mrs. R. S. MacArthur entertained a few friends on New Year's Eve

Miss Olive Boyd, of Lachute, spent last week with Miss Alma Dixon.

Miss Maggie Seale spent New Years and the week-end with her mother Mrs. Wm. P. Seale.

Mr. A. MacArthur, of Montreal, spent New Year's with his mother Mrs. John MacArthur.

Messrs. R. G. Tomalty and W. Thompson, of Arundel, spent the week-end with Mr. W. J. Tomalty.

Miss Myrtle Lalanne, and the Misses Sadie and Phoebe McOuat visited Mrs. A. J. Campbell a few days last week.

Mr. Wm. Morow, of Plantagenet, visited his daughters, Mrs. A. J. Campbell and Mrs. A. Forrester this week.

Mr. Willie White who spent the past two weeks with his grandparents Rev. W. G. and Mrs. White left on Monday for Grande Ligne.

Mrs. A. S. Woodbourne and Miss Patricia, who have been spending the past three months at the Manse, left on Wednesday for London, Ont. prior to their going to Chicago where they will reside.

Mr. R. E. Barker was in Montreal last week visiting his sister Miss S. Barker who has been suffering from appendicitis. We are pleased to announce that she is making good progress towards recovery.

Mrs. W. J. Tomalty entertained a number of friends on New Year's Eve, among those were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kennedy and family, Mr. and Mrs. J Graham and family Mrs. M. Graham, Mrs. Aiken, Misses J. MacArthur, Hilda Aiken, and Messrs. J. Maher and J. Ruddiman and Mr. and Mrs Vary. All report a splendid time and arriving home at the sma' hours.

MABEL

Mr. John Warwick has returned home from Ottawa.

Miss Catherine Thompson has returned to Montreal after spending the holidays.

Mrs. J. Brown has returned home to Montreal after spending the holidays with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Warwick spent New Year's with his sister Mrs S. Goldsworthy of Lachute.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Heatlie spent New Year's Day with Mr. and Mrs. W Murray, of Grenville.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Labeau, of Montreal, were recent guests of Mrs. J. Clarke during the holidays.

Mrs. C. Clawson and daughter Annie, of Mount Maple, spent New Year's Day the guests of Miss J. Black.

Ladies dresses in wool serges various colours. To clear at $5 00

W. BANFORD & SON.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Lily Moore spent the week-end in Montreal.

Mr. Sillick, of Montreal, was the guest of his mother this week.

Mr. Ira Strong spent a few days visiting friends in Lachute.

Mrs. Wilson, of Scotstown, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Mossman Gall.

Miss Ruby Rodgers has returned home after spending a few days in Hill Head.

Miss Ruth Rodgers spent the week-end in Grenville the guest of Miss Laura Cousins.

Mr. Duncan, of St. Lambert's, spent the week end as the guest of Mr Robt. Hamilton.

Miss Laura Cousins, of Grenville, has returned home after spending a few days in Lachute.

Mrs. O'Neil, of Quebec, was the guest of Mrs. Robt. Hamilton on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Snair and daughter Iris, of Lachine, were the holiday guests of the Misses Allan.

Mr. Douglas Gall, of Montreal, was the guest of his uncle, Mr. Jas. Gall, over the New Year's Holidays.

Mr. Archie D. McAllister, of Montreal, spent the New Year's Holidays the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pollock.

The many friends of Mr. Omer Paquette are pleased to see him round again, after several week's lay-up with a bad foot.

Miss Ruth Rodgers who has been spending her holidays at home has now returned to re-open school at Lakefield.

Miss Evelyn Hamilton returned on Wednesday evening from a week's pleasant visit with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. McRoby, also Mr and Mrs. Davis and Miss Brown, of Montreal, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McCoy.

Miss N. Giles, Miss Reid, Miss O'Hara, also Mr. Harlow Giles, of Montreal, spent New Years in town as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Giles.

The Paper Mill and Furniture Factories who have been closed down for the last few days expect to re-open on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Elliott and family and Miss Helena Morrison spent a few days in Mille Isles.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Wm. Rodgers, of Hill Head, had the misfortune to break his ankle while skating New Year's night.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Wilson, of Smith's Falls, and R. Lorne McArthur, of Ottawa, were guests of the latter's parents, Mrs. R. McArthur for the New Year's Holidays.

The paper that has stood the test of time is the Montreal Gazette. It is most reliable and copies may be had from our enterprising newsdealer, E. Darlington, Main Street.

Mr. Willie White begs to inform the public that he is opening up a blacksmith shop in Descheneau's Hotel Yard on Foundry Street. All work promptly executed.

Mr. H. Slater, M.P.P., who left on Wednesday of this week for Quebec, to attend to his duties at the opening of Parliament there, visited his many constituents in Brownsburg, Grenville and other localities on Christmas and New Year's Day, conveying the Season's Greetings, an evidence of his ever-growing desire to attend to the welfare of those whom he represents in the Quebec House. His constant attention is greatly appreciated.

The Red Cross Society gratefully acknowledge $1.50 from some of the girls in Grade I Model Lachute Academy. Mrs. Naughton sent in from the ladies in Lakefield 13 scarfs.

Last week the Society sent to Headquarters: 32 Shirts, 34 pairs socks, 23 scarfs, 12 pairs Mitts and Wristlets.

The Hockey Match netted for the Red Cross Society $58.25.

The Lachute Branch meets every Tuesday afternoon in Victoria Hall for cutting out material.

Mrs. (Dr.) Alexander and daughter left yesterday morning for a short visit with friends in Kingston.

THE LATE GFORGE W. MEIKLE.

The remains of the late George W. Meikle, whose death occurred in the hospital at Boston on New Year's Day, were brought to Lachute on Monday last and interred in the family plot Mr Meikle was the eldest son of the late George L. Meikle, and was 47 years of age. Death occurred from pneumonia after an illness of only four or five days. He leaves to mourn his loss brothers Charles, Robert and Gordon, and sisters Mrs A. D Gall, Mrs. T. D. Watson and Mrs. Perry of Regina.

PARISH COUNCIL

Business of only routine nature was carried through at the above Council Meeting on Monday last. Mayor Black was appointed presiding officer for election of councillors next Monday at 10 a.m. to replace Councillors Muir and Cleland, whose term of office expires. It is expected that there will be no election and that the Councillors will be re-elected.

Hawkesbury wins by foul goal.

On Tuesday last, Lachute played their first match in the L. O. H. A. Series, against the Hawkesbury boys, in the new game of six man hockey. During the first period, Campbell and Jelicoeur did some splendid work, and after 20 minutes made the score 2-0. The 2nd period, however, was somewhat rougher and with considerable chopping our opponants ran up their count to five goals, the latter of which however was scored after the whistle had been blown by the judge of play, no effort having been made to stop the puck. This certainly was a foul and should not be counted. The last 20 minutes was a little more exciting and with the good play of Campbell and Riddell 2 more goals brought the score to 5-4 in favour of the home team. Both teams were well matched and the game was fairly clean throughout, Mr. Decarie acting as referee and Mr. W. Fraser as judge of play.

The Time of New Resolves.

Let one of them be that you will endeavor to help "The Watchman" along, by contributing any news items that you think will be of interest to others.

Another resolve should be that you will pay up your subs when due.

Mr. Abraham Lemay gave an enjoyable party to a number of his friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Wooding, of Ottawa, also Mrs. Wm. Beech, and son Mr. Wm. Beech, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Robt. Miller over the Holidays.

The local train that has been leaving the city at 6.15 p.m., is now altered, and taking effect on Monday next will leave at 4.40, reaching Lachute about 7 o'clock instead of 8.30.

At the request of the Ladies of the Red Cross Society of Lachute, those who took part in the Brownsburg Patriotic Concert have kindly consented to repeat same in Lachute on Thursday, January 14th, in aid of the Red Cross Fund. Their kindness is deeply appreciated, and as, it will be remembered, this Concert was one of the most successful ever held in Brownsburg, the public here are now looking forward to same as a rich treat. Price of admission will be 25cts.

CUSHING

Mr. S. Whelehan, of Montreal, spent Wednesday with friends here.

Miss Bessie Gotto, of Longeuil, was a guest of Miss Grace Fraser at the Manse last week.

Our local Soldier's Aid Society shipped to Montreal last week a parcel containing 19 pairs socks, 5 pairs night socgs, 1 doz. bandages, 6 nightingales, 6 Balaclava caps 4 knitted mufflers, 5 pairs wristlets, 6 flannel shirts, etc., all the work of the society, who expect soon to send a further installment.

A very interesting ceremony took place at St. Mungo's Church on Sunday, Dec. 27th when the pastor Rev. Dr. Fraser, administered the rite of baptism to his little grandson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fraser, of Pine Hill Presbyterian College, N S The young gentleman who is a most interesting child of ten months received the names of Philip Alexander Badenoch, the latter being after his paternal great grand-mother. Mr. and Mrs Fraser Jr. left for Halifax on Monday of this week after a delightful visit here.

WINTER COATS

Fur Lined Coats for Men
Fur Lined Coats for Women
Fur Collared Coats for Men
Fur Collared Coats for Women
Alaska Beaver Coats for Men
Coon Coats for Men

ASTRACHAN COATS for WOMEN
(Both long and short.)

We have four Ladies' Fur Coats, black lamb, excellent wear, at low price, $25.00 cash

A few LADIES' COATS left at cost price. Some less than ½

All above for quick sale at lowest prices.

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There's a lot of difference between Toric Lenses and Flat Lenses besides their slight extra cost. They give you extra vision and extra comfort. They are better-looking, too. Come and see us about Toric Lenses.

Buy them Now!

We are now well stocked with 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.

We invite inspection and know that you will be satisfied with the combination of our Prices and Quality.

Shop Early.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.

Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician

Edison Phonograph.

For Presents, You Can't Do Better Than This.—



COLLINGWOOD SCHREIBER.

Consulting Engineer to Canadian Government at Age of 83.

No one so thoroughly epitomizes the railway history of Canada as Collingwood Schreiber, C.M.G., at present General Consulting Engineer to the Canadian Government. It is not merely that his career includes almost the whole period of railway building in the Dominion. It is that he has played a large part in the construction of our railways. He has had a hand in the surveying or building of every one of our big systems of iron road. One might also say that he epitomizes the transportation history of Canada, for he has also supervised the construction of a goodly part of our present canal system.

When Mr. Schreiber came to Canada as a young man, there were only 906 miles of railway in operation in this country. That was just two years later than the middle of the century. His first year with us he went into his life work, and took part in the building of the first line of railway between Toronto and Hamilton. In that work young Schreiber "made good," and he has been in the forefront of railway builders ever since. He helped to build some of the lines now included in the Grand Trunk System. He had charge of the engineering work on the Intercolonial. He superintended the construction of the Canadian Pacific. As chief engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals he supervised the plans for the building of sections of the Canadian Northern system to be. And since 1905 he has devoted his energies to inspecting the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Over Four Score in Age.

Mr. Schreiber was eighty-three years of age on the 14th of August. Most men who have the good fortune to outlive the Psalmists's span of life are glad to rest when they reach Mr. Schreiber's age. But his is one of the unresting natures of the world. He is a big man physically, and he has a magnificent constitution. Year by year since the road was begun he has made his annual inspection over the route. This year he was able to do his work in the comfort of an inspection car. But only four years ago, when he was seventy-nine years of age, he covered five hundred miles



Collingwood Schreiber.

on horseback and afoot in connection with the survey of the line.

Mr. Schreiber belongs to that much-maligned race of men, the preacher's sons. His father, the Rev. Thomas Schreiber, was rector of Bradwell in Essex, England. His grandfather was Admiral Bingham, and Collingwood was named after the great sea captain. Young Schreiber was apprenticed to a surveyor, and it was from him that he learned the rudiments of that science of which he became in later years an outstanding exponent. It was as a surveyor that he got employment on the Toronto and Hamilton Railway on his landing in Canada; and his training stood him in good stead in the new land.

A Partner of Fleming.

He stayed with the new railway until it was completed in 1856, and by that time had become so well known as an efficient and capable engineer that he was taken in as a partner in the engineering firm of Fleming, Ridout, and Schreiber, of Toronto. The head of the firm was of course the man who managed the basic surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and now Sir Sandford Fleming. Fleming and Schreiber are two great names in the railway development of the Dominion. Sandford Fleming achieved the greater fame through the building of the first transcontinental in the world, but Collingwood Schreiber has been more intimately connected with the general system of railway transportation throughout Canada.

While in partnership with Sandford Fleming, Schreiber superintended the construction of the Esplanade at Toronto. During four years later he had control of the construction of the Northern Railway, which is now part of the northern division of the Grand Trunk. In 1863 he was invited by the Government of Nova Scotia to assist in the development of the railway Province, and was thus brought into close touch with what is now the Government system of railways. For four years he was engaged in the construction of the Pictou railway, which was taken over by the Dominion Government after Confederation; and from there went on to lay out the Lake Temiscouata section of the Intercolonial. He built the Eastern Extension line, now part of the I.C.R., became superintending engineer and commissioners' assistant over the entire system; and in '73 was placed in charge of the operation of the new railway.

C.P.R.'s Chief Engineer.

The decade after 1880 Collingwood Schreiber spent in the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He went to the C.P.R. as the successor of his old partner, Fleming, and became chief engineer of the road in Fleming's room and stead. He held this position during the critical times of the construction of the great transcontinental, and until it was getting on its feet; and then he returned to the service of the Government, as the chief engineer and Deputy Minister of the Department of Railways and Canals.

This second entry into the Government service on the part of Mr. Schreiber marked the formation of a relationship that has never been broken. For thirteen years he administered the railway and canal policy of the country as permanent head of the service; and now for over nine years he has held the position of General Consulting Engineer to the Government with the rank of a deputy Minister, his chief work being the inspection of the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific as the representative of the people of Canada. For over sixty years Mr. Schreiber has been actively associated with the railway development of the Dominion. The railway history of Canada will be incomplete unless it includes the "Memoirs of Collingwood Schreiber."—Francis A. Carman, in Star Weekly.

BRITAIN'S ARMOR OF HONOR.

It Is One German Big Guns Are Powerless to Pierce.

In a book of travels published a good many years ago it was stated that in certain parts of China when a native wishes to make a particularly solemn affirmation he lifts his hand and says, "On the honor of an Englishman," very much as men in this country kiss the Book and say, "So help me, God." It is a proud reputation to possess, and one which has a military and a commercial, as well as a spiritual value. "Honor of an Englishman," murmurs to himself the Hindu, the Boer, the Canadian, the Australian, offering his life and his possessions to England. "Honor of an Englishman," says the Belgian, the Frenchmna, looking across the Channel for help that England pledged to give, whatever the cost may be. In buying and selling a bale of cotton and in deciding Imperial isues this is an asset to be taken into account. It is an armor that 16 inch howitzers are powerless to penetrate; a defence lacking which a nation is foredoomed to perish.—Liverpool Mercury.

Defined.

"Pa, what is a club?"

"A club, my son, is a place where persons who have nothing to do congregate to do it."

GENERALS FROM THE RANKS

PRIVATE SOLDIERS WHO HAVE LED ARMIES.

Brilliant Examples of Men Who Have Risen in Their Profession.

If one thing more than another should imbue the private soldier with the spirit of emulation, says London Tit-Bits, it is surely the record of those famous rankers who fought their way upward to the position of general, and even to that of field marshal, the highest to which any soldier can attain.

Colonel Sir John Lane Harrington, who was British representative at the court of King Menelik of Abyssinia, rose from the ranks. He joined the Irish Fusiliers, and subsequently found himself a lieutenant of the Indian staff corps. For three years, from 1895 to 1898, he acted as vice consul at Zaila, after occupying the onerous position of British representative in Abyssinia, where he rendered invaluable service to his sovereign and his country.

General Adna R. Chaffee of the United States army, who held supreme command in the Philippines, was the first private of the American regular army to be elevated to such high rank. The son of a farmer, he enlisted in the Sixth United States cavalry in 1861, resolving never to fail in the performance of his duty, which doubtless accounts for his success.

Saved the Day at Omdurman.

Perhaps the most brilliant example of a British officer who rose from the ranks was General Sir Hector Macdonald, the man who saved the day at Omdurman, and who succeeded to the command of the Highland Brigade when General Wauchope was shot down at the battle of Magersfontein. Like Colonel Baden-Powell, the defender of Mafeking, Fighting Mac reveled in a tight place. Few soldiers could boast, as he could, of having served under the same officer as private and general. In the latter capacity he held command under Field Marshal Lord Roberts, from whom he likewise received his first commission, earned in the Afghan war.

When the British, with Lord Roberts in command, were marching to Cabool to avenge the murder of Cavagnari, Macdonald was stationed in a hill fort. There a rumor reached him that a large force of Afghans intended to waylay the British commander and his staff. This force the future general, then a young non-commissioned officer, successfully located, and with coolness, judgment and gallantry attacked and dispersed. He thus gained his first step on the ladder of promotion, and never afterward looked back. So rapidly did he advance that at the age of 47 he was a general. But for his untimely end he might have attained to still more exalted rank.

Another officer who rose from the ranks was Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, who, commanded the Fourteenth Hussars. He was for five years

A Private in the Life Guards.

Subsequently he received a commission in the regiment he was destinen to command, and, like Macdonald, took part in a campaign in South Africa, acting as aide-de-camp to Sir George Colley, who was his brother-in-law.

Sir William Robertson, mentioned by General French in his dispatches, who rose from the ranks, has been a director of military training at the war office since last year, and for three years he was also in command of the staff college, where all our cracks are trained, his sterling abilities being widely recognized.

Marshal Junot was a notable figure in the Napoleonic wars. If records can be relied on, his fellow soldiers elected him sergeant on the battlefield, afterward carrying him aloft on an improvised seat of crossed bayonets, for a conspicuous act of bravery.

A little later he was ordered by Napoleon to divest himself of his uniform and go among the enemy as a spy. Though threatened with death for disobedience, Junot refused to go at all unless as a soldier in his uniform.

Napoleon was highly pleased at the firmness thus displayed, and did not forget it. A short time afterward he sent for Junot to write a dispatch for him, and while this was being done a shell exploded a few yards away.

This had not the least effect on the writer, who coolly continued his work, remarking: "At least we shall not want sand to dry the ink."

Napoleon became quite captivated by the coolness and courage shown by Junot and at the first opportunity nominated him as his aide-de-camp.

Still Higher Honors

were in store for him, and he finally became a marshal of the Grand Army of France.

It is probable that Napoleon found more generals in the ranks than any other of the world's famous military leaders.

General Bernadotte, who started the soldiering career as a private in one of the regiments raised by the British East India Company, was another of his discoveries. Moreover, he subsequently made Bernadotte King of Sweden, over which one of his descendants still reigns.

Then there was General Murat. Tiring of life as a shop boy in the establishment of a Paris haberdasher, he joined the army as a private, to become one of its field marshals and ultimately King of Naples.

Another Napoleonic general who rose from the ranks was Marshal Ney, for whom the Devastator had a warm affection. He was the only son of a poor cooper, and his masterly retreat from Borodino has been described by competent critics as one of the finest military achievements in history.

General Lannes was yet another Bonaparte general who started on the lowest rung of the ladder. So was General Messena, who was made a field marshal and a duke; and so was General Augereau, who rose from private to field marshal.

DREADNOUGHTS AT SEA.

Wireless Used With Success by Submarines.

The sailors who bear the sign of two crossed flags on their coat sleeve are the men who enable our Dreadnoughts continually to "talk" to one another, although they may be several miles apart, says an English paper. The signalmen of the fleet carry on their work by means of flags, wooden semaphores, and flashlights. The usual mode of signalling at short range is to run a series of flags from the masthead or yard-arms. These flags each mean a letter or word, and in time of war the code is continuously being changed. The secret of the code book is one of the most carefully-guarded in the navy. This precious volume has its cover weighted with lead, so that in the event of it falling overboard it will sink immediately, and not float perhaps to be picked up by the enemy. Should such a mishap as the loss of the code book occur, a diver is immediately sent down in search of it. If he cannot recover the volume, then the whole code is altered.

For long distance signalling the navy use the semaphore system. The apparatus used for this purpose is similar in appearance to a road sign-post. Two movable arms project from a solid post stationed in a prominent position on the ship's signalling bridge. Each position of the arms means a letter to the men on the other ship observing the signals through strong glasses. Twenty letters can be transmitted in a minute. At night brilliant flash lamps blink out code words when one ship wishes to communicate with another.

Of recent years hand-signalling has to some extent been replaced by wireless telegraphy. All messages are sent in code, in case hostile vessels should collect them on their own wireless instruments. The wireless room on a battleship is strictly private. In no circumstances are any other persons than operators and a few privileged officers allowed to enter the transmitting and receiving room.

Wireless for signalling purposes has been tried with success in connection with communicating with submarines. Some time ago the submarine D1 was successful in receiving messages from the cruiser Bonaventure, although the smaller craft was running beneath the waves at the time.

For purposes of manoeuvring the navy depends almost entirely on its signalled messages, and a misinterpreted sign might cause grave disaster. An instance of this was provided some time back, when H.M.S. Victoria rammed the Camperdown in the Mediterranean manoeuvres. An order by the flag-signal was mistaken, and the Victoria swerved in the direction opposite to that intimated by the signallers, and her sister ship was sunk. That one mistake cost a million and a half of money and 700 lives.

Winter Russia's Ally.

Prussian invaders of Russia may well be warned of the dangers of approaching winter, for cold has more than once proved an invaluable ally to the Muscovites. Every one has read of Napoleon's awful retreat from Moscow in 1812. Less known, but not less terrible, was the experience of the Swedes under Charles XII. in 1708. That winter, when Charles was invading Russia, brought the severest frost that Europe had known for a century. It began in October and by November 1 firewood would not ignite in the open air and the soldiers had to warm themselves over huge bonfires of straw. Wine and spirits froze, birds on the wing dropped dead, salivia congealed on the lips. The sufferings of the Swedes were awful. "You could see," wrote an eye-witness, "some without hands, some without feet, some without ears and noses, many creeping along after the manner of quadrupeds."—London Chronicle.



UNDER IRON HEEL OF WAR

A CORRESPONDENT SEES CONDITIONS IN EUROPE.

Non-Combatants' Plight in Belgium, France, Germany, and England.

Writing to the American Red Cross, Irvin S. Cobb tells the story of conditions in Belgium, Germany, France, Holland and England, to be used in bringing home to Americans the urgent need for relief:—

Recently I have been in four of the countries concerned in the present war—Belgium, France, Germany and England. I was also in Holland, having traversed it from end to end within a week after the fall of Antwerp, when every road coming up out of the south was filled with Belgian refugees.

Plane of Misery.

In Belgium I saw this:

Homeless men, women and children by thousands and hundreds of thousands. Many of them had been prosperous, a few had been wealthy, practically all had been comfortable. Now, with scarcely an exception they stood all upon one common plane of misery. They had lost their homes, their farms, their workshops, their livings, and their means of making livings.

In France I saw a pastoral land overrun by soldiers and racked by war until it seemed the very earth would cry out for mercy. I saw a country literally stripped of its men in order that the regiments might be filled. I saw women hourly striving to do the ordained work of their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, hourly piecing together the jarred and broken fragments of their lives. I saw countless villages turned into smoking, filthy, ill-smelling heaps of ruins. I saw schools that were converted into hospitals and factories changed into barracks.

Widows' Weeds.

In Germany I saw innumerable men, maimed and mutilated in every conceivable fashion. I saw these streams of wounded pouring back from the front endlessly. In two days I saw trains bearing 14,000 wounded men passing through one town. I saw people of all classes undergoing privations and enduring hardships in order that the forces at the front might have food and supplies. I saw thousands of women wearing widows' weeds, and thousands of children who had been orphaned.

I saw great hosts of prisoners of war on their way to prison camps, where in the very nature of things they must forego all hope of having for months, and perhaps years, those small creature comforts which make life endurable to a civilized human being. I saw them, crusted with dirt, worn with incredible exertions, alive with crawling vermin, their uniforms already in tatters, and their broken shoes falling off their feet.

In Holland

I saw the people of an already crowded country wrestling valorously with the problem of striving to feed and house and care for the enormous numbers of penniless refugees who had come out of Belgium. I saw worn-out groups of peasants huddled on railroad platforms and along the railroad tracks, too weary to stir another step.

In England I saw still more of these refugees, bewildered, broken by misfortune, owning only what they wore upon their backs, speaking an alien tongue, strangers in a strange land. I saw, as I had seen in Holland, people of all classes giving of their time, their means, and their services to provide some temporary relief for these poor wanderers who were without a country. I saw the new recruits marching off, and I knew that for the children many of them were leaving behind there would be no Santa Claus unless the American people out of the fullness of their own abundance filled the Christmas stockings and stocked the Christmas larders.

CHAMPION TEA DRINKERS.

The British Are Far in the Lead as Statistics Show.

Statistics show that the English rank easily first among the tea drinking nations. From these we learn that if an Englishman, an American, a Russian, a German, an Austrian, a Frenchman and an Italian were to sit down together and order drinks, in a quantity that would show the relative consumption of these beverages by their respective nations, some would get enough for a bath, while others would obtain only a few mouthfuls. If the races sat down to tea the Englishman would find himself confronted with 1,800 cups, the American with 400, the Russian with 275, the German with 36, the Austrian with 20, the Frenchman with 18 and the Italian with only 1.

It would upset the Chancellor of the Exchequer's calculation if any large proportion of the British public were to follow the example of Mme. Antoinette Sterling, who foreswore tea for what must surely be the most curious reason on record. The famous ballad singer, according to the Dictionary of National Biography, "in childhood imbibed anti-British prejudices. Her patriotic sympathies were so stirred by the story of the destruction of the tea and cargoes in Boston Harbor that she resolved never to drink tea, and she kept this resolution all her life."

Old Moore's Almanac, November, 1914, has reason to plume itself upon a hit—a decided hit. A paragraph in that wonderful compendium of prophecies runs: "A gloom will be thrown over the whole of the British Isles by the announcement of an old and well beloved gallant soldier, one who for most of his strenuous life has served his king and country with devotion and noble self-sacrifice."

The children of the King of the Belgians write to their father regularly from London and he finds time to answer them. They are progressing well with their English studies and hope shortly to send him a letter in English.

"Well, papa, you won't have to complain of my getting any lower in the class after this." "I'm glad of that, Bobby, very glad." "Yes, it's stopped now, because to-day I got quite to the very bottom."

5%

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HOME

Inexpensive Meat Dishes.

Braising is an excellent way of cooking rather tough meats, as the long, slow, cooking softens the meat and yet all the nourishment is preserved in the gravy. A fowl that is tough should always be cooked in this way. Take a casserole just large enough to hold the fowl. Cover the bottom with slices of fat bacon, add thick slices of onion, carrots, and turnips, and put in the fowl. Cover the dish and let it cook on top of the stove for fifteen minutes. Then add a pint of hot water. Place in the oven. Let it simmer an hour or longer, according to the age and size of the fowl. Two hours will be needed for an old bird. Dish the bird. Put the vegetables around the dish, and pour over it a gravy made from the stock.

Kidneys, which may be bought for one, two, or three cents apiece, never more, make a cheap and delicious supper, luncheon, or breakfast dish either grilled or stewed. To stew the kidneys scald, skin, and cut them in halves, take out the small hard piece and rub in seasoned flour. Heat a little dripping in small casserole, put in the kidneys and fry them brown. Take them out and keep warm on a plate. Chop a small onion, fry in the casserole until brown, add a little flour and brown. Add a teaspoonful of sharp sauce and one of tomato sauce or catsup. Pour in slowly as much water as required, stirring to keep smooth. Return the kidneys to the pan and simmer for about an hour. Skim off any scum and flavor with sherry. Kidneys that are left over from a supper dish are very good hashed and served on toast for breakfast. They should be re-warmed with a brown gravy.

Grilled kidneys may be grilled in their own fat, or they may be scalded, skinned, and split and brushed with oil. They should be served on toast either well seasoned or with a devil sauce.

Veal and ham pie, a very popular and inexpensive English dish is made as follows. One pound veal cutlet, four ounces bacon or ham, two hard-boiled eggs, pastry, seasoned flour and mushrooms. Make a seasoned flour by mixing one tablespoon flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, add a little grated rind of a lemon and a pinch of cayenne. Cut the meat into medium pieces, rub in the flour, and put into a deep pie or baking dish. Peel the mushrooms and put them in the dish. Pour in enough water to three-quarters fill the dish and cover the top of the dish over with pie crust. Make a hole in the centre of the pastry. Put it into the oven and bake for an hour.

Selected Recipes.

Iced Chocolate. — Melt two squares of chocolate in a double boiler and add a cupful of granulated sugar and a cupful of water. Let this mixture cook until it forms a thick syrup. Remove from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and set away to chill in a pitcher. When ready to serve, half-fill a large mixing glass with chopped ice, add two tablespoonfuls of the chocolate syrup, fill up the glass with good, sweet milk, cover with a shaker and shake thoroughly, strain into glasses and put whipped cream on top of each. Do not mix more than a large glass of this at a time. It will make three small glasses. This method is much better than boiling the chocolate and milk and then chilling, which usually forms a sediment.

Simple Beverages.—To serve between games at a card party try iced coffee or chocolate. For the coffee, make enough of what is known as clear black after-dinner coffee to fill at least two wine or sherbet glasses for each guest. Sweeten this while it is hot and set aside to cool. Then pour it into a large bottle or pitcher and set in a pail or deep kettle, packing ice around it. When ready to serve pour into glasses three-quarters full and heap on top either sweetened and whipped cream or a tablespoon of ice cream.

Doughnuts.—Here is a recipe for one delicacy that may be served with the coffee. Scald a pint of milk and while it is still scalding hot pour it over a pint of flour. Beat until smooth and then add half a teaspoonful of salt and cool. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a cupful of sugar, a cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of almond or other flavoring and the beaten whites of four eggs. Add more flour if necessary to make a soft dough. Boil out and cut and fry gold brown. Drain on thick paper and roll in sugar.

Fruit Punch.—Steep four teaspoonfuls of good tea (orange Pekoe and English breakfast are said to be best) in a quart of boiling water. The water must be bubbling when poured over the tea, which is then set back on the stove to steep not more than four minutes. Strain into an earthen bowl containing four cups of sugar. Block sugar will dissolve without stirring. When quite cold pour into a punch bowl with three cups of orange juice and two cups of lemon juice, both strained, and four pint bottles each of ginger ale and apollinaris water. A large block of ice in the centre of the bowl, decorated with slices of orange quartered, candied cherries and slivers of pineapple, is better than cracked ice which weakens the punch. Adding unfermented grape juice to ordinary lemonade in the proportion of a large glassful of the juice to each quart of lemonade, makes a delicious drink.

Household Hints.

Corded ribbon for children's hair bows wears far better than smooth silk or satin.

Never buy very delicate collars if you wish something that will wash well and last.

A cheese fondue, with crusty rolls, coffee and fruit salad, makes a perfect luncheon.

Put a thimble on the curtain rod when slipping it through the casing of the curtain.

Remember that the appearance of the table linen depends largely on the silence cloth.

Grimy feathers can be given an alcohol bath, after which they are shaken until dry.

Put a pair of old gloves in the shoe box to keep the hands clean when polishing shoes.

Baking soda will sweeten milk vessels, clean brasses and is good for dish washing.

When the nails are brittle, apply vaseline or hold them in warm sweet oil every day.

When a vegetable has lost its firmness, soak it in very cold water until it is crisp and plump.

If boiling milk is poured on the beaten eggs when making baked custard it will bake them firm.

Mend the boys' trousers on the sewing machine and the patch will not pull out as if done by hand.

Shoes that are not in use should not be allowed to get dusty, as this eats into them and spoils the kid.

In order to insure lightness in a cake, it should be put into the oven as soon as the baking powder or other rising medium has been added.

In very cold weather when there is difficulty in keeping warm in bed where the windows are up, try putting a layer of newspapers between the mattress and the springs

Dampen the carpet, a small portion at a time, with a cloth wrung out in strongly salted water. Then rub dry with a clean duster. This will revive the color wonderfully.

To dry a woolen sweater so it will not lose its proportions, shape it while it is wet in clear, cold water. Then cover with towel. A vest should be hung on a coat hanger.

A few scraps of fat meat that have been saved will brighten up a dying kitchen fire. Then put on a few bits of charcoal, and when this is burning add the hard coal.

No, Alonza, it isn't the best man at a wedding who is roped in.



Winter-Time in the Trenches at Ypres—Soldiers Trying to Keep Warm

The soldiers in the trenches are already beginning to feel the blasts of winter and suffering the hardships due to the cold. The photo shows the trenches at Ypres, where the French and Belgians are bivouacked during a halt in the battle. The Belgians are seen huddled up in their new winter blankets, which have just been distributed to the men.

HOW THE Y.M.C.A. HELPS CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

Some Facts About the Military Field Service Department of the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada.

Six men representing the Canadian Young Men's Christian Associations accompanied the First Contingent overseas, and are now with them on Salisbury Plain. Mr. W. W. Lee went later, and makes the seventh man there.

The following correspondence will explain the excellent service being given:

From Mr. Harry Whiteman to Mr. Bishop, General Secretary of the National Council, Toronto:

H.M.T. "Scotian," Plymouth Harbor, England, October 15, 1914.

Dear Mr. Bishop:

After a voyage of fourteen days, this second and greatest Armada of British history has passed the rock-bound shores of the English Channel, and now lies anchored under the Plymouth fortifications.

I am with the 12th Battalion and the men of the A.M.C. Corps attached to No. 2 Stationary Hospital. The 12th Battalion I believe has the honor of being the most Dominion-wide aggregation of troops in the whole contingent. In its ranks are corps from P. E. Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and as far west as Kootenay, B.C. Our C.O. is Col. McLeod from N.B., a man thoroughly in sympathy with our work amongst the troops.

I found that the Association work at Valcartier had made the letters Y.M.C.A. an open sesame to the hearts of the men on board. From the outset they placed implicit trust in the Y.M.C.A. man. If a man wanted a sum of money sent home to a widowed mother every month, or a cable despatched on landing, or in the event of anything being lost, in every instance the Y.M.C.A. was made the clearing house by general consent. Thus was I made to realize in a very short time the responsibility of the work upon which I had entered, and the high standard set by the work of the Valcartier camp.

As soon as I was able to get my trunks and cases unpacked I distributed magazines and books amongst the men, also games of checkers and dominoes. Then with bulletin boards erected at each end of the ship daily records were posted of the programme of work under our auspices. Twice every day I was posted at a certain point on the deck for the purpose of distributing writing material. This was a great boon to the men, and I believe took them altogether by surprise. They could understand the Y.M.C.A. doing that kind of thing at the camp, but it was altogether past their calculations that the Association should follow them about the world to look after their needs.

The most gratifying and encouraging work of all has been the personal touch with the men. I cannot but feel after my experience with our soldier boys throughout the past eight weeks that this season of war will be one of blessing to many of them. They are ready to talk about the deeper things of life and their souls' salvation, and many are the quiet decisions for the Christian life that are being made during these days. Our song services are crowded to the doors, and my Sunday afternoon Bible Class saw a group of earnest and thoughtful men gathered together to study a course in "The Manhood of the Master."

We have been able to arrange some splendid concerts during the voyage, for we have abundance of talent in our Battalion. We have to run two meetings nightly, because no room on board is large enough to hold all our men, so we have one fore and one aft.

During the past 24 hours I have handled over 1,600 letters collected from the officers and men for mailing, and a number of cablegrams for despatch.

Throughout the voyage a fine programme of sports was carried through under our auspices, affording much interest and amusement to both officers and men.

The work has been full of interest and I thank God hourly that the honor and privilege has been accorded me to have a part in it.

Yours very sincerely,
(Sgd.) HARRY WHITEMAN.

Extract from a letter from a member of the 48th Highlanders, Salisbury Plains, England, to the teacher of his Sunday School Bible Class in Toronto:

"I wish the bunch could attend one of the Y.M.C.A meetings they hold here. Mr. Forgie is in charge, and they surely are the greatest you ever heard of. Imagine a large tent packed with soldiers in their different uniforms all singing as only a soldier away from home can sing, 'Home Sweet Home,' 'Annie Laurie,' 'Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold,' and then working up to 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' 'God Be with You Till We Meet Again,' 'Tell Mother I'll Be There,' with one of Mr. Forgie's talks in between. They are great stuff, and enjoyed by even the worst in camp."

Extracts from letter from Mr. Forgie to Frank Yeigh, Toronto, under date Nov. 14, 1914:

Dear Mr. Yeigh:—

I was delighted to receive your letter bearing the news that some of the good people of Bloor Street Church have made me their Y.M.C.A. representative among our Canadian men. The reception we receive from the men and the cordial support and appreciation of our work by folks at home makes this work one of the most gratifying one could possibly undertake, although the tremendous need and wonderful opportunities make us feel how inadequate our powers are to the great task we are called upon to perform. It makes us look to God to use us in answer to the great volume of prayer that ascends daily to Him for these men and for our work among them.

Our men are in four camps, viz., Bulford, West Down South, West Down North, and Pond Farm, all within a radius of seven or eight miles. The British National Council of Y.M.C.A. have established five centres in these camps at an expenditure of £5,000, and are doing great service for the men, supplying them with free stationery, writing tables, mailing facilities, etc., selling refreshments and many little requisites which it would be impossible for the men to get otherwise, as the nearest village is 7 miles and Salisbury is 10 miles from us here.

Our men have attached themselves to the men in charge of these centres and are co-operating with them in their work. In every case I believe they have been given charge of the nightly gospel services, concerts, etc. In addition our men are responsible for all the work outside the tent—looking up men in the lines, arranging for speakers and singers, organizing football and baseball leagues, etc.

I am the only Canadian representative at West Down South where the 2nd and 3rd Brigades are quartered, at least 12,000 men. One of the men in the — Battalion told me the other night that he did not know of one other Christian man in his battalion. If they were there he had been unable to discover them. Last night there was at least one other added when a man, formerly a bartender, told me that he had decided to become an out and out Christian. We try to make it easier for a man to do right and harder to do wrong. Many and many a fellow has told us that it would have been impossible to keep straight if they had not been able to come to our meetings, sing the good old hymns and hear the gospel message. We have service every night in each of our tents and are meeting with a fine response from those who attend, and the capacity of our meeting places is taxed to the limit, men standing for an hour or more through the service. One of our fine Toronto fellows with whom I first got into touch at Valcartier over the matter of profanity took a stand for the Christian life, and I know he means business.

I saw both of your men—Lieut. Sinclair and Gordon Allen. I introduced Sinclair to our man Pequegnat at Bustard, his nearest Association, and asked his co-operation in our work there. I will try to keep in touch with Allen who is in our lines here. This work of looking up men, of which we have a great deal to do, takes much times but gives us a good chance to get into touch with the individual

The King is reviewing the troops here to-day, which has taken all the men out of camp and has given me this chance to write a letter to you. I do hope the friends who have been so loyal in support of this work will not expect me to write too often, as the time must be robbed from other work to do so.

Give any friends my kindest regards and tell them I am doing my utmost to meet their expectations of good service among the men.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) WALLACE FORGIE.

A certain New England preacher delivered the same sermon to his congregation for three consecutive Sundays. At last one of his deacons approached him on the subject and suggested that a new sermon might be acceptable to the people. "And why," replied the minister, "should I preach a new sermon. I have seen no good results from the old one yet."

THE CATHEDRAL AT REIMS.

One of the Architectural Wonders of the World.

Nothing that has happened during the war has aroused more discussion than the partial destruction by German shells of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Reims. This most interesting, if not most beautiful, of all the great Gothic churches of France is one of the architectural wonders of the world. To Frenchmen it was far more, for they think of it as perhaps the most precious of their historical monuments. It appears that the walls and towers have not been destroyed, although much of the statuary and carving that ornamented them has been broken and chipped. The beautiful woodwork of the interior is consumed by the fire, and most, although not all, of the stained glass is ruined. Restoration at very great cost will be possible, although much is gone that cannot be replaced.

Reims is a very ancient town. Before the Romans came to France, it was the chief seat of the tribe of the Remi, whence its name. There was a bishop in Reims within three hundred years of the crucifixion of Christ. The Vandals and the Huns both spoiled the town, and when Clovis conquered Gaul, he was baptized at Reims. For centuries the kings of France were crowned there and consecrated with oil from the sacred vial that tradition said was sent down from Heaven for the baptism of Clovis.

The Cathedral, where that ceremony used to take place, was built in the thirteenth century. The most striking feature of its exterior is the facade; there are three entrance portals deeply recessed and exquisite in proportion, and these portals contained between five and six hundred statues of saints, angels and symbolic figures. There were also very interesting groups of sculptured figures that represented scenes from the life of the Virgin, the conversion of Saint Paul, and the Last Judgment. Many of the statues had been somewhat defaced by time, but most were intact, and they were perhaps the most interesting examples of mediaeval sculpture the world possesses. Above this remarkable throng of figures of stone was a great stone window, nearly forty feet across, and filled with superb stained glass. Higher still was a row of forty-two colossal statues in niches, representing the baptism of Clovis, and the kings of France. Above all soared the lofty towers. The towers were originally crowned with spires, but fire destroyed them in 1481. The north portal, which was also decorated with statues, is only less beautiful than the western facade. The graceful flying butresses were each crowned with a niche in which a statue stood. No other church in the world was so lavishly and, on the whole, so effectively decorated with sculpture.

The interior is less ornate, but it contained over one hundred statues. The nave is 125 feet in height, and hardly inferior in majesty to any of the other great cathedrals of northern France. It is an old saying that the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portal of Reims and the towers of Chartres would together make the loveliest church in the world. The glass in the great windows of nave and transept at Reims was one of its greatest charms. Almost all of it was made at the time when such work was most beautiful.

There was a wonderful collection of tapestries in the cathedral. Fortunately, if the despatches are correct, those were removed to a place of safety as soon as war was declared. Whether the pictures by Titian, Tintoretto, Zucchero and Poussin were saved does not yet appear.

In front of the cathedral stands a statute of Joan of Arc, for it was to Reims, after her victories over the English, that Joan brought her unworthy king, Charles VII., to be crowned.

Delayed "Last Moments."

In the Battle of Friedland, on June 14, 1807, there was a young lieutenant in Napoleon's army named Schramm. When the victorious general was riding over the battle field that evening, he came upon the eighteen-year old officer lying on the ground mortally wounded, and weeping bitterly.

"Why do you weep?" asked Napoleon, as he rode by.

"Because I must die before I can become a captain," the youth complained.

The words of the dying lieutenant softened the emperor's heart. "My son, I shall gladly fulfill your wish," he said. "I hereby advance you to the rank of captain."

The unexpected promotion actually saved the boy's life; he recovered. Later on he fought most valiantly for the cause of Napoleon, and by the time of the battle of Waterloo he had already become a general. He outlived his "last moments" on the field of Friedland by more than seventy years.

An old Scotch woman was endeavoring to sell a hen to a neighbor. "And are you sure," said the neighbor, "that the bird has not one defect?" "Weel," said its owner. "Ah'll no say it hasna' one defect. It will lay a bit egg on the Lord's day."

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1915.

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.

Sir G. H. Perley, K.C.M.G.

Argenteuil must indeed be proud to think that its honored member has been knighted by the King How little the people thought when first Sir George entered this County in his quiet, unostentatious manner, that he would bring such prominence to us by his representation.

It was not long after his advent to the House, however, that his keen foresight, sound judgment, and executive ability were evidenced, and he was called upon to at one time act as Premier and in addition to taking the Prime Minister's place he directed five of the chief departments at Ottawa. The Hon. Sir George has been in his leader's confidence for the past number of years and Sir Robert Borden attaches much importance to his judgment. That this selection to succeed Lord Strathcona was a good choice is perhaps best proven by Sir Robert Borden's own testimony at the Canadian Club when he attested the value of Mr. Perley's services as acting High Commissioner.

Since the war broke out Sir George has been one of the busiest men in the Empire. He personally attends to all the official communications and affairs, which by the hundred have come back and forth between Ottawa and London since the war started.

The Watchman and its readers tender congratulations to our honored Member, and these are no idle words, for Liberals as well as Conservatives have come to recognize our representative as one well deserving of the honor.

CALUMET SCHOOL No. 7.

Christmas Examinations.

Grade IV. Max. 1400,—Rowena Welden 1194, Leola Fulton 1149, Rhoda Dennis 1049, Clarence Murray 989, H. Whinfield 977, Isabel Carson 875, *Scott McKenzie, *Lillian Matheson, *B. Racine.

Grade III. Max. 1300,—Robt. Whinfield 1159, Irene Whinfield 1007, Orley McIntyre 1000, Darwin Higginson 756, *V. Foreman 443, *Alec Mathieson 400, *C. McKenzie.

Grade II. Max. 1000,—Rosemary Higginson 833, Tom Farrara 818.

Grade II. JR. Max. 800,—Greta Agnes Fulton 768, Alvin Comba 756, Vernon Morrow 740, Willie Mathieson 714, *C. Foreman 594, Robena Larocque *345.

Primer II. Max. 700,—Hazel Robinson 629, Reta Murray 617, Orton Welden 576, *Anna Farrara 410, *Leonard Bradley, *B. Gauthier, *Elmer McKenzie.

Primer I.—Janet Whinfield, V. Dennis, Harold Comba, Hazel Larocque, Harry Brigden, Herman Larocque.

Primer I. (A.) Bessie Foreman, Lillie Purdy, Lillie McKenzie, Ora McKenzie, Carl Purdy.

Primer I. (B) Ruth Hamilton, Alice Whinfield, Lila McKenzie, Charley White Edna Foreman, Eunice Farrara, Ruth Larocque, Harry Dennis, Rollay McIntosh, Willie Brigden *Indicates being absent from exams, or part of the exams.

NELLIE C. BERRY,
Teacher.

LOUISA

Mr. R. Creswell and his sister, Miss Annie spent Wednesday in Lachute.

Mr. Jos. Creswell, visited friends in St. Philippe recently.

Miss A. Creswell, is visiting her sister Mrs. W. Morrison, at Lachute.

McFaul and McGibbon Bros. are now drawing logs in large numbers for their mills at Lachute.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
Municipality of the County of Argenteuil.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by Gavin J. Walker, Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil that the lots and part of lots hereinafter mentioned will be sold by Public Auction in the Court House Building, in the Town of Lachute, in the said County of Argenteuil, on Wednesday, the third day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for assessments and charges due to the municipalities hereinafter mentioned, upon the several lots or part of lots hereinafter described unless the same be paid to me with costs before day of sale.

In the Municipality of the Township of Grenville and Augmentation.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Lot or part thereof No. on cadastre	Municipal Tax	School Tax	Costs	Total
Estate Jos. Neagle	Non-Resident	1	Lot No. 4c Grenville		3 00		3 00
Peter Moore	" "	7	Lot No 12b "	1 05	1 50	25	2 80

In the Municipality of the Township of Harrington.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Lot or Part thereof No. on Cadastre	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Costs	Total Am't
Richard Burns	Non-Resident	9	South half of lot 5 and North half of lot 6	$20 88		32	$21 20
Jefferson Sheffield or representatives	Non-Resident	4	South ½ of North ½ Lot 19	9 17		50	9 67
Jas. Weldon and George Hartley	Non-Resident	8	South part of lot 13 100 acres	26 67		1 00	27 67

In the Municipality of the Village of Grenville.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Cadastral No.	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Total Amount
William Cook	Non-Resident		Lot No. 33	10 98		$10 98
The Martin Heirs	"		Lot No. 32	3 78		3 78

In the Municipality of the Township of Wentworth.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Cadastral No.	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Am't Total
Eugene Demurrey	Non-Resident	4	Lot No. 22a	$38 28	9 00	$47 28
Wm. McDonald	"	6	North half lot No. 26	9 30	5 06	14 36
Daniel McRae	"	6	South half of lot No. 26	3 35		3 35
Estate C. E. Leclere, Notary	"	8	Lot No. 22a,			
"	"	9	Lot No. 21 b. 22 a, and a point of land in Black Lake, forming part of lot 21 in the 10th range containing three arpents more or less, bounded on one side by a road and on the other three sides by the said Black Lake.	47 47	14 85	62 32
Estate late Pierre Forgette	"	11	Subdivisions Nos. 26, 27, 5, 22, 23, 24 of lot No. 6.	27 78	63 10	90 88
Jos. Lafantaisie	"		That part of subdivision No. 12 of lot No. 6 in the 11th range bounded in front by the public road, in rear by the said lot No. 6, and on one side by subdivision No. 13 of said lot No. 6, and on the other side by a part of said subdivision No. 12 belonging to C. R. Clement.	7 50	15 31	22 81

In the Municipality of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil.

Name of Owner or Occupant.	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Cadastral No.	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Total Am't
Phileas Alarie	Non-Resident		Lot No. 1889	32 75		32 75
Fredrick Belanger	"		Lots 1870, 1871, 1872	4 50		4 50

That part of cadastral Lot No. 1412, bounded on front to the West partly by the public road and partly by a projected road to be opened in a line parallel with the East line of said lot, on one side to the North by a part of the said lot belonging to Peter C. Demers, on the other side to the South by that part of the same lot belonging to Cleophas Dumoulin, containing in superficies five acres, with buildings thereon, Proprietor, Joseph Dumoulin, non-resident. Amount due Municipal Tax $10 07

In the Municipality of the Township of Gore.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Cadastral No.	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Cost	Total Am't
Stanislas Laurin	Non-Resident	2	South half 13 b and 14 a	44	1 36	25	2 05
Jos. Leister	Resident	1	Lot No. 9 a	1 70	5 00	1 25	7 95
Henry Carruthers	"	2	Lot No. 1 a and 1 b	6 07	21 36	1 25	28 69
Norman Woods	"	1	Lot No. 2 b	5 47	18 25	1 25	24 97
"	"	2	Lot No. 2 b				
La Comp. d'Immeubles Richelieu	Non-Resident	6	Lot No. 5 b, 6 a	1 80	6 80	25	8 85
John Bows	Resident	3	Lot No. 7 a	3 74	11 00	1 25	15 99

In the Municipality of the Township of Chatham.

1st. That part of cadastral lot No. 755, bounded as follows: North by By-road between 7th and 8th Ranges of Chatham, East by By-road No. 30 South, South and West by remaining portion of said lot No. 755. containing about one half acre more or less, Proprietor, John Jackson, resident.

Amount due for Municipal Tax	$19 04
Costs	$4 80
Total	$23 84

2nd. Cadastral Lots Nos. 455 and 456, and that portion of the East part of cadastral lot No. 454, bounded on the North by said lots 455 and 456, East by East Line of Block "C" 2nd Range, South by First Range Block "C" West by By-road No. 11, Proprietor, Octave Bonhomme, Non-resident.

Amount due for Municipal Taxes	$2 82
Costs	56
Total	$3 38

Lachute, Jan. 4th, 1915

GAVIN J. WALKER,
Sec.-Treas. of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil.

Desjardins' Footwear.

What could be nicer for a Christmas Gift than a Pr tty Pair of Good Warm Slippers?
We have now in stock a full line of them that will make a Serviceable Holiday Gift!

A fine assortment also of the Best Winter Footwear.

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.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Branch at Lachute, - - J. R. McOUAT, Manager.
Sub-Agency at Brownsburg, J. R. THOMPSON, Sub-Agent.

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!

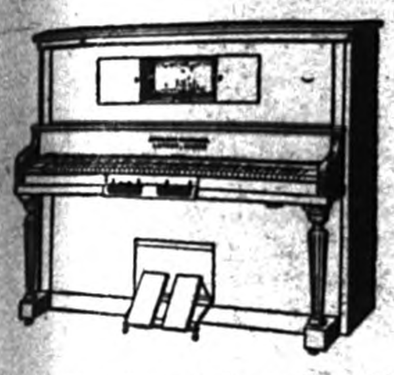
That is the kind of Suits we turn out, together with the added distinction of

QUALITY.

Suits pressed and cleaned. Try us and we will give you satisfaction.

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

Special Sale of PIANOS and ORGANS



When investing your money in a Piano, get the best value

FOR YOUR MONEY.

The New Scale Williams
The Sweet Toned Ennis
The Sherlock Mannering

Each have a beautifully even scale, equalled only by the words, "Most Famous."

The latest Model double repeating action is used in each, making it possible to play the most rapid and difficult music with delightful ease and effect.

The tone is perhaps the crowning. Clear, Limpid, Sympathetic and Musical, unequalled for voice accompaniment.

It will pay you to inspect these beautiful Pianos before purchasing.

Fully guaranteed for Ten Years.

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 achute, at Dorique'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
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ROBERT TODD,
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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.



SALE OF SLEIGHS.

All our large stock of SLEIGHS of all kinds MUST GO at almost any price.
First buyers get first CHANCE.
Clearing Sale all this month.

"A Happy New Year to You All."

R. J. Latimer & Co.
445 St. James St.
MONTREAL - P.Q.



BROWNSBURG

—:o:—

Miss C. D. Bellaire has returned home after spending a pleasant holiday with friends in New York City.

A very enjoyable time was spent in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, Brownsburg, on the last evening of the old year (1914), by the children of the Church of England Sunday School and their friends.

The superintendent, Mr. F. Aylward, and his good wife had very generously offered to provide a free supper for the children; others volunteered to assist them in this, and, as for the feast which resulted, it is best described by the statement that it thoroughly satisfied the youthful epicures. It was next the children's turn to give their parents and friends a treat, and this they did in the form of a good entertainment consisting of songs, recitations and dialogues.

The Sunday School pupils, of their own free will, instead of demanding their usual prizes and presents, gave the cash value of the same for the relief of the destitute Belgians. This sum, augmented by contributions from the adults present at the entertainment amounted to over fourteen dollars. Besides this generous offering, the Brownsburg Anglican Sunday School gave, during the year, for Missionary work $15.32, and for the work of the Sunday School Commission $6.67, having raised for all purposes during 1914, the goodly sum of $63.27.

ST. CANUTE

—o—

On December 29th last the St Canute Methodist S.S. held its usual Christmas Tree and Entertainment, and in spite of bad weather and various disappointments those who attended had a very enjoyable evening. The church was very tastefully decorated with paper chains and green branches. While everywhere flags and pennants showed the spirit of the people at the present time. The programme was particularly appropriate, consisting of songs, drills, dialogues, recitations, etc. of either a Christmas or a Patriotic character. The dialogues, "Trials of Christmas Shopping" and "No Christmas in the House" were much appreciated. The song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" sung in costume was encored by a verse of the "Marsellaise" in French. A couple of motion songs by the little girls were loudly applauded, and a flag drill bringing in various countries, both at war and at peace was well carried through by the little people, while a wee chap dressed as an Indian fairly brought down the house. After the programme, Mrs. A A. Boa, the Associate Superintendent, was presented with a brooch on behalf of the teachers and officers of the school in appreciation of her work during the year. Old Santa distributed the gifts from a heavily laden tree, and the evening's entertainment closed with the crowd singing "God Save the King."

The sum of seven dollars was collected at the door for the Patriotic Fund.

STAYNERVILLE.

—:o:—

Mrs. Divine was the guest of Mrs. Nicholls on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McKenzie and Miss Lena were in Cushing on Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Nicholls of Macdonald College, is spending her holidays with her parents here.

Mr. J. Stewart and Miss Nellie, of Mount Maple, were the guests of Mr. John Stewart on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gauley and Miss Thelma, of Calgary, Alta., spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart.

The Misses Mabel and Mary Steele spent New Year's Day with their mother Mrs. A. Steele accompanied by Mrs. D. McPhail and the Misses Ruby and Muriel.

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.

WANTED.

A reliable man to sell HARDY CANADIAN GROWN STOCK in Lachute and Argenteuil County

Start now at the best selling season.

Send for list of Spring Offerings, and terms to agents.

Liberal Commissions. Handsome free outfit.

STONE & WELINGTON,
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HIS HEALTH IN A TERRIBLE STATE

"Fruit-a-tives" Healed His Kidneys and Cured Him

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., Aug. 26th, 1913.

"About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My Kidneys were not doing their work and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen "Fruit-a-tives" advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect, I found more than satisfactory.

Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected.

My Kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes, and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am enjoying the best health I have ever had".

B. A. KELLY

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Kidney Remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and skin as well as on the kidneys, and thereby soothes and cures any Kidney soreness.

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

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

—:o:—

Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonne } No. 343

DAME MALVINA RODRIGUE,
Plaintiff.
vs.
FÉLIX LANDRY,
Defendant.

—:o:—

An action in seperation from bed and board has been instituted in this cause on the 29th of December 1914 and the defendant is ordered to appear within one month.

Ste.-Scholastique, 4th January 1915.

GRIGNON & FORTIER,
Protonotaire.
F. DE S. A. BASTIEN,
1-29. Attorney for Plaintiff.

A SESSION of the Court of Queen's Bench, holding Criminal Jurisdiction in and for the District of Terrebonne, will be held at Ste. Scholastique, district aforesaid, on Wednesday the thirteenth day of January, 1915 at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence I give notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the common goal of the said district and all others, that they must present then and there. And I also notice to all the Justices of the Peace, Coroners and peace officers in and for the said district, that they must present with their records, Rolls, Indictments and other documents in order to do the things which belong to them in their respective capacities.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriffs.

Sheriff's office,
Ste. Scholastiqe, Dec. 14 1914.

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 $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

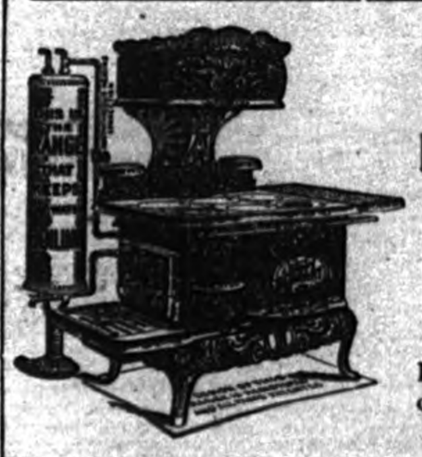
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Total Deposits Nov. 30, 1903	13,926,867
Total Deposits Nov. 30, 1913	40,807,499

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"Prospero!" said Mr. St. Just.

"Signor!" responded his Italian valet, a tall and swarthy giant, who spoke our language with an ease and fluency to which a slight foreign accent only lent piquancy.

"Have any cards or messages come in since I rode out this morning?"

"Three cards, signor; a note, and a parcel," answered the man.

"Bring 'em in," said Mr. St. Just, luxuriously flinging himself on a low satin sofa where the cool ocean breeze fluttered in between the green jalousie blinds, stealing sweets from a tall vase of lilies as it came. "And I say, Prospero—"

"Yes, signor!"

"Who is that pretty girl that drives with Miss Calderon, the Spanish heiress? The girl with the brown eyes, and the black dress? You ought to know—you know everybody."

Prospero lifted his shaggy eyebrows.

"It is Miss Ford, signor. At least Blanchard, Miss Calderon's man, tells me."

"Who is Miss Ford?"

"Miss Ford is the heiress's companion, signor."

"She's an uncommonly pretty girl, any way," said St. Just, reflectively. "I say, Prospero—"

"Yes, signor."

"I wonder how I could scrape an acquaintance with her?"

Prospero smiled a little.

"It is very simple, signor. Miss Ford walks every morning on the beach at seven o'clock. Blanchard says Miss Calderon will not let her out of her sight any later than that, she is so afraid of Miss Ford's not earning her wages. They keep her sewing, reading, embroidering without end, signor."

"What a shame!" cried St. Just, hotly.

Prospero nodded.

"Si, signor, and Mr. Blanchard often says that, were he not engaged to a young person in London, he should be tempted to elope with Miss Ford, to rescue her from a fate of drudgery so pitiable!"

"Very thoughtful of Mr. Blanchard, I'm sure," said St. Just, ironically. "But I don't know about your plan being so simple, Prospero. You Italians manage matters altogether differently from us northeners. Do you expect me to walk up to her, with a flourish and a bow, and say, 'Miss, I desire to make your acquaintance?'"

Prospero smiled and showed his white teeth again.

"The signor does not approve of hackneyed means of accomplishing his desire," said he, "but what would the signor say to a page out of the leaves of romance? It is natural, is it not? The ladies love romance!"

"What do you mean, Prospero?"

The Italian knit his brows, flung the cape of his coat across his chin and shoulder, and assumed a most diabolical and bigand-like expression of face.

"It shall be thus, signor," he said. "The bella signorina makes to promenade on the sands in the quiet of the early morning. I am a brute—a ruffian! Behold me! I demand of the signorina that she gives to me money. I am an impecunious beggar! Then signorina screams—ladies are always quick to scream. You rush from the little summer-house, where you chance to be lazily smoking your cigar—you rescue the fair one—I retreat, cowed. See, signor, the business is done."

And once more Prospero straightened himself into a respectful member of society, and looked at his master, expectant of approval.

"Not a bad idea, Prospero," said Mr. St. Just, interweaving his fingers at the back of his head. "The question is whether it will work?"

"Try it, signor."

"Very well," said St. Just, after a moment's or two of reflection. "Be on hand to-morrow morning, then."

"To-morrow morning, signor, at a little before seven."

"Seven's a bore, getting up at such an unheard-of hour in the morning," sighed St. Just, "but if it is quite inevitable—"

"It is the only hour when the beautiful signorina walks alone by herself," urged Prospero.

And at a quarter before seven the next morning Mr. St. Just announced himself in a little summer-house—one of the numerous erections built along the edge of the cliff, from whence a fine view of the ocean was to be obtained—while Prospero sallied forth into a sort of ambuscade, behind a pile of timber left on the beach for the building of some recently projected fence or inclosure. And Leslie Ford, walking along in blissful unconsciousness, her sweet face turned toward the glorious east, the roses of health and youth blooming beneath the brim of her white muslin hat, and a bunch of wild flowers in her hand, fell, quite unaware, into the trap.

"A penny, lady! Give me a penny!"

Miss Ford started back, as Prospero Maxilini stepped suddenly out from behind the pile of plank and pickets. He was not a very prepossessing-looking object, but Leslie stood her ground valiantly, as she drew out two or three coppers from her pocket and held them toward him. He looked contemptuously at them, making no move to pick them up.

"It is not enough," he said, insolently. "Give me more!"

"I have no more," she said with spirit, as she turned away.

"Your locket, then! Or the little rings which hang from your ears!" he persisted, laying his hand boldly on her arm.

In spite of her efforts at self-control, Leslie could not help uttering a slight scream as Maxilini's hand fell on her wrist. In an instant the Italian's rude grasp was flung aside with a good deal of earnest in the action, too—and Edmund St. Just stood by her side. Prospero took to his heels at once—it was not his cue to obtrude his presence any longer on the scene of action—and Leslie could scarcely find words to stammer out her thanks to the man whom she believed to be her rescuer.

"Pray do not mention it," said St. Just, lifting his hat. "Is it not the duty of every true cavalier to rush to the aid and succor of ladies in distress? I hope the ruffian did not seriously frighten you?"

"A little," said Leslie, trying to smile, although the varying color in her cheek beckoned that her pulses had not yet resumed their natural current. "It was very silly of me to be alarmed; pray do not let me detain you!"

But Mr. St. Just still walked by her side.

"Pardon me," said he, with gentle firmness. "The villain may be lurking hereabouts yet—I only wish I had thought to give him in charge of the police—and I had better accompany you to your residence. I am not mistaken, am I, in recognizing Miss Calderon's friend?"

Leslie colored deeply.

"Miss Calderon's companion," said she.

St. Just, however, did not recognize the correction.

"It is but a short distance," persisted he, "and if you refuse me the pleasure of escorting you, I shall think that you are seriously offended at the liberty I took in interfering."

"Oh, not that!" cried Leslie, breathlessly. "What should I have done without you? Oh, I can not find words to tell you how very, very much I am obliged to you!"

"In that case," said Mr. St. Just, rapidly taking advantage of the situation, "you will grant me the favor of seeing you safe home."

"But I really think there is no danger of my being molested again," hesitated Leslie.

"Nor I—but I shall feel more satisfied and secure when I have once seen you at Miss Calderon's gate," persisted St. Just. And Leslie fancied it would be both thankless and ungracious were she to refuse her deliverer so slight a favor as this.

The walk home along the bluff was delightful. The sky was undappled by a single cloud—the salt breeze blew fresh from the Atlantic, and the morning sunshine had not yet acquired the saltiness of the July day. Moreover, for the moment Leslie Ford had forgotten that she was only Miss Corona Calderon's salaried drudge, and remembered nothing but her youth, bloom, and happiness. St. Just's manner toward her was as deferentially courteous as if she were a princess, and the grandeur of sea and sky, and slowly mounting day shut out all petty, sordid considerations.

Even the forlornest prisoner in the deepest dungeon has, once in a decade, a peep of daylight and sunshine; and Leslie Ford's little reprieve had come at last.

"Oh, how lovely it is!" she involuntarily exclaimed, looking around her, and wondering what made her heart beat so lightly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

But the briefest happiness is sometimes dearly purchased. And it chanced that Miss Tribulation Jackson had bethought herself to rise earlier than usual upon this particular morning. In general she was not in a hurry to leave her pillow, but the night had been sultry, and she had slept ill, so that she had made a deviation from her usual habit. She was sitting behind the blinds, combing out the sausage-like little curls of her false front, with her bald head tied up like a red silk pocket-handkerchief, when, accidentally chancing to look up, she saw the two figures slowly advancing over the sands, a little above the cottage grounds.

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Tribulation, squinting her two eyes into little Chinese slits, under the combined glare of the brilliant horizon above and the glistening surface of the ocean, across which the sunshine lay like a ribbon of molten gold, "if there ain't our Leslie with a feller! No, 'tain't, neither! Yes, it is, too! I wonder to goodness gracious who it is!"

Aunt Tribulation tried her spectacles, but to no avail; then she went downstairs and got Corona's opera-glass, with equal lack of success.

"Ain't no better than nothin' at all," said Aunt Tribulation, as she laid down the little mother-of-pearl-mounted toy, with a contemptuous sniff. "Croney's eyes is better than mine; I'll ask Croney."

Miss Calderon was not particularly well pleased to be roused from her slumbers by the odd little apparition in a blue flannel dressing-gown and head swathed in a red silk handkerchief.

"Croney!" said Aunt Tribulation, in a mysterious whisper; "wake up, Croney."

"What is it?" demanded Corona, snappishly; as she rubbed her eyes. "Why can't you let me sleep in peace, Aunt Trib?"

"Hush—sh—sh!" whispered Miss Jackson. "I've got something to tell you, Croney dear."

"It'll keep, I guess," said Corona, turning her face away, and nestling down once more into her pillows.

"No, it won't, neither," said Aunt Tribulation, coaxingly. "Jump up, Croney, there's a darling! Just look out o' winder there! Who's that a-walkin' on the beach with our Leslie?"

"With Leslie Ford?"

Corona was wide awake enough now, as she sprang out of bed, and, flinging on a light Shetland shawl over her shoulders, rushed to the casement.

"It is Leslie!" said she, after a minute's keen scrutiny. "And Edmund St. Just 's with her!"

"Land's sake alive!" ejaculated Aunt Tribulation, dropping the red silk handkerchief off from her head in her confusion and surprise. "Ain't you mistook, Croney? I heerd you say, only yesterday, as you hadn't introduced her to Mr. St. Just, and wasn't a-goin' to!"

"I am not mistaken," said Corona, with an ominous cloud under her brow, and her teeth set close together. "Ring the bell for my maid, Aunt Trib; I must dress as quick as possible."

At the farm-house in the New Jersey marshes the black-eyed girl had not only been able, with the greatest facility, to dress herself, but had also assisted in the daily task of dressing three or four of the farmer's little children; but now she found it entirely impossible to button her own boots, or brush out her own long black hair.

The maid, presently entering, found her young lady in anything but a good humor; and Corona was only half dressed when Leslie Ford's gentle tap sounded at the door.

"May I come in, Corona?"

"Yes" (very curtly).

"I have brought you some of those lovely Harrison roses for your hair," said Leslie, setting a china vase on the toilet-table. "See what an exquisite golden yellow they are!"

"I dare say," said Corona, coarsely looking at them. "I don't doubt it also took an you all the morning to pick half a dozen yellow roses."

"But I have not been all the morning about it," said Leslie, laughing. "I have been walking on the beach and I have had quite an adventure."

"Indeed!" said Corona, scornfully. "Marie, if you jerk my hair in that way again, I'll discharge you. It's quite wonderful," to Leslie, "what a variety of adventures some people have."

"What do you mean, Corona?" said Leslie, laying down the roses she was trying up into a basin, empty, and looking at the dark-browed woman in surprise.

"You know what I mean, Leslie Ford," returned Corona, coarsely, "that it is no use your trying to fool me! I saw you sauntering along the sands with Edmund St. Just, as coolly as possible. There!"

"Corona!" exclaimed Leslie, pale and shrinking, as the opprobious epithet rained down on her ears.

But Corona, twisting her hair out of Marie's astonished hands, rose up and advanced toward Leslie, with crimsoned cheeks, and quick, indignant breathing.

"I know you were sly and intriguing," she hissed out, "but I must confess I did not expect you would throw yourself directly in Edmund St. Just's way, and seek his acquaintance, when I had deliberately abstained from introducing you to him."

"I did not throw myself in his way!" cried out poor Leslie, in an agony of shame and mortification. "I did not seek his acquaintance!"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am a liar?" shrieked Corona, who was rapidly losing command of the little stock of temper with which Nature had originally gifted her.

"Will you let me tell you how it happened?" said Leslie, with dignity.

"No, I won't," said Corona, furiously. "I don't want to hear how it happened; I know well enough. You're jealous because he admires me, and you've thrust yourself upon him when you knew that I was in bed and asleep, you pert, scheming minx! So this is the meaning of your morning walks, is it, before any one is up? Why, you'll be the common talk of the Branch, at this rate. Do you suppose I am going to allow my house to be contaminated with the presence of such as you?"

"Croney! Croney!" interposed Aunt Tribulation, frightened out of her senses by the frantic rage of her niece, "don't talk that-a-way. Leslie ain't done no harm."

"Will you be silent and mind your own business?" snarled Corona, turning around upon her aunt with such violence that poor Aunt Tribulation fairly jumped. "As for you, Leslie Ford, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I have to say, Corona Calderon, that I have deserved no one word of this tirade of yours," Leslie answered, haughtily, "nor will I endure to be thus unjustly accused. If you will allow me to explain to you—"

"I want none of your explanations," shrilly interrupted Miss Calderon. "I know what they all amount to. Actions speak louder than words! And I've put up long enough with your airs and graces and sly, underhand tricks. There's your wages"—pulling a bill from a crumpled heap in the table drawer, and flinging it toward Leslie as one would fling a bone to a dog—"take it, and clear out; and don't ever let me see your hateful, smirking face again!"

With throbbing heart and cheeks deep dyed with scarlet at these harsh and utterly undeserved taunts and accusations, Leslie Ford turned silently away and left the room, not even stopping to pick up the honestly earned money which Corona Calderon had freighted with insult and contumely. But Aunt Tribulation, catching the bill, ran after her.

"Leslie! Leslie!" cried she, "here's your money! Better take it. Croney's in just one of her tantrums, and I'm dratted sorry I ever waked her up!"

For honest Aunt Tribulation felt like a spy and an informer—and, to do her justice, had she foreseen the end of the matter, would never have called her niece to witness the unconscious pair walking upon the esplanade in the brilliant morning sunshine.

"No," said Leslie, in a stifled voice; "I will not touch it. I would rather starve than take her money, after—after—after what she said to me."

"Then take mine, won't you?" said Aunt Tribulation, fumbling in the depths of the flannel dressing-gown pockets for her portemonnaie. "It's nineteen dollars and a half, the way I make it out—and it was a twenty that Croney threw down. Better take it, Leslie. A young lady without no money in a strange place don't stand much of a chance—and, after all, you know, it's your own, honestly earned. And look here, Leslie," in a low, coaxing voice, "don't you go off half-cocked. Croney'll get over her temper time-by, and then may be she'll be sorry she cut up such a didoo. Law! I don't mind Croney's tantrums!"

"Do you suppose I would remain in her service one minute after the epithets she has applied to me?" said Leslie, the deep color in her cheeks beginning to be followed by a pallor as intense as that of death itself. "No, Miss Jackson, it would be quite impossible. But I thank you for your kindness all the same—and from your hands I will accept the money that I feel rightfully belongs to me."

"But, Leslie," called Miss Tribulation, scratching her bald head, and twitching the muscles of her face in unconscious sympathy, "where are you going to?"

"I don't know."

"And what are you going to do?"

"That I can not tell, either," said Leslie, smiling faintly.

"Better stay here, quiet and peaceable, until Croney gets back her senses again," said Miss Jackson. "Because—"

"Put the girl out-of-doors!" cried out Corona's voice at this moment, from the half-open door of her sleeping apartment. "What is she hanging around here for, after she is dismissed? Must I send for an officer?"

"It is quite unnecessary, Miss Calderon," said Leslie. "I am going at once!"

(To be continued.)

No Danger.

An old woman was greatly frightened when the train thundered into the long tunnel.

"Do you think," she asked the conductor, "that the tunnel is perfectly safe?"

"Don't be afraid, madam," replied the waggish official. "Our company got you in this hole, and we're bound to see you through."

The Social Instinct.

"How do you like your new home?" a friend asked a man who had recently moved into the village.

"Pretty well."

"Have you called on your neighbors yet?"

"No," the newcomer admitted. 'I haven't. But I'm going to if any more of my wood is missing."

Not the Word Expected.

"Bobby, which will you have, pie or pudding?"

"Pie."

"Pie, what?" said his father, sharply.

"Pie first," answered Bobby, without turning a hair.

VON BUELOW GOES TO ITALY.

Former German Chancellor Well Liked at Court of King Victor.

The appointment of Prince Bernhard von Buelow, formerly Chancellor of the German Empire, as Ambassador to Italy, is a brilliant diplomatic stroke by the Kaiser. It can be accepted as almost certainly assuring the neutrality of Italy in the war.

Prince von Buelow first went to Rome in 1874 as a young attache fresh from service in the Franco-Prussian War, in which he had distinguished himself. His father was the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Bismarck's Cabinet. The son's diplomatic ability was soon recognized and he was made the Secretary of Legation at Rome. But at



Prince Von Buelow.

the Puritanical Berlin court his chances for a brilliant career were thought to be entirely ruined when he fell in love—and publicly avowed it—with the young wife of Count Doenhuff of Rome, a beautiful woman, hardly out of her teens, born Princess Maria Camporeale, married off by her family to a man old enough to be her grandfather. Her stepfather was the former Prime Minister of Italy, Minghetti, one of the greatest statesmen of his country.

Prince von Buelow and Countess Doenhoff left Rome together without the least attempt at secrecy, which forced Count Doenhoff to divorce his wife, whereupon Buelow immediately married her. His father made a strenuous fight for him, and the old Kaiser, William I., who had wanted as a young man to give up the throne to make a marriage for love himself, became Buelow's champion.

Popular in Italy.

After service as Diplomatic Secretary in St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Paris, he returned to Rome in 1893 as German Ambassador. The Italians never gave any foreign diplomat a more cordial welcome. He became one of them, and on account of Princess von Buelow's influential political connections at court he had a powerful voice in directing affairs at Rome in Germany's favor. He left Rome in 1897 to become Chancellor in Berlin, but upon his retirement from office in 1900 he and Princess von Buelow went immediately back to Rome to live.

They bought the Villa Malta, not far from Queen Margherita's palace, which formerly belonged to King Ludwig of Bavaria and which is famous for its hundreds of rose bushes.

Prince and Princess von Buelow are a very united couple, singing and playing together every day, as both are extremely musical. One is seldom seen without the other. In Berlin this unusual devotion quite won over the Kaiser and Kaiserin to forgive the beginning of the romance, the first marriage of the Princess being in reality the greater sin, in which she was the innocent victim.

Valuable Mother-in-Law.

Her mother, Mme. Minghetti, the widow of the former Italian statesman, is still alive and very active in politics even at her advanced age. Her salon in Rome is said to be a place where history is made and where members of the Italian Cabinet often discuss questions of state. She is an ally of invaluable importance to her son-in-law, Prince von Buelow, in the active campaign he will now direct for Germany as Ambassador at Rome.

He succeeds Herr von Flotow, a comparatively young man of no special distinction, who was appointed a short time ago when Herr von Jagow became Minister of Foreign Affairs in Berlin.

A Case of Sex.

Mrs. Henpeck—Is there any difference, Theodore, do you know, between a fort and a fortress?

Mr. Henpeck—I should imagine a fortress, my love, would be harder to silence.

Hicks—"The idea of you letting your wife go around telling the neighbors that she made a man of you. You don't hear my wife saying that." Wicks—"No; but I heard her telling my wife that she had done her best."



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FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

In Leith over 100 special constables have been appointed.

Edinburgh contemplates increasing the number of special constables to 500.

Cambusbarron has become more active since troops have been quartered in the Hayford and Parkdale Mills.

Private David Clark of the Highland Light Infantry, formerly a postman in Alloa, has been killed in action.

Stirling Town Council have resolved to abolish the office of town bellsman, and that the bell be returned to the Council.

Old Kilpatrick School Board has now been opened, and 970 children have been fed in the various schools in the parish.

Over $5,000 damage was caused by a fire that broke out at the Mugiemoss Paper Works, near Aberdeen. It will not, however, interrupt the work of the mills.

Clydebank Town Council have transformed the basement of the new Carnegie Free Library in the burgh into a recreation room for the benefit of the unemployed.

$600 has been raised in Stirling by the sale of chrysanthemums and photographic buttons. The money is to be devoted to providing winter comforts for soldiers and sailors.

The chocolate factory in Portobello road, Edinburgh, of which Mr. William Schulze, of the Continental Chocolate Company is proprietor, has been taken over by the military authorities.

A large contingent of the 8th battalion A. and S. Highlanders left Dunoon for foreign service. When they departed by the North British steamer a rousing farewell was given them.

The body of a naval man, believed to be one of the crew of H.M.S. Pathfinder, which foundered near the mouth of the Firth of Forth, was interred in Dunbar Cemetery. A large crowd of people was present

"With Full Military Honors."

It is not universally known what is meant by a funeral "with full military honors." In such a funeral the coffin is borne on a gun carriage. If the dead soldier was an infantryman his sword and helmet rest on his coffin. At the funeral of a cavalry soldier his sword and helmet are fastened to the saddle of his horse, which is led immediately behind the gun carriage, and his top boots, with spurs attached, are fastened in the stirrups, with the toes pointing backwards.

Father—What! You want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, you can't support her; I can hardly do it myself. Suitor (blankly)—C-can't we chip in together?

STEADY POSITION

good pay, pleasant position to high class man who can introduce an article that reduces the cost of living. Sells on sight even this year. Only steady, persistent workers wanted.

The Simplex Co., Owen Sound, Ont.



The Profitable Link

Between Colthood and Selling Time is SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER COMPOUND. It carries colts through the critical years of danger from Distemper in its various forms, as it acts as a sure preventive, no matter how "exposed." A few very small doses prevent the disease in case of infection.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.

Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

Redpath

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



Better Light and More of It

KEROSENE light is best for young eyes and old eyes alike. The

Rayo

lamp gives you kerosene light at its best—a steady, generous glow that reaches every corner of the room. The *RAYO* does not smoke or smell. It is made of solid brass, nickel-plated. It is easy to light, easy to clean, easy to rewick. At dealers everywhere.

Made in Canada

IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY LIMITED

ROYALITE OIL is best for all uses

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto Quebec Halifax Montreal St. John Winnipeg Vancouver

THE BANK OF MONTREAL

WAR CONDITIONS REVIEWED.

Mr. H. V. Meredith and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor Speak of its Effect Upon the Country.

With a world-war in progress, and unprecedented conditions existing, the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal this week attracted more than the usual attention, for it gave an opportunity for the shareholders of the Bank and Canadians in general to hear the views of two of Canada's most celebrated bankers—Mr. H. V. Meredith and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor.

Both gentlemen reviewed the situation in very able fashion, and it is interesting to note that both expressed the view that Canada was weathering the storm with a certain degree of success.

After pointing out the fact that the Bank had greatly strengthened its position during the year, Mr. H. V. Meredith, the President, said:

"The outbreak of hostilities brought about the collapse of the whole financial fabric, the closing of the bourses and a world-wide financial cataclysm. For a time, at least, a condition of well nigh general insolvency was threatened.

"Britain's command of the sea was undoubtedly the chief factor in bringing a recovery of confidence, but great credit is due to the Government and their able financial advisers for their bold and statesmanlike views of the situation and their prompt action in meeting the crisis, as well as to the Bank of England, for the courage and activity with which the plans of the Government were carried out."

Situation in Canada.

After giving an exceedingly instructive review of the world position, Mr. Meredith said of Canada that agriculture was prosperous but a general suspension of new undertakings is apparent. At the same time he thought that as regards unemployment our position will compare favourably with that of other countries.

Mr. Meredith pointed out that fortunately it has not been necessary for Canada to resort to a moratorium, and closed his remarks in the following hopeful vein:—

"War and other adverse conditions are bound to retard our progress. A period of rest and recuperation may



Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager Bank of Montreal

be expected, but the future depends to a great extent upon the spirit with which the people meet the changed conditions.

"Economy and prudence in the matter of expenditure, and an earnest effort to increase production of exportable articles will, in time, usher in an era of active trade and renewed prosperity."

Stands Strain Well.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, after pointing out that the Bank of Montreal was 97 years old, spoke of the great stability of the institution, and briefly reviewed Canadian conditions as a whole and by each province.

Speaking of the war's effects, he said in part:—

"The outstanding result has been the instantaneous stoppage of the supply of British capital, to which we had become so accustomed that sight was frequently lost of its importance as a factor in the development of the Dominion.

"Money from this source flowed to us in such increasing volume that during a considerable ante bellum period it amounted in round figures to almost $25,000,000 per month. Canada's public borrowings from the London money market for the seven months ending 31st July were $177,-000,000. Since the outbreak of the war the inflow of such capital has ceased."

Our Own Resources.

"In order to face the loss of this money and continue to expand were serious problems. Sir Frederick said we were now getting a little money from the United States, and added:—

"It is obvious to everyone that we must rely upon our own resources, that we are on trial, and that our future development will depend in no small measure upon the condition in which we emerge from this trying ordeal. The longer the duration of the war, the more will the colonial props of the Empire, including Canada, suffer; but good will come out of evil, for our energies will be turned to the development of our great natural wealth, particularly our vast agricultural resources, and we can then look forward with confidence to eventually emerging from present conditions a wiser people, with our affairs on a healthier, more normal, and sounder basis."

Big Gain in Assets.

The Bank of Montreal, itself, came through the trying year with flying colors, and its total assets are now $244,700,000 compared with $244,700,000 a year ago. An interesting feature of the statement is the fact that deposits are considerably higher than they were last year. Deposits bearing interest are now $154,500,000, an increase of $10,000,000, while non-interest bearing deposits are $42,600,000, a loss of $3,000,000. This shows a net gain of $7,000,000.

The Bank's profits for the year were $2,496,000, compared with $2,648,000 a year ago. While this is a small falling off, it is insignificant compared with the fine results achieved in fortifying the Bank's position.

A Big Surplus.

It is noticed that the Bank loaned the Dominion Government $5,000,000 during the year, and also loaned over $9,000,000 to cities, towns and school districts to help them over a period that made the raising of money through debenture issues exceedingly difficult.

Another interesting item is the fact that the Bank gave the Canadian Patriotic Fund $100,000.

After making the usual liberal allowances, the Bank carries forward into next year $1,232,000, compared with $1,046,000 the year previous.

Bank Men at Front.

Not the least interesting statement made at the meeting came in a reply Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor made to a motion of thanks to the staff. He said:—

"We have on active service 162 fine athletic young men, the best in the land, and double that number would gladly go to the front could they be spared, and meanwhile hundreds more of those on our 'nominal roll are drilling. Those with the colours will surely be a credit to Canada and this bank, and may I add that those who remain behind are foregoing their holidays and doing the extra work devolving upon them cheerfully and ungrudgingly.

THE SOLDIER'S MORNING PRAYER.

(Psalm 5:3.)

O Thou who ever livest,
We seek Thy grace this day,
That in the strength Thou givest
We may Thy word obey.
May we resist temptation,
And may there in us be
The joy of Thy salvation
That we may walk with Thee.

Be near when foes are pressing,
And strengthen heart and nerve;
Bestow Thy gracious blessing
That we may never swerve.
Be near when prospects favour
And great success is known:
Be near when comrades waver
And we must stand alone.

At evening time, as ever,
Be near to guard and keep;
Accept the day's endeavour
And give refreshing sleep.
When weary eyes are closing
Regard our one request—
May we in Thee reposing
In peaceful safety rest.

—T. WATSON.

Ridgetown, Ont., 1914.

PLEASED TO RECOMMEND BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mrs. Henri Bernier, Anceline, Que., writes: "It is with pleasure that I recommend Baby's Own Tablets, which I have given my little ones for stomach and bowel troubles, constipation, loss of sleep, and simple fevers. No mother of young children should be without them." The Tablets are guaranteed to be free from injurious drugs and may be given to the youngest child with perfect safety and good results. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIGHTING TRAINS.

How Electricity Is Produced Aboard Moving Cars.

The electrically-lighted passenger train is no novelty on any first-class road, but there are few passengers who can tell how the electric current is produced which keeps the electric lamps burning regardless of whether the train is in motion or not.

First-class passenger trains are not only lighted by electricity, but the current has beeon adapted to drive electric fans during the hot summer months, and, in one or two instances it is also used in the kitchen of the dining-car, where the food is cooked over the invisible fires of electricity.

In lighting a passenger train provision must be made for supplying the current whether or not the train is in motion. To accomplish this a storage battery is generally installed in connection with the electrical generator. There are three systems in use for train lighting. The first is the straight storage system which consists of a storage battery large enough to store sufficient current for the needs of the train en route between terminals. Of course, this storage battery has to be charged before each trip. The lamps are lighted by merely turning the switch which draws the current stored in the battery.

In the second system a small generator is geared or belted to the wheels of one of the cars. This generator supplies electricity directly to the lamps and also to an auxiliary storage battery, which keeps the lamps burning when the train is standing in stations or yards. This system is rather more complicated than the first, but has the added advantage that the storage battery does not have to be charged at the terminals.

In the third system a small generator driven by a Curtis steam turbine engine which secures steam from the locomotive boiler, is used to supply the current. This tiny turbo-generator may be mounted on top of the locomotive boiler or in one corner of the baggage car. It takes up but very little room. A small storage battery is used in connection with this set so the cars may be lighted even if the locomotive is uncoupled and removed.

The advantage of electric lights for passenger trains are many. First of all, they eliminate the dangerous gas tanks and gas lighting systems, and the old oil lamps, which usually set fire to the train in case of wreck. The electric lamps do not overheat the car during the warm days of summer, and they do not vitiate the air of the coaches, making travelling uncomfortable for want of good ventilation.

You Can Have Soft White Hands



By Using Cuticura Soap Exclusively

And Cuticura Ointment occasionally. They succeed even when others fail.

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.

Brothers in Distress.

The wife of the colonel was making the round of the hospital, and paused at the bedside of a wounded Highlander. The gallant fellow, one of whose legs had been recently amputated, was toying with a German helmet—evidently a trophy of war. "Well," said the lady, "I supposed you killed your man!" "Well, naw," quietly responded the soldier, "you see it was like this. He lay on the field pretty near me with an awfu' wound, an' bleedin' away somethin' terrible. I was losin' a lot o' blood too frae my leg but I managed to crawl up to him an' bound him as well as I could, and he did the same to me. Nawthin', of coorse, was said between us. I knew no German, an' the ither man not a word o' English; so when he'd done, no seein' hoo else tae thank him, I just smiled, an' by way o' token handed him my Glengarry, and he smiled back an' gave me his helmet."

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that tea and coffee are necessities of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in tea and coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck.

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls.

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since.

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

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.

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.

Will Quickly Cure Any Sour Stomach

Relieves Fullness After Meals.

"When I was working around the farm last winter, I had an attack of Inflammation," writes Mr. E. P. Dawkins, of Port Richmond. "I was weak for a long time, but well enough to work until spring. But something went wrong with my bowels, for I had to use salts or physic all the time. My stomach kept sour, and always after eating there was pain and fullness and all the symptoms of intestinal indigestion. Nothing helped me until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Instead of hurting, like other pills, they acted very mildly, and seemed to heal the bowels. I did not require large doses to get results with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and feel so glad that I have found a mild yet certain remedy. To-day I am well —no pain, no sour stomach, a good appetite, able to digest anything. This is a whole lot of good for one medicine to do, and I can say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the best pills, and my letter, I am sure, proves it."

Refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, sold in yellow boxes, 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

OVER 20,000,000 UNDER ARMS.

War Expense in Europe of Over $50,000,000 a Day.

According to a Swiss computation there were in Europe at the end of August about 20,400,000 men actually under arms. At the beginning of October, Germany, according to Swiss reports, had under arms 27 Army Corps of her regular troops, and an equal number of reserves, making a total of 54 Army Corps, say 2,160,000 men. Of these 24 Army Corps were in France, 6 in Belgium and Alsace, 13 in East Prussia, and 11 between Thorn and Cracow. There are in addition assumed to be 1,500,000 Landsturm and volunteers serving in the interior, while 600,000 fresh recruits are reported to be in training, sufficiently advanced for them to be ready for service in November. Even the neutral states, it was estimated, had mobilized more than 2,000,000 soldiers on a war footing.

For each soldier, including initial and consequent expenses, 10c. per day is usually counted in an estimate. This gives a total daily war expense in Europe of over 10,000,000 sterling. Of this (says the Economist) Germany would provide for some £2,200,000 per day, Austria for £1,600,000, Russia for £2,100,000, and France for £1,600,000. Even Switzerland was then spending some £60,000 daily, and Holland probably £100,000.

Tight Money Pinching Many

Thousands more are being squeezed by aching corns which can be cured quickly with Putnam's Corn Extractor. Being free from caustics, Putnam's is painless. Used successfully for fifty years. Use no other. 25c. at all dealers.

WILL JAPS FIGHT IN EUROPE?

Suggestion That Britain Should Not Be Too Quixotic.

Dr. E. J. Dillon has a most interesting article in the Contemporary Review, in which he summarizes the main issues of the war. He points out the hopeful aspects and equally forcefully those which are not so hopeful, and he makes some very useful suggestions which he claims would, if adopted, make for the success of the Allies. Of these the most notable is that we should accept the help of the Japanese army.

"The British Empire has an army in the making. It will be ready some time in the first half of the coming year. But the million men that we shall then put into the field will be of much less relative value than five hundred thousand sent to the fighting line to-day. Events are moving fast. The situation is changing continually. Much of what is now happening can be remedied later, but some events are irremediable. Speed, therefore, is almost as valuable to us as it is to our foes.

"It has been frequently said that we have no real need of men, that there are millions throughout the Empire eager to join the colors. Happily this is true. But this splendid fighting force is not available at once.

"Now the causes that make it impossible for them to take the field at once are inoperative in Japan. I possess no first hand knowledge as to how the Tokyo Government would respond to a request of this



"Nerviline" Cures Cramps End Misery Instantly

NO REMEDY SO SPEEDY OR EFFICIENT.

A real cramp cure?

Yes, a real one—in a twinkling the cramp is a dead one, and the last squirm is over, once you get a stiff dose of Nerviline on the inside.

This isn't mere talk—it's a solid, truthful fact. No other remedy—not a single one—will cure cramps so quickly and harmlessly as Nerviline. It hits the spot in a jiffy and saves a heap of misery.

"Last Saturday night my stomach felt like an infernal machine," writes T. P. Granger from Hartford. "I was awakened from a sound sleep and found myself suffering the worst kind of torture. I was so doubled up I could hardly cross my room. I had used Nerviline before for the same thing and took a real good dose. Once I felt the warm, soothing sensation of Nerviline in my stomach I knew I was all right. It finished the cramps —just one single dose."

Sickness at night is rendered a nightmare of the past if Nerviline is handy. It may be earache, toothache or cramps. Nerviline in every case will cure at once and save calling the doctor. Nerviline is a family physician in itself. The large 50c. family size bottle, of course, is most economical. Small trial size costs a quarter. All dealers sell Nerviline.

So Homely It Hurt.

"Does your face hurt you much?"

"No, Johnnie. What made you think my face ached?"

"Sister said you were painfully homely."

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BAYARD McMULLIN.
Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. W. A. JOHNSON.
Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. H. BAILEY.
Parkdale, Ont.

Understood Children.

Applicant—"No, ma'am, I could not work where there's children."

Madam—"But we advertised for a girl who understood children."

Applicant—"Oh, I understand 'em, ma'am. That's why I wouldn't work where they are."

A WARM WINTER.

June weather prevails in California, the ideal watering place, reached comfortably and conveniently by the Chicago and North Western Ry. Four splendid trains daily from the new Passenger Terminal, Chicago. The Overland Limited—fastest train to San Francisco; the Los Angeles Limited, three days to Land of Sunshine, the famous San Francisco Limited and the California Mail.

Rates, illustrated matter on California and the 1915 Expositions and full particulars on application to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 46 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Bridget's Axiom.

"Why, is it only one o'clock I thought it was two," said Mrs. Bronson as the clock struck one.

"Naw, mum," said Bridget. "It's niver lather thin wan at this toime uv day."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

One day the five-year-old daughter of the house was looking through a picture book when she suddenly glanced up to her mother. "Mamma," said she, with a very serious expression, "don't men ever go to heaven?" "Why, of course, my dear," answered the mother in a surprised voice. "What makes you ask?" "Because," responded the little girl, turning to the book again, "I have never seen any pictures of angels with whiskers." "That's easily accounted for, darling," was the smiling rejoinder of mother. "While men do go to heaven, they only get there by a very close shave."

Procrastination is the thief of a good time.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.



Well, What She Buys Is Hers.

Alice—Does Maud's new gown fit her figure?

Marie—It fits what she wants people to think is her figure.

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.

Evident.

A weird-looking lady had been addressing a somewhat hostile meeting, and in conclusion said, "Now, do I make myself perfectly plain?"

A Voice from the Back of the Hall—I don't know. Somebody must have done it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Forestalling Him.

Barber—Your hair's very thin on the top, sir.

Customer—Ah, I'm glad of that, I hate fat hair.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"There is no such thing as luck."

"There isn't, eh? Did you ever see anybody upset an inkstand when it was empty?"

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.

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.

Machinery For Sale

Engine, shafting, belting, pulleys, etc. from large factory for sale. Wheelock engine, 18 by 42, complete with cylinder frame, fly wheel, bearings, etc., all in good condition. Shafting from one inch to three inches, pulleys thirty inches to fifty inches, belting six inches to twelve inches. Will sell entire or in part.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

S. Frank Wilson & Sons, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.



Better than a Mustard Plaster

FOR colds in the chest or sore throats; for rheumatism or stiffness; for sprains and cramps; Capsicum "Vaseline" brings quick relief.

CAPSICUM Vaseline

Trademark

It does all that a mustard plaster will do. Is cleaner, easier to apply, and will not blister the skin.

There are many other "Vaseline" preparations—simple home remedies that should be in every family—**Carbolated "Vaseline"**, an antiseptic dressing for cuts, insect bites, etc.; **White "Vaseline"**, to prevent redness and roughness of face and hands; **pure "Vaseline"**, for piles, chilblains, etc., and others.

Write for our new illustrated booklet describing their many uses.

CHESEBROUGH MF'G CO. (Consolidated) 1880 CHABOT AVE. MONTREAL

G. L. Meikle & Co.

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.

Every TUESDAY is Bargain Day at our Store.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
White Front

Useful Presents

— FOR THE —

HOLIDAYS

Men's Overshoes, waterproof cloth, 2 and 4 buckles.

Men's Warm Felt Boots (lined)

Ladies' Warm Felt Boots.

Children Felt Boots.

Men's, Ladies' and Children's nice warm slippers (all colors).

Extra Special Bargains in Skating Boots and Skates.

Warm Coats for Workingmen, Drivers and Farmers.

Extra Special in Men's Suits and Overcoats, Gloves and Mitts, also a full assortment of all kinds of Boots and Shoes at the lowest prices.

BOOTS 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

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CHAPTER XXII.

Of but one thing beside her hatred for Armstrong was Enid Maitland absolutely certain; she would never disclose to the man she loved the fact that the woman, the memory of whose supposed passion he cherished, had been unfaithful to him in heart if not in deed. Nothing could wrest that secret from her. She had been infected by Newbold's quixotic ideas, the contagion of his perversion of common sense had fastened itself upon her. She would not have been human either if she had not experienced a thrill of pride and joy at the possibility that in some way, of which she yet swore she would not be the instrument blind or otherwise, the facts might be disclosed which would enable Newbold to claim her openly and honorably, without hesitation before or remorse after, as his wife. This fascinating flash of expectant, hopeful feeling she thought unworthy of her and strove to fight it down, but with manifest impossibility.

It has taken time to set these things down; to speak or to write is a slow process, and the ratio between outward expressions and inward is as great as that between light and sound. Questions and answers between these three followed as swiftly as thrust and parry between accomplished swordsmen, and yet between each demand and reply they had time to entertain these swift thoughts—as the drowning compass life experiences in seconds!

"I may not be her friend," said Armstrong steadily, "but she left me in these mountains a month ago with more than a half way promise to marry me, and I have sought her through the snows to claim the fulfillment."

"You never told me that," exclaimed Newbold sternly and again addressing the woman rather than the man.

"There was nothing to tell," she answered quickly. "I was a young girl, heart free; I liked this man, perhaps because he was so different from those to whom I had been accustomed, and when he pressed his suit upon me, I told him the truth. I did not love him, I did not know whether I might grow to care for him or not; if I did, I should marry him and if I did not no power on earth could make me. And now—I hate him!" She flung the words at him savagely.

Armstrong was beside himself with fury at her words, and Newbold's cool indifference to him personally was unendurable. In battle such as he waged he had the mistaken idea that anything was fair. He could not really tell whether it was love of woman or hate of man that was most dominant; he saw at once the state of affairs between the two. He could hurt the man and the woman with one statement; what might be its ulterior effect he did not stop to consider, perhaps if he had he would not then have cared greatly. He realized anyway that since Newbold's arrival his chance with Enid was gone; perhaps whether Newbold were alive or dead it was gone forever; although Armstrong did not think that, he was not capable of thinking very far into the future in his then condition, the present bulked too large for that.

"I did not think after that kiss in the road that you would go back on me this way, Enid," he said quickly.

"The kiss in the road," cried Newbold staring again at the woman.

"You coward," repeated she, with one swift envenomed glance at the other man, and then she turned to her lover. She laid her hand upon his arm, she lifted her face up to him. "As God is my judge," she cried, her voice rising with the tragic intensity of the moment and thrilling with indignant protest, "he took it from me like the thief and the coward he was and he tells it now like the liar he is. We were riding side by side, I was utterly unsuspicious, I thought him a gentleman, he caught me and kissed me before I knew it. I drove him from me. That's all."

"I believe you," said Newbold gently, and then for the first time, he addressed himself to Armstrong. "You came doubtless to rescue Miss Maitland, and in so far your purpose was admirable and you deserve thanks and respect, but no further. This is my cabin, your words and your conduct render you unwelcome here. Miss Maitland is under my protection; if you will come outside I will be glad to talk with you further."

"Under your protection?" sneered Armstrong beside himself. "After a month with you alone I take it she needs no further protection."

Newbold did not leap upon the man for that mordant insult to the woman; his approach was slow, relentless, terrible. Eight or ten feet separated them. Armstrong met him half way, his impetuosity was greater, he sprang forward, turned about, faced the full light from the narrow window.

"Well," he cried, "have you got anything to say or do about it?"

But Newbold had stopped, appalled. He stood staring as if petrified; recognition, recollection rushed over him.

Now and at last he knew the man. The face that confronted him was the same face that had stared out at him from the locket he had taken from the bruised breast of his dead wife, which had been a mystery to him for all these years.

"Well," tauntingly asked Armstrong again, "what are you waiting for, are you afraid?"

From Newbold's belt depended a holster and a heavy revolver. As Armstrong made to attack him he flashed it out with astonishing quickness and presented it. The newcomer was unarmed—his Winchester leaned against the wall by his fur coat and he had no pistol.

"If you move a step forward or backward," said Newbold with deadly calm, "I will kill you without mercy."

"So you'd take advantage of a weaponless man, would you?" sneered Armstrong.

"Oh, for God's sake," cried the woman, "don't kill him."

"You both misjudge me," was the answer. "I shall take no advantage of



"Your Picture?" He Asked.

this man. I would disdain to do so if it were necessary, but before the last resort I must have speech with him, and this is the only way in which I can keep him quiet for a moment, if as I suspect, his hate measures with mine."

"You have the advantage," protested Armstrong. "Say your say and get it over with. I've waited all these years for a chance to kill you and my patience is exhausted."

Still keeping the other covered, Newbold stepped over to the table pulled out the drawer and drew from it the locket. Enid remembered she had hastily thrust it there when he had handed it to her, and there it had lain unnoted and forgotten. It was quite evident to her what was toward now. Newhold had recognized the other man, explanations were inevitable. With his left hand Newbold sought the catch of the locket and pressed the spring. In two steps he faced Armstrong with the open locket thrust toward him."

"Your picture?" he asked.

"Mine!"

"Do you know the locket?"

"I gave it to a woman named Louise Rosser five or six years ago."

"My wife."

"Yes, she was crazy in love with me, but—"

With diabolic malice Armstrong left the sentence uncompleted. The inference he meant should be drawn from his reticence was obvious.

"I took it from her dead body," gritted out Newbold.

(To be continued)

COAL and WOOD
FOR SALE.

Give your order at once for next Season.

Harry Ayers
Lachute Mills, Que.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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

The Very Best of Goods AT HAMILTON'S

That is where you can procure your Delicacies Cakes, Candies, Nuts, Fruits, etc. Some splendid lines of Choice Confectionery in Fancy Boxes. Pretty Souvenir Cards. Don't wait until the best are gone.

Hay, Flour & Feed, always on hand

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80. *Baker & Confectioner.*

January Clearing Sale!

Big reductions in many lines for CASH BUYERS before Stock-taking.

McFAUL BROS., - West End.

: Headquarters :

FOR

Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

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

T. McOuat & Son,
West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1915. — NO. 52

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

NOTICE

A Committee Meeting of the supporters of G. F. CALDER, candidate for Mayor will be held in Rice's Hall, Friday evening, January 15th, 1915, at 8 o'clock p.m. All are invited.

Four Moscow Lamb Coats for Ladies at $25 00 each.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. Willie White begs to inform the public that he is opening up a blacksmith shop in Descheneau's Hotel Yard on Foundry Street. All work promptly executed.

MUSIC.

Canada's latest song, "England's Daughter," the song hit of the season, also "Tipperary," sent prepaid for 25c.

ED. DARLINGTON,
Main Street

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.

A few fine costumes, left at very low prices to clean out.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Tenders for Plank for White's Bridge.

The undersigned calls for tenders up to the end of January, for 1600 feet of hemlock plank, to be delivered during the winter at White's Bridge. Planks must be without whane.

JAMES W. GALL,
Sec. Parish Council.



If the urine is hot and scalding—is too free or too scanty—or shows brick dust deposits or mucus—get Gin Pills today and cure yourself of Kidney and Bladder troubles. "Made in Canada". 50c. box, 6 for $2.50. Free treatment if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 270

SHREWSBURY.

Mrs. Geo. Robinson spent a week in Montreal the guest of her daughter.

Miss L. Rogers, re-opened school on Monday 11th, after two weeks' holidays.

Mrs John A. Good was in Beith recently attending the marriage of her sister.

Mr. Alex. Chambers, of Lachute, spent a week visiting his sister Mrs. G. B. Robinson.

Mrs. A. D Kerr, of North Gore, visited recently with her mother, Mrs. R. Thompson.

Miss Olive Laverdure, of Montreal, visited her cousin Miss G. Robinson for a few days during the holidays.

DALESVILLE

Miss Alma Dixon returned to Rawcliffe on Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Morrow returned to Plantagenet last week.

Miss Jessie Seale re-opened her school in Kilowen on Monday last.

Mrs Spencer, of Morden, Man., called on friends here on Tuesday last.

Miss Elsie Gauley, of Edina, spent part of last week the guest of her cousin Miss Alma Dixon.

Mr. George Cleland while engaged in cutting wood on Saturday last was struck in the face by a branch. Dr. Mason was called and put two stitches in his nose.

Mrs. R. S. MacArthur, Master Robert, Miss Jeannette MacArthur and Mrs. Aiken visited Mrs. D. Jones in Brownsburg on Monday last.

Mr. Wm. C. Campbell returned from the West on Wednesday after an absence of two years. Old Bill's friends were glad to see him and gave him a hearty welcome.

MABEL

Mr. W. J. Warwick was in Lachute on Monday.

Mr. W. G. Heatlie was in town on Saturday.

Mr. J. McAdam and son Howard spent Monday in Lachute.

Mr. Geo. Kennedy spend Sunday with his Uncle, Mr. John Mason.

Miss Maud Warwick was the week-end guest of her sister, Mrs. John Heatlie.

Mr. and Mrs. James Nichols of Stonefield, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. McAdam.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murdoch spent Monday with their daughter Mrs. W. Heatlie.

Miss Mary Gamble, of Franklin Centre has returned after spending the holidays with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Warwick were in Lachute on Wednesday. The guests of Mr. and Mrs S. Goldsworthy.

A Surprise Party was given Mr. Geo. Kennedy by a crowd from Mabel and Mount Maple. All report an excellent time.

LOST,—On New Year's Eve, between Skating Rink and MacArthur's Hall, a bunch of keys. Finder please return to Watchman Office.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. E Jousse spent Monday last in Montreal.

Miss J. Lavigne spent the week-end the guest of friends in Ottawa.

Miss E Jingras, of St. Jerome, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. Roby.

Miss Annie McFaul, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McFaul.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Moore have left for the West after a pleasant visit in town the guests of his parents Mr. and Mrs. T. Moore.

The Misses Catherine McGibbon and Nora Christie of MacDonald College have returned after spending a pleasant holiday with their parents in town.

Mr. Wm. Campbell, of Revelstoke, B C. returned from the West on Monday last to spend the winter months in Lachute and vicinity.

On Monday evening last, a number of our young people formed themselves into a sliding party and after some good sport and healthy exercise, were entertained by Mrs Deacon, who kindly loaned her home for the occasion.

Councillors Muir and Cleland were returned unopposed, in the recent election of St. Jerusalem Parish, while in the Township of Chatham, Amedi Maisonneuve was chosen as mayor and Messrs Ira McPaul and Procule Lepine as councillors.

Acknowledgment.

Mr. Henry Giles, as Chairman of the Lachute Board School Commissioners is in receipt of the following cable from Sir George H. Perley:—

London, Jan., 14th, 1915.

We both appreciate exceedingly very kind congratulations sent by Lachute Board School Commissioners. Such messages add greatly our pleasure at this time. We both send School Board best wishes continued prosperity and success.

PERLEY.

Presentation to the Rev. J. A. McKenzie.

At the annual meeting of the Presbyterian Church held on Wednesday evening last, a very pleasing event took place. It was the presentation of a beautiful gold watch and a purse of gold to Mr. McKenzie made on behalf of the congregation by the Rev J. L. George, who spoke in most kindly terms of the good work effected by Mr. McKenzie during his subpastorate of a little better than two years. His faithful service has been greatly appreciated and he goes to his new pastorate in Peterboro with the good wishes of the entire community.

Mr. J. A McKenzie, B.A., won the gold medal in the honor course, also the Hugh McKay scholarship of $60. He was born at Kirk Hill, Glengarry, and is the son of the Rev. D. McKenzie, now retired, and living at Vankleek Hill. He received his school training at the High School, Alexandria, and entered McGill University in 1905, taking the B.A. degree in 1909. Mr. McKenzie entered the Presbyterian College as a student in 1909, and took his B.D. degree in the Spring of 1912, and was ordained in Lachute Dec. 3rd.

Mr McKenzie's induction to his new charge will take place in Peterboro on Thursday next, Jan. 21st.

Mr Gilbert and Miss Myrtle Arnold of Grenville, have returned to Macdonald College, having spent their holidays at their home.

CARD OF THANKS.—Mr. Goyette takes this opportunity of thanking all those who assisted and worked so hard in saving his property from the recent fire in Brownsburg.

Dr. Frank Adams, Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science, McGill University was in town on Thursday last.

Mr. Melvin Demers left for Lepas, Man., on Thursday.

Mr. T. H Ayers left on Monday for a business trip to Kentucky and other points.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Monday next you will be asked to vote for Mayor and Councillors. For years past these have been selected by the hotel-keepers. To-day it is up to **you** to say who you will have. The men are before you. Their principles are before you. Then **choose** and **vote.**

Lachute Scores a Victory.

In the second match of the League series, the local team succeeded in winning out in a well contested match with the Vankleek Hill team last Tuesday evening. The games are being played this season, with six men aside which is now in general favour, and in the first two sections the teams are allowed the privilege of alternating their players so that the game is at all times full of go. Play was started only at 9.13 with Ed. Moonie and Mossman Galt as referees. Dallaire did most effective work in the goals, while all the boys worked hard to win out The score was 8 to 6 and made up as follows:—Lachute, McNeish 2, Robinson 1, McKimmie 2, Riddle 3. Vankleek Hill, Blanchard 4, Brown 1, Mercier 1.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. O'BRIEN.

The death occurred on Thursday last of the late Mrs Edward O'Brien, formerly Miss Christina Garven, of Chatham. Deceased lady was 69 years of age, and had been ailing for some little time. She was the widow of the late Robt. Robertson, prior to her marriage to Mr. O'Brien, and leaves to mourn her loss, one son and two daughters, Mr. Robt. Robertson, of Montreal, Mrs. H. Smith, of Cushing, Mrs. John Burke, of Centreville, and one sister, Mrs. Robert Forrester, of Chatboro. The funeral was largely attended and six grandsons acted as pall-bearers.

THE LATE MRS. W. KENTON.

A very sad death occurred on Monday last in the person of Mrs. Wm. Kenton, of Brownsburg, who has been ailing for some years past. Deceased lady was 69 years of age, and was recently removed to the Montreal General Hospital to undergo an operation. This, however, was unsuccessful, and she passed away on Monday. The funeral took place from the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday and was largely attended by sympathetic friends.

Ladies dresses in wool serges various colours. To clear at $5 00

W. BANFORD & SON.

Municipal Elections:

It is expected that Monday next will see one of the hardest fought contests in the history of the town. Not so much interest has been manifest in municipal matters for years. Notwithstanding the statement made by Mr. McKimmie, one of the candidates for the mayoralty that this election was one of whiskey versus temperance, the primary issue before the electors is rather a question of civic reform, temperance being of course involved in the issue The manner in which candidates in the past have been selected does not prove to have been satisfactory, with the result that the composition of the Council was left to a few persons who had private interests to serve and the general public took no interest in the matter. No matter what the result may be the incoming Council will have new blood and we may expect that public attention will be more centred upon their deliberations in the future than they have in the past

The issue between Messrs. Paquin and Giles as opposed to Messrs. Lavigne and McFaul is largely connected with the reduction of the number of hotels and to the enforcing of the liquor laws of the town. The former have the full support of the temperance element in the Ward and the latter have behind them the full weight of the liquor traffic in Lachute Town. The lines are well drawn and no one need make any mistake.

DEATHS

KENTON,—At the Montreal General Hospital on Monday Jan. 10th, Margaret beloved wife of Wm. Kenton, of Brownsburg, in her 69th year.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear mother Mrs John Pollock who departed this life January 16th, 1914.

We miss thee from our home, mother,
We miss thee from thy place,
A shadow o'er our life is cast
We miss the sunshine of thy face,
We miss thy kind and willing hand
Thy fond and earnest care,
Our home is dark without thee, mother
We miss thee everywhere.

WINTER COATS

Fur Lined Coats for Men
Fur Lined Coats for Women
Fur Collared Coats for Men
Fur Collared Coats for Women
Alaska Beaver Coats for Men
Coon Coats for Men

ASTRACHAN COATS for WOMEN
(Both long and short.)

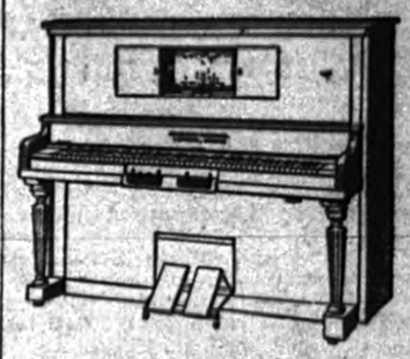
We have four Ladies' Fur Coats, black lamb, excellent wear, at low price, $25.00 cash

A few LADIES' COATS left at cost price. Some less than cost.

All above for quick sale at lowest prices.

W. Banford & Son,
Main Street, Lachute

Special Sale of Pianos & Organs



When investing your money in a Piano, get the best value

FOR YOUR MONEY.

The New Scale Williams
The Sweet Toned Ennis
The Sherlock Mannering

Each have a beautifully even scale, equalled only by the words, "Most Famous."

The latest Model double repeating action is used in each, making it possible to play the most rapid and difficult music with delightful ease and effect.

The tone is perhaps the crowning. Clear, Limpid, Sympathetic and Musical, unequalled for voice accompaniment.

It will pay you to inspect these beautiful Pianos before purchasing.

Fully guaranteed for Ten Years.

J. A. BEDARD & SON

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.

SEASONABLE GIFTS . .

TORIC

There's a lot of difference between Toric Lenses and Flat Lenses besides their slight extra cost. They give you extra vision and extra comfort. They are better-looking, too. Come and see us about Toric Lenses.



LENSES

Buy them Now!

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.**

We invite inspection and know that you will be satisfied with the combination of our Prices and Quality.

Shop Early.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.

Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician
Agent for the Edison Phonograph.

THE WAR FORETOLD

A Remarkable Prophecy by a Sixteenth Century Monk

Writing in the Figaro (Paris), Mons. Peladan says that when his father, Adrian Peladan, who had devoted himself to the study of prophecies, ecstasies and visions, died in 1890 he found among the documents a prophecy by Johannes, a monk, dated 1600. He had obtained it from a canon of the Order of St. Michel de Frigolet, near Tarascon, who received it from an abbot named Donat, a studious priest, who died at Beaucaire at a great age. In the Figaro, M. Peladan furnishes extracts from the prophecy, which runs as follows:

The Prophecy.

"1. It will have been thought that he, the Antichrist, has frequently been identified, for all slayers of the Lamb have a resemblance, and all evil-doers are found to be typical of the Great Evil.

"2. The veritable Antichrist will be one of the monarchs of his day, a Lutheran. He will invoke God, and claim to be His messenger.

"3. This Prince of Liars will swear by the Scriptures. He will represent himself as the instrument of the Most High for chastening the wicked.

"4. He will have but one arm; but his innumerable troops, who will take for their motto, 'God with us,' will appear as the legions of Hell.

"5. For a long time he will agitate by ruse and felony, his spies will overrun the world, and he will be master of great secrets.

"6. He will employ philosophers, who will prove that his mission is celestial.

"7. A war will cause the mask to be lifted. This will not be that waged against France, but another distinguished Power, and in two weeks this war will become universal.

"8. This war will enlist all the peoples of Christendom, Mohammedans, and even those from afar. Armies will arise from the four corners of the earth.

"9. For the angels will enlighten the souls of men, and in the third week they will recognize that this is the Antichrist, and that they will all be enslaved if they do not overthrow this despot.

"10. The Antichrist will be recognized by many indications. He will go out of his way to massacre priests, monks, women, children and the aged. He will show no mercy. He will go forth torch in hand, like the barbarians, but invoking the name of Christ!

"11. His pretentious words will resemble those of the Christians, but his actions will be those of Nero and the Roman persecutors. He will have an eagle in his coat of arms, and another will appear in that of his ally, the other bad monarch.

"12. But this one is a Christian, and he will die by the malediction of the Pope Benedictus, who will be elected at the end of the reign of Antichrist.

"13. There will no more be seen any priests or monks to absolve the combatants, for, in the first place, priests and monks will fight with other citizens, and, further, the Pope Benedictus will have cursed the Antichrist, and it will be proclaimed that those who fight will find salvation, and dying, will be straightway translated to Heaven, like the martyrs.

"14. The Papal Bull which shall proclaim these things will resound afar, and will give fresh life to the brave and bring death to the allied monarch of the Antichrist.

"15. The defeat of the Antichrist will demand the death of more men than Rome has ever contained. It will need the united efforts of all the Powers, for the Cock, the Leopard and the White Eagle will not make an end of the Black Eagle if the prayers and wishes of all humane people do not aid them.

"16. Humanity has never yet known such great peril, for the triumph of the Antichrist would be that of the demon of whom he is the incarnation.

"17. For it has been said that twenty centuries after the incarnation of the Word the Beast will, in his turn, incarnate and menace the world, with as much of evil as the Divine Incarnation brought of grace.

"18. Towards the year 2000 the Antichrist will manifest himself. His army will exceed in numbers anything that has been imagined. There will be Christians among his followers, and there will be Mohammedans and savage troops among those of the Lamb.

"19. For the first time, the Lamb will be all red. In all Christendom there will be no little space that is not red, and the sky, earth, water, and even the atmosphere will be red, for blood will flow into all four elements at the same time.

"20. The Black Eagle will hurl itself at the Cock, who will lose many feathers, but will use his spur heroically. He would speedily be reduced but for the aid rendered by the Leopard and his claws.

"21. The Black Eagle, who will come from the Lutheran country, will surprise the Cock from another border, and will invade half the Cock's territory.

"22. The White Eagle, who will come from the northern side, will surprise the Black Eagle and the other Eagle, and invade the country of the Antichrist completely from one end to the other.

"23. The Black Eagle will be forced to retreat from the Cock in order to fight the White Eagle, and the Cock should follow the Black Eagle into the territory of the Antichrist to help the White Eagle.

"24. The battles which have taken place up till now will be insignificant beside those which will take place in the Lutheran country, for the seven Angels will pour out the fires of their vials of wrath on the impious land, which signifies that the Lamb will ordain the extermination of the race of Antichrist.

"25. When the Beast finds that she has lost she will become furious, and for some months the beak of the White Eagle, the talons of the Leopard, and the Spur of the Cock will have to rend her.

"26. Rivers will be forded by means of the dead bodies, which will divert the course of the waters. Only the way distinguished will be interred—the generals and the princes—for the carnage of the war will be heaped together with the victims of plague and hunger.

"27. The Antichrist will, on several occasions, sue for peace, but the Seven Angels who go before the Three Animals, the defenders of the Lamb, have proclaimed that victory shall only be accorded on condition that the Antichrist is crushed in the thresher.

"28. The Three Animals, agents of the justice of the Lamb, cannot stop fighting whilst there remain soldiers of the Antichrist.

"29. What makes the decision of the Lamb so implacable is that the Antichrist has pretended to be Christian and has acted in His name, and if he does not perish the fruit of the Redemption will be lost and the gates of hell will prevail against the Saviour.

"30. It will readily be seen that the combat which is fought in the places where the Antichrist forges his weapons is no longer a human war. The Three Animals, the defenders of the Lamb, will exterminate the last army of the Antichrist; but the battlefield will be made a charnelhouse as large as the greatest of cities, for the dead will have transfigured the place, making of it a chain of hillocks.

"31. The Antichrist will lose his crown, and will die in solitude and insanity. His empire will be divided into twenty-two States, but none of them will have either a fort, an army, or a ship.

"32. The White Eagle, by order of Michael, will drive out the Crescent from Europe, where there will remain none but Christians. He will establish himself in Constantinople.

"33. Then will commence an era of peace and prosperity for the world, and there will be no more war, but each nation will be governed by its conscience and will live in justice.

"34. There will be no more Lutherans nor Schismatics, but the Lamb will reign, and happiness will dawn upon the race.

"Happy they who shall escape the perils of this marvellous period, who shall taste of the fruit of the reign of the Spirit and the holy celebration of humanity, which cannot take place until after the defeat of the Antichrist."

Notes on the Prophecy.

(From the British Journal of Astrology).

In the Prophecy it appears that the symbolism applied is as follows:

The Black Eagle—Germany.
The White Eagle—Russia.
The other Eagle—Austria-Hungary.
The Cock—France.
The Leopard—Belgium.
The Lamb—Symbol of the Christian faith, represented by Great Britain, under the sign of aries.
The Antichrist—The Spirit of Evil animating the Black Eagle, and generally symbolized by the Dragon or "winged Beast."

The Kaiser is the embodiment of the "Blood and Iron" cult, as opposed to that of the peaceful arts and federation. He belongs to the Lutheran Church, while many of his subjects are Roman Catholics. Attention is called to paragraph 4, in which he is said to have only one arm (the Kaiser has one arm withered and also a short leg, and he mounts his horse by the wrong side). Paragraph 10 is quite descriptive of the German method of waging war on neutrals and non-combatants. The mention of Pope Benedictus in paragraph 12 is remarkable; his Holiness of that name has but recently been elected to the Papal seat. The fact that there are many priests fighting, and fighting most bravely, in the ranks of the Allies is a clear fulfillment of paragraphs 9 and 13. All social and spiritual differences are abolished in the field. All soldiers are comrades. In the course of the present war we find striking examples of this fact in the many priests who go under fire with the greatest courage, and can fight and slay in the sacred cause of their beloved country. Paragraph 15 gives us an idea of the awful carnage that will attend this war. Rome in the second century had a population of about 2,000,000—a fact which must have been known to Friar John, who was obviously a Romanist. Paragraph 16 puts this war on its proper spiritual level. It is a war against the tyranny of the autocrat, materialistic philosophy, and the one-man creed of the German cult. It regards all humans as embodiments of spiritual forces which, at this time, are massed together for the coming "tribulation." If Truth and Equity, Peace and Justice have their representatives among men, so also have those demoniacal powers who are dominated by the Father of Lies and the Great Accuser. There is nothing specific in the date "towards the year 2000," but the fact that we are in the twentieth century, while the writer of this prophecy lived in the sixteenth, appears at least a creditable estimate. It can literally be said that blood has been shed in all the four elements of fire, air, water and earth, as stated in paragraph 19, for the hated incendiary has spared neither palace nor cottage, sacred edifice nor common hostel. All have been burned and devastated; while women and children have been slaughtered as ruthlessly as the most active troops, whose blood has mingled with the waters in

The Rain-filled Trenches,

where it has not soddened the earth about them, or been spilled in mid-air in the course of some adventurous pursuit of the enemy's air-craft. As stated in paragraph 26, the exigencies of the war and the great number of fatalities have prevented the proper interment of the dead. Often enough, especially in Belgium, the fighters have been driven out of their positions and forced to retire, leaving their dead and wounded to the mercy of the enemy. Paragraph 27 appears to give little hope of hostilities coming to an end at a near date, for the "several occasions" on which the Antichrist sues for peace must be sundered by great battles and even whole campaigns. The Spirit has entered into our troops and has impressed the minds of our rulers, so that it is a fixed determination that this war is to be one of finality, and, if need be, of annihilation, so that never again shall the ambition and arrogance of one man threaten the peace of the world. Have you put the question to yourself: What if Antichrist should win? Claiming, as he now does, to be subregulus dei, he would then claim to be a god himself, and his blood-engorged brain would present him to the world as the "Man-child ruling the nations with a rod of iron." Plutocrat and autocrat, the blasphemer would bracket his name with that of the Most High. The world would be enslaved to tyranny and oppression, and all the peaceful arts would perish. Hell would be let loose upon the earth, and the planet would be given over to destruction. "Here is the patience and faith of saints." Paragraph 30 of the prophecy tells us of final victory over the Antichrist, and that the tribulation is not in vain. Paragraph 31 confirms our belief in the ultimate destiny of the Kaiser and his kingdom. But it also informs us that Russia will drive out the Turks from Europe and become keeper of the gates of the East. Finally, in paragraph 34, we learn that there will be no more sectaries and schisms, but that the Spirit of Christ will animate the nations and induce a period of happiness and prosperity over the world.

Another Prophecy.

Dom Bosco, a priest at Turin, founder of the Salesian Order, who died about ten years ago, also prophesied the war. His prophecy was published in Le Matin (Paris), in June, 1901, as follows:

"A European war will break out in 1913 or 1914. Germany will be dismembered; not, however, before she shall have penetrated into the heart of France. There a mighty arm will hurl her back across the Rhine. The man of pride will see his tree shattered and crushed to the roots and trodden under foot by all. The great battle will take place between the two days of Our Lady, namely, between August 15th and September 15th, when the Pope is real and alive again. Belgium will undergo great suffering, from which she will emerge increased in strength and admired by all. Poland will regain her rights."

Household Hints.

The secret of boiling rice is to put it into plenty of boiling water at the start.

To remove stains from a rainproof coat rub with a little eucalyptus oil on a piece of flannel.

If one or two teaspoonfuls of sugar are added to turnips when cooking they will be improved.

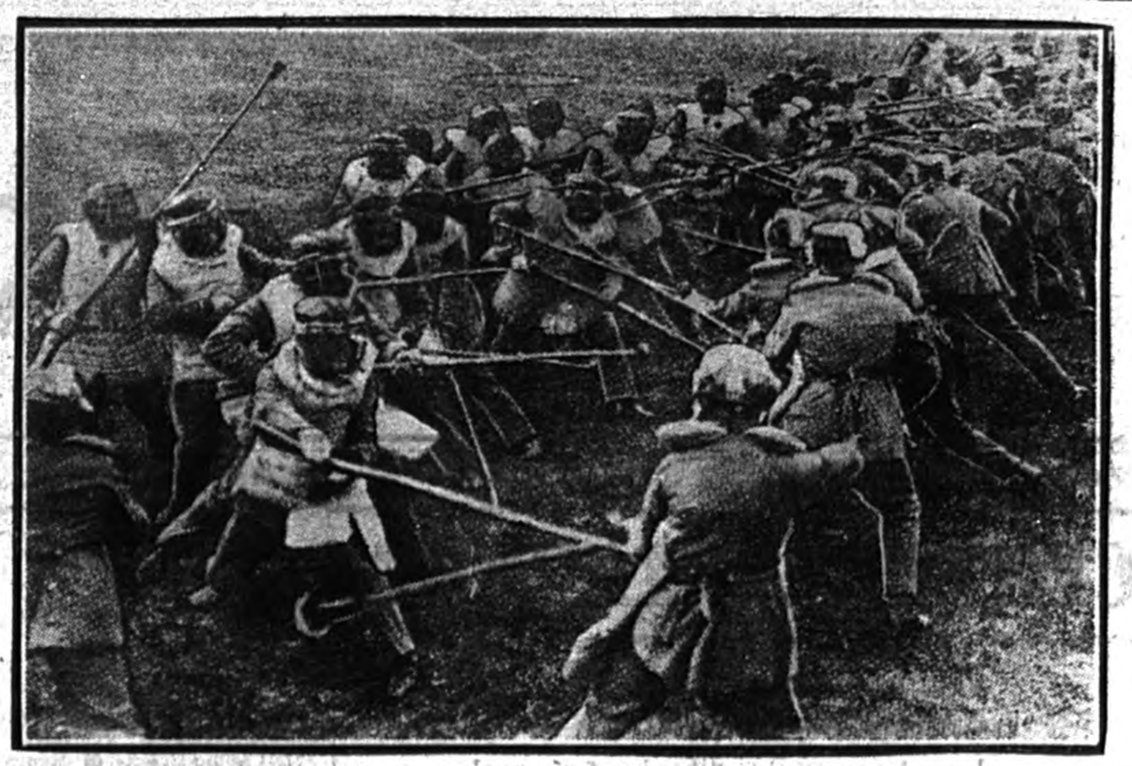
Carbolic acid is a good disinfectant, but useless diluted with at least 20 times its bulk of water.

The most obstinate coffee stains can be removed by a solution of lukewarm water and the yolk of an egg.

When toilet creams of various sorts get spilled on dresser covers benzine quickly removes them and leaves no trace behind.

Of the fuel foods needed for winter, none is more palpatable than breakfast bacon, which the economical buy by the piece rather than by the pound.

A stale loaf can be made as fresh as new if wrapped in a damp cloth for a couple of minutes, and then placed in the oven for half an hour.



German Recruits Learning to Use "Bayonets."

The Germans have come to have a wholesome respect for the bayonet since the allied armies showed them it was not an obsolete weapon, and a squad of recruits are here seen learning to fight with long padded sticks of the length and weight of the rifle with bayonet fixed. They are well protected against any possible injury.

HOME

Cake Recipes.

White Fruit Cake.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and a half cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, one-half cup of nut meats, or more if you choose, cup up fine or rather coarse, as you will, one-half cup or more of fruit cut fine—dates, figs, a few raisins—a scant teaspoon of cinnamon or not, a fourth teaspoon of almond extract, and whole fruit and nuts to decorate the top. Sift the sugar, add the butter, and rub the two to a cream, to which add the cinnamon or other powdered spices, stirring them in, then heat in the well-beaten yolks of the eggs. Add the milk and flour alternately. A level teaspoon of baking powder may be added to the flour, but it is not needed, especially if the eggs are fresh, and the cake is of better texture without it and perhaps easier to bake. Stir in the nuts and the fruit, which has been rubbed in flour so that every piece is separate. Then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and finally the almond flavoring. Decorate the tops so as to cover it thickly with fruit and nuts, brush over with whites of eggs and bake for one hour in a slow oven, in a well oiled and paper lined pan of a narrow sort and deep. Use oil instead of butter to grease pan, as it does not burn so readily.

This cake can be eaten on the day it is made, as it is soft and of good flavor, but is better a day or so later.

To Decorate Fruit Cake.—One way to decorate a cake like the white cake and cover the whole top, as is the present custom, is to start by placing a candied cherry in the centre and two others half way between it and the ends of the pan. Place around these cherries whole or the halves of blanched almonds, the small points in, making daisy-like figures, the nuts forming the petals. Make a border of any nuts you choose, alternating halves of peanuts and pecans, then fill in the space with nuts, bits of dates and figs, or what you choose.

Pecan Cake.—With exactly the same foundation as for white fruit cake, use half a cup or more of chopped pecans and bake in a square tin with low sides, and ice. You may double the recipes, bake two squares, and make a nut and fruit filling and icing if you choose. Perhaps it is better to use the baking powder in this case. Bake forty-five minutes. Chopped hickory nuts, instead of pecans, may be used.

Chocolate Cream Icing.—Boil together a cup and a half of granulated sugar and half a cup of milk until it forms a soft ball when dropped in water. Great care must be taken not to boil it a minute too long. Take from the fire, add vanilla to flavor, and beat until white, yet soft and creamy. Watch closely, lest it get too stiff and spread easily. If it has been cooked a minute too long it will stiffen quickly. Spread smoothly over the cake, or over squares of it. Melt an ounce or two of unsweetened or sweetened chocolate over boiling water and spread over white icing. Cake so iced and cut in small squares is dainty and satisfactory.

Fruit and Nut Cookies.—By practically the same recipe make a fruit cooky, using a little more flour, so that they can be rolled out. The following measure will make about three dozen or more small cookies, which are prettiest if cut out with the cutters which make fancy edges, heart shapes, diamonds, etc. Medium sized cookies are easier to bake than small ones, and the larger ones easier yet. Cream a cup of sifted sugar and half a cup of butter, and spices if you choose—half a teaspoon of several—the beaten yolks of two eggs, and half a cup of chopped nuts and half a cup of floured chopped fruit, and the flour from one and a half to two cups. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, sift over a little flour, turn out on a board, roll out and cut, put on greased paper in a large baking tin or on the bottom of same, brush over with white of egg and then sprinkle with sugar. Bake for twelve minutes in a moderate oven.

Mock Angel Cake.—An inexpensive cake to cut up into little shapes and ice and decorate with different nuts and little candies is the mock angel cake. Sift together four or five times one cup of sugar with three level teaspoons of baking powder; mix with one cup of hot milk and one teaspoon of vanilla, and finally add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, and bake in an ungreased pan for forty minutes, or divide and bake in two layers. The crust of this will have flavor like the real angel cake if half a teaspoon of vanilla and about as much of almond extract is used. This may be iced with a white frosting or is good with chocolate.

FAMINE FOOD.

What People Ate During the Siege of Paris in 1870.

In a letter by Henry Labouchere, which is quoted by Mr. A. L. Thorold in his life of the distinguished journalist, he describes, not without a characteristic touch of humor, the extremes to which the inhabitants of Paris were driven during the siege of 1870.

I went to see what was going on in the house of a friend of mine in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, who has left Paris. The servant who was in charge told me they had not been able to obtain bread for three days, and that the last time he had presented his ticket, he had been given about half an inch of cheese.

"How do you live, then?" I asked.

After looking mysteriously around to see that no one was watching us, he took me down into the cellar and pointed to some meat in a barrel. "It is half a horse," he said, in the tone of a man who is showing some one the corpse of his murdered victim. "A neighboring coachman killed him, and we salted him down and divided him." Then he opened a closet in which sat a huge cat. "I am fattening her up for Christmas; we mean to serve her up surrounded with mice-like sausages."

On January 6th, Labouchere notes: "Yesterday, I had a slice of Pollux for dinner. Castor and his brother Pollux are two elephants that have been killed. The meat was tough, coarse and oily, and I do not recommend English families to eat elephant when they can get beef or mutton. Many of the restaurants are closed for lack of fuel. They use lamps, but even French cooks when they are called upon to cook an elephant with a spirit lamp find the thing almost beyond their ingenuity. Castor's and Pollux's trunks are sold for forty-five francs a pound; the oeher parts of the interesting twins fetched about ten francs a pound."

Not all the strange foods eaten during the siege were as unalluring. On the subject of donkey, Labouchere says: "Donkey is infinitely better eating than beef or mutton; indeed, I do not know any meat that is better. Let anyone who doubts the excellence of cold donkey slay one of these weak-minded animals, cook him, and eat him."

Mouse holes can be filled up with putty, but putty alone is not likely to do much good. The mice soon make a way for themselves through it, but if the underside of the putty be covered with cayenne pepper or mustard you will find an immediate improvement.

Young Folks

The Seeing Eyes.

Eleanor had always hoped that some day a fairy would grant her a wish. She had a wish all ready and waiting. The wish that she had saved for the coming of the fairy was this—that she might have the Seeing Eyes. Eleanor was not blind. If you have thought fairy thoughts, you will know that the Seeing Eyes are eyes that see behind, and beneath, and into everything. Anyone can see an apple, but the Seeing Eyes look straight through to the heart, and back to the pink and white blossoms, and forward to the orchard that might grow from the seeds.

The fairy never appeared, but Eleanor's wish came true without any fairy, and she came to have the Seeing Eyes. The first time that she was able to use them was at a child's birthday party.

Eleanor was eight years old, and ordinary eyes would have said that every one of the children there was eight years old: but strangely enough, Eleanor saw that the largest boy of all was only six, and that he wished he had not come. No one could have discovered it without the Seeing Eyes, for that big young boy ran about, and laughed loudly, and said many silly things. The other children made fun of him, and they supposed that he liked it, because he laughed. Only Eleanor saw that he was ready to cry, and that he was moving nearer and nearer to the door.

Eleanor of the Seeing Eyes began to run about, too, and to make all the children laugh, until they forgot the boy; when the Seeing Eyes saw that his tears would not fall, and that he had stopped looking toward the door, Eleanor chose a game that she knew he liked.

The other time that Eleanor proved that she had Seeing Eyes was when she rang the door-bell of the Castle. The Castle was a dark, stone house, in which lived an old man. To common eyes he looked cross. Because he looked so cross, and the Castle so dark, the children of the town ran past; and if one saw a face at the window, he would cry out to the others, "There he is!" and they would all run even faster.

Eleanor dared to ring the door-bell! A bolt was pulled back, the door creaked open, and there stood the cross old man!

"Please help my dog," she said. "He has a splinter in his foot."

The little black-and-tan dog held up one foot, and moaned with pain.

The old man bent forward eagerly, and all the children shut their ordinary eyes, for fear they should see him hurt the little dog. But they opened them again when they heard the man say, "Come, let me see it!" His voice was wonderfully gentle, and the dog held out his sore paw, and kept perfectly still, while the man drew out the splinter.

The old man smiled at Eleanor, and said, "Come and see me some day. I should like to talk with a girl who loves animals."

With ordinary eyes a child would never have done these two things that Eleanor did; but Eleanor believes that the child who wishes with all his heart for the Seeing Eyes will find that the wish comes true.—Youth's Companion.

When pouring boiled milk or water into a tumbler or glass dish stand the tumbler or dish on a knife and the glass will neither break nor crack.

Venetian blinds can be made to look like new if you rub the laths with a piece of rag dipped in warm linseed oil, and then well polish the wood with a soft duster.

GERMANY BEGAN THE WAR

AMERICAN'S REPLY TO THE PROFESSORS' LETTER.

Says United States Has Already Passed Judgment and Fixed Blame.

The following article is reproduced from a recent issue of the London Times:

"Ninety-three of the most prominent men of Germany, distinguished in various branches of science, art, education and literature, have recently circulated broadcast throughout America a letter, entitled 'An Appeal to the Civilized World,' in which they attempt to change public opinion in the United States on the subject of the war. Mr. Church, president of the Carnegie Institute, at Pittsburg, and author of 'The Life of Oliver Cromwell,' has made reply to the German appeal, which is addressed to Dr. Fritz Schaper, of Berlin. He says:

"It gives me a feeling of pity to note the importunity with which the people of Germany are seeking the good opinion of America in this strife. It is greatly to their credit that they wish to stand right in the judgment of this nation. But Germany need have no fear that American public opinion will be perverted by the lies and calumnies of her enemies. We are all going deeper than the surface in our search for the truth. Your letter speaks of Germany as being in a struggle 'which has been forced upon her.' That is the whole question: all others are subsidiary. If this struggle was forced upon Germany, then, indeed, she stands in a position of mighty dignity and honor, and the whole world should acclaim her and succor her, to the utter confusion and punishment of the foes who have attacked her. But if this outrageous war was not forced upon her, would it not follow in the course of reason that her position is without dignity and honor and that it is her foes who should be acclaimed and supported to the extreme limit of human sympathy?

"I believe, dear Dr. Schaper, that the judgment on this paramount question has been formed. That judgment is not based upon the lies and calumnies the careless publications contained in the newspapers, but upon a profound study of the official correspondence in the case. What do the official documents prove?"

After reviewing the evidence Mr. Church concludes:

"Who began it? Was it England? Scarcely so, because England, in so far as her army is concerned, had yielded to the popular plea for arbitration; she was not ready for war and will not be ready for another six months. Was it France? Was it Russia? Not one of the 93 distinguished men who have sent me this letter, if they will read the evidence, will say so. It was Austria, who, by her unreasonable and inexorable attack on Servia, began the war, supported at every step by Germany, who, in her turn, gave notice to the Powers of Europe that any interference with Austria would be resented by Germany to the full limit of war.

The Crime Against Belgium.

Mr. Church proceeds:—

The next point in your letter reads thus: "It is not true that we have trespassed in neutral Belgium." Have these 93 men studied well the letter they have signed? Could intellects so superbly trained deliberately certify to such an unwarranted declaration? Has any one of my 93 honored correspondents read the appeal to the American people by Chancellor von Bethman Hollweg, published in the American newspapers on August 15? I fear not, for in that statement the Chancellor said: "We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak frankly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached."

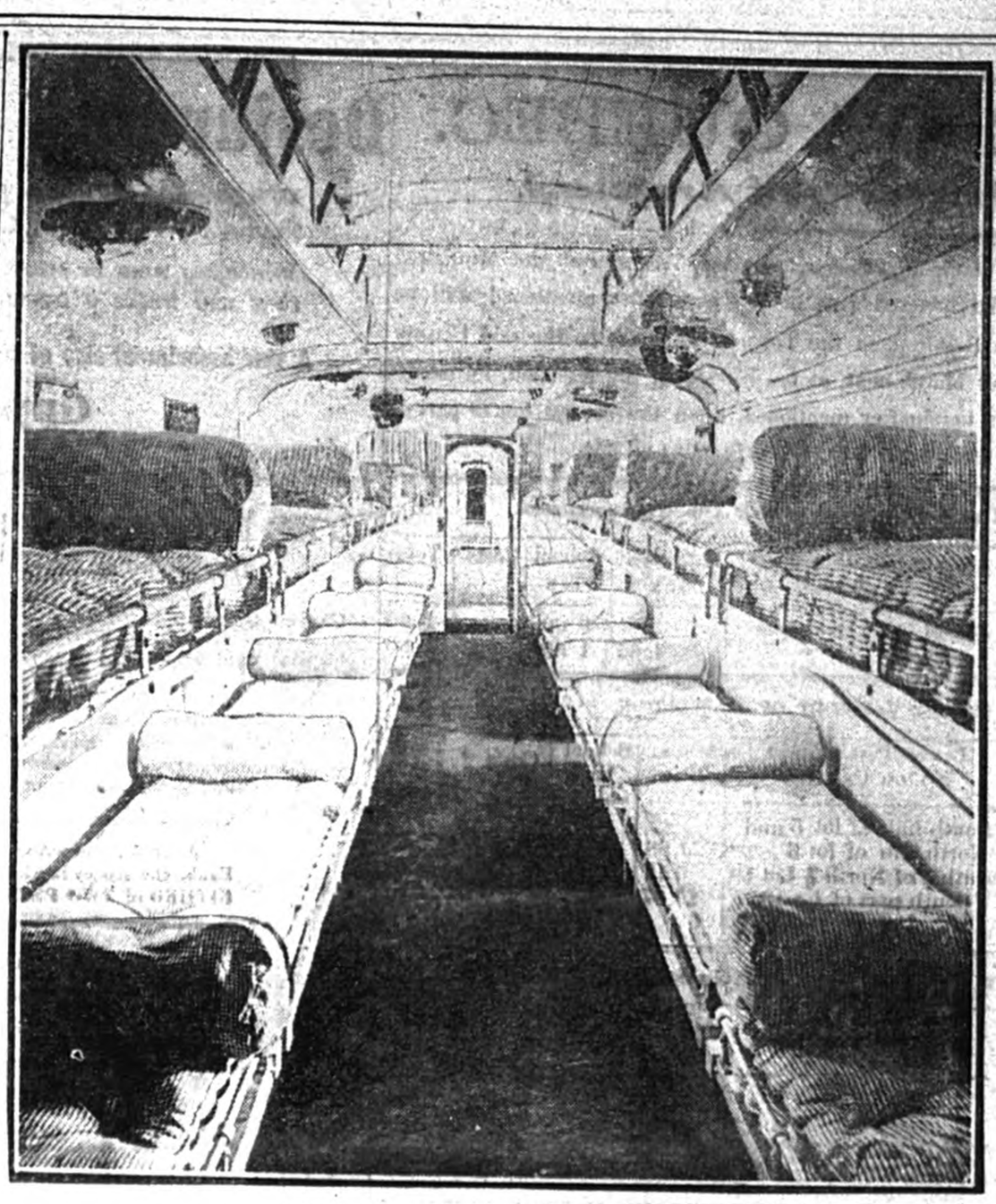
What will the good conscience of the German people say when, in spite of its passion in the rage of war, it grasps the awful significance of the confession of its Imperial Chancellor? "The wrong that we are committing." The wreck and ruin of a country that has done you no injury, the slaughter of her sons, the expulsion of her King and Government, the blackmail of her substance, the destruction of her cities, with their happy homes, their beautiful monuments of historic times, and the priceless works of human genius! "The wrong that we are committing." Worst of all, when the desperate and maddened populace, seeing their sons slain and their homes in flames, fired from their windows in the last instinct of nature, your troops, with barbaric ferocity put them to the sword without distinction of age or sex! The wrong! Oh, Doctor Schaper, if these conditions should ever be reversed and these foreign soldiers should march through the streets of Berlin, would not you, would not all of my 93 correspondents, if they saw their homes battered in ruins and their sons dead in the streets, would they, too, not fire from their windows upon the merciless invaders? I am sure I would do so!

German Militarism.

Your reference to German militarism brings up in my mind the conviction that this war began potentially 25 years ago, when Emperor William ascended the throne, declared himself Supreme War Lord, and proceeded to prepare his nation for war. His own children were raised from their babyhood to consider themselves soldiers and to look forward to a destiny of slaughter; and here in America we know even his daughter only by her photograph in a colonel's uniform. And as with his own children, so all the youth of his empire were brought up.

Going away from your great philosopher, Kant, who, in his Categorical Imperative, has taught us all a new golden rule, the national spirit of Germany has been fed on the sensual materialism of Nietzsche, on the undisguised bloodthirst of General von Bernhardi, on the wicked dreams of Treitschke, and on the weak morality of von Buelow; and we behold in every scrap of evidence that we can gather from your Emperor, his children, his soldiers, his statesmen, and his professors, that Germany held herself a nation apart from the rest of the world and superior to it, and predestined to maintain that superiority by war. In contrast to this narrow and destructive spirit of nationalism we in America have learned the value of humanity above the race so that we cherish all mankind in the bosom of our country. Therefore we can do nothing but execrate the conduct of your Emperor, who has driven his troops to slaughter their brethren and be slaughtered by them in this bloody and unspeakable conflict.

And so, my dear Dr. Schaper, we find ourselves shocked, ashamed, and outraged that a Christian nation should be guilty of this criminal war. There was no justification for it. Armed and defended as you were, the whole world could never have broken into your borders. And while German culture still has something to gain from her neighbors, yet the intellectual progress which Germany was making seemed to be lifting up her own people to better things for themselves and to an altruistic service to mankind. Your great nation floated its ships in every ocean, sold its wares to the uttermost parts of the earth and enjoyed the good favor of humanity, because it was trusted as a human State. But now all this achievement has vanished, all this good opinion has been destroyed. You cannot in half a century regain the spiritual and material benefits which you have lost. Oh, that we might have again a Germany that we could respect, a Germany of true peace, of true progress, of true culture, modest and not boastful, for ever rid of her war lords and her armed hosts, and turning once more to the uplifting influence of such leaders as Luther, Goethe, Beethoven, and Kant! But Germany, whether you win or lose in this war, has fallen, and the once glorious nation must continue to pursue in darkness and murder until conscience at last bids it withdraw its armies back to its own boundaries, there to hope for the world's pardon upon this inexpiable damnation.



Interior of an English Military Ambulance Train.

A splendid idea is conveyed by this photo of what a military ambulance train looks like. In its spotless interior, the wounded are conveyed from the battle lines to the base hospitals. Every aid known to modern science and surgery is called on while the men are being borne in this train to the hospitals. This particular train is on the Midland Railroad, but every railroad company in England is furnishing to the government many such trains similarly equipped.

AN AMAZING PROGRAMME

HOW RUSSIA IS RULED BY PETER THE GREAT.

His Many Prophecies That Have Come True Is Indeed Startling.

Russia's proclamation of the annexation of Galicia serves to recall a most remarkable historical document—the secret will of Peter the Great—which, it is said, is read to every Czar of Russia on his ascension to the throne.

In that will Peter laid out an amazing programme of aggression for future Czars to follow, which had as its consummation the commercial or political subjugation of the entire world.

Nearly two centuries have passed since Peter died. The proportion of his prophecies that have come true is startling. Poland has disappeared; Sweden has been humbled and isolated; the Turk has been driven from the Black Sea; the road to India is mostly in the czar's hands, and a vast line of Russian advance has spread over Northern Asia to the Pacific Ocean.

The guiding hands of the dead czar may be seen as clearly in the present war as at any time in the past. England must be made a commercial ally, Peter counseled his successors. All Slavonic peoples must be molded into one nation. Constantinople should be taken and the ascendancy over the Teuton race gained by fair means or foul.

Three far-reaching objectives, and all of them possible as an outcome of the titanic war now in progress. It seems almost that Russia has had no other policy than a determination to make Peter's prophecies come true.

"Russian princes should be encouraged to take German princesses to wife. Thus we will draw their best blood into our nation and absorb the benefits of their civilization."

German Wives of Russian Nobles.

Peter wrote the foregoing some time previous to his death in 1725. Whether or not the princes of Russia have been influenced by his advice, it remains a surprising fact that the wives of the higher Russian nobility, whenever from another nation, are most generally Germans.

The present czar, is the son of a Danish princess, who was half German. His wife was a princess of the German state of Hesse. Grand Duke Cyril married Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg and Grand Duke Paul married a German woman of lesser rank, Countess von Hohenfelsen.

Austria was to be considered only a pawn among nations, according to Peter. He advised the czars who followed him to coax and coddle the dual monarchy as long as it could be of service, and to strike when it stood in the way. Or, better yet, he urged, involve it in wars with France, Germany or Italy and let it wear its strength down without damage to Russia. He said:

"We must make the house of Austria interested in the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, and we must neutralize its jealousy at the capture of Constantinople either by preoccupying it with a war with other European states or by allowing it a share of the spoil, which we can afterward resume at our leisure."

What could be more prophetic? Russia's advance along the Black Sea was marked by the acquisition of Galicia, Bukowina, Bosnia and Novibazar by Austria. It has already lost the latter to Servia, the two former will become Russian territory if the allies win the present war, and Servian arms are now invading Bosnia. Russia, it would seem, is resuming at its leisure.

Constantinople the Goal.

No effort should be spared to gain control of Constantinople, Peter urged. Russia has spared none. Had it not been for the united resistance of the powers of Europe in the Crimean war it would be Czargrad, instead of Constantinople now. He wrote:

'We must progress as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of those points is the real ruler of the world. With that in view we must provoke constant quarrels with Turkey and at another time with Persia. . . . Moreover, we must take pains to establish and maintain an intimate union with Austria, apparently countenancing its schemes for future aggrandizement and all the while secretly rousing the jealousy of the minor states against it. In this way we must bring it to pass that one or the other party shall seek aid from Russia, and thus we shall exercise a sort of protectorate over the country, which will pave the way for future supremacy."

Servia and Montenegro were provoked to war and appealed to Russia for aid. That furnished the spark which kindled the war of nine nations. Poland once turned to Russia as the Balkan States did only yesterday. No historian could trace the course of Balkan diplomacy better than this dead czar did two centuries ago.

Russia has followed Peter's advice to make England a commercial ally. In addition, France has been drawn in, and the triple entente formed, which has developed into a military, as well as a commercial bond.

Peter's plan for the final struggle for world supremacy was as concise as his others. He advocated the making of secret and separate overtures to Vienna and Paris, to share the domination of the world. Both would respond, he believed. Then the two would be involved in

A Death Struggle

which would eliminate one from the field. Russia would calmly pick the bones of the other.

Peter did not see the future rise of the present Germany; but in a measure he predicted it. "The north will always win over the south," he said. Austria, to Peter, was the head of the Teuton peoples and all his advice concerning the handling of Vienna would apply as well to Berlin.

He believed that the future greatness of the Russian race was ordained by fate. Not westward, but northward, the star of empire would wend its way according to his plans. Egypt, Chaldea, Babylon, Greece, Rome, France, England, why not Russia next? Kismet, Russia would be next.

"I look on the future invasion of the eastern and western countries by the north as a periodical movement, ordained by Providence, who in like manner regenerated the Roman nation by barbarian invasions. These emigrations of men from the north are as the reflux of the Nile, which at certain seasons comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposits. I found Russia as a rivulet. I leave it as a river. My successors will make it a large sea, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe, and its waters will overflow in spite of opposing dams erected by weak hands, if our descendants only know how to direct its course. This is the reason I leave them these instructions. I give these countries to their watchfulness and care, as Moses gave the Tables of Law to the Jewish people."

COMMAND OF THE SEAS.

Comparison of British and German Merchant Casualties.

The British Board of Trade has issued a table showing how effectively the British Navy has swept German shipping from the seas, and has held the seas secure for British shipping. The total number of British and German steamships of over 100 tons gross are:—British, 10,123, with a gross tonnage of 20,523,706; German, 2,090 ships, gross tonnage 5,134,720. Of these vessels there are unavailable for various causes:—British—Captured, 49; detained in German ports, 75; held up in the Baltic and the Black Sea, 71—total, 195, with a gross tonnage of 585,551, or 1.9 per cent. of the total number of steamships and 2.9 per cent. of the gross tonnage. German—Captured, 80; detained in British or Allied ports, 166; seeking refuge in neutral ports, 646; in German ports, 329—total unavailable, 1,221; gross tonnage, 4,584,926, or 58.4 per cent. of the total number and 89.3 per cent. of the total number and 89.3 per cent. of the gross tonnage.

Plying—British, 9,698 ships, or 98.1 per cent. of the total number, with a gross tonnage of 20,122,173, or 97.1 per cent. of the gross tonnage. Plying or unaccounted for:—German—Known to be at sea, 10 ships; over 500 tons, not accounted for, 125; steam trawlers, not accounted for, 353; small coasters not accounted for, 381; total, 869, or 41.9 per cent., with a gross tonnage of 549,794, or 10.7 per cent.

Don't suppose that because a man asks you for advice he wants it.

Takes a Tip But Not a Tipple.

Commercial Traveller — Have a drink, Sam.

Hotel Porter—No, sah. Ah don't drink; it's against mah principalities, sah.

The girl that steals a man's heart is liable to get a life sentence at hard labor.



ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

England and Wales have 117,057 woman clerks.

American girls spend $134,000,000 a year for candy.

Saleswomen in New York City number over 23,000.

New York has a hotel owned and managed by two sisters.

Woodbury, N.J., has a woman's auxiliary fire company.

New York state has 432 women's clubs, with a membership of over 300,000.

Of over 800,000 employees in the factories of Saxony, 276,710 are women.

Queen Elizabeth, of Belgium, has a hobby of being photographed with her children.

One half of the women in the United States marry before they are 25 years old.

Mrs. Cunliffe Owen organized the Sportsman's battalion of General Kitchener's army.

Austrian and Hungarian women are giving their best-loved jewels to swell the war fund.

The Women's Emergency corps in England has a large force of girls employed in making toys.

Woman students at the Pennsylvania State college are now given the same opportunity of gaining an education as the men.

Chinese women are not allowed to select their future husbands, all the arrangements being made by the parents of the affianced couple.

As a reward for her indefatigable work among the sick and wounded, Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Elizabeth upon Mrs. Frederick Penfield, wife of the American ambassador to Vienna.

In assisting a band of cowboys in driving a herd of cattle from Portland, Ore., to Fairbanks, Alaska, a distance of 200 miles, Miss Grace Carter spent 32 days in the saddle.

In Switzerland there is one divorce for every 22 marriages; in France one for every 30; in Germany, one for every 44; in England one for every 400, and in the United States, one in every twelve.

In England 3,185 women are employed in the coal mining industry, 2,253 in the building trade, 7,170 on the railways, and 7,284 in the engineering, machine making, iron founding and boiler making trade.

Joseph Grace Chan, a Chinese girl now a student at the University of California, will, after her graduation, aid her countrymen by scientific knowledge, and one of the first things she will do upon her return home will be to perfect the sewer system in China by means of an educational campaign.

Women have no rights among the natives of New Guinea. They are treated as slaves, worked almost to death, and savagely beaten when their owners happen to be in a bad humor, which is often. It is their business to cultivate the fields of banana and rice while their lords and masters attend to the fighting and hunting. If a man chooses to murder his wife no one interferes and nothing much seems to be thought of it.

Germans' Helmet Light.

Despite the heavy appearance of the German soldiers' helmets, they are exceedingly light. They are made of steel, but they are nearly as light as a straw hat, and far more comfortable. The large military-looking spike is not placed on the top of the helmet for ornament alone. There are several large holes in it which ventilate the wearer's head. The steel from which the helmet is made is exceedingly thin—almost as thin as paper, and all round inside, where the helmet touches the head, there are a number of springs.

Detecting a Submarine.

It is practically impossible for any ship to detect an attacking submarine, or to know that she is attacked until the torpedo is fired. Once the torpedo is fired the game is given away, because submarine attacks can only be delivered in daylight, and torpedoes cannot be fired without betraying the circumstances by the bubbles that they make on the water.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE. - QUE.

Municipal Elections.

Considerable interest was manifested in the nomination proceedings last Monday. Mr. E H. Wilson was elected in the West Ward and Mr. Desiaurier re-elected both being by acclamation. In the East Ward Messrs. Jas. W. Galt and H. Filion were both elected by acclamation, but in the Centre a contest was declared between Messrs. Jas. P. McKimmie and Mr. G. F. Calder as Mayor and Messrs. A. McFaul and E. Lavigne against P. Paquin and J. S. Giles.

The presiding officer Mr. A. D. McGibbon called upon the retiring Mayor, who briefly stated that during his tenure of office he had done to the best of his knowledge and conscience all that he possibly could do.

Mr. McKimmie was then called on and said that the office was none of his seeking, as he had tried to get some of the older members of the council to enter the fight, but they seemed to think that he was entitled to the position and having been requested by a number of his friends he decided to run. If elected he would go into the council with his hands untied. This seemed to be a question of Whiskey vs. Temperance, but as far as he was concerned he believed in wiping all the licenses out or none and as soon as a proper petition was presented asking for it he would be the first to vote. (This it will be remembered was the same statement as made last spring before the temperance delegation).

Mr. Calder stated that he had been several times reproached for not taking a more active part in the municipal affairs of the Town. He had felt that perhaps in other ways he had done his share of work in the public interest, but this year when he was requested to allow his name to be placed in nomination for Mayor he agreed that if it appeared by a largely signed requisition that the citizens really wanted him, he would consent. When the requisition was given to him, he found that this condition had been more than fulfilled. The invitation came from all classes in the community without regard to race, religion, politics or personal views on moral issues. To refuse such an invitation would have been ungrateful. He was therefore before them as an ordinary citizen, prepared to render what service he could according to the best of his judgment and ability. That was the only pledge he could give. They must take him on his past record for better or worse. It had been said that he should have been content to enter the council as a councillor and after he had acquired the required training, then he might aspire to be mayor. The position of mayor had no special attraction for him, and no person could say he had ever expressed any desire for the position. There was involved in that object a very important principle and one which he was sure could not be accepted It meant that the electors of Lachute were confined in their choice for mayor to the members of the council. That was the very thing to which many citizens objected. The council had been in the habit of prepetuating itself largely on the suggestion of interested parties. The result was that the candidates were not chosen by the people as a whole but by individuals. The blame did not rest with these individuals, but rather with the citizens themselves, who had become so indifferent that they allowed things to drift. It was also said that the honor should go to a councillor who had rendered service to the town. To some extent that was true, but he did not think that the people who had signed his requisition did so for the purpose of conferring an honor but, to obtain service.

The mayoralty was not supposed to be given as a reward of merit, but the mayor was chosen to serve the Town. If they thought his opponent would give more faithful and efficient advice than he could it was their privilege and duty to vote for him.

In regard to temperance, Mr Calder said, "I have lived in Lachute about forty years You all know that I am recognized as a temperance man. All I can say is that if I must sacrifice my temperance principles in order to be Mayor of Lachute, then I never shall hold that office I do not say that all the hotels can be removed in one fell swoop, but I do say that the council should see that the law is enforced and that in the past they have not given the representation the temperance people have made, the consideration to which they were entitled. Mr. Calder also addressed the electors in French.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Municipality of the County of Argenteuil.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by Gavin J. Walker, Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil that the lots and part of lots hereinafter mentioned will be sold by Public Auction in the Court House Building, in the Town of Lachute, in the said County of Argenteuil, on Wednesday, the third day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for assessments and charges due to the municipalities hereinafter mentioned, upon the several lots or part of lots hereinafter described unless the same be paid to me with costs before day of sale.

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF GRENVILLE AND AUGMENTATION.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Lot or part thereof No. on cadastre	Municipal Tax	School Tax	Costs	Total
Estate Jos. Neagle	Non Resident	1	Lot No. 4c Grenville		3 00		3 00
Peter Moore	" "	7	Lot No 12b "	1 05	1 50	25	2 80

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF HARRINGTON.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Lot or Part thereof No on Cadastre	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Costs	Total Am't
Richard Burns	Non-Resident	9	South half of lot 5 and North half of lot 6	$20 88		32	$21 20
Jefferson Sheffield or representatives	Non-Resident	4	South ½ of North ½ Lot 19	9 17		50	9 67
Jas. Weldon and George Hartley	Non-Resident	8	South part of lot 13 100 acres	26 67		1 00	27 67

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF GRENVILLE.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Cadastral No.	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Total Amount
William Cook	Non-Resident		Lot No. 33	10 98		$10 98
The Martin Heirs	"		Lot No. 32	3 78		3 78

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WENTWORTH.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Cadastral No.	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Am't Total
Eugene Demurrey	Non-Resident	4	Lot No. 22a	$38 28	9 00	$47 28
Wm. McDonald	"	6	North half lot No. 26	9 30	5 06	14 36
Daniel McRae	"	6	South half of lot No. 26	3 35		3 35
Estate C. E. Leclere, Notary	"	8	Lot No. 22a,			
	"	9	Lot No. 21 b. 22 a, and a point of land in Black Lake, forming part of lot 21 in the 10th range containing three arpents more or less, bounded on one side by a road and on the other three sides by the said Black Lake.	47 47	14 85	62 32
Estate late Pierre Forgette	"	11	Subdivisions Nos. 26, 27, 5, 22, 23, 24 of lot No 6.	27 78	63 10	90 88
Jos. Lafantaisie	"		That part of subdivision No. 12 of lot No. 6 in the 11th range bounded in front by the public road, in rear by the said lot No. 6, and on one side by subdivision No 13 of said lot No. 6, and on the other side by a part of said subdivision No. 12 belonging to C. R. Clement.	7 50	15 31	22 81

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF ST. JERUSALEM D'ARGENTEUIL.

Name of Owner or Occupant.	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Cadastral No.	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Total Am't
Phileas Alarie	Non-Resident		Lot No. 1889	32 75		32 75
Fredrick Belanger	"		Lots 1870, 1871, 1872	4 50		4 50

That part of cadastral Lot No. 1412, bounded on front to the West partly by the public road and partly by a projected road to be opened in a line parallel with the East line of said lot, on one side to the North by a part of the said lot belonging to Peter C. Demers, on the other side to the South by that part of the same lot belonging to Cleophas Dumoulin, containing in superficies five acres, with buildings thereon, Proprietor, Joseph Dumoulin, non-resident. Amount due Municipal Tax $10 07

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF GORE.

Name of Owner or Occupant	Resident or Non-Resident	Range	Cadastral No.	M'ipal Tax	School Tax	Cost	Total Am't
Stanislas Laurin	Non-Resident	2	South half 13 b and 14 a	44	1 36	25	2 05
Jos. Leister	Resident	1	Lot No. 9 a	1 70	5 00	1 25	7 95
Henry Carruthers	"	2	Lot No. 1 a and 1 b	6 07	21 37	1 25	28 69
Norman Woods	"	1	Lot No. 2 b				
"	"	2	Lot No. 2 b	5 47	18 25	1 25	24 97
La Comp. d'Immeubles Richelieu	Non-Resident	6	Lot No. 5 b, 6 a	1 80	6 80	25	8 85
John Bows	Resident	3	Lot No. 7 a	3 74	11 00	1 25	15 99

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF CHATHAM.

1st. That part of cadastral lot No. 755, bounded as follows: North by By-road between 7th and 8th Ranges of Chatham, East by By-road No. 30 South, South and West by remaining portion of said lot No. 755. containing about one half acre more or less, Proprietor, John Jackson, resident.

Amount due for Municipal Tax $19 04
Costs $4 80
Total $23 84

2nd. Cadastral Lots Nos. 455 and 456, and that portion of the East part of cadastral lot No. 454, bounded on the North by said lots 455 and 456, East by East Line of Block "C" 2nd Range, South by First Range block "C" West by By-road No. 11, Proprietor, Octave Bonhomme, Non-resident.

Amount due for Municipal Taxes $2 82
Costs 56
Total $3 38

Lachute, Jan. 4th, 1915

GAVIN J. WALKER,
Sec.-Treas. of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil.

Desjardins' Footwear.

What could be nicer for a Christmas Gift than a Pr tty Pair of Good Warm Slipprs?

We have now in stock a full line of them that will make a Serviceable Holiday Gift!

A fine assortment also of the Best Winter Footwear.

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.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Branch at Lachute, - - J. R. McOUAT, Manager.
Sub-Agency at Brownsburg, J. R. THOMPSON, Sub-Agent.

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

Academy Exams

—: or :—

GRADE I ACADEMY.

BRITISH & CANADIAN HISTORY.

Class I, - Amy Bates 84, Della Campbell 83, Nora Rodgers 79, W. Hooper 76, Hazel McCoy 75

Class II.—Keith Douglas 72, Verda Kettyle 71, Myrtle MacGregor, Percy Gordon 70, George Bain 61.

Class III.—Kenneth McConnell 55, Aggie Hay, Edwin Johnson 54, Grace Copeland 52.

GRADE III MODEL.

DICTATION & SPELLING.

Honours.—Violet Rogers 98, Myrtle Berry, Katie Jones 97, Edith Beers, Edna Conlin 96, Annie Silverson 94, Jessie Berry 92, Maude Painter 90.

Class I.—Hazel O'Brien 89 Mabel Kodger 88, Douglas Bradford 87, W. Cruise 82, Ruby Miller 81, Lila Cruise 80, George McCormick 78, Violet Grey Mina Dixon 79, Isabel Wason 75.

GRADE II MODEL

ARITHMETIC.

Class I.—Kenneth Hay, Alfred Hunter 86, Grace Mount, James McGibbon 84, Mamie Graham 80, Inez Sutton 78, J. Paul 77, P Carpenter 76, James Smith, Doris Hammond 75.

Class II.—Harold McFaul, Dora Barley 72, Lyall Middleton 71, Ernest Baldwin 68, Jean Campell 65, Samuel Graham 63

Class III.—Stanley McNaughton 51, Elsie Lackey 50.

GRADE I MODEL.

READING.

Honours.—Keith Christie 97, C. Burwash 96. Kenneth McOuat 94, L. McPhail 93

Class I.—Edna Bampton, Ruby Rodgers, W. Shaw 89, Anna Scott 88, Ray Boyd, Helena Dobbie, George McCoy, G. Murphy 87, A. Kinmond, Ross Muir 86, May Boyd, Ella Giles 85, Eddie Barker, B. Bradford 84, M. Bos 83, John Paul 82, Emma Smith 77, Olive Boyd 76, Oscar Duffy 75.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.

GRAMMAR.

Honours.—Ryckman Alexander, E. Hamilton, Margaret Jones, Margaret McOuat 92.

Class I.—Arthur Lackey 89, Jessie Hay 84, D. Patterson 83, G. Hammond 81, L. Demarse 78, F. Hunter 77, Jas. McKimmie 76.

Class II.—Roy Chambers 71, Ian Hay 67, Ivan Carpenter 66, Linnie Thompson 63.

Class III.—John Armstrong 56, M. Garrard 52.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.

ARITHMETIC.

Honours.—Kenneth Campbell 91.

Class I.—Irene Byron 89, Willie Cottingham 85, Gordon Cruise 84, L. Hamilton 83, Annie Fraser 76.

Class II.—Nellie Cowan 69, Mina Paul 68, Arthur Cruise 67, Myrtle Barker 64, Arnold Scott 63, Beatrice Cuninham 60

Class III.—Lillie Bradford 58, Elmer Ryan 57, James Hay 55, M. Hunter 54, Clifford McFaul 53, Hilda Sutton 51.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.

SPELLING & DICTATION.

Honors.—Evelyn Creswell, Gordon G. Cruise 94.

Class I.—Lawrence Cruise 85, Ida Bampton, Lilly Paul 83, Howard Morrison 82, Ruth Byron 78, Ivan Bennett 77, George McGibbon 75.

GRADE I. ELEMENTARY.

SPELLING.

Honors.—Donald Hay, Margaret Scott 96, Mildred Hammond 94.

Class I.—Willie Miller 86, Jean McOuat 82.

Class II.—Willie Grandmaison 74, Hugh Cunningham 70, Charlie Miller 66, Inez McCiddie 64, L. Armstrong 54

Class III, - Lea Dion, Edith Jones 50.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

—: o :—

Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonnne } No. 343

DAME MALVINA RODRIGUE,
Plaintiff.

vs.

FELIX LANDRY,
Defendant.

—: o :—

An action in seperation from bed and board has been instituted in this cause on the 29th of December 1914 and the defendant is ordered to appear within one month.

Ste-Scholastique, 4th January 1915.

GRIGNON & FORTIER,
Protonotaire.

F. DE S. A. BASTIEN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

1-39.

COAL and WOOD

FOR SALE.

Give your order at once for next Season.

—o—

Harry Ayers

Lachute Mills, Que.

Office of Municipal Council of the County of Terrebonne

St. Jerome, January 5th, 1915.

I hereby give public notice that the lots and parcels of lots hereinafter mentioned will be sold by public auction, at the Municipal County Council Room in the Town of St. Jerome, WEDNESDAY, the third day of MARCH next, at TEN o'clock, in the forenoon, for the taxes and charges due to the Municipalities hereinafter mentioned, upon the several lots or parcels of lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid, with costs, two days before the said aforesaid day, to wit:

Municipality of the Parish of St Sophie

Names	No. of Cadaster	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes	Total
B. Kadonof	54, 55	$5 46		$5 46
Jean Marie Calibart	178, 179	8 62		8 62
Fred. Berlin	262	1 50		1 50

Municipality of the Village of St. Therese.

The No. 118 on Blainville Street, at the North of the road, limited at the west by the railroad, branch of St. Jerome at the back, and at the East by the No. 115.

Municipal Tax $3 57 School Tax $0.20 Total $3.77

Municipality of the Parish of St. Therese.

Names	Nos.	Description	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes	Total
Unknown	313	1st Concession of Coteau St. Louis	$0 67	$0 55	$1 22
"	316	" " " "	0 71	0 55	1 26
"	317	" " " "	0 71	0 55	1 26
"	318	" " " "	0 71	0 55	1 26
"	319	" " " "	0 71	0 55	1 26
"	320	" " " "	0 71	0 55	1 26
"	321	" " " "	0 71	0 55	1 26
"	322	" " " "	0 71	0 55	1 26
"	351	2nd " " "	0 26	0 26	0 52
"	352	" " " "	0 26	0 26	0 52
"	359	" " " "	0 59	0 61	1 20
"	360	" " " "	0 59	0 61	1 20
"	361	" " " "	0 59	0 61	1 20
"	362	" " " "	0 59	0 61	1 20
"	363	" " " "	0 59	0 61	1 20
Frs. Paquette	381	" " " "	0 35	0 38	0 73
" "	382	" " " "	0 35	0 38	0 73
Unknown	414	" " " "	0 50	0 48	0 98
James Morrison	415	" " " "	0 60	—	0 60
" "	416	" " " "	0 33	—	0 33
" "	417	" " " "	0 33	—	0 33
" "	418	" " " "	0 33	—	0 33
Unknown	817	Situated in the Domaine and Marleau	0 50	0 50	1 00
"	818	" " "	0 50	0 50	1 00
"	826	" " "	0 50	0 50	1 00
Alphonse Leonard	877	" " continuations of St. Janvier	2 68	2 46	5 14

Municipality of the Parish of St. Agathe des Monts.

Names	Nos.	Range of Duncaster	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes	Total
Amede Piche	6 and 7	11th	$20 00	$4 86	$24 86
Georges Burke	8	"	5 00	2 43	7 43

Municipality of the United Townships of Desalaberry and Grandison.

Name	Occupation	Nos.	Township	Council	Interests	Advice	Total
Bennett William	Farmer	Lots North 9; North 12	of Desalaberry	$13 09	$0 74	$1 20	$15 03

Municipality of the Parish of St. Sauveur des Monts.

Names	Nos. or Part of Nos. of Cadaster	Concession	Municipal Taxes	Road Taxes	School Taxes	Costs	Total
Pacific Lafrance last proprietor known	A lot with buildings, being part of No. 356 of Cadaster	N. W. St. Lambert	$2 75	$1 06	$7 57	—	$11 38
J. E. Renaud last proprietor known	A lot with buildings, being part of No. 372 of Cadaster.	" "	2 94	83	6 86	—	10 63
Mrs. Ada Frederica Smith last proprietor known	A land with buildings, No. 484 of Cadaster.	N. W. St. Gabriel	8 87	81 74	12 53	—	103 14
James Day last proprietor known	A part of land, being a part of Nos. 488, 489, 492, from the Public Road, of the Cote Nord, St. Gabriel, reaching a lake, less the lots sold to F. Wilkinson, to Wilkinson and to the School Commission.	N. W. St. Gabriel	1 74	31 39	2 61	—	35 94
Antoine Boisclair	A land with buildings, No. 534	" "	8 35	—	18 67	4 40	31 42
August St. Jacques last proprietor known, or W. J. E. Champagne	Nos. 229, 230, 231 Nos. 273	N. W. St. Elmire } S. E. St. Lambert }	3 10	45 04	22 64	—	70 78
Wilfrid Belair, last proprietor known or to an unknown	Nos. 270—Part of 271	" "	2 44	23 13	28 37	—	53 84

Municipality d'Ivry on the Lake.

Names	Nos.	Range	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes	Total
G. O. d'Ivry (A. R. Johnson, guardian)	28a, 29a	5th Beresford	$51 82	$48 24	$100 06
" " " " "	41b, 42b	3rd "	14 78	13 20	27 98
David Scott	P. 37	4th "	19 84	—	19 84
Charles Ryan	5	3rd "	15 62	—	15 62
Miss Hamilton	P. 28a	5th "	76 68	47 20	123 88

HENRY M. J. PREVOST,

Sec.-Treas. M.C. County of Terrebonne.

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

FOR SALE.—Wood and Butter. The best on the market Apply to
JOHN BLOW,
R. R. no. 3, Lachute, Que.

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

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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

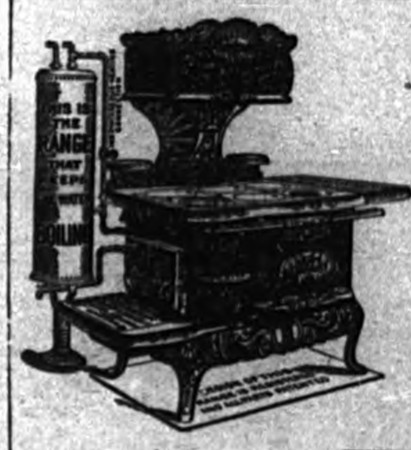
L. L. LEGAULT B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

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.

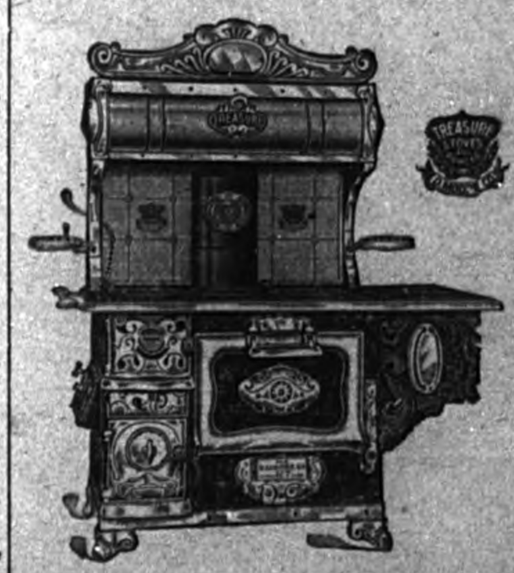
Paid Up Capital - - - - - - - $4,000,000
Rest - - - - - - - - - 4,750,000

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, - - E. W. Richards, Acting 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 fix 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.

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.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXV.

Leslie Ford lingered only long enough to pack up her few personal belongings — alas! they only filled one little trunk — and locking it, she gave it in charge of the parlor-maid until it should be sent for.

"Yes'm, I'll see to it," said Lucy, with a little duck of a courtesy, for the servants all liked Leslie. "And," she added to herself, "I'll keep it precious close, for Miss Corona's fully capable of pitching it out of the window with her own hands."

And so Leslie Ford left the only home to which she could lay any claim, and went out into the miniature world of the summer watering-place, a stranger in a strange land.

Not quite knowing in which direction to bend her footsteps, she walked a few paces along the esplanade, and then, feeling sick and faint in the sultry glare of the sunshine reflected back from the glittering sea and the white expanse of the sands, she sat down in one of the little summer-houses to rest and think.

What should she do? Her pride and independence revolted from a return to the Lancaster mansion, where she had been given so plainly to understand that she was no longer a welcome guest. To Mrs. Utley she might, indeed, have applied in the draft, were it not for the unfortunate fact that the old lady had sailed for Europe but a few weeks ago.

"No," thought poor Leslie, with a strange sensation of sickening loneliness sweeping over her heart, "there is no single friend to whom I can turn for help or comfort. I have myself, and only myself to depend upon. I must try and find another situation as soon as possible."

But, then, the impracticability, not to say impossibility, of obtaining a situation, with no reference to show, flashed across her mind—and the poor girl burst into tears, and cried heartily in the friendly seclusion of the little vine-shaded summer-house.

Somehow the scalding shower relieved her burdened heart, and brought with it a feeling of calm and resignation.

"I'm not badly off as I was before," said Leslie to herself, "but somehow, I don't feel quite so forsaken. Let me see—I have nineteen dollars here, and at some modest and inexpensive lodging, nineteen dollars will last me quite a while. And, in the meantime, I can maintain myself."

Fortunately, she knew of a Mrs. Madden, a widow lady, who owned an ugly, unpretentious little house in one of the streets branching off from the ocean road, and eked out an income that was of the slenderest by letting to a few lodgers, who either "did" for themselves, or took their meals at the nearest restaurant. Mrs. Madden herself was great in the doing up and mending of fine muslins and laces, in which capacity Leslie had visited her in Corona Calderon's behalf.

Mrs. Madden willingly consented to let her occupy a third-story hall bedroom for two dollars a week, and Leslie subsisted on bread and cheese, with now and then a glass of milk or a cup of tea, drank at Mrs. Madden's own humble table, while her days were spent in looking for employment, either in Long Branch or the city.

"You'll die, miss, if you don't eat a bit of meat once in a while," said Mrs. Madden, shaking her head. "Bread and crackers ain't no diet for a Christian in the country.

Leslie smiled and shook her head.

"I can not afford it, Mrs. Madden," said she. "Besides, I shall do very well. It is only for a little while, you know, and I am certain that Mrs. Waldegrave will engage me to-morrow. It will be a splendid place—twelve dollars a month, and nothing to do but to read to the old lady, talk French to the children, and help the bonne about their wardrobes."

"A little of everything and a good deal of nothing's the hardest kind of a place, as far as my experience goes," said Mrs. Madden, gloomily.

"Oh, but I am not at all afraid of work, Mrs. Madden," retorted Leslie, brightly, "and this enforced idleness, while all the time I feel that my money is melting away, is the hardest of all to me."

"I'm sure I wish you good luck," sighed Mrs. Madden, who took rather a despondent view of the world, "but there ain't never no telling how things may turn out."

But Mrs. Waldegrave, when Leslie Ford visited her according to appointment the next day, greeted her with a cold and constrained manner, that formed a striking contrast with the cordiality of the former interview.

"I am sorry to be obliged to decline all further negotiations, Miss Ford," said she, "When you mentioned that you lived with Miss Calderon, you did not mention the reason of your dismissal. My daughters are some of them just growing up into womanhood, and I am obliged to be extremely particular as to their associations. Miss Calderon was here yesterday, and when I mentioned that I was on the point of engaging you, she frankly advised me not to do so."

"Miss Calderon is very kind," said Leslie, rising, with burning cheeks. "But I doubt whether Miss Calderon told you the whole truth."

Mrs Waldegrave drew herself up slightly.

"Perhaps we need not discuss the matter," said she. "My decision to dispense with your services is irrevocable. Good-morning! The door, Sarah!"

So the malice and spite of Corona Calderon seemed to follow poor Leslie like an unseen Nemesis. Situation after situation, just when it seemed within her reach, was withheld from her through the mysterious influence of the heiress in the Italian villa, until, abandoning the idea in despair, she resolved to try her fortune in the city.

But she discovered that prospects there were less sanguine still. The intelligence offices and employment bureaus were crowded with eager applicants, to whom the employers were in a ratio of one to twenty. And Leslie was just contemplating the advisability of writing out a modest little advertisement, and inserting it in one of the dailies, when the whole current of her life took an abrupt and most unexpected turn.

In those dark days she was almost beginning to despond, in spite of the natural hopefulness and elasticity of her temperament. More than once she had wept herself to sleep, in the quiet and silence of the little hall bedroom, after counting up the slender remains of her small capital—more than once, walking on the esplanade for exercise at twilight, she had looked down looked down at the showers of breaking spray, and asked herself whether it would not be better if she were lying fathoms deep under the shining waves, with all her troubles and sorrows peacefully at rest.

Once or twice, in these moods, she had chanced to encounter the unconscious primary cause of her tribulations—Edmund St. Just. At first she did not tell him of the result of their morning walk on the sands. Both womanly pride and natural reticence recoiled from taking one who was almost a stranger into the secrets of her own personal existence. But the next time he encountered her she perceived at once that he was fully posted in what had occurred.

Leslie would have passed on with no more prolonged greeting than a bow, but he checked himself directly in her pathway, and lifted his hat with the profoundest courtesy.

"Pardon me for detaining you, Miss Ford," said he, "but I have only just come from Miss Calderon's."

"Indeed!"

Leslie felt the warm blood rush to her temples, in spite of her efforts to preserve a calm indifference of mien.

"And there I learned—need I say with what surprise and indignation?—the cruel injustice that has been practised upon you. Nor can I refrain from expressing my sympathy and regret, that—"

"I would rather not talk of it, Mr. St. Just," said Leslie, hurriedly.

"But I must talk of it," cried out Edmund. "Miss Ford, I am by no means such a stranger to you as I seem. I have observed you many a time before the fortunate occurrence which procured me the honor of a personal acquaintance, and I may surely be excused for feeling a deep and earnest interest in all that concerns you."

"I am much obliged to you," said Leslie, coldly.

"And you will allow me to know something of your welfare?"

"It will be quite unnecessary," said the girl.

Mr. St. Just looked deeply pained, and stepped back to let her pass.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "I should have remembered that I am no more to you than any other common acquaintance. I have no right to suppose that you can read my heart."

"Oh, forgive me!" cried Leslie, involuntarily holding out her hand. "I do not mean to rebuff the offered kindness of any friend. There are few enough who call themselves so."

"Then we are friends?" said Mr. St. Just cordially clasping the little cold palm.

"Of course we are."

"And I may hear from time to time how you succeed?"

"If you are interested!"

"It is a compact," said St. Just. "And can I not walk a little distance with you?" as Leslie stood motionless.

She shook her head with a smile that partook something of bitterness.

"Miss Calderon's discharged companion must not expose herself needlessly to the envenomed tongue of gossip," said she. "Go your way, Mr. St. Just, and I will go mine!"

"You are cruel!" said the young man, entreatingly.

But Leslie only laughed, and motioned him away. And as he moved reluctantly in an opposite direction, the girl hastened home, with a heart somewhat lighter than it had been. Truly the balm of sympathy is never bestowed in vain. While St. Just, walking along the bluff, with a lighted cigar between his lips, mused within himself upon the beautiful girl whom he had just left.

"The prettiest and most thorough-bred little girl I ever saw in my life," thought he. "And the more I see her the more spooney I become! Hang it, have matters come to this pass with Edmund St. Just, that he is ready to fling away money, fortune, future, all for a pair of coral lips, and eyes that look like pools of sherry wine? Is this love? Bah! am I really proposing to make a donkey of myself, after all the scorn I've heaped on other fellows?"

Mr. St. Just walked home, arguing with his other personality—St. Just in his senses against St. Just infatuated—and decided that he would never see the dangerously pretty Miss Ford again!

And the next day found him watching and waiting, as eagerly as ever, for the opportunity of meeting Leslie, giving up his whole day to the possibility of a word or a look from her.

Evidently St. Just in his senses had no sort of chance against the other St. Just, who was sinking deeper and deeper into the depths of love with every day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Scarcely more than a week had elapsed, and Edmund St. Just, abandoning himself entirely to the headlong infatuation of the passing moment, with a lack of sober reason that we sometimes discover in the wisest of men, had contrived, on one pretext or another, to see and speak with Leslie Ford every day. And she, poor child, was beginning to feel as if she really had one friend left her, in all the wide, frowning world, when, one evening, her brief dream of peace and rest was rudely dissipated.

It was a lovely evening, cool and radiant, after a shower, and Leslie had been out. A storekeeper on Ocean Avenue had advertised for a saleswoman to attend the counter of a wool and fancy goods store, and our poor little heroine had hoped for a possible means of earning the daily bread which was becoming a serious problem to her. But she had met with her usual luck. Of the thirteen young women who were applicants for the situation, Mme. Xavier had selected a tall, showy girl who could boast of long experience in the business, and capital references—and Leslie and the other disappointed twelve went sorrowfully away.

As she came up the steps of the musty little lodging-house, Mrs. Madden met her on the threshold.

"I believe, Miss Ford," said she, grimly, "you engaged your room with me by the week?"

"Yes," said unconscious Leslie.

"And I believe the second week is up to-night?"

"Yes," said Leslie. "Did you want the money? I was just going to count it out to you."

"It is not that—at least not altogether," said Mrs. Madden, with a toss of her head. "The money will be very welcome, of course—but I have the character of my house to look to!"

"I don't understand you," said Leslie, with a start.

"And if you please, your room will be wanted to-night," went on Mrs. Madden, jerking out the words as if they were so many torpedoes. "For this ain't no place for young gals as meets gentlemen on the bluff every evening, with half Long Branch gossipin' about them, and Miss Corona Calderon shocked out of her senses!"

"Miss Corona Calderon?" slowly repeated Leslie Ford, with a deadly chill at her heart. "Ah, I can understand it now!"

"I dare say, miss," said Mrs. Madden. "And if I'd only understood afore how matters really was, you shouldn't a-come here. No, that you shouldn't!"

Leslie made no attempt to argue the question with the excited and prejudiced old woman, but quietly counted out her money.

"I will send for my trunk as soon as I can obtain another lodging, Mrs. Madden," said she.

"The sooner the better, miss," retorted Mrs. Madden, turning coldfully away.

As Leslie hurried down the path that led northward, with a vague idea of inquiry at the various little fancy stores for some corner wherein she could lay her homeless head for that one night, at least, she came face to face with Edmund St. Just, who had just sauntered out of a brilliantly lighted billiard-room.

"Miss Ford!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Mr. St. Just!"

And so completely had poor Leslie lost the mastery over herself that she burst into tears.

St. Just stood amazed and petrified. The next instant he had taken her arm and drawn her gently out of the crowd, which at that cool twilight time was thronging up and down the Ocean Road.

"Leslie," said he, assuming an air of authority to which the young girl unconsciously yielded, "come this way—here, toward the village. We shall not be seen nor noticed here. Tell me," pressing tenderly the arm that lay beneath his own, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter," Leslie answered, brushing away the mist of tears that still obscured her vision, "except that I have just been turned out-of-doors, and that I am homeless and friendless."

"Neither homeless nor friendless," said St. Just, standing still and looking down upon her flushed face. "Leslie—my love—my darling! let me give you both a friend and a home!"

"Mr. St. Just!"

"I am in earnest, Leslie Ford," he went on, passionately. "I love you; I want you for my wife; and, by all the powers of earth and Heaven, I will have you! No, little one, don't tremble so—don't turn so pale. Is there anything so frightful in me that you should shrink away thus? Speak, Leslie! Tell me that you will be mine!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she faltered, scarcely comprehending what she uttered. "Please let me go, Mr. St. Just. I—I never thought of this!"

"Think of it now, then," he murmured, lowering his voice to the tenderest accents. "My queen of hearts, my own little dark-eyed love, you must have known whither all this was tending! You must have been aware, all along, that no one could see you daily without loving you! And now, if you will not promise to be my wife, I swear I will fling myself over the cliff into yonder boiling sea below!"

He spoke with energy and seeming good faith. Leslie drew her breath short and quick. In all her thoughts and visions of the future she had never contemplated this method of escaping from all her difficulties. She might have perceived, with a woman's natural instinct, that St. Just admired her, but of love, deep and passionate like this, she had never dreamed.

"Well, why not?" she asked herself, with a feeling akin to desperation. What else was there left to her? If this man really cared so much for her, why should she not marry him? He was rich, at least; he could give her wealth, ease, luxury; he could set her free from all the grinding economies, the griping pangs of want, that were torturing the life out of her now.

And with the blind recklessness of that despair that refuses to look Fate firmly in the face, she answered:

"Yes—I will marry you."

The sudden light of a great joy flashed over St. Just's face—she could feel the convulsive thrill that went through his frame.

"My love! my jewel!" he murmured. "Come!"

"Where?" Leslie shrunk back slightly.

"To a clergyman, of course!"

"So soon?"

"My darling!" said St. Just, looking caressingly down into her eyes, "don't let any young ladyfied fancies interfere with your common good sense. Now is scarcely the time to be conventional. You have no home, my poor hunted dove, and I cannot offer you one until we are legally pronounced man and wife. Is there any time, think you, to be lost? Trust me, dearest—have faith in me, as I have faith in you! Doctor Lenfall is at the Ocean House—he will perform the ceremony for us, and then, then, my own precious treasure, we can set the whole world at defiance! Come!"

And borne away by the resistless current of her impetuous lover's will, Leslie allowed herself to be led toward the not very distant outlines of the great hotel. A cold chill crept along her nerves—a nameless shudder convulsed her form, but she lacked the resolution to combat the fate that seemed closing around her with irresistible influence. She hardly perceived the crowds on the broad verandas—she was almost unconscious of the cool sea-breeze that fanned her cheeks as she sat, waiting in the chintz-furnished private parlor at the Ocean House. St. Just spoke to her in low, encouraging tones, but she did not hear him, and presently when she found herself standing before a tall, white-haired old gentleman, in a white surplice, with an open book in his hand, she thought to herself:

"It is all over now; I am being married."

And she clung to St. Just's arm with a convulsive grasp which he fondly interpreted to mean affection—a grasp which was all that saved her from falling fainting to the floor.

A murmur of words—some one waiting for her response, which came at the last moment, prompted by one of the lady guests at the hotel who had been hurriedly summoned as a witness—a blur of lights before her eyes, an ominous silence at the end, and then she felt herself folded with passionate tenderness to Edmund St. Just's rapidly beating heart.

"Come, dearest," he whispered, "come. You are all—all my own at last. No one can separate us now—no carping tongue can cavil at us or assail our perfect happiness."

"What a lovely creature!" said the lady witness to Dr. Lenfall, as the door closed behind the newly married couple. "I think I never saw such eyes in my life. But do you know, doctor," in a whisper, "I don't think she is quite—quite, you know—in possession of her full senses."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," said the clergyman, who, in the practice of his sacerdotal functions, came into contact with sundry peculiar facts and circumstances. "But I'm told that Mr. St. Just is very rich, and rather eccentric, and if he chooses to indulge himself with a half-witted wife, I don't know of any one who has a legal right to interfere. Ha! ha! ha!"

And the doctor, who was considered to be an exceedingly facetious personage, laughed very heartily at his own witticism.

"Is that the rich Mr. St. Just? Well, I declare!" cried the lady. "I'm so sorry I didn't catch his name at first. Really, all this seems very romantic."

"I should like such a case of romance every day, if the fees would only correspond," said the clergyman, folding the hundred-dollar bill away in his pocket, and feeling that he had done a good evening's work.

And Leslie Ford, walking by her husband's side, in the purpling dusk of the sea-side, toward the line of lights that denoted the location of the West End Hotel, tried to realize that she was married—actually married—to a man whom she had scarcely known more than a fortnight.

(To be continued.)

GERMANY'S APOLOGIST.

Dr. Dernburg, who is in the United States trying to create pro-German sympathy an behalf of the Kaiser's Government, and whose article in the Saturday Evening Post has been vigorously objected to by many Canadians, is a son of the editor of the Berlin "Tageblatt" and was born in Darmstadt fifty years ago. After graduating from the Berlin Gymnasium (as colleges are called in Germany), he came to New York City in order to learn American ways, and was for some years in the banking house of La-



Dr. Dernburg.

denburg, Thalman and Co. After his return to Germany he became a director of the Bank of Darmstadt. He stands for what is most admirable in modern Germany: its industries, its commerce, its technical schools, and its efficient organizations. When the Kaiser put him at the head of the Colonial Office in 1907 it was a great shock to the Junkers, who thought that such a high position was the natural monopoly of those of noble lineage. He made a personal inspection of the African possessions and would probably have made them in time as profitable as the British colonies if he had been able to carry out his programme of reforms.

A BRAVE FRENCH GIRL.

Stirring Incident of the Early Stages of the War.

The interesting story of a young girl's devotion to duty has come to us from the east of France. Berthe Levy, aged twenty-two, is an employee in the post office of the French town of Briey, which is situated just over the border from German Lorraine.

The people of Briey, like those of other French towns, were going along placidly in their usual way all July, and if Mademoiselle Levy noticed the news of the murder of the Austrian grand duke and the declaration of war on Servia by Austria on the posters of the news stands, it probably impressed her no more than it impressed many a young girl in America. It was only when the German troops poured forth from Metz that Briey awoke to its danger.

On August 3rd, the news came that German troops, marching on from Metz, had been seen in the neighborhood. The postmaster of Briey had received his instructions. At the first approach of the enemy, he was to send by motor to the town of Verdun, a military post, all the cash in the Briey post office. It was a task that required courage, honesty and reliability, as well as ready wit.

Monsieur the postmaster sent for Berthe Levy, told her what was required of her, and asked if she would go.

"Certainly, monsieur," was her answer; and when he asked her if she were afraid, she looked at him bravely.

"Afraid, monsieur," she asked, "when I go for my country?"

She entered the motor with thousands of francs in her charge, reached Verdun safely, delivered the money and securities, and received the receipts. The military authorities, realizing the increasing danger, urged her not to return. The Germans were everywhere; no French person would be permitted to pass their lines unmolested, and the postmaster must reconcile himself to do double work.

But the young girl shook her head.

"My chief needs my services, sirs," she said. "He is counting on my return, and nothing else concerns me."

She had not proceeded many kilometres before she realized the authorities had been right. No motor could pass unchallenged. Since she must lose it, then, in any case, she alighted, and, abandoning her car, took to a near-by wood. Here she lay concealed all day, and, under cover of night, set out on foot. Managing to evade the German patrols, she reached her office at Briey, and gave to her chief the receipts for the money and securities deposited in safety at Verdun. She then went quietly back to the work in the office for which she had known herself to be needed.

Even when a man is tickled to death he doesn't die of it.

When a chronic kicker does gain his point it is apt to be blunt.

One of the best paradoxes in the English language is that made by Artemus Ward, when the humorist said: "I'm bound to live within my means, if I have to borrow money to do it."



Bring Them on Mother!

Doesn't every boy love Griddle Cakes! Especially when served with delicious



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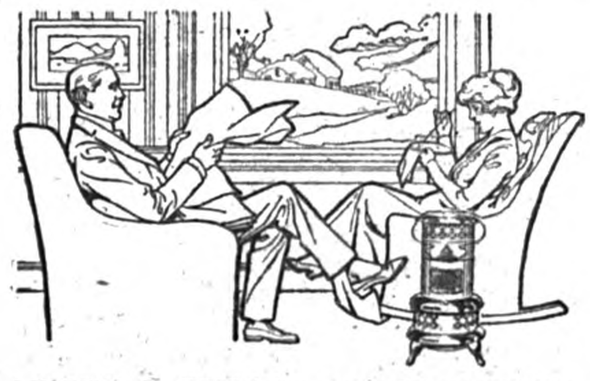
Mother knows it too, for she likes CROWN BRAND SYRUP herself, and uses it to make delicious pudding sauces. And sister says it's the "best ever" for candy-making.

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SHIPPING FEVER

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WE GUARANTEE Perolin, the Boiler Metal Treatment:—

To loosen scale already formed in the boilers by its mechanical action.

To prevent new scale from forming

To protect the boiler metal against pitting, corrosion, and galvanic action, regardless of kind of water used.

To correct troubles caused by oil and grease getting into the boiler water.

That Perolin is NOT a boiler compound for water treatment, but operates independent of water conditions.

The Perolin Preservative Liquid Film is a good heat conductor, adding to the efficiency of the boilers.

The establishment of the Perolin Protective Film in NEW boilers will prevent all scale formation and corrosion, thus keeping the boilers up to full rated capacity.

PEROLIN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 76 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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ed All the Strength That Good Red Blood Can Give

Youth is the time to lay the foun-tion for health. Every boy and l should have plenty of pure, red lood and strong nerves. With thin, pure blood they start life with a ndicap too great to win success d happiness. Pure, red blood eans healthful growth, strong rves, a clear brain and a good gestion. In a word, pure blood is e foundation of health.

The signs of thin, impure blood e many and unmistakable. The le, irritable boy or girl, who has appetite or ambition, is always ed out, melancholy, short of eath, and who does not grow rong, is the victim of anaemia, or oodlessness—the greatest enemy youth.

There is just one thing to do for ese boys and girls—build up the ood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Pale People. You can't afford experiment with other remedies there must be no guesswork in treatment of anaemia. Through elect or wrong treatment anae-a gradually develops into the per-ious form which is practically in-rable. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rk directly on the blood, giving just the elements which it lacks. this way these Pills build up ry organ and nerve in the body, developing strong, rugged ys and girls. Miss Anna Loseke, und Forks, B.C., says: "I think at before taking Dr. Williams' nk Pills I was one of the most serable girls alive. I was hardly er free from awful headaches, was pale as a ghost, and could not go stairs without stopping to rest. w since taking the Pills the head-hes have gone, my appetite is d and I am equal to almost any rtion, and you may be sure I always recommend Dr. Wil-ms' Pink Pills."

Sold by all medicine dealers or t by mail, post paid, at 50 cents box or six boxes for $2.50 by ting direct to the Dr. Williams' dicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ITISH ARMY WILL DECIDE.

Which Can Produce Largest Reinforcements Will Win.

The New York Evening Post in a w of the war situation says:

e function of the Czar's armies rimarily to keep employed as German army corps as possi-The decision must come in the , and not through the French, e English. This is the real which is clearly enough re-ed when one learns to dis-d the non-essential fluctua-recorded in the daily despatch-In the early days of the war the reserved for England was more ently in peoples minds than it day. Too much reading of combats and artillery duels obscured the prime considera-that the progress made by ener in the training camps d Aldershot is of more impor-than the progress made by the around Ypres and along the

r the outstanding fact is plain-that if the painful progress by s is to come to an end it must when either side is ready to w a vast new army against the 's trenches with the determi-n to pay the enormous price nded by a really decisive ad-. One or two or three fresh will not do the trick. Ger-tried it against the British Belgians when she sent her of 150,000 men released from d Antwerp. The allies have spurts of an offensive spirit sh troops have come across the el. But always reinforce-s have been matched by rein-ments. The solution will be ed only when one side or the brings forward reinforce-s in such huge numbers that her side cannot readily reply. that comes the western cam-will drag on at a pace which require six months for the to force his way to Calais miens, and eighteen months allies to push the enemy out gium.

equently, it is always the th of the moment how soon can throw into Flanders at one-half of her million men training. The rumors of reinforcements already des-d in large numbers cannot be d. It is doubtful whether d has done more than make wastage of life in her expe-ary corps, and whether her gth on the battle line is more 100,000 men. In the latest ble number of the London ator there is fairly conclusive ce on this point. The follow-nificant paragraph will bear ing:

do not wish in a matter so to use the language of ex-ion, or to try to alarm men ining the colors by sensation-ments. We say, however, a full sense of responsibility, the ordinary men, of the could see the letters which ing home from Flanders both officers and privates, in telling themselves that they wanted yet, they would be down their tools in an agony of self-accusation for not having gone long ago to the aid of the gallant men who had been fighting their battles and defending their homes. They would be flocking to the colors."

Allow for a certain pessimism in a journal which has always been a critic of the Liberal Government, and the facts are still startling. "Outnumbered three to one," is a recent phrase in British statements. What can that mean but that the entire strength of the English army in Flanders is only between three and four army corps?



Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Wolfe Murray,

who has been appointed chief of the Imperial general staff in succession to the late General Sir Charles Douglas.

VERSAILLES A BUSY CITY.

Quiet Life of Historic Place Upset by Hustle of Army.

War has transformed Versailles, France, into a bustling military town. Headquarters of the Germans during the siege of Paris, it is to-day the quarters of some of the troops of the Military Government of the capital, and it is also the depot for army stores, and it is an aviation centre. Near by is the St. Cyr Military Academy.

The tourist at Versailles now is a rarity. Formerly he helped constitute the bulk of the floating population. He has been supplanted by the soldier's wife or sweetheart making a farewell visit. The park of the palace alone remains open, and this is their favorite promenade. The museum and everything else of historical interest is closed.

Squadrons of recruits are drilled daily in the public streets. The commands of their officers sometimes are unheard in the rattle of heavy munition wagons that pass so frequently. Other soldiers may be seen leading or riding hundreds of horses just arrived and destined for the cavalry.

DOMINION ATLANTIC R. R.

Great Improvements Have Been Made on It by the C.P.R.

The record of improvements effected on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, which the Canadian Pacific Railway leased in 1911 for 99 years shows that new wharves have been built; 45 miles of new track have been ballasted; 30 miles of new 85-pound rails have been laid down; 120 cattle-guards have been filled and replaced by surface guards, while dozens of bridges have been either improved or rebuilt. In round figures, 6,000 feet of wooden bridges have been replaced, or will be replaced very shortly, by steel bridges, concrete arches, and rail top culverts. New brick stations have been built; a general renovation has taken place, costing many thousands of dollars. The new stations include those at Wolfville and Annapolis Royal, Mosherville, Patterson and Iberville. During the past two years 35 stations have been repaired and painted, and platforms have been erected. A new line from Centreville to Weston, 14 miles in extent, has been built in the most substantial manner. Both permanent work and the lighter things which needed attention have been carried out; and today the old Dominion Atlantic looks spick and span—looks as if it had taken on a new lease of life.

EMPLOYMENT IN ENGLAND.

Fewer Men Out of Work Now Than Before the War.

There is now less unemployment in England among male workers than there was before the war, due largely to the vacancies created in the industrial ranks by those who have joined the fighting forces. But there has been a very great increase of unemployment among women. In London alone 10,406 registered with the central body in the last four months as needing employment. In the same period last year only 586 were registered. Among dressmakers, milliners, laundresses and charwomen distress is keenest. For the relief of unemployed work-women twenty-two workrooms have been opened in as many London boroughs and they are under the control of the Central Unemployed Body. It is estimated that the cost of running them wil be $320,000 a year. Of this sum $320,000 will be provided out of the Queen's Fund, the balance being met by grants from the local Government Boards.

Magic "Nerviline" Cures Toothache, Earache

IT RELIEVES EVERY EXTERNAL PAIN.

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Tight Chest and Hoarseness.

It's when sickness comes at night, when you are far from the druggist or the doctor, that's when you need Nerviline most. Experienced mothers are never without it. One of the children may have toothache. Without Nerviline—a sleepless night for the entire household. With Nerviline the pain is relieved quickly. It may be earache, perhaps a stiff neck, or one of the kiddies coughing with a bad chest cold. Nothing can give quicker results than vigorous rubbing with this old-time family remedy.

Nerviline is too useful, too valuable to be without. For lumbago, lame back, sciatica or neuralgia there is no liniment with half of Nerviline's power to penetrate and ease the pain.

As a family safeguard, as something to ward off sickness and to cure the minor ills that will occur in every family, to cure pain anywhere, you can find nothing to compare with old-time Nerviline, which for forty years has been the most widely used family remedy in the Dominion. The most economical size is the large 50c. family size bottle, small trial size 25c. All dealers sell Nerviline.

STRANGE SOUNDS IN THE AIR.

Mysterious Noises Heard in Many Parts of the World.

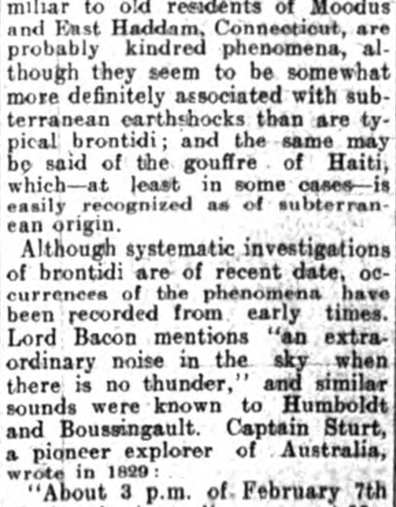
It is a hot and tranquil summer afternoon on the Belgian coast in time of peace. Strolling along the shore, you are startled by a muffled detonation that seems to come from somewhere far out at sea. Can it be thunder? There is not a cloud in the sky, and you remember that thunder is rarely audible at a greater distance than fifteen miles. A man-of-war at target practice, perhaps—far in the offing. At this point your Belgian friend explains. It was the mistpoeffer, he says, and a sign that the weather will continue fair.

But what is the mistpoeffer? If you can answer that question you can also explain the mysterious Barisal guns of India (Barisal is the name of a town in the Ganges delta), which have puzzled scientific men for half a century; you can explain also the strange rumblings that, in certain parts of Italy, seem to come from nowhere in particular, and are known to the peasantry under forty of more local names; the desert sound of the Austrilian wilderness; the water guns of Lough Neagh, in Ireland; and the aerial detonations that occasionally startle Californians during the warm season. For example, in September, 1896, to quote the Santa Rose Republican, "a tremendous explosion, presumably in the air, occurred near Cazadero. It was heard by the dwellers of the mountain region over an area of nine hundred square miles.' All noises of this kind resembling thunder, but not traceable to that or any other known agency, are now generally called, in scientific literature, brontidi, a name first used by Prof. Tito Allippi, who has made a special study of these phenomena in Italy. The "Moodus noises," familiar to old residents of Moodus and East Haddam, Connecticut, are probably kindred phenomena, although they seem to be somewhat more definitely associated with subterranean earthshocks than are typical brontidi; and the same may be said of the gouffre of Haiti, which—at least in some cases—is easily recognized as of subterranean origin.

Although systematic investigations of brontidi are of recent date, occurrences of the phenomena have been recorded from early times. Lord Bacon mentions "an extraordinary noise in the sky when there is no thunder," and similar sounds were known to Humboldt and Boussingault. Captain Sturt, a pioneer explorer of Australia, wrote in 1829:

"About 3 p.m. of February 7th (during the Australian summer) Mr. Hume and I were occupied tracing the chart upon the ground. The day had been remarkably fine; there was not a cloud in the heavens, nor a breath of air to be felt. On a sudden we heard what seemed to be the report of a gun fired at the distance of between five and six miles. It was not the hollow sound of an earthly explosion, or the sharp crackling noise of falling timber, but in every way resembled the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance. No one was certain whence the sound proceeded. Both Mr. Hume and myself thought it came from the northwest. I sent one of the men up a tree, but he could observe nothing unusual. The country round him appeared equally flat on all sides, and thickly wooded. Whatever occasioned the report, it made a strong impression on all of us; and to this day, such a sound in such a situation is a matter of mystery to me."

Science has not fully solved the mystery of brontidi, but it can hardly be doubted that the origin of these sounds is really subterranean. From a focus far underground the jar of settling rocks sends vibrations to the surface; not at one spot, but over a wide area. Then, if the overlying air is calm and homogeneous, it, also, is set in vibration; and if the vibrations are of the right period to be audible, the result is a booming sound of altogether indefinite location—it is simply "in the air."



IN GREAT DISTRESS FROM ECZEMA

Suffered Over Two Years. Grew Thin and Lost Appetite. Itching, Burning, Sore Eruption. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Healed.

233 George St., Sarnia, Ont.—"I suffered for over two years with eczema which first appeared in small pimples and broke into red inflamed sores. They were very itching and when my clothing rubbed against them I was in great distress. I lost my rest at night and was much disfigured by the eruption. The eczema was so bad that I grew thin and lost my appetite. My hands, arms, face and various parts of my body were covered with an itching, burning eruption of sores and though I took many common and much recommended remedies they failed to do any good.

"I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after about three weeks I was completely healed. I take pleasure in recommending them to any other needy sufferers from eczema or other eruptions of the skin." (Signed) Miss Bertha Allan, May 23, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

A generation of mothers has found no soap so well suited for cleansing and purifying the skin and hair of infants and children as Cuticura Soap. Its absolute purity and refreshing fragrance alone are enough to recommend it above ordinary skin soaps, but there are added to these qualities delicate yet effective emollient properties, derived from Cuticura Ointment, which render it most valuable in overcoming a tendency to distressing eruptions and promoting skin and hair health. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A."

Legal Love Letter.

"Who writes you so many letters, dear?"

"A young lawyer."

"And does he write nice letters"

"In a legal way, yes. He says I have beautiful eyes, and is constantly alluding to what he calls the aforesaid eyes, orbs, or visual organs."

Manslaughter in Second Degree

Cutting corns with a razor is dangerous and useless. The only remedy is Putnam's Corn Extractor, which removes corns and warts in one day. Because painless and safe, use only "Putnam's," 25c. per bottle at all dealers.

Baiting the Railroads.

"Our community thinks your railroad oughter furnish a couple more trains per day. We're going to take the matter to the Legislature, too."

"But very few people in your community ever travel."

"Maybe not. But we like to see the cars go by."

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon, Pigeon & Davis, patent solicitors, Montreal, report that 105 Canadian patents were issued for the week ending Dec. 1st, 1914, 70 of which were granted to Americans, 21 to Canadians, 8 to residents of Great Britain and colonies and 6 to residents of foreign countries.

Of the Canadians who received patents 13 were residents of Ontario, 3 of Quebec, 1 of Alberta, 1 of Nova Scotia, 1 of Manitoba, 1 of British Columbia, 1 of New Brunswick and 1 of Saskatchewan.

Unpleasant Ambiguity.

He—They asked me to their reception, but it wasn't because they like me; it was only because I can sing.

She — Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken.

Lord Chief Justice Clerk Braxfield was a man of few words and of strong business habits, and consequently, when he courted his second wife, he said to her: "Lizzie, I'm looking for a wife, and I thought you just the person to suit me. Let me have your answer on or off to-morrow, and nae mair aboot it." The lady next day replied in the affirmative. Shortly after the marriage, Lord Braxfield's butler came to him to give up his situation because he could not bear her ladyship's continual scolding. "Man," Braxfield exclaimed, "ye've little to complain of; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

NO MORE DREADNOUGHTS.

Admiralty Said to Have Decided on Smaller Ships for Future.

England probably never will lay down another dreadnought, says one of the foremost ship builders in England, who for obvious reasons, cannot be quoted, says a correspondent of the Associated Press. All the dreadnoughts, according to this authority, which have been laid down, will be rushed to completion, but no orders will be given for any more of this type. This policy was under serious consideration when the Audacious went to the bottom, and the recent loss of the Bulwark has only served to confirm to opinion that the battleship as a fighting craft is doomed.

All new construction in the British shipyards consists of heavily armed cruisers of great coal carrying capacity, destroyers and submarines. For ten miles along the Tyne in coming into Newcastle the passengers on the boats cannot hear each other speak because of the din of the steam hammers most of which are making destroyers and submarines.

When Sir Percy Scott expressed his doubts of the efficiency of the dreadnought just after England had placed her seal on it as the premier fighting unit of naval warfare, his unorthodoxy made him the strategic heretic of his time, but this war has come near to vindicating his theory, for thus far not a single success can be placed to the credit of a dreadnought, while the experimental, almost despised, submarine has won most of the naval laurels.

France is also reported as hurrying the construction of submarines, while Russia is said to have asked for tenders on a submarine of two thousand tons.

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.

Discouraging Outlook.

"Do you believe that we shall ever have universal peace"

"I'm afraid not. Of course the nations may cease warring against each other; but men and women will probably keep right on getting married."

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

Undesirable Crop.

He—"Will you share my lot?"

She—"No, I don't like the crop of wild oats on it."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Jack's Wife.

Bank Teller—This cheque is all right, but you must be introduced. Can you bring in your husband?

Woman—Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me he'd knock your block off!

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Halifax. ANDREW KING.
I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.
Sussex
I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.
Lakefield, Que., Oct. 9, 1907.

Stir Constantly.

Mrs. Newbride came hurriedly into her husband's study one morning.

"Herbert, dear," she said, "this recipe for lemon pie says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly."

"Well, Alice," replied the doting husband, "if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you will stir constantly."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

Under normal conditions the industries of Germany consume about 1,000,000,000 lbs. of cotton a year.

Clark's Pork & Beans



Highest grade beans kept whole and mealy by perfect baking, retaining their full strength. Flavored with delicious sauces. They have no equal.

A Young Logician.

Sunday School Teacher — William, what must we do before we can expect forgiveness of sins?

William—Sin.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Didn't Apply.

"I believe in the motto, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'"

"Pay me that $5 then."

"The rule doesn't apply; that's something I can't do."

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.
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
7th St. James St., - Montreal
Write for information
BOILERS
New and Second-hand, for heating and power purposes. Water Plumes, TANKS AND SMOKE STACKS.
POLSON IRON WORKS LIMITED TORONTO
Engineers and Shipbuilders.
Machinery For Sale
Engine, shafting, belting, pulleys, etc. from large factory for sale. Wheelock engine, 18 by 42, complete with cylinder frame, fly wheel, bearings, etc., all in good condition. Shafting from one inch to three inches, pulleys thirty inches to fifty inches, belting six inches to twelve inches. Will sell entire or in part.
NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.
S. Frank Wilson & Sons,
73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.



As hard as Steel and as Smooth as Velvet
That's the way to keep your Muscles—Supple and Strong.
British Army Liniment
Stands in a class by itself as a remedy for Stiffness, Rheumatism, Swellings, Wounds, Sprains, Neuralgia, &c., &c.
You should always keep a bottle of British Army Liniment in the house.
If your Storekeeper hasn't got it, write to
The Turner Co. Limited
Toronto

Snow-Mellow



FOR
Marshmallow Filling and Pliable Icing
Taking the place of whites of eggs, it works easily and is very economical. The icing will not crumble and break and the Marshmallow is finer and more easily prepared. A 25c. package makes ten to fifteen two-layer cakes.
Snow-Mellow
is as pure as snow—as wholesome as sugar—and is an addition to your pastry work that you will welcome. Your friends will be loud in their praise. If you take pride in your pastry send 25c. in stamps or coin and we will mail a package, postpaid, with complete working directions.
THE W. T. OTT CO., INC.
32-34 Front St. W.,
TORONTO, CAN.

G. L. Meikle & Co.

JANUARY CLEARING SALE

FURS
FURS
FURS

Woollen Blankets
Flannelette Sheets
Lumbermen's Rubbers
Socks, Moccasins, Etc.

Less

25 Per Cent.

White Front

G. L. MEIKLE & CO.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

FOOTWEAR

—:o:—

Extra Special in
Men's Felt Boots

—:o:—

BIG REDUCTION FOR CASH



In Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Mens' and Boys' Suits, Corduroy Sheepskin Lined Coats.

A full assortment of warm Winter Caps, Gloves and Mitts. Heavy Socks, etc.

This is the Store to get just what you want in these lines and our prices are the most reasonable.

Telephone 65

Boot Repairing a Specialty

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, Fences etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

A FAMILY REMEDY FOR MANY YEARS

Used "Fruit-a-tives" With The Best of Results.



GEORGE McKAY Esq.

KIPPEN, ONT., June 17th. 1913.

"I have been using "Fruit-a-tives" as a family remedy for many years. They are the best medicine I have ever tried. "Fruit-a-tives" do me the most good—they never gripe and their action is pleasant.

"I have used them for Indigestion and Constipation with the best results, and I heartily recommend them to anyone similarly afflicted.

These troubles have left me completely and I give "Fruit-a-tives" full credit for all this. A nicer pill a man cannot take."

GEORGE McKAY.

The enormous demand for "Fruit-a-tives" is steadily increasing, due to the fact that this wonderful fruit medicine gives prompt relief in all cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Rheumatism, Chronic Headaches, and Neuralgia, and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

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

LOUISA

Mr. H. Morrison spent Saturday last with friends in town.

Miss F. Levers is back to take her school which has re-opened.

Messrs. W. Morrison and W. Chambers were guests of Mr. Jos. Cresswell this week.

We are glad to report that Mr. Thos. Seale is able to be around again after his illness.

Miss E. E. Neill was home from Montreal recently to visit her parents and friends.

PROMOTED RAPIDLY

Farmer Judkins (with newspaper)—"Wall, I swan! How that boy of i Faxon's is gittin' along. Last year he was made a furrin ambassador, an' now, by crickey, the paper says he's a persona non grata."



"Sammy, why do you always maul and tease that kitten?"
"Ain't it a maltese?"

A MATTER OF OPINION

"We are drifting oward a paternal form of government," said the economist.

"Pardon me if I correct you," responded the suffragette, gently, "to be accurate, you should say a maternal form of government."

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Municipality of the County of Two Mountains.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by Narcisse Forest, Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Two Mountains, that the hereinafter described lots of land will be sold by Public Auction at the said County Hall, in the Village of Ste. Scholastique, on Wednesday, the THIRD DAY of MARCH next, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon, for taxes and charges due to the Municipalities hereinafter described, unless the same be paid, with costs before the sale, to wit:

MUNICIPALITY OF ST. CANUT

Names	Numbers of Cadastre	Amount due
Félix Brisbois	71	$9 58

MUNICIPALITY OF STE. SCHOLASTIQUE VILLAGE.

Succession Hon. W. Prévost	76	$16 80

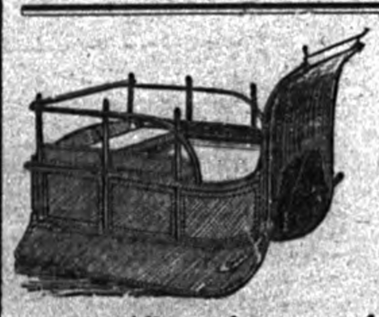
MUNICIPALITY OF ST COLUMBAN

Dieudonné Boucher	Pt-102	$2 51
Henry Woods	108-109	7 48
Aldéric Trudeau	243	12 04

St. Scholastique, Jan. 5, 1915.

NARCISSE FOREST,

Secretary-Treasurer M.C.C.T.M.



SALE OF SLEIGHS

All our large stock of SLEIGHS of all kinds MUST GO at almost any price.
First buyers get first CHANCE.

Clearing Sale all this month.

"A Happy New Year to You All."

R. J. Latimer & Co.
445 St. James St.
MONTREAL - P.Q.



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

The Very Best of Goods

AT

HAMILTON'S

That is where you can procure your Delicacies, Cakes, Candies, Nuts, Fruits, etc. Some splendid lines of Choice Confectionery in Fancy Boxes, Pretty Souvenir Cards. Don't wait until the best are gone.

Hay, Flour & Feed, always on hand

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80. *Baker & Confectioner*

January Clearing Sale

Big reductions in many lines for CASH BUYERS before Stock-taking.

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

MISSING

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1915. — NO. 2

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

Canadian Red Cross Society.

45 BELMONT PARK.
January 23rd, 1915

MRS. HARLOW GILES, SEC.

DEAR MADAM:—Will you thank the ladies of the Lachute Red Cross, for their very handsome donation to us, just in time for our shipping. Will you also kindly ask them not to make any more mufflers, mitts, or wristlets, the weather will be too warm when they arrive after this, for them to be of any use. We shall require socks as long as the war lasts. Again many thanks for your great help.

Yours truly,
MARY STUART.

The Secretary also acknowledges $1.25 from H. J. Giles & Bro. their subscription to Academy Sports not collected.

CUSHING

All our local sports took in the hockey match at Lachute Saturday night.

Miss Alberta Nicholls spent the week-end as the guest of Miss Bessie Dobbie.

Mr. J. D. Weir and Capt. T. Weir Jr., were in Maniwaki, the begining of the week.

Miss L. Foreman, of Grenville, is the guest of her cousin Miss Stella Hartley at present.

Mrs. H. Hartley and her uncle Mr. A. Canning returned this week from a pleasant visit to relatives in Buckingham.

The annual congregational meeting of St. Mungo's which was announced for Monday the 25th inst., to be followed by a meeting of the Ladies Association, was, owing to the storm which prevailed that day postponed until further notice.

STAYNERVILLE.

Miss A. McClure was the guest of Miss M. Nicholls on Saturday last.

Mr. D. A. McKenzie received a wound in the face while cutting wood in the bush on Friday last.

The Misses M. and A. McKenzie and Mr. Harold Mason spent Wednesday evening with Mr. J. Paul.

Mr. John Stewart has returned home from the Montreal General Hospital after undergoing a successful operation for appendecitis.

THE LATE JOHN INNIS.

It is our painful duty to record the death of another of our County's oldest residents in the person of the late John Innis who passed away at his home in Stonefield at 10 a.m. on the 27th of Jan. in his 81st year. Mr. Innis was a native of Scotland and came to this County when a young man later marrying Miss Flora Cameron who survives him, they having reared a large family. Mr. Innis was a devoted member of the St. Mungo's Church, and an ardent Liberal, taking always a keen interest in the improvement of Agriculture, Schools and Education. He was a man who enjoyed the respect of the whole community, and his kindly advices will be greatly missed.

The funeral will take place from his late residence, on Friday, the 29th inst. at 1 o'clock.

LOST On Tuesday, a pair of child's gold rimmed spectacles, near Hill Head School. Finder please leave same at Hammonds Mill, or Robt. McFaul's store.

Services in the Methodist Churches on Jan. 31st will be as follows:—Lachute at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., St. Canute 3 p.m., East Settlement 3 p.m., Brownsburg 7.30 p.m. The Pastor will be assisted by the Rev. G. Hatcher.

The collections will be a response to the Belgian Appeal, in harmony with Dr. S. D. Chown's suggestion of making Sunday, the 31st, the day in which Canadian Methodism will have a further opportunity of donating to this worthy cause.

The Belgians have been robbed, wounded and left half dead, and many have sacrified their lives on the altar of human liberty with a heroism unparalled. If we be good Samaritans we cannot pass by the appeal they silently make to us with averted eye and closed hands.

HOCKEY

Doubled the score (8 to 4)

The largest gate receipts ever taken in at the rink was that of Saturday evening last, when Hawkesbury played one of the nicest and cleanest games that it has been our good fortune to witness. The visitors came on a special train and brought with them about 350 supporters who had figured on a victory in which they were not disappointed.

Had it not been for McLachlin (who by the way played for about 10 minutes with his souvenir stick of the game played here in 1906) Lachute would have been a safe match for their opponents, but he certainly was entitled to the credit of their victory. It was a nice, clean game throughout and one that kept the spectators keen all the time. Few penalties were doled out and the referees Messrs E. Decarrie and M. Gall were most impartial in their rulings. Some little trouble arose at the start over playing McLachlin, and the game was played under protest. The players lined up as follows:—

Lachute		Hawkesbury
A. Dallaire	Goal	V. Danis
D. Campbell	Point	O. Decarie
W. Solicoeur	Cover	N. Themens
D. McGibbon	Centre	G. Morris
R. McCrea	R. Wing	E. Laliberle
W McKimmie	L. Wing	E. McLachlin

Hill Wins Out.

Although the score of Wednesday nights play with Vankleek Hill would indicate a one-sided game, such was not the case, as both teams were well matched and the score must largely be credited to young Matt, who made repeated rushes and kept the puck aiming towards our net. Grandmaison however, was on the spot, and made some splendid stops, although the Hill succeeded in ringing in the first two goals. McKimmie and McNeish then eyened the score, but the Hill were again successful and left at the first period with 3-2 Encouraged by their good start, the home boys kept on and in the next two periods made up 6 against the 2 scored by McNeish and Robinson, thus leaving a final of 9-4.

Penalties were few and the game in the hands of Messrs. Fraser and Mooney was well handled.

TENDERS FOR WOOD—The undersigned calls for tenders on 10 cords of land maple and birch to be delivered at Baptist Church, Lachute, wood to be 24 inches long.

EUGENE JOUSSE,
Main Street, Lachute.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. John McKimmie, of Aurora, Ill., is home on a brief visit.

Mrs. Thos. Christie is spending a few days in Montreal this week.

Mrs. John Watson, of Montreal, is the guest of Miss M. Walker this week.

Master Keith Christie spent the week-end in Montreal visiting his brother Edward.

Rev. J. C. Reilly, of Grenville, was in town on Tuesday, the guest of Rev. J. H. McConnell.

Mr. J. Rice was in Ormstown the early part of this week attending the funeral of his aunt, Miss White.

The Misses Violet and Francis Joss, of Montreal, were guests of their parents on Sunday last.

Messrs. John Calder and D. McGibbon, of McGill, spent Sunday last the guests of their parents in town.

The Ladies' Aid of Brownsburg will hold their regular monthly meeting on Wednesday afternoon at 2 p.m.

The Misses W. Banford, A. McCoy, A. Kearns and F. McGillivray, of Montreal, were week-end guests of friends in town.

Mr. Reid Giles and Mr. Adair, of McGill, were the guests of his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Giles, over the week-end.

The Presbyterian Church will hold their annual tea meeting on Thursday, Feb. 25th and children's night, Friday, Feb. 26th.

The bill to incorporate the Lachute Protestant Cemetery has passed its second reading and has been referred to the committee on Public Bills.

Mr. J. McAdam, C.P.R. conductor of Chapleau, Ont., recently visited his father and sisters in Chatboro, returned on Wednesday again to resume his duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Judge Leet, of Montreal, were in town on Wednesday, attending the funeral of Mrs. Leet's father, Mr. Colwell, who died recently in Toronto.

OBITUARY.

Two members of one of the most respected families in the district, closely related to each other, but with a great disparity in their ages, passed away last week, Mrs. George Westgate, sr., who died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs James Campbell, Lachute, on Thursday morning, 21st Jan., 1915, and her granddaughter, Miss Mary Elizabeth Westgate, who died at her home in the Seignory, on Saturday morning, the 23rd inst.

Mrs. George Westgate, Jane Scott by her maiden name, was born in the County of Mayo, Ireland, about seventy-five years ago. She came to Canada with her parents at the age of six years. There were six children in her father's family, three boys and three girls. One of Mrs. Westgate's sisters, Mrs. Wm. Parker, died about twenty years ago; another sister, Mrs. John Armstrong, died three years ago. A brother, Mr. Matthew Scott, of Westport, Ont., died in August 1906. Two brothers survive her, Mr. John Scott, who lives in the Seignory, and Mr. Jas Scott, of Lakefield.

The subject of this sketch married Mr. Robert Patterson in March 1861. Their children are Mrs. James Campbell, of Lachute, Mr. John Scott, West Gore, and Mr. William Patterson, of Plymouth, N H. Mr. Robert Patterson, having died in Feb. 1897, his widow married Mr. George Westgage in 1899. The children of this union are Mr John Westgate, of Island Brook, in the Eastern Townships, Mr. Geo. Westgate who lives in the Seignory, Mrs. Geo. Bennett, of Carillon, and James Westgate, of Hazelmore, Saskatchewan, with whom, Mr. Geo Westgate, sr., is living at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. Westgate spent most of their married life in Mille Isles, Que., but during Mr. Westgate's absence in Saskatchewan, Mrs. Westgate resided with her children in this vicinity. She had been in poor health for some years, and after much suffering, borne with Christian fortitude and simple trust in the Saviour, whom she dearly loved, she passed to her eternal rest.

The funeral service was conducted in Mr. Jas. Campbell's home, by the Rev. Rural Dean Lackey, who gave an instructive and comforting address, based on John xi: 25 and 26. The remains were placed in the Lachute vault, to be interred later in the Mille Isles Cemetery.

—:o:—

Miss Mary Elizabeth Westgate was the eldest child of Mr Geo. Westgate, jr., of the Seigniory, and of his wife, Lizzie Bennett, by her maiden name. She died in her seventeenth year. She had passed from the Hill Head Public School into Grade III Model, with high honors, entering the Lachute Academy in September 1913, and at the end of that school year, succeeded in winning the Bellingham Scholarship. Her ambition, however, was greater than her physical strength. She was obliged to leave the Academy last November, on account of ill health, but she and her friends hoped, that after a short rest, she would be able to resume her studies. God, however, saw fit to promote her to a higher school.

The funeral service, on Monday afternoon, was held in St. Simeon's Church, which was filled to the limit of its seating capacity. Several of the teachers and a large number of the pupils from the Academy were present, and six of the boys, classmates of the deceased, acted as pall-bearers, at the church. The Pastor preached from the words, "Weep not. She is not dead, but sleepeth." Luke viii: 52. He quoted some lines from Longfellow's poem, "Resignation," which seemed very appropriate on this occasion:

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule?

The remains were deposited in the Lachute vault, to be interred later in the cemetery here.

The surviving members of the family are Norman, Rona'd, Maria and Iona, who, with the sorrowing parents, have the sympathy of the whole community in their sad bereavement.

A few fine costumes, left at very low prices to clean out.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Let your Slogan be for 1915

"ADVANCE"

This can only be done by the united efforts of our citizens to 'Boost the Town.'

Mr. E. F. Ayers, who is the enterprising agent of Ford Cars, and who has sold such a large number in this vicinity, is in Montreal this week attending the Motor Show.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances Professor Howell will be unable to be present at the Choral Society on Friday night, consequently there will be no practice.

Mr. Robt. McArthur accompanied by the Grand Master attended a District Meeting of the Independent Order of Oddfellows at St. Johns, Que., the early part of this week.

There will be a social in connection with the Ladies' Mission Circle at the home of Mr. Wm. Heatlie, Ogdensburg, Que., on Tuesday, Feb. 2nd at 8 p.m. A silver collection will be taken. All are welcome.

Mr. Bates, of Toronto, gave a very interesting address, in the Baptist Church last Monday evening, in the interest of Christian Education. During his stay at Lachute he was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Forsythe.

We regret to record the death of Private Chandler, which occurred at Salisbury on Saturday last. It will be remembered that Mr. Chandler, was a great friend of Mr. Edward Christie and a frequent visitor at Mrs (Dr) Christie's home.

Owing to weather conditions the Musicale and Tea given by the classes of Misses Walker and G. McOuat on Saturday afternoon last in the Presbyterian Church Hall, was not quite so well attended as had been expected. Those who braved the elements, were, however, treated to a most enjoyable program by the Misses E. Barron, Hazel McGibbon, E. McIntyre, M. Hope, B. & M. Palliser, Mrs. (Dr.) Drew, of Lachute, and the Misses Wales and McOuat, of St. Andrews. At the close a dainty tea was provided and a social time enjoyed by all. The proceeds for Missions amounted to $33 40.

Ladies dresses in wool serges various colours. To clear at $4 00

W. BANFORD & SON.

BUTTERICK'S

Permit us to make you the following offer for only ten days, ending 30th January, 1915.

They will furnish you the Delineator for one year at Half Price, viz., Seventy-five Cents, on condition that you get the copies monthly at our counter. This saves them postage, which is heavy. You must send us your name quickly.

W. Banford & Son,

Main Street, Lachute

BARGAINS!

20 Per Cent. Reduction

— ON ALL OUR —

Footwear Line

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J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET - - LACHUTE, P. Q.

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.

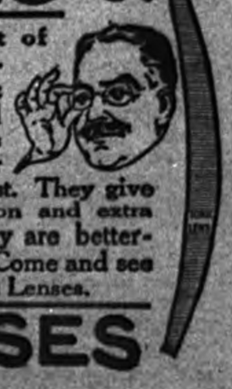
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MAIN STREET. - - - LACHUTE.

SEASONABLE GIFTS . .

TORIC

There's a lot of difference between Toric Lenses and Flat Lenses besides their slight extra cost. They give you extra vision and extra comfort. They are better-looking, too. Come and see us about Toric Lenses.



LENSES

Buy them Now!

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.

—:o:—

We invite inspection and know that you will be satisfied with the combination of our Prices and Quality.

Shop Early.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.

Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician

Agent for the Edison Phonograph.

HAUNTED TREES

A Traveler in Malay Peninsular Had Weird Adventure When He Defied Local Superstition

The pokuk hayu hantu, or haunted tree, is to be found in every civilized and settled township, village and kampong of the Malay peninsula. In the dense jungles they exist by thousands.

Where they are situated in the settled areas open offerings in the shape of joss sticks and paper money by the Chinese, rice and cakes by the Tamils, and prayer-cloths by the Malays are daily laid at their feet and roots to propitiate the resident djin or peri, whereas, in the actual jungles, they are generally avoided by a detour, or, if that is not practicable, passed in silence with a reverent salaam.

To the open-minded and impartial searcher among the mystic ways of the east, some curious and puzzling experiences present themselves, and will continue to do so until modern science classifies them in their proper place among occult phenomena, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine.

In this narrative I propose to set down a personal experience of haunted trees. It occurred at Kuala Kangsa, Perak, in the '80s, and Sir Hugh Clifford incorporated part of it in one of his clever Malayan stories; but I think the actual facts, just as they happened, make better material for reflection.

A young friend of mine, a Cornishman, full of superstitions peculiar to Cornish miners, had been appointed inspector of mines at Salak, a little mining village some eight miles north of Kuala Kangsa, the then capital of Perak.

I was district engineer at the time, and we were projecting the great main road from Taiping, via Ipoh, to Kuala Lumpur, in the neighboring state of Selangor. Salak was then the farthermost settlement of the Kuala Kangsa district; beyond and around it lay

The Great Primeval Jungle.

A few big Chinese bansals (palm leaf sheds) were dotted round the mine pits for the Chinese coolies, but quarters were required for the new inspector.

Sir Hugh Low, our resident, allowed me $300 to put up a small wood and palm-roofed and walled building for my friend—"anywhere you think most suitable" were my instructions.

The Cornishman accompanied me on foot to Salak and selected a small hill, about 50 feet high, situated at one side of the Salak valley and commanding a fair view of the mines and buildings around them.

I agreed to the site, and allowed him $25 to get the top of the hill cleared of jungle, while I proceeded northward, through the forest, examining the trace for the present cart-road to Ipoh.

The jungle on this hill consisted of three tall hardwood trees on the summit, all dead, surrounded by the usual lighter growths of young trees, reeds, palms and creepers. My estimate was $5 apiece for felling the large trees, and $10 to fell, burn and clear an acre of the surrounding growth.

Returning in a few days I found my friend—who was camped in the neighboring police-station—had got his jungle cleared, had felled one tall tree, left two standing, and was clamoring for his quarters to be commenced, as he was not comfortable, jammed up with Sikh policemen in the small and stuffy station. It being dangerous to build a dwelling in the vicinity of isolated trees—which, robbed of the support of their neighbors and the interweaved creepers and natural stays, are prone to blow over in the hurricane squalls which often accompany rainstorms in the tropics—I refused to set my native building contractor to work until the remaining two trees were felled. Thereupon my young Cornish friend began to expostulate excitedly.

"Look here, boss," he said. "You'll laugh, I know, because you don't believe in these things; but I haven't been able to get a single Malay to work this clearing. They declare the three trees are pokuk kaya hantu—have been so for generations, and that dire evil will befall any one meddling with them. Finally, I got some Chinese miners to tackle the job, doubling the amount you allowed me out of my own pocket."

"Then why did you not get them to finish the business while you were about it?" I inquired.

"Because the moment the first tree was felled it came down and killed the Chinese who was chopping at it," he said. "The Malays all said,

'There! You see, Tuan,'

and now I can't get a soul to go near the job for love or money."

Inquiries among the local Malays and Chinese verified his statements as to what had happened, and the absolute refusal of anyone to touch the remaining two trees, or, indeed, to go near them.

Unable to spend more time in the vicinity, with great difficulty I persuaded my Malay contractor to run up the usual atap bungalow which we were in the habit of erecting, for $250, and, marking out the site, I left my man to make propitiatory offerings to the hantus before commencing his building.

A month later it was completed without accident, and on my next visit in the neighborhood the place was occupied by my friend, and I camped there for a night on my way through Salak on road works.

A footpath led from the top of the hill, down the back, to a small well, near which a tiny bathhouse had been built. On each side of this little eighteen-inch path the blukah (secondary jungle growth) had sprung up with the usual rapidity of tropical vegetation, and remained uncleared, owing, as my friend asserted, to the refusal of local coolies to work anywhere near the haunted trees. The single tree which had been felled lay across this path, forming an obstacle some four feet high, which had to be clambered over, at much discomfort to bare legs and sarong, when negotiating the path for the early morning bath, which is a necessity in these tropical lands.

"For goodness' sake get some one to cut a deep notch in this tree to let one step through in comfort without barking one's shins climbing over it," I urged my friend.

"I'll try, boss," he mumbled in reply.

I spent another night in the house on my return from the jungle and found that the suggested notch had not been cut. My friend reasserted his inability to get a soul, Malay or or Chinese, to tackle the job, and deluged me with stories of the intelligence of Cornishmen, in matters supernatural, as compared with the ignorance and stupidity of the balance of Englishmen, while I laughed uproariously.

A week or two later Sir Hugh Low remarked to me at a Kuala Kangsa residency dinner:

"I wish you would go up to Salak and bring young P—— to the hospital here, whether he wants to come or not. I hear he has

Dangerously Injured His Foot,

persists in doctoring himself with rubbishy Chinese medicines and refuses to submit himself to civilized medical treatment. He'll come to serious grief presently, and you must bring him down—by force, if necessary."

I promised to go next day, and, as it happened, it was not a day too soon. Poor P—— lay in a chair with his foot swathed in oderiferous rags; he was in a high fever. He had, I discovered, a deep and hideous cut on the instep, which he had been treating with boiled leaves and other concoctions of native medicinal craft, and his foot was almost in a state of putrefaction. He had cut it with a billong, a species of heavy chisel set like an axe in a light handle and lashed with rattan. This instrument is used as a hatchet by the Malays in preference to the heavier English tool.

"How on earth did you manage that?" I asked him later.

"Well, boss, you'll laugh, of course, when I tell you," grumbled my superstitious friend; "but anyway, it's the truth. It was like this I couldn't get a soul to cut the notch you groused about, so I determined to profit by your superior knowledge and tackle it myself. My Malays warned me against it, but I quoted the rot you talked about, common sense and all that. So I defined the hantu, got a biliong, and sailed in. I straddled the tree and commenced to shop. I had only given about a dozen blows when, as I was coming down with a chop, something seized my arm and turned the biliong on to my foot, and I fell off the tree in agony. Yes"—he spoke angrily, noting the skeptical grin on my face—"you can laugh! But don't tell me I am such a fool that I can't drop an axe within an inch or two of the same spot between widely straddled feet. The biliong did not glance off. I distinctly felt my arm gripped in mid air and forced down with the biliong in it, and I tried to resist the force. That is on my oath, and you may believe it or not, as you please."

My sympathy for his ugly wound was greater than my desire to argue on things supernatural. He was taken down the river to Kuala Kangsa and put into hospital for proper attention.

A week or two later, while P—— was still under treatment, I had to pass through Salak again, and with his permission made my camp at his quarters for the night. Malay jungle servants respectfully discussed the question of hantus with me, particularly in regard to P.'s mishap, and politely but firmly insisted upon

The Reality of the Genus.

I, just as politely, denied their existence, outside coincidence, till it grew time to go to bed.

Early the next morning I was up and making for my bath. My Malays stood ready for the road, by the back door, waiting to roll up my light swag while I was at my bath. Proceeding a few paces down the path to the bathhouse. I glanced up to find the sun was higher in the heavens than I thought, and hesitating for a moment or two, I wavered as to whether I should go on without my helmet, and risk the early morning sun on the back of my neck and shoulders, or whether I should walk back to the house to get it. Very fortunately, as it happened, I went back, and presently came out again with my sola topee on.

Passing my men at the door, I overheard them still discussing the hantu question as they glanced up at the two ominous trees, still rearing their gaunt dead trunks and dried limbs above us.

Seizing the moment as opportune to impress them with the superior knowledge of the white man, I struck an attiude, and shaking my fist at the two trees, challenged the hantus, in my most vituperative Malay, to come down and measure strength with the unbelieving and scoffing orang puteh (white man). I made an impressive pause to allow them full opportunity.

As they failed to avail themselves of the challenge, I laughed triumphantly at my startled orderlies, and vaulting over the fallen trunk, came crashing to the ground with a blow on the head which drove my helmet down to my chin, rained a shower of sparks before my eyes, and left me for a few seconds lying stunned on the ground, wondering confusedly not only why my men had taken such vindictive steps to punish my mockery, but also how they had managed it so suddenly and with such terrific force.

Rising stupidly to my feet, and wrenching my helmet, with no little discomfort to my skinned nose and face, I beheld my orderlies—standing where I had left them, by the house door—glancing with bulging eyes alternately at me and the haunted trees. Then my startled gaze fell upon

A Huge Dead Branch

which lay across the path at my feet. It had fallen from one of the trees.

Had I not fortunately turned back and donned my stout pith helmet, my skull would have been crushed like an eggshell.

Proceeding thoughtfully down to my bath, I returned—with one eye on the trees—and, with such dignity as I could assume with a nearly dislocated neck and sprained shoulder, bade my men roll up my swag and follow, while I started stiffly on my day's tramp.

"I suppose you think the hantus did that?" I inquired of the orderlies an hour or two later.

"Whatever the Tuan thinks must be right," they replied, with the sometimes aggravating politeness that is always on the Malay's lip, no matter what lies in his heart.

"Of course you'll swear it was coincidence," growled P. when I narrated the incident to him later; adding, "Don't you think there have been one or two coincidences too many over those particular trees?"

"When you have lived in these countries as many years as I have," said Sir Hugh Low afterwards, "you'll find some very queer things happen, in connection with the hantu trees—things that are not yet dreamt of in your philosophy."

And I certainly did.

TRAVELING FORTS.

Now Being Used in the Field of War in Western Europe.

Although an engine new to warfare, the armored motor car has proved extremely useful, especially for outpost and scouting duty. Fast, silent, and mobile, it covers a vast amount of ground on the splendid roads that crisscross the field of war in western Europe. Most of the cars are incased in a light frame of tough steel plate that ranges in thickness from three-sixteenths of an inch to a quarter of an inch, and that is impervious to rifle and machine-gun fire. All the vulnerable parts of the motor, such as the radiator and steering gear, and in some of the newest cars the wheels are protected by the steel covering. The wheels, both wood and wire, are said to withstand the roughest sort of usage. Accidents to the tires are much less common than anyone would expect. The cars carry a light armament—one or two machine-guns so mounted that they can be swung through a complete circle—and a large supply of ammunition. The crew, which may number from four to eight or more men, are armed with rifles and revolvers. Some of the cars have a steel superstructure that rises from the chassis frame high enough to enable the crew to stand upright, and that is capped with a domed roof, from which bullets and shrapnel usually fly off at a sharp angle without even denting the steel.

Keeping Her at Home.

Wife—"Don't you think you might manage to keep house alone for a week, while I go on a visit?"

Husband—"I guess so; yes, of course."

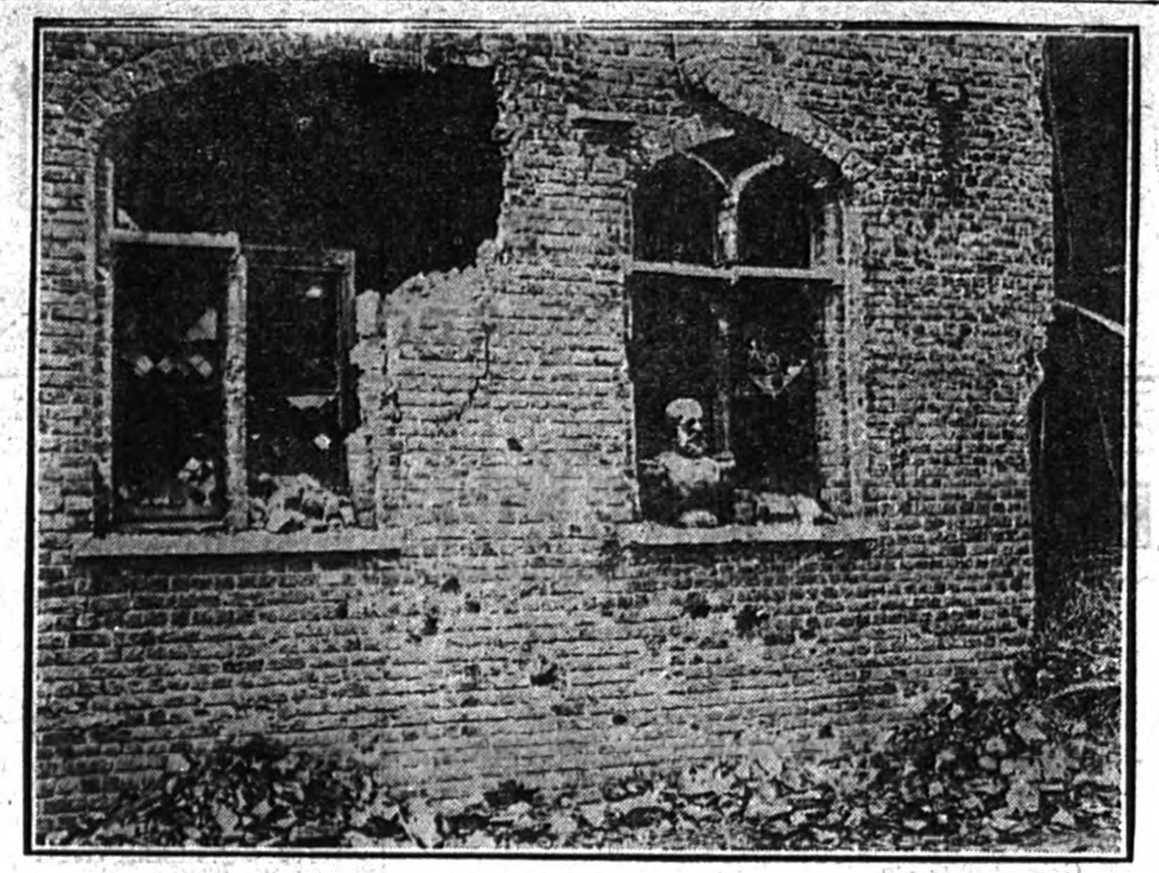
"But you won't be lonely and miserable?"

"Not a bit."

"Huh! Then I wont go."

What Dog.

A barrister once opened his cross-examination of a handwriting expert by asking, "Where is the dog?" "What dog?" said the astonished witness. "The dog," replied his tormentor, "which the judge at the last Assizes said he would not hang on your evidence."



A Wall of Ypres Museum.

The Museum of Ypres has been entirely destroyed. One of the walls of the famous structure shows what the bombardment did.

HOME

With the Goose.

Roast Goose.—Roast goose is not worth much in a family which knows nothing about carving. The shrinkage in cooking is great, but this can be in large part prevented by skinning it and using the skin and fat for gansegrieben—the cracklings from tried out fat.

The cleaning of a goose is a nice task. Some people wash and scrub it with soap suds, but that cannot be done if it has already been drawn. Singe, rub, wash, and then scrape the surface with a small and not too sharp knife. Then if you are going to skin it remove the wings and cut the neck close to the body. Cut along the breast bone down to the lean meat and then carefully draw off the skin and the fat attached to it. If you know how to draw a bird you will save some work by drawing your goose at home, because you will not have as much work in cleaning out all the bits of lung, etc., from around the ridgy spine. Wash the inside again and again until the water is clean, but do it quickly, then wipe dry and the goose is ready to season and stuff, if you will, and to truss up for roasting.

No stuffing made with bread should be used, but the goose is sometimes stuffed with sage and onions, mashed potatoes or apples, etc. If you cook the goose without stuffing and wish it well seasoned, put into it several small onions, some stalks of celery, and even some apple. If you have taken off the skin, sew over the breast the skin of the neck after rubbing in pepper and salt, and put to roast with some flour rubbed in at the start and a very little hot water. Baste every ten or fifteen minutes until done and serve with apple sauce which has been but slightly sweetened and put through a sieve. Pour off most of the grease in the pan, add hot water and thickening for gravy. Chopped dry mushrooms and other seasonings may be added.

Goose Fat.—Cut the skin and the fat attached up into squares, sprinkle with salt, and leave over night; rinse with fresh water in the morning and put on to cook gently in three or four cups of cold water. Cook for about two hours and strain or cook until the water has all cooked out. If the cracklings get too brown before the water is cooked out, drain, and dry in the oven. The fat of the intestines should be in salted water over night and cooked in the same way, but separately. Its flavor may not be acceptable. A quick way to cook the fat skin is to fry it without water, but the cracklings are not as good, but may be acceptable in a cream sauce.

Goose Stew.—If great economy must be practised, use the neck, the gizzard, the heart, the wings, and the drumstick, or first joint, for a stew. These are seasoned with salt and pepper overnight and cooked like any step, with seasonings of different vegetables.

Mock Oyster Soup.—Salsify, or the oyster plant, is one of the most delicious vegetables if well cooked, but it is not as well known as it ought to be. A soup may be made of it which can hardly be told from oyster stew, and dietetically it is a more wholesome and dainty soup for a goose dinner than the consomme.

Salsify wilts almost as quickly as new carrots, so if you have no good place to keep it in, as soon as it comes into the house wash it and put it into a wet newspaper. It grows black almost as soon as cut, therefore it must be prepared as follows: Cut off the leaves, and if they are fresh and green save them, as they are nice for salad or to eat with salt. Scrape the root from the crown down and when it is clean commence to slice from the small end, dropping the slices in water acidulated with lemon juice. Do not waste the crown, which you can peel if it is too ridgy to scrape. Put on to cook in boiling salted water if for soup. If for vegetable you can use acidulated water to keep it white. Boil gently about three-fourths of an hour so that not all the water will boil away. One bunch of salsify slices will make about two cups and a half. Cook this amount in four cups of salted water and add a pint of milk and a small piece of butter. Before adding the milk take out a few of the slices and butter them and finally add to soup. They suggest oyster. Put the rest, cooked up with the milk, through a sieve and serve in cups in which you have dropped a little piece of butter and perhaps a tablespoon of cream. If then you add a heaping tablespoon of freshly rolled cracker to each the resemblance to oyster stew is close. The milk may curdle, but after it is put through the sieve the soup will look all right.

Goose Soup (Left-over). — The framework of a nicely roasted and seasoned goose may be broken up and covered with two or three quarts of water and cooked for several hours, with no addition but salt, and the result will be a fine broth. A soup bunch may be added, or the whole may be extended with vegetable stock.

Household Hints.

Mix cream cheese with chili sauce and serve on lettuce salad for a relish.

Alcohol softens most fruit stains, especially if it is warmed over hot water.

When putting away silk waists take out shields, as they are apt to crack the silk.

When mashing potatoes or other vegetables, never use cold milk, but hot, then they will be light and fluffy.

If a teaspoonful of borax is put into the last rinsing water when washing clothes, they will be very much whiter.

If boiled frosting becomes rough and crumbly, beat a lump of butter into it. The frosting will become smooth and creamy again.

Mice will not re-open a hole which has been filled with any mixture containing lye. Flour and lye make a good paste for the purpose.

Blouses of net or chiffon do not need to be dried out of doors. Roll in a towel after rinsing, or wave through the air and iron with a cool iron.

Before roasting apples, try making a small slit all the way around each apple with a knife. This will prevent their splitting when roasting.

Never use a liniment near an open flame, for a liniment usually contains some combustible element. Always rub a liniment into the skin until it is nearly dry.

Before heating milk in a saucepan always rinse the pan with water. It prevents the milk from scorching and the pan is easier to clean afterward.

If you wish the contents of a saucepan to boil quickly do not allow a metal spoon to remain in the pan, because a spoon carries off a great deal of the heat.

To fasten the handles which have become loose on cupboards, doors or bureau drawers, warm some powdered alum in an old iron spoon and apply it to the handles, pressing them in firmly.

A piece of flank meat can be stuffed with cracker crumbs, chopped pork, an egg, savory herbs and seasoning, then rolled light in a cloth and boiled four hours. Cool and press before cutting.

A simple method to soften hard water is to boil it for a quarter of an hour, pour it into an earthen jug, add a quarter of an ounce of common soda to each two gallons, stir, and when cold carefully pour off the clear water from the sediment.

WOLVES ON FIELDS OF DEAD.

Russian Officer Tells How He Was Spared From Them.

The presence of the wolf as a new terror on the battlefields of East Prussia and Poland is described in a letter sent by a Russian officer to a Riga newspaper.

Wounded in an engagement which had driven the Germans from their trenches, he found himself later to be the only living soul left on the field of dead. Pulling himself together and leaning on his sword he walked as best he could toward the supposed shelter of his comrades in the woods.

"Just as I reached the edge of the woods," he says, "I stopped in terror. From the distance there came the howling of a wolf. It sounded unutterably melancholy and dreadful in the still autumn night. Another wolf answered, in the same long-drawn, dismal note. The howling drew nearer; presently I heard it all around me, without pause, growing lounder and more exultant every moment.

"I am no coward. I am a sportsman and have killed many wolves in hunts, but what I heard that night I can never forget. The chaotic howling which inclosed me like a chain kept coming closer and closer, drawing to the centre of the circle where I was standing.

"I saw clearly there was no chance of saving myself when the circle had closed finally upon me. I went running—how I managed it I don't know—toward some bushes a hundred yards away. I reached them and dropped to the ground. I was resolved to fight as long as I could. I had my loaded revolver and my sword.

"The wolves came nearer, and their howling filled the night. Now they were at the border of the wood. In the darkness I could see dim shadows moving slowly between the trees.

"As they came out of the wood from different directions they drew together into one great, dark herd, and stood thus for some minutes. Then another wolf howled—from somewhere out on the battlefield, and all at once the pack began to move. Without haste, in a little deliberate trot they went past me, past the very clump of bushes where I was sitting with drawn revolver. Not one turned toward me. I watched each one as he went by, expecting that he would spring at me. I don't know how many there were, but there were very many—all trotting so quietly to the field where the dead were lying.

"I was mercifully allowed to lapse into unconsciousness soon after. At sunrise I was picked up, still unconscious, by a Cossack patrol."

Try It, Brothers.

Two men were talking of the hard times. "Does your wife ever grieve because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?" queried Hall. "Well, she started to once," was the reply, "but I cured her of it without delay." "I wish you would tell me how" said Hall. "I started right in grieving with her," replied the other, "and I grieved harder and longer than she did!"

Gasoline is more dangerous than powder and more explosive than gun-cotton.

THOSE POOR OLD FRIENDS

VIVID LIGHT ON THE TRAFFIC IN OLD HORSES.

Telling the Tale of the Cruel Business and of Britain's Shame.

Every year a procession of tired, worn-out old horses marches wearily from all parts of England to the docks of London, Leith, Newcastle, Goole, Grimsby and Hull, writes Capt. the Hon. A. C. Murray, M. P., in London Answers.

Poor old fellows they are, too! Old hunters, some of them, who have followed the hounds on many a bright morning with never a "baulk" at the stiffest fence. Here and there may be seen a stocky little pony, who for years has taken the kiddies of the family out in a governess cart—and brought them home, too!—willingly and safely. A few sturdy Clydesdales, who have served their masters faithfully and long at many a ploughing and harvest, also take part in this sad march past.

Their Grim Old Age.

You might, perhaps, think that these faithful beasts, these old friends, are wending their way to some happy grazing ground where, after their years of faithful service, they will be allowed to pass the remainder of their days in happiness and peace—that this procession is one of honor, both to them and their masters.

But it is neither. On the contrary, outside England it is known as "England's Shame." In England itself it is called the "traffic in old horses."

In everyday life, in sport and war, our horses have taken their share. True, the pick of British horses are bought by foreigners, and pass their days in comfort. But what happens to the ordinary "middle-class" horse when he becomes too old and tired to hunt, to plough, or to pull the governess cart?

He is allowed by his affectionate master or mistress to pass into the hands of Continental dealers in horseflesh—callous brutes, for the most part, without one spark of kindly feeling for the old horse, whose only interest in him is the price he will fetch in the meat market.

One would think that this last journey would, at least, be made as comfortable as possible, but, to our everlasting shame, the exact opposite is the case. Many boats are employed in this traffic, but only one—the Harrowgate, owned by Messrs. Wilson—is fitted especially for carrying horses.

With Sticks and Knives.

In the majority of cases, stacks of hay may be seen on board these boats—in compliance with the Board of Trade regulations—but there they remain, voyage after voyage; for not one mouthful of fodder or water is given to the poor brutes from one end of the miserable journey to the other!

On arriving at Antwerp, some with eyes gouged out, and many lamed and bleeding from the frightened struggle on board, the weary old things are driven through the streets of the town to the quarantine stable, four and a half miles away.

Here they are examined by a veterinary surgeon. Those considered fit for human consumption have a hole punched in one ear in which a metal button is clenched. This button has to be returned within ten days, and the amount of suffering inflicted on the frightened, half-starved, ill-treated animals during that period may be left to the imagination. Even then, many of the buttons do not come back, which means that the unhappy beasts have been doomed to drag out still more time, working for masters without pity, in a state of sickness, hunger and misery.

After leaving the quarantine stable at Antwerp they have to trudge, perhaps, thirty miles to some town inland, their wearied bodies kept moving by drovers armed with sticks and knives, which they use unmercifully.

The Shame of England.

Others may go a three or four days' journey by train, herded together anyhow, without one drop of water or one bite of food.

No wonder this traffic is called "the shame of England" by those who witness the ill-treatment of old English horses in Belgium! What a reward for faithful service—what a trade for a nation of horsemen to be mixed up in!

At Antwerp, where the horses are killed with a poleaxe, generally blunt, they may be seen to fall screaming to the ground—and anyone who has heard a horse scream will never forget it! At Ghent thousands of horses are killed every year with sledge hammers, while in most of the private slaughter-houses a knife is used!

Last year fifty thousand horses were condemned in this way. Of these, forty-four thousand were valued at under £10, which puts them in the "decrepit horse" class.

Will Parliament Act?

So callous to suffering do the men engaged in this trade become that a Government veterinary surgeon said the other day at Antwerp that though he had the right to send back to England any horse suffering from glanders or mange he never did so, as they would only be thrown overboard—alive!—to save the trouble and expense of a profitless journey.

Surely it is time that all Britishers, men and women, put a stop to this heartless trade—a trade that is a disgrace to all concerned, but the greatest of all to us in England, who profess to love the horse.

At least we might make it our business to see that these poor beasts, who have served us so long and faithfully, should die painlessly.

BARBED WIRE IN WAR.

Stop Bayonet Charges and Hinder Cavalry.

With the aeroplane and motor traction, barbed wire is among the latest innovations of modern warfare, and in order to appreciate the difficulties which our soldiers have to face is attacking a German position it is necessary to know exactly what these wire obstructions are, and the conditions under which they are used.

There are two classes of wire entanglements, namely, high and low, and both possess that essential of all temporary field fortifications—simplicity and ease of construction.

High entanglements are most commonly used to protect trenches against bayonet charges. For this purpose stout stakes some five feet long are used. They are planted in the ground about six feet apart in rows in front of the trenches, which it is desired to shield from assault. If time and material permit at least six rows are driven in, and sometimes the stakes are made more secure by being fastened by lengths of wire to holdfasts or pegs. Each stake is then connected to every other stake around it with numerous lengths of barbed wire arranged horizontally and diagonally.

A line of trenches so defended is, with reason, regarded as impregnable against a frontal attack unless its defenders have been completely demoralized by well-directed artillery fire. Entanglement of wires can be demolished in a very few minutes by men equipped with pliers. But in the face of a rapid fire from magazine rifles at practically point-blank range those few moments would suffice for the annihilation of whole regiments.

The low wire entanglements are designed almost exclusively as cavalry obstacles. Pegs, eighteen inches or two feet long, are driven into the ground in rows a few feet apart, and the barbed wire is fixed between them so as to form a sort of network. In its simplest form the low wire obstacles consists merely of a trip wire.

In either shape it is frequently fixed along long grass so as to be concealed. The low entanglement is calculated to bring down horse and rider, but from a humanitarian point of view it is a considerable improvement on the cruel obstacles formerly used against cavalry.

THE PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

Story of the Man Who Followed the Doctor's Orders.

Along the pike I sadly hike, clear
to the county's borders; o'er sand
and rock I daily walk—it is the doc-
tor's orders. O'er hill and dale I
hit the trail, and sigh, "If Heaven
pleases, this honest toil, close to
the soil, will cure my twelve dis-
eases." The farmer's pup would
eat me up, and chase me o'er the
ridges; I'm full of scars where
motor-cars have knocked me off the
bridges. But still I toil across the
soil, where grinning jays behold
me, until I lame my withered frame
because the doctor told me.

The doc's command! When them
he hands down from his whiskered
jawbones, the patient bows and
makes his vows that he'll obey the
sawbones. No prince or king on
earth, by jing! can make the peo-
ple mind him, like our old doc; we
never balk, but just obey, dad blind
him!

He feels my wrist and mutters,
"Hist! Your heart is out of kilter;
your lungs are punk—this is no
bunc—your kidneys do not filter.
You live too high, eat too much pie
and porterhouse and cutlets; you'll
have to change your habits strange,
like other pampered muttlets.
Hereafter eat a cold raw beet,
which will sustain and cheer you,
and when you're dry just cast your
eye upon that hydrant near you."

No other guy beneath the sky
could make me do his bidding. I'd
say, "Ods death! Conserve your
breath! I'm weary of your kid-
ding!" But when the doc makes
such a talk I argue not nor ques-
tion; I live on straw and hay and
slaw, and jar up my digestion. For
days and weeks I live on leeks and
barks and leaves and grasses, while
neighbors boast the luscious roast
and buckwheats and molasses.

Folks say to me, "Oh, hully chee!
Why all these crazy ructions?"
And I reply with heartfelt sigh, "It
is the doc's instructions!"

No wave of sympathy should ever be allowed to burst the dykes of prudence.

MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR.

According to Report He Is Said to Be a Remarkable Man.

For sheer versatility, for devotion to work, and for fearlessness in sport, says Saint Nehal Sing in the Strand Magazine, the Maharajah of Gwalior is unexcelled among the maharajahs. He can carry in his head the minutest details of the administration of his state, which is more than 25,000 square miles in area—about twice the size of brave Belgium. He can do the work of the lowest clerk in his employ in the remotest part of his dominion, or perform the most complicated tasks of his highest-paid official. With equal facility he can discharge the duties of the trooper or infantryman of his army, or can head the brilliant column of his military forces. With perfect sangfroid he can jump into the driver's cab and pilot a heavily laden railway train over the steepest gradients and around the most treacherous curves. For him to see a broken-down motorcar is to feel his fingers twitching to put it into action. And he is no mere mechanic, but is an inventor as well.

I have been told of times when this ruler—only 38 years old at the present time—has sat through the best part of the night puzzling over the details of revenue and expenditure of his state, jumped in the morning on the engine and taken a party of distinguished hunters over the mountainside into the jungle, and spent the whole day stalking lions and tigers from an elephant's back.

On one such occasion he and three other friends were riding on the back of an elephant in a sort of balanced saddle. The maharajah was placed on one side of the howdah along with another heavy-set hunter, while two lightweights were together on the other side. Without warning, just as a tiger had been struck with a bullet, but had rushed away into the jungle unkilled, the ill-balanced saddle suddenly lurched, throwing out the maharajah. The elephant plunged ahead, leaving his highness, who still clung to his rifle, sprawling on the ground. Without hesitating a moment, he ran into the thick forest after the disappearing beast, and was not again seen until late at night. Then, when his courtiers were beginning to grow frantic at his long-continued absence in such circumstances, he suddenly appeared, bringing along the skin of the tiger, which he had relentlessly pursued on foot, shot, and flayed with his own hands.

IS SMOKING HARMFUL?

It All Depends on the Man Using Tobacco.

Until manhood is reached and full growth attained there is not the slightest doubt that the use of tobacco is decidedly harmful. It often arrests growth, and is the cause of many youths being undersized and under-developed generally. It interferes with mental alertness and intelligence, and might very properly be blamed for many a man's failure to get on in life at a time when he should have been keenly ambitious, mentally active and industrious. But provided a man has attained his full growth he should suffer no ill effects so long as he continues to smoke in moderation. The amount of tobacco which is implied by the term moderation varies so much that every man must decide by his own experience how it is to be interpreted in his case. It is a remarkable but perfectly well recognized fact that one may be able to smoke four times as much as another without injury. The healthful amount of smoking will be found to soothe the nerves, and, when indulged after eating, to stimulate the digestion gently and to remove the unpleasant sensation of fulness.

Where smoking is carried to excess there may be a continuous dryness of the mouth, and an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane of the throat, which causes a tickling cough. Other signs are—dyspepsia, nervousness, a fluttering of the heart, and sometimes trembling of the hands. In bad cases the eyesight is affected, and serious heart trouble may result. As a rule all these symptoms disappear entirely when smoking is given up, and as long as indulgence in tobacco is kept within the bounds of moderation a man is quite free from them. In cases of the amount being exceeded a man should decide exactly how much he can use and stick firmly to it, counting out his pipefuls and cigarettes, and resolving not to go beyond the number fixed upon. It is a matter of will power entirely, and if he has any regard for his health he must exercise his determination.—A Physician.

Too Good to be True.

Mother—Now, Freddie, if you're disagreeable to Cousin Ethel she won't come and play with you again.

Freddie—Is that a promise?

FOE'S ERRORS OF STRATEGY

BELGIUM'S INVASION A GOOD THING FOR FRANCE.

The Kaiser's Staff Made the Vital Blunder of Underrating Opponents.

In the Bulletin des Francais, published at Bordeaux, France, there appears in an issue of the present month an interesting comment on German strategy in the present war. The caption of the article is "German Strategic Errors," and in it is pointed out what are considered to be, from a French standpoint, Germany's greatest military errors up to the latter part of November. The article as translated is in part as follows:

"It appears that the German General Staff has begun to pay for the great mistake made in the preparation of its war plans, which was to underestimate the worth of Germany's adversaries. The Germans permitted themselves to be persuaded by Pan-German fables concerning the alleged undisciplined condition of the French soldiers, the miserably insufficient preparedness of the English, the supposedly poorly organized Russian Army as judged by the Manchurian campaigns, and, finally, the worth of the little Belgian National Guard. Drunken with self-confidence they thought, 'Is there an enemy we have not conquered?'

Presumed Too Much.

"Their plan has always shown a singularly impertinent presumption. We saw much of that in their inspired literature concerning the crushing of France in six weeks, after which they would execute a gigantic right-about-face, attack the Russians, and leave the occupation of conquered France to their second line troops. It was in order to convince himself of the excellence of this plan that the Commander in Chief in Berlin multiplied writings in which it was abundantly demonstrater, both from economic and military arguments, that the war of the future would be a short one. Events have proved this a radically false idea.

Dare Not Abandon Berlin.

"The first decisive battle of the war is probably the one which is now unfolding in Poland. We shall see how the beautiful theories of peace work out, which were to abandon the capital, if necessary, to the enemy of the east in order to crush the enemy of the west in a minimum time. Do not forget that the first sudden attack by Russia on East Prussia provoked a stream of German transports from the west to the east.

"The second axiom of German strategy, namely, enveloping by wings, had as a direct consequence the invasion of Belgium. This is not the place to tell of the colossal political error of this enterprise. The seed of that will be reaped in Germany when the treaty of peace is signed.

Belgian Attack Aided France.

"But to speak only of military affairs, it is not enough to say that Germany, in attacking Belgium, did a benevolent thing for France. That made England united on the question of an immediate expeditionary army, and the great extension of one of the German wings on the left bank of the Meuse lost every aspect of a surprise—and a strategical surprise is one of the most precious elements of success. At all events, we have not seen a brilliant quick movement, nor has an unexpected one come from the fortified regions of Metz-Thionville to the formidable Moselstellung.

"All their beautiful strategy, of such formidable appearance, has ended, in that since the battle of the Marne, we have had to take the initiative in operations, and, as a matter of fact, the time has arrived when we attack the Germans at will. If neither of the two belligerents has been able to surround his adversary on account of the North Sea, it is nevertheless true that it is our line of battle which effected the enveloping movement from Nieuport to Belfort, with the result that for a month and a half the Germans have been reduced to a strategical defensive.

Calais Of No Use.

"Emperor William ordered the capture of Calais at any cost. If this desire of taking Calais at any cost is real we must see in it a desire to raise a bodiless scarecrow in the face of England. A German paper said recently: 'The English, fearing for the security of their island, have decided to send no more troops to the continent.' New fables.

"Suppose the Germans had the freedom of the sea for a few hours, thanks to a fog, it would still be a difficult problem to land an expeditionary force on British soil for the very good reason that already they are having a very hard time feeding their troops on the continent."

RUSSIA MAKING STRIDES.

Country of Vast Possibilities Lacks Sufficient Sea Coast.

The progress of Russia has been tremendous in the last decade, says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly. The years since the Japanese war have seen the adoption of a constitutional regime, the rapid spread of industrialism, the greatest agrarian reforms since emancipation, and a remarkably intelligent study and handling of the problems of primary education, agriculture and intemperance.

Along with this has come a clear appreciation of the richness of her resources. "In the markets of the world there exists to-day a famine in meat, lumber and breadstuffs," say the Russian economists, and Russia has, or can develop, all three to an indefinite amount. Russia has a geographic basis for a great nation such as is possessed by no other people unless it be our own.

It is wanting, however, in one important respect; it lacks an adequate coast line. Russia's sea coast is too small for so large a state and she is bound to demand more. Indeed, that is what she has been doing for centuries, her coastward movement has been in progress for at least four hundred years and we are witnesses to-day of another gigantic step in this direction. The Germans block the way, and ultimately, combined with them, the Swedes and Danes.

That Russia with her population of 175,000,000, increasing at the rate of nearly three millions a year, and with resources so vast and undeveloped that they can only be roughly estimated, will be kept permanently bottled up is not likely. Her coastward advance, however, will follow lines of least resistance and the conquest of an outlet by way of Constantinople to the world's trade is as inevitable as is its geographical reasonableness. Toward the Persian Gulf the way is also open and inviting. Indeed, everywhere in Asia she has the unique advantage of internal lines of development and therefore also of attack. Geographically the serious menace to British world supremacy does not lie in Germany, but in Russia.

KING HAS PRIVATE WAR NEWS

Gets Confidential Despatches of War Office and Admiralty.

When King George visited a military hospital on a recent occasion the wounded with whom he chatted were astonished at his Majesty's extensive and accurate knowledge of the officers under whom they had served, and also the information he possessed of the movements of the troops on the Continent. As a matter of fact, King George and Lord Kitchener undoubtedly knew more concerning the activities of the British troops than any men in England. Sir John French's private despatches to Lord Kitchener are shared by King George. Almost every day the newspapers report that the Secretary of State for War has visited the King, and it is during these consultations that the vital facts concerning the troops are laid before his Majesty.

Of course, not the slightest rumor of what has occurred at these meetings ever leaks out. Directly the King has left his private apartments a secretary enters and destroys the contents of the waste-paper basket or any odd scrap of paper which might afford a clue as to what took place during the interview. These precautions are taken before any servant is allowed to enter the room. Important military despatches King George keeps locked in his safe and desk, of which there are but single keys, which his Majesty carries with him.

It was a wounded soldier who said that "King George carried the army list in his head," but the enthusiastic "Tommy" in question would probably be more surprised if he knew the full extent of his Majesty's knowledge of military and naval affairs. During his many years in the navy the King had ample opportunity of studying British and foreign coast defences. He knows every weak and strong spot on the North Sea and Channel coast, and of recent years he has especially concerned himself with the growth of English coast defences. King George has also obtained extensive practical knowledge of naval tactics by taking an active part in all the big naval reviews.

Dancing in Germany.

Dancing at the German court is always a matter to be taken seriously. The kaiser himself is an expert dancer, and will have only experts at the state balls. At all these functions the court dancing master occupies a place of vantage from which he can watch the dancers and any mistakes or clumsiness will be certain to bring the delinquent a polite intimation that he must mend his steps or expect no further invitations.

It is sometimes almost as hard to meet a bill as it is to keep out of its way.

RETALIATION BY CONVICTS

THE VENGEANCE VOW AND ITS CONSUMMATION.

Telling a Few Instances Where Nothing Seriously Resulted.

Some convicted prisoners take their sentences philosophically enough; others rage for a bit, and then quiet down. Others burn with the lust for revenge of the real, red sort; and it seems to give them some kind of ghoulish satisfaction—it alleviates their thirst for blood—if they can, with mighty oaths, declare what they're going to do when the day of freedom comes, writes a prison chaplain in London Answers.

On Murder Bent.

I remember one man saying to me, with vicious bitterness and an evil light in his eyes: "You wait, parson, till I get out of this! Give me twenty-four hours, and I'll hash the life out of him! The scoundrel!" And he grits his teeth.

You check him, or try to; but it's useless. He'll admit the truth of what you say, but, "Wait and you'll see!" "See you back here?" you complete, with significance. "I don't care! I'll swing for him!" Well, there you have to leave it. You've done your best. Convict 168 is going to do his worst, and you can't stop him.

He served his time and went out. Also, he came back. What happened? By pure chance I can tell the awful story. He went back to his town, reported himself, and immediately sought the man he intended to maim, or murder. He made the round of several public-houses, and, while he was in one, the man he was looking for entered.

The new-comer looked, recognized his old pal, slapped him on the back, seized his hand, and shook it again and again, and, in the exuberance of his joy, called for a bottle of his friend's favorite refreshment.

"It's a sight for sore eyes to see you again, Bill! How're you feeling? I am glad to see you! When did yer come out? Give us another shake!"

The Silent Man.

No. 168 "shakes," drinks, and starts reviling a warder. The two stayed until closing-time, talking and drinking, and getting more and more brotherly. They went out together, and——

Then it was that the unsuspicious pal was suddenly attacked? Then it was that the long-meditated revenge was consummated? No. The two walked to the outskirts of the town, and proceeded to "crack a crib." They were caught red-handed and full-pocketed, and, after the sessions, my revengeful friend reappeared with the balance of his old sentence to serve, and a new one after that! And when in due course I greeted him, he was full of fierce threats against the gentleman whose life he had desired before!

In the circumstances I dispensed with a rebuke. A lurid revenge which evaporates so quickly is not worth tilting against.

A convict who says but little, but who can carry for three years that stern look in his eyes which shows that he is keeping a purpose ever in his mind, is much more dangerous. That sort of man acts.

One told me, quietly and with no melodramatic boasting, exactly what he intended to do to a certain man who had "let him in." I am bound to say that it seemed a bad case of rank disloyalty and treachery.

His Long, Long Journey.

On his release he asked for his railway-ticket to the town where the man lived, went to the house, with a hammer in his pocket, and asked for him. A white-faced woman, with two frightened children clinging to her skirts, opened the door. "Where was her husband?" She burst into tears. Doing seven years! Been sentenced but two months before.

The ex-convict chortled with fiendish delight, mingled with regret that the hammer could not be used? No. He had money, and he kept that family for the next five years.

That's real life! Put it on the stage, or in a book, and it wouldn't be believed. Against human nature? Ah, but there's a lot of evil and good in human nature.

Another convict; the usual threats, but not the usual result.

"I hope," I said, "you put that business about G—— out of your mind."

He smiled with sinister satisfaction.

"He's gone to sea, parson." I said I was glad. He smiled again. "A wet journey, parson, and no return till Judgment Day!"

I looked at him queerly, but he said "Good-day!" and went.

Every cloud has a silver lining; but that is small consolation when you cannot see through the cloud.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN. 29, 1915.

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

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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.

The Coming Session of Parliament.

The opening of Parliament has been fixed for the 4th of February. The House will meet under conditions unprecedented in Canada, so far as any regular session of Parliament is concerned. The Dominion of Canada is at war. Canadians are at war with all the enemies of the Empire, and the business of making war successfully will be the chief business of Parliament.

CANADA'S PART IN IT.

The Government will meet the House with a statement of measures taken, of preparations and of results, which show that Canada is playing no timid or backward part Canada is in the war with all she has, and no decent Canadian has been heard to suggest that any other course ought to be followed. Everywhere in Canada men are training earnestly for service against the common enemy. All over Canada factories are turning out materials of war, equipment of all sorts, arms and munitions, some for the Canadian troops, some for the troops from the United Kingdom, some for the French and some for the Russians

THE GAUGE OF EFFORT.

Since the special war session was held the Government has gone steadily on with the work of supplying men and materials and of conserving Canadian resources for the use of the Empire and the allies. Provision has been made for a Canadian force of more than one hundred thousand men and for the raising in Canada of additional forces which will provide a constant stream of reinforcements so long as the war lasts. Premier Borden stated in Winnipeg a few days ago that Canada's efforts would be measured only by the Empire's need.

OPPOSITION'S ATTITUDE.

It seems probable that the Government obtain fairly general support from the Opposition in connection with the war measures. In Great Britain the Opposition leader assured the Government of the support of the Opposition in all war measures which the Government deemed expedient.

This was a promise of support without reservation, and it is being fulfilled.

Whether or not the war measures of the Borden Government are given whole-hearted support from the Opposition, they have and will continue to have the sanction and approval of the Canadian people Strong measures have been taken, called for by exceptional conditions, and Canada and the Empire has had the advantage of the presence of a strong Government at Ottawa.

WORK OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament will be given a full and complete statement of all that is not necessarily secret and confidential in the war measures so far taken It will be given also a statement of the finances of the Dominion as affected by the war. Recent official tables show a shrinkage of thirty eight millions in the revenue, with substantial increases in the public debt. It is reasonably certain that Parliament will be asked to make up the lost revenue either by tariff or some other expedient The Government is borrowing from the Bank of England for war purposes, but the public debt is bound to be increased outside of the obligations created directly by the war. Parliament will find that the financial situation has been handled with care and foresight, that through the action of the administration, Canada has passed over the worst of the financial crisis, readjusting her system to the new conditions, and that the financial position of Canada is sound.

Altogether, the Government will be able to give to Parliament a good account of its stewardship, one of which Parliament and the Dominion should be and will be proud.

Financial Statement of the Agricultural Society.

To the members of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil.

GENTLEMEN :—

Your Board of Directors consider that the Exhibitions held by the Society during the year 1914 have been kept up to the usual standard and a little better. At the Spring Show of Stallions, there were not a large number exhibited, but those exhibited were of very good classes. The attendance of farmers and others was fair shewing, (it is hoped) that farmers and others are taking a deeper interest in Breeding to good stock. On account of unfavorable weather on the dates of the fall Exhibition, the attendance was not so large as usual, but, the exhibits were good, your Directors consider there is a continued improvement in the Horses Exhibited, and also in the Cattle Exhibit. Mr. J. E. Arnold had a fine Exhibit of Percheron stallions. Mr. J H. Black, Mr. Robert Leishman, and Mr. Robert Doig exhibited fine herds of Ayrshire cattle and Mr. Andrew Boa a fine herd of Holstein. About as good herds of this kind of cattle, as there are in the Dominion. The exhibits of Sheep, Swine, and Poultry, the Directors think were as good as other years. The Directors were pleased to notice the fine Exhibits in the Building, of Ladies work. One, and we think the largest and finest Exhibit for years. Special mention must be made of five collections of fancy work, each one being a very creditable one to the lady exhibitor. The Directors desire to express their thanks to all the ladies who by Exhibiting, have helped to make the Exhibition a good one and one that all who went were pleased to see.

The short course of Lectures held in Lachute in the month of January 1914 were well attended and the information given by the lecturers there it must have been profitable to all who attended. Your Directors were of the opinion that the holding of these short courses would be beneficial; and that having the same might be the means of inducing and encouraging many more of the farmers of the County to become members of the Society but they are sorry to say their expectations have not been fulfilled. Your Directors have applied to McDonald College for a demonstrator on agriculture to be located in the County, and have been promised a grant from the County Council of Argenteuil of $100.00 to aid the keeping of him. The Demonstrator's services will be given to all who require him free, within they are members of the Agricultural Society or not. Your Directors have the promise that one will be sent and they hope that through this (and in fact they have no doubt of it) that his services will be a benefit to the farmers of the County. The Directors hope for an increase of memberships this year

Your Directors desire to draw your attention to the number of members of the Society and how many are farmers. Out of the memberships of 339, there are 178 farmers and 161 work-farmers. The non farmers give ⅔ of the subscription received. You will all see by this by whom the Society is maintained in existance. One would think by the great number of farmers attending our annual Exhibition and the seeming interest they take, that this would be different.

There was no ploughing match held this year and you Board of Directors consider, on account of the poor turn out at last and preceeding match, that it is a question whether the same should be kept up for the future. You will notice by the Financial Statment that the Society has paid out in premiums this year $196 45 an increase of $303.50 over last year. It is the largest amount, that has ever been paid in one year by the Society in Premiums. Your Directors consider that the funds of the Society will not warrant the payment of such an amount for Premiums in the future. The Society would have been placed in a bad financial position this year owing to the decrease in Receipts, and increased amount, paid in premiums if it had not been that through the intercession of Mr. John Hay Ex. M. P. P. a special grant of $250 00 was obtained from the government. The Society have also to thank Sir Geo. H. Perley M. P., H. Slater Esq M. P. P., J. C. Wilson & Co., Colonel Reilly, John Hay Ex. M. P. P. and others for their kindly feelings; and generous subscriptions to the Society funds.

Your President and Secretary cabled congratulations on behalf of the Agricultural Society to Sir. Geo. H. Perley M. P. for the County, on the honor conferred upon him by the King, to being suited and following reply was received

Cable

January 7th, 1915, William Hay, Pres Agricultural Society, Lachute, Que., Many thanks kind congratulations Wish agricultural society every prosperity

Perley.

Three of our Town Boys now in training with the Cycle Corps at Toronto.



F. WALKER, A. NADON, D. MITCHELL.

Your Directors will be pleased to hear from you any suggestions you or any of you may have to make at this annual meeting.

Financial Statement of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil for the year 1914

Dr.		
Balance on hand 1st Jan. 1914		357 82
Cash received from members for subscription and special prizes		645 25
Cash received from Gate Receipts on Exhibition days		660 85
Cash received from Side Shows		140 00
Cash received from Government Grants		830 02
Special Grant for Standing Crops		75 00
Cash received from rent of Grounds		36 00
Cash received from rent of Booths		40 00
Cash received from rent of Stalls		55 00
ash received for Entrance fees on Exhibits		50 00
Cash received for interest on monies in Bank		12 73
		$2902 67
Cr.		
Paid Premiums awarded during the year 1914	1961 45	
Paid H Hammond interest	144 00	
Paid J St. Jacque and others rent of Buildings for short course last winter	38 00	
Paid T. McOuat for Stove	20 00	
Paid Insurance Premiums on Buildings	43 10	
Paid for Printing and Custom Duties	107 45	
Paid for Band for Exhibition	65 00	
Paid men's wages, Grounds		
Dining room and other expenses of Exhibition	213 82	
Paid G. O'Brien and others, repairs to Buildings	47 47	
Paid Expenses of Directors Meetings	19 10	
Paid Postage	10 91	
Paid Incidental Expenses	4 11	
Paid Secy's Commission	187 14	
Balance on Hand	41 12	
	$2902 67	

Auditors Report

To the Board of Directors of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil.

Gentlemen,—Having been appointed by your Secretary Treasurer. We beg to report that we have this day examined said books and vouchers and we found them correct in every particular, showing a balance in the Treasurer's hands on 31st December 1914 of forty one dollars and twelve cents.

(Signed) H. R. HAMMOND,
H. M. GALL
Lachute Jan. 16 1915 Auditors.

GRENVILLE

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church intend having a concert on the evening of February 12th next.

Quite a number of teams have been drawing stave-wood for the Grier mill, while others have been bringing timber to Dansereau.

The recent snow has done good in making the roads more safe for travelling, and ought to help the workers in the bush.

Another old resident of the district passed away on Thursday in the person of Mr. Edward Brown. He had been ailing for some time, but only confined to his bed for a few weeks before his death A large number of neighbors and friends attended the funeral on Saturday, which was conducted by Rev. Mr. Reilly, of Grenville. Interment took place at Calumet Mr. Brown was a brother of the late Ex-Mayor Brown, who died only some months ago.

The Soldiers Aid Society has sent off another bundle of comforts for the Red Cross Society in Montreal. In all, the ladies of the village have knitted fifteen pairs of socks, and five mufflers, and have made ten day shirts, ten hospital shirts, five bed jackets, sixty hospital handkerchiefs. There is still a cash balance on hand of funds collected, and it will be sent to the Red Cross Society, to be used in more material as desired by headquarters.

Several driving accidents have occured during the last few weeks, but fortunately without very serious results. Mrs. J. E Arnold, while turning in at her gate, was capsized out of the sleigh, and suffered a severe scalp wound, necessitating four stitches by Dr. Favier. Mrs. Arnold, however, has now recovered from her injuries, and is able to be around as usual. Last Thursday, Miss Hamilton escaped serious injury when thrown out of her sleigh at Gray's Corners, though her horse ran back through the village and on to Stonefield, till it reached the stable of the former owner, Mr. John McMeekin.

Men of Argenteuil.

—:o:—

In days of yore in Argenteuil
The Rangers made a show
And in the Camp at Three Rivers
As elsewhere, as you know;
They took the trophies right away
From every other corps,
And in peace time for the sham fights
Why there were men galore.

Where are our gallant County men
Now mother needs her sons?
Are they defending at the forts
Or manning heavy guns?
Or are they staying right at home
Content to dwell at ease.
While others keep the foe away
And in the trenches freeze?

Where is the flag you boasted of
Not many years ago?
Is it flung out unto the breeze
In forefront of the foe?
Where are the gallant men who took
For years the country's pay
To qualify them to defend
This Empire in the fray.

For months upon your Western Coast
The men by night and day
Have paced the lonely ramparts
To keep your foe away
The tramp of men has sounded far
Eager to do their part
For England and our Allies
With willing hand and heart.

Are you of those who holding back
Are strengthening the foe?
For "those who are not with us
Are all against" you know.
Is it no business of yours
That war, on Europe's ground?
And if 'twere here, 'twere different,
Your arguments' not sound.

To-day, but for the gallant fight
Put up by Belgium,
You'd have been dancing to the tune
Of German band and drum.
For Canada is fair to view
Her plains have ample space
For the surplus population
Of the whole German race

Ask of the Frenchmen who have known
In Alsace and Lorraine
What conquerors the Germans are?
You will not ask in vain.
The life-blood freely flowing out,
Defending sunny France
Against the despot Ge man
At whom all look askance —

Is answer, for the men who fight
Have learnt in bitter school,
That there's neither right nor reason,
Under the German rule.
In days of yore at tug of war
Argenteuil held the palm,
Now gird you to the fray good men,
Don't sit at home, but arm.

They say you will not go because
Its none of your affair.
I hope that they're believing you
And that you really care.
Think of the treatment meted out
To woman, and to child,
The old and young, and innocent.
Does it not make you wild?

To-morrow, if by chance you fail
To do your rightful share.
Your loved ones and your peaceful homes
The Germans will not spare.
'Tis there across the sea that now
Your liberty's menaced
'Tis there the would-be conqueror
Has to be bravely faced.

As in machine the smallest part,
Is vital to the whole,
So in the war, each one of us
Must help towards the goal.
The men must fight, the women work,
With all their might and main.
Till every foe is conquered
And peace reigns once again.

The German motto, don't forget
Is "Conquer if you can,
If not, destroy or injure."
And acting on this plan,
We see the ruins they've ruined,
The victims they have slain,
If we hold with the Germans win
And then you can't complain.

KATE MASSIAH.

Four Moscow Lamb Coats for Ladies at $20 00 each.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Desjardins' Footwear.

What could be nicer for a Christmas Gift than a Pr tty Pair of Good Warm Slippr?
We have now in stock a full line of them that will make a Serviceable Holiday Gift!

A fine assortment also of the Best Winter Footwear.

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.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Branch at Lachute, - - J. R. McOUAT, Manager.
Sub-Agency at Brownsburg, J. R. THOMPSON, Sub-Agent.

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

Academy Exams.

—:o:—

GRADE II ACADEMY.

GREEK HISTORY.

Class I.—Stuart Van Dyke 84, John Hope 83, Irene Scott 81, Bessie Hammond 79, Annie Drennan 78, Ervin Center, Estelle Inglis 77.

Class II.—Marjorie Mount 73, Wilma Joss 70, Allison Rodger 69, Constance Banford 65, Edward McOuat 62, George Clark, Carswell McClure 60

Class III, George Calder 52, Kathleen Bradley 50.

GRADE III ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Class I.—Jean McGibbon 79, Kenneth Sawyer, Nora Somerville, John Smith 76.

Class II.—Sybil Arthur, Miriam Burk 72, Doris McIntyre 69, Mary Hope, Wesley McAllister 68, Alison Cottingham 66. Jessie Black 65, Howard Nicoll 64.

Class III.—Frank Miller 57, Alex Murray 56.

GRADE II ACADEMY

FRENCH.

Honors.—Stuart Van Dyke 93

Class I.—Marjorie Mount 85, Bessie Hammond 77, Estelle Inglis 76.

Class II.—John Hope 71, Irene Scott 70, Allison Rodger 69, Wilma Joss Carswell McClure 67, Ervin Center 64

Class III.—Constance Banford 56, Kathleen Bradley, George Clark 54, Angus Hay 51.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

PHYSICS.

Honours.—Geo. Hammond 91.

Class I.—Doris Campbell 86, Amy Bates 83, Kenneth McConnell 80, Isabella Bennett, Geo. Bain 79, Nora Rodgers 78, Enid McCullough 77, Verda Kettyle, Percy Gordon 75.

Class II.—Alma Gordon 73, Osborn Lackey 68, Edwin Johnson, Ena Peet 67, Susan Kelly 65.

Class III.—Hazel McCoy 59, Myrtle McGregor 57, Willis Hooper 53.

GRADE III MODEL.

BRITISH HISTORY.

Honours.—Edna Coulin 92, Violet Rogers 90.

Class I.—Geo. McCormick 75.

Class II.—Lawrence Gordon 72, Hazel O'Brien 66, Maude Painter 64, Katie Jones 60

Class III.—Willie Cruise 56, Isabel Wason, Jessie Berry 52, Stuart Hay Douglas Bradford 51, Myrtle Berry Ralph Robinson, Mina Dixon, Jas McCullough 50.

GRADE II MODEL.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Honours.—Percy Carpenter 96, Doris Hammond 93, Grace Mount 90,

Class I.—Dora Barley 85, Jessie Paul 84, Jean Campbell, Lyall Middleton 82, Elsie Lackey 81, James Calder 80, James McGibbon 78, Samuel Graham 77, Alfred Hunter 76, James Smith 75.

Class II.—Inez Sutton 72, Ernest Baldwin 68, Stanley McNaughton 66, Ernest Calder 64, Melvin Burk 62 Mamie Graham 61.

Class III.—Harold McFaul 56.

GRADE I MODEL.

GEOGRAPHY.

Honours.—Catherine Burwash 96, Mary Box 94, Ruby Rodgers 92.

Class I.—Genevieve Murphy 89, Helena Dobbie, Emma Smith 87 Olive Boyd 85, Wilhelmina Shaw 82, Laura McChall 81, Angus Kinmond 80, Keith Christie, Ross Muir 77, Oscar Duffy 75.

Class II.—Edna Bampton 73 Bruce Bradford 72, Kenneth McOuat, Raymond Boyd 70, Norman Bates, Anna Scott 69, May Boyd 66, Eddie Barker 65

Class III.—Ella Giles 59, Geo. McCoy 56.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.

DICTATION.

Honours.—Margaret McOuat 96, Ryckman Alexander, Arthur Lackey 92, Mabel Garrard, Evelyn Hamilton 91, Lindsie Demerse, Margaret Jones 90.

Class I.—Naylor Mount, Henry Murphy 88, Jessie Hay, Jas. McKimmie, Douglas Patterson 84 Ivan Carpenter, Gerald Hammond, Myrtle Mitchell 83, Ian Hay, Florence Hunter 81, Roy Chambers 77.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.

SPELLING & DICTATION.

Honours.—Irene Byron 96, Lillian Hamilton 93, Arnold Scott 95, Kenneth Compbell 92

Class I.—Muriel Burk 89, Florentine Cyr 87, Myrtle Hunter 86, Nellie Cowan, Beatrice Cunningham, Clifford McFaul, Hilda Sutton 85, Arthur Cruise 82, Lillie Bradford 80, James Hay 79, Mina Paul 76 Myrtle Barker, Annie Fraser 75.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.

GEOGRAPHY.

Honours.—Ivan Bennett 100, Earl Gunn 96, Lawrence Cruise 94, Ruth Byron 90.

Class I.—Howard Morrison, Ida Bampton, 85, George Gunn 82, Cecil Staniforth 78, Evelyn Creswell 76.

Class II.—Alice Burk 72 Lilly Paul 69, Harold Window 68, Kenneth Elliott 67, George McGibbon 66, Gordon G. Cruise 62.

GRADE I. ELEMENTARY.

ARITHMETIC.

Honours.—Willie Grandmaison 98, Mildred Hammond, Willie Miller 94, Jean McOuat 92, Margaret Scott, Elsie Stewart 90.

Class I.—Hugh Cunningham 88, Donald Hay 84.

Class II.—Agnes McPhail 74, Louisa Parker 73, Linton Armstrong 70, Lyla McKiddie, Charlie Miller 67, Mary Cruise 66, Harold Calder 65, Inez McKiddie, Lloyd Somerville 60.

Class III.—Lea Dion 50.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Temperance Column

—o—

Are YOU Guilty?

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be pass d upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for the answer to the Judge's question.

The Judge waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard anywhere and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move, his head was raised, his hand was clinched, and the blood had rushed into his pale, careworn face.

Suddenly he rose to his feet and in a low, firm, but distinct voice, said:

"I have! Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my prolonged debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful deed, I have no right to complain or to condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in the case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife!"

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The Judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress th ir intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice.

"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The Judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within tois bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the old church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to stand with me before His Judgment Throne where we shall all be righteously judged.

"If it had not been for the saloons of my town, I never would have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for these human traps, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But to-day my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my children—God bless and care for them—cast out on the mercy of the world, while I am to be hung by the strong arm of the State.

"God knows, I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak diseased willpower was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor.

"For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were happy, and our little home was a paradise.

"I was one of those who signed remonstrances against re-opening the saloons of our town. One half of this jury, the prosecuting attorney on this case, and the Judge who sits on this bench, all voted for the saloons. By their votes and influence saloons were re-opened, and they have made me what I am."

YOUR BACK

is a Barometer. When it hurts, it means that the Kidneys need help. Take Gin Pills—Canada's own remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. "Made in Canada". 271



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.

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears. The Judge made a motion as if to stop further speech, when the speaker hastily said:

"No! No! your honor, do not close my lips, I am nearly through

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the voters of this town. After the saloons you allowed have made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of Justice, and now the Law-power will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity.

I shall appear before another bar—the Judgment Bar of God, and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I in my drunken, frenzied irresponsible condition have murdered one—but you have deliberately voted for the saloons, which have murdered thousands, and they are in full operation to-day with your consent.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth.

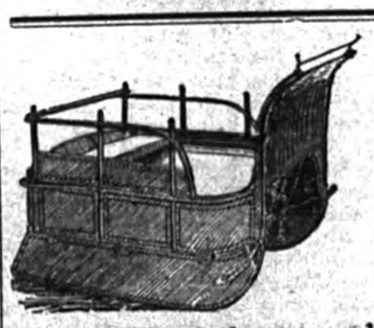
"You legalized the sale of liquor, that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me, before God and man for the murder of my wife.

"Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to your own individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this dreadful traffic."—The Philadelphia Presbyterian.

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.



SALE OF SLEIGHS

All our large stock of SLEIGHS of all kinds MUST GO at almost any price.
First buyers get first CHANCE.

Clearing Sale all this month.

R. J. Latimer & Co.
445 St. James St.
MONTREAL - P.Q.



BIRTHS.

AMPLEMANT—At Lachute Mills, Que., on Sunday, January 24th, 1915, twin sons to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Amplemant.

MCALLISTER—At Dauphin, Man., on January 16, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. A. N. McAllister a son.

MURDOCK—At Oakland, Cal., on Jan. 22nd, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Norman Murdock, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ODER—HODGE—On Jan. 21st, 1915, by Dr. J. L. Cross, Lillian May Hodge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hodge, of Lachute, P.Q., to Mr. Wade Herbert Oder, of Houston, Texas.

CARD OF THANKS—Mr. Richard Evans wishes to thank all the friends for their kindness extended to his beloved father during his illness and to him in his sad bereavement.

NOTICE

The party who took a T Eaton Co box of goods, out of a sleigh in Roderigue's Hotel Yard, Lachute, last Saturday night, Jan. 23, is requested to return same to this hotel, on or before January 30th, and save further trouble as party has been detected. HENRY REILLY.

DALESVILLE

—:o:—

Mrs. Spencer, of Morden, Man. was a recent guest of friends here.

Miss Emily Barker spent a few days recently with friends in Lachute.

Rev. S. S. Bates, of McMaster University, Toronto, gave a most interesting lecture on "Christian Education" on Tuesday evening, when a large number were present. Rev. Mr. Bates was a guest at the manse during his visit here.

On Monday evening a number of our young people gathered at the home of Mr. David Dixon for a Surprise Party, in honor of Miss Edna's Birthday. Numerous parlor games were played until about 11 o'clock, when the hostess announced supper. After singing "Auld Lang Syne," the guests gave three cheers for Miss Edna and went home feeling that they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

Professional & Commercial

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 Rodrigue's Hotel, the 4th Sunday of each month, from 5 to 8. 4 10

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.

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

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

DR. R. CHARLEBOIS, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
397 Victoria Avenue,
cor Sherbrooke St.
Montreal, P. Q. Westmount,
Tel. Westmount 4849.

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

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonne } No. 343

DAME MALVINA RODRIGUE,
Plaintiff.
vs.
FÉLIX LANDRY,
Defendant.

An action in seperation from bed and board has been instituted in this cause on the 29th of December 1914 and the defendant is ordered to appear within one month.

Ste. Scholastique, 4th January 1915.

GRIGNON & FORTIER,
Protonotaire.

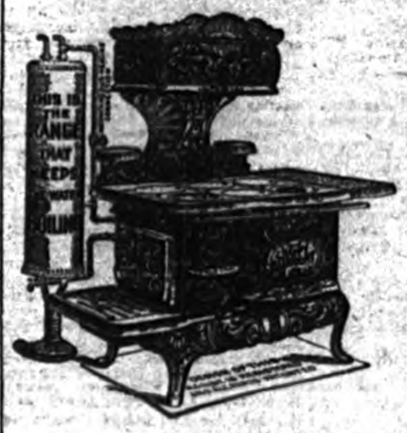
F. DE S. A. BASTIEN,
1-29. Attorney for Plaintiff.

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.

Total Deposits Nov. 30, 1893 - - -	$ 4,100,382
Total Deposits Nov. 30, 1903 - - -	13,926,367
Total Deposits Nov. 30, 1913 - - -	40,807,499

In each of the Bank's numerous Branches throughout Canada there is a

Savings Bank Department

where an account may be opened with $1. or more. No delay nor formality necessary either in depositing or withdrawing money.

Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - - E. W. Richards, Acting 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. S. 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.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued).

"What are you going to do?" said she.

"I am going to blow out either your brains or mine!" said he, in muttered accents. "I don't think it matters much which—unless you tell me all!"

"Put up your pistol," said Leslie, contemptuously. "You can not frighten me by any such tirades as this."

"Can not I? Then I will try another tack, my lady," said St. Just, angrily, although at the same time he dropped the barrel of the pistol. "My memory for faces is a remarkably good one. This man's false, wax-doll features are imprinted indelibly on my brain; and I swear to you, Leslie St. Just, that I will hunt him through the world—that I will hunt him to the death, until I am avenged on him!"

"Avenged for what?" cried out Leslie, her blood growing chill within her at St. Just's look, even more than his words—a look which was a little less than demoniac.

"For stealing my wife's heart away from me. Now and here I swear it—be he above ground, I will visit my vengeance upon him as surely as yonder sun is shining overhead!"

"Edmund! Edmund! don't talk so!" pleaded Leslie, who, indifferent to all threats against her own personal safety, was more vulnerable to danger that might assail Lucian Ferrier.

St. Just smiled a hyena-like smile.

"I have touched you at last, have I?" said he. "Hush!" as voices and footsteps sounded in the outer vestibule; "who is that?"

"They are callers," said Leslie, starting up. "Tell James to refuse me; I cannot see any one."

"You can—and you shall," said St. Just, grasping her arm with a force that left blue marks on it for days afterward. "Leave the room at your peril!"

And, with an instantaneous change of countenance that seemed almost miraculous to Leslie, her husband advanced smilingly to meet his guests.

"I am glad you have called, Mrs. Beltamy," said he. "My wife is sadly annoyed with a headache. I have been trying to cheer her up a little, but I shall gladly welcome your assistance.

And poor Leslie, while muttering disjointed greetings, asked herself:

"Have I married a man, or a fiend incarnate?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was on one of the bright July days when Leslie Fo da wedding was as yet a new and much-discussed item of fashionable intelligence in the circles of the great northern watering-place, that Mr. Jason Lancaster sat in his office downtown, his forehead wrinkled over a ponderous account-book, and a prodigious pile of unopened letters lying on the table beside him.

An additional line or two had been plowed between Mr. Lancaster's brows during the past few months—not through business troubles. The affairs of the house of "Lancaster & Co." had never been in a more prosperous condition than they were at present. Trade was good, the financial horizon almost cloudless, and all his complicated business transactions seemed running on velvet. But his domestic affairs were troubling him, and private grief was embittering the current of his hitherto uninterrupted good fortune.

Mrs. Lancaster was discontented. Fenella was visibly unhappy, and although the old man would have laid down every ingot of his fortune, could he have seen the wonted sunshine once more brightening his hearthstone, peace of mind was one of the very few things that money, all-powerful though it was, would not suffice to buy.

And the old shipping merchant was at his wit's end what to do.

As he sat poring over the long lines of figures, scarcely distinguishing one from another, a knock sounded on the door, and Lucian Ferrier entered his presence.

Jason Lancaster was the head of the house, a great man on 'Change, and an undoubted authority in commerce. Lucian Ferrier was nothing more than a subordinate clerk—but somehow the elder man always involuntarily cringed in the presence of the younger. There was a certain dignity in Lucian's demeanor, an unconscious assumption of equality, that the merchant could not but recognize.

"It's blood," said Mr. Lancaster, confidentially to his wife, "He can't help that fawning way, any more than he can help breathing. And you can't expect the heir of a baronet to go about his business as if he was a rag-picker's son. That's my way of looking at things!"

And, in Jason Lancaster's secret heart, he was afraid of Lucian Ferrier, and looked at him, not as his clerk, but as the possible heir, one day, of Sir Talcote Ferrier, of Talcote Court.

"Are you particularly engaged just now, Mr. Lancaster," said the young man, "or may I ask you to spare me a few minutes?"

"Why," said Mr. Lancaster, ruffling up his hair, as he glanced over his desk, "I have all these accounts to check, and I haven't found time yet to look over the morning's mail. But don't go, Ferrier, I dare say I have a little time at your disposal. Sit down, sit down."

And, with the feather end of the old-fashioned quill pen that Jason Lancaster still clung to, in the face of all more modern innovations, he beckoned the young man toward a faded leather easy-chair opposite to his own.

"Mr. Lancaster," said Ferrier, "I have come to make what may seem to you rather a strang request."

"Go on," said Mr. Lancaster, nibbling the feather of the pen.

"I have come to ask you for an increase of salary."

Mr. Lancaster laid down the pen, put his two elbows on the table, and looked at Ferrier, all the business part of his nature on the qui vive.

"Are your duties in any way increased?" asked he. "Or are you required to work more hours than before?"

"Certainly not sir."

"Then I must say I don't see your reason for this request."

"To explain it, sir," said Ferrier, with a little of the prince-royal manner that invariably checked and repelled his employer, "I must go into family matters that cannot be particularly interesting to you."

"Go on, go on!" said the merchant.

"I have a widowed sister, who returned from Alabama yesterday, with one child. She is left entirely penniless by her deceased husband, Colonel Maurice Tressaly, and consequently her support for the future, and that of her child, will devolve upon me. As you are aware, I already have the maintenance of my mother and another sister on my shoulders. I can not lift this additional burden without an increase of my salary. You know, Mr. Lancaster, what my services are worth. You are the best judge as to whether, by redoubled efforts, and, if necessary, extended hours, I can deserve what I ask."

"Heavens!" thought Jason Lancaster, rumpling up his hair stiffer than ever, "what is the world coming to? Here I sit, the son of a pork butcher, with the heir apparent of Sir Talcote Ferrier imploring me for two dollars a week extra. There is something in money, after all."

He spoke none of these meditations, however, but listened with apparent quietude to the young man's words.

"Look here, Ferrier," said he, "this is all wrong. Wrong from beginning to end."

"Mr. Lancaster!"

"Now, don't excite yourself, don't," interposed the old merchant. "Hear me through first. I don't mean that you are wrong, but that the whole principle is wrong. Listen to me. If I'm anything I'm practical."

He leaned back in his chair, one foot on the other knee, and the points of his fingers neatly balanced against each other.

"You're poor, Ferrier. You've a large family to support."

To both of these self-evident propositions Mr. Ferrier replied by a brief inclination of the head, evidently much wondering as to the drift of all this preamble.

"You've got blood, but no money. Others have got money, but no blood to speak of. Strike an average. Equalize matters."

"Pardon me, sir, if I do not quite follow you," said Ferrier, gravely.

Mr. Lancaster rose, and advancing close to the desk, brought his hand down on its discolored baize top with a tremendous rap.

"Why don't you marry my little Fenella?" said he. "Look here. My daughter's husband will one day be my partner, and equal sharer in all that I have or make. Let us be still more frank. Fennie likes you! Fennie's a pretty girl, and a well-educated girl, too by George. She'd make as good a My Lady as any one on this continent. Once married to my girl and there's an end of all this desk drudgery. You step, hey, presto! into the sphere of life for which you are designed by nature. Your family are all provided for, for old Jason Lancaster isn't one who does things by halves. Fenella is happy—you are happy—it's an uncommonly snug little family arrangement all around. Eh! What do you say?"

For a moment or two Lucian Ferrier had been almost unwilling to credit the evidence of his own ears, as Jason Lancaster detailed the strange and unexpected proposition to him. Then, for another second, he wavered before the strong temptation—he himself put out of the question entirely, what a brilliant prospect it opened to his pale, hard-worked mother, the soft-eyed invalid, who had always seemed a little child to him, and the young widow, who had just come to him, with her baby on her breast. It is not often that a man of Lucian Ferrier's age is called upon to bear the burden of so much responsibility and care. He had assumed it cheerfully—but not the less did he feel its weight—not the less gratefully would he welcome any relief from the terrible strain and pressure. Why not yield to the force of surrounding circumstances? Why not marry Fenella Lancaster? He could never love her with the love he had borne toward Leslie Ford, but then—

Leslie Ford! Like the straw floating on the surface of the stream that sometimes divides the force of two currents, the magic name arrested the flow of his thoughts. Now she was nothing more to him than a memory! The honest, steadfast love that had first blazed up in the light of Leslie's lovely dark eyes should never be laid on the altar of a mercenary marriage!

He lifted his firm gaze to the merchant's attentive waiting face.

"I am greatly flattered, sir, by your proposal," he said, "but I feel myself compelled to decline it."

"To decline it?"

"To decline it, Mr. Lancaster."

Jason Lancaster's face turned purple with wrath—the big veins started out on his temples—but just as he was about to break forth into a volley of invectives, a clerk opened the door of the counting-house beyond and beckoned to him.

"Just a minute, Mr. Lancaster, if you please," said he.

"Remain here until my return, Mr. Ferrier, I beg," said the merchant, bottling up his indignation as best he might. "I will endeavor not to tax your courtesy long."

"Pray do not think of it," said Lucian—but he could not avoid shrugging his shoulders as Mr. Lancaster bustled out, and inwardly thinking that it might be better for him to make as hasty a retreat from the enemy's country as practicable.

To pass the intervening minutes he took up a daily paper that lay on the desk, and glanced listlessly over its columns.

"Great Fire in Peoria, Ill." "Remarkable Instance of Fidelity in the Canine Race." "Longevity of a Man in Michigan." "Races at Nettleby Park." But none of these headings succeeded in attracting his attention. The next paragraph, however, upon which his eyes fell, sent the blood in a frozen torrent from his heart, while the lines seemed to quiver and scintillate before his eyes. Was it Leslie Ford's name that he saw, or was it only his own absorbing fancy throwing its sickly complexion over everything he looked upon.

"Good heavens!" he involuntarily exclaimed, "it can not be possible!"

And stooping to recover the paper he had dropped, he sought eagerly for the chance paragraph again.

And this was what he read:

"ROMANTIC WEDDING AT LONG BRANCH.

"Great Sensation Among the Elite of the Summer Capital.

"Two or three days ago one of the fashionable sojourners at Long Branch—Edmund St. Just, by name—who is well known for the elegance of his hospitality, the superb style of his horses and equipages and the almost regal wealth, which he scatters on every side, was married quietly in the parlors of the Ocean Hotel, to a young lady of great beauty, Miss Leslie Ford, who is said to belong to an old English family of distinction. The romance of the affair consists in the fact that the young people have been acquainted scarcely more than a fortnight, and that many other society belles are quite frantic on finding themselves eclipsed by a young lady who has, until very recently, held the very ordinary position of companion to one of the fair residents of Long Branch. Mr. and Mrs. St. Just are at present staying at the hotel, which, it is reported, they will almost immediately leave for a wedding-trip to Europe."

CHAPTER XXX.

Lucian Ferrier read over the sentences which had probably been penned by some "Jenkins," of the daily press, hard up for a "society paragraph," with the strange, sickening feeling which one may imagine to surge through the heart of a condemned prisoner reading his doom. Leslie Ford! It was surely not so common a name that there could be two persons in the world having it. Leslie Ford—his Leslie!

He deliberately folded the paper and laid it down on the very spot from which he had taken it, and then he leaned his head on his hands, and abandoned himself to the surging current of bitter thoughts.

She had forgotten him already. Thrown him over, as if the love she had once avowed was a dream of the past. And now, for the first time, Lucian Ferrier became conscious how much faith he had reposed in the girl he had loved.

Presently—it seemed to Lucian scarcely more than a minute or two—Mr. Lancaster came back, the distorted muscles around his mouth twitching ominously, the frown still darkening his brow.

"I am sorry to have detained you so long, Mr. Ferrier," said he, with dangerous politeness, "but—"

Lucian Ferrier interrupted him, pale, but composed.

"Stop a minute, sir, if you please," said he; "I have reconsidered your proposal!"

"Reconsidered it, eh?" stammered the old gentleman.

"And I have decided to accept it," went on Lucian. "I am deeply flattered by the preference shown me by Miss Lancaster, and will endeavor to prove worthy of it. Nor, to speak openly, can I be blind to the great pecuniary advantages opened to me by such a marriage as this!"

Assuredly he was frank enough; but Mr. Lancaster perceived nothing offensive in these terms of acceptance. His face brightened up; the broad smiles rippled around his lips again.

"My dear boy," said he, wringing Ferrier's hand. "I can not tell you how very glad all this makes me. I always liked you, from the very first moment that you crossed the threshold of this room. You've the making of a first-class man of business about you, if old Sir Talcote's death don't knock that sort of thing into pi! And Fen has fancied you all along!"

"I am infinitely obliged to her," said Lucian, coldly.

"Perhaps you'd better go right up there," said Mr. Lancaster, referring to his watch. "It's only twelve, and I don't think Fenella has gone out yet. No more talk about salaries, eh?" with a friendly clap on the shoulder. "You shall be a partner! Your fortune is made, my boy! And Fen will make you a first-rate little wife—see if she don't!"

Fenella Lancaster was yawning drearily over a novel, when Mr. Ferrier was shown into the cool and carefully darkened drawing-room. Life was very vapid and flavorless to her just at this time. The mortification of the thwarted elopement yet stung and smarted in her heart, and no newer occupation had as yet risen up to oust it. She yearned for something—she knew not what—she was ready to rush into almost any excitement or novelty that would suffice to blot out the memory of the unsatisfactory past, and, had Lucian Ferrier but known it, this was the best opportunity he could possibly have selected for pressing his suit with the wealthy merchant's only child.

Fenella looked up with eyes of shining welcome as Mr. Ferrier entered. To her fancy, he had never looked so pensively handsome, so like a disinherited hero of romance, as now.

"Oh, Mr. Ferrier," said she, "I am so glad to see you. It is so stupid, sitting here alone, without a soul to speak to."

"And I suppose I am better than no one," said he, sinking languidly into the seat pointed out by Fenella, at her side.

"You are better than any one else I can think of," said Fenella, brightly. "But how does it happen that you are uptown at this time of day?"

"I came on especial business," said Mr. Ferrier, determined to settle that point at once. "Can not you guess what it is?"

"Haven't the least idea," said Fenella, laughing.

"I came to ask you if you would marry me, Miss Lancaster?"

Fenella started a little, and colored scarlet; but, Fenella-like, she answered, promptly:

"Of course I will."

Lucian leaned forward—rather listlessly for an accepted lover in the first dawn of his happiness, but, fortunately, that did not occur to the young lady, and, lifting Fenella's hand, he pressed it to his lips.

"I trust to prove myself worthy of this honor," said he, earnestly.

"Oh, you needn't be so formal," said Fenella, laughing. "You can kiss me right on my mouth, if you please."

Mr. Ferrier could not help smiling at this naively given permission.

"And don't sit off there, like a darning-needle stuck in a board," added off-hand Fenella, "but come up close. There's plenty of room on the sofa for two, isn't there? And tell me how long you have loved me, and when you made up your mind to ask me, and all about it."

And so Fenella Lancaster entered upon her new possession with the exulting delight and unconcealed triumph of a schoolgirl with a box of bonbons, or a young belle with a new ball-dress. Nor did it occur to her that she spoke ten words to her suitor's one.

(To be continued.)

GEN. BOTHA A GENTLEMAN.

The Character of the Premier of South Africa.

"Let us fight like men," said General Louis Botha, to some who counselled tactics of a particularly savage character during the Boer war, when he was fighting the British, "but do nothing revengeful or mean." And there we have the keynote of the character of the man who fought, lost, and has since done everything he could to heal up the old wounds and restore prosperity to South Africa.

A favorite story concerning Botha is that relating to a meeting between himself and Lord Kitchener. Just before the finish of the Boer war, when they discussed the possibilities of peace, there were several fruitless interviews before a working basis was agreed upon. At the end of one of these discussions Botha got up and remarked: "Well, I am afraid I really must be off." "There is no hurry," Kitchener answered pleasantly, "you have not a train to catch, you know." "That is just what I have," was Botha's reply. Next morning the chief of staff reported a successful Boer raid on a British armored train on the Delagoa line only a few miles off. Botha had caught that train.

At home General Botha lives a quiet life, happy in the society of his wife and children, but in action he is the live, vigorous, hard-hitting fighter. Perhaps the best pen-picture of Botha in the field is that of Dr. Arthur Lynch, M.P., who commanded the Irish Brigade in the Boer forces, was sentenced to death for high treason, pardoned, and then released.

"I remember," he says, "one incident at Vereeniging. Everything was going wrong for the Boers. Botha was almost the last to leave the field. I came to him for orders and found him seated on a little box before a larger deal case, and there eating a dish of Irish stew. Our defences were all abandoned; at any moment a troop of Lancers might have dashed over the bridge; a large contingent of the advanced guard did enter soon afterwards. But Botha was entirely unruffled. He finished his Irish stew in his usual solid, serious, healthy style, and then, reaching into his covered van, he brought out two bottles of whisky and explaining laughingly that these were all he had left, offered me one. Neither Botha nor myself was a drinking man, but I took that bottle like a benediction."

Walked 175,000 Miles.

After walking on an average 16 miles a day for nearly 32 years over some of the wildest country in Westmoreland, Eng., Joseph Wells, rural postman at Kendal, has just retired under the age regulations. Allowing for holidays, Wells calculates that he has walked about 175,000 miles, or a distance equal to seven times round the earth.

THE GREAT FALL OF IGUAZU

WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL WORK OF NATURE.

A Traveller Says It Is Higher and Wider Than Niagara Falls.

Ever hear of the Falls of Iguazu? They have not been very generally advertised, for they lie somewhat out of the beaten path of travel, but to those Nature-loving and adventurous spirits who have taken the time and the trouble to visit the more remote sections of the South American interior this wonderful and beautiful work of Nature has been known for many years. Among the most noted of American world travellers is Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams, whose valuable additions to the geographical and ethnological knowledge of the world have made her a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England. In the September number of the Pan-American Union this talented writer and lecturer contributes an article descriptive of this South American beauty spot. Mrs. Adams writes:

"Buenos Ayres, Argentina's dazzling metropolis, is the starting point for the tropical wilderness where the Iguazu River makes its daring leap over vine-hung cliffs on its way to join the majestic Parana, Mother of the Sea. Before the building of the railroad which now links La Plata River ports with Asuncion, capital of Paraguay, the journey from Buenos Ayres to the falls was made altogether by river steamer, a month being required for the round trip. The journey can now be accomplished in about a fortnight, and when railway and steamer lines make better connections, travellers visiting Montevideo and Buenos Ayres will be able to complete the side trip to the falls in a week.

275 Distinct Cascades.

"In Jesuit records of over 150 years ago, we find the first authentic account of the Falls of the Iguazu. After the expulsion of the Jesuits the falls reverted to oblivion, and it is only in the present century that they are becoming known. Each year travellers are attracted here in greater numbers, and within your lifetime and mine Iguazu will come into its own.

"Let us look at it first after sunset, as it gleams through the deep twilight woods, a tall palm, like a sentinel, in the foreground, a crescent moon in the sky. And now again at sunrise, when rainbow tints glint its magic waters, and hundreds of parrots like a string of emeralds, circle around and around in its wreath of mist. But all this is as from afar. The Iguazu is a siren who lures us on.

"A broken trail leads down to a nearer view. It is the time of low water in the Southland, and the semi-circular falls are broken into 275 distinct cascades, separated by a maze of verdure. They make double leaps to the gorge below excepting the largest, which unites Argentine and Brazilian territory and has a sheer drop of 213 feet. In width the distance around the entire circle, from the beginning of the Brazilian to the farther edge of the Argentine Falls, is 6,000 feet, but measuring around the broken contour of the cliffs it is nearly 10,000 feet. In rainy season, when the river is swollen, all the small islands are submerged, and, with the exception of a large central island, the waters form

One Huge Roaring Cataract.

"Niagara's height varies from 158 to 169 feet, its width in greatest contour, including Goat Island, being 4,770 feet. Thus we see that Iguazu is higher and wider than its North American fellow, if less daring in its leap. The estimated flow over Niagara is 18,000,000 cubic feet per minute. The volume of Iguazu has not as yet been carefully calculated.

"It is very difficult to compare the two mammoth falls of the Americas. Niagara is most impressive as King of Winter, with a sparkling background of ice-coated pines. Iguazu personifies summer in a fascinating forest gown. The one is cyclopean in its united power and stupendous drop. The other, in spite of greater dimensions, is so softened by tropical garb as to captivate rather than awe. Now and then, on the way through life, we meet a man or woman with an individuality which grips, and now and then, on the trail around the earth, we find a scene of dominant personality. So it is with the Falls of Iguazu. Forever they will allure us. The Iguazu is feminine, lovely and illusive. The Niagara is masculine, vital and virile. Niagara is Hercules, chained to the will of man, a giant in a gigantic civilization. Iguazu is Hebe, unfettered and untamed, a goddess in a godlike wilderness. But the day is coming when care-free Iguazu must leave her play to fill her destined place among the Amazons of the world. We prophesy the time when these falls will enact an important role in the development of two great republics, colossal Brazil and progressive Argentina. Here on the verge of the prehistoric Pampean Sea, where savage man hunted the monstrous fauna of his day, civilized man, with mentality evolved through countless ages, will inaugurate a new industrial era for men who are to be."

Sore Throats of a Life Time Due to Collars' Vagaries

Consider the ups and downs of the collar—or perhaps we should say, the rise and fall—and you will find a reliable excuse for the sore throats of a lifetime. Unobtrusive in itself, it has in varied guises been made to play the parts, alternately, of an instrument of torture and sort of "rest for the weary."



Georgette Crepe and Silver Soutach Trimming Make a Lovely Blouse.

When necks are in style the collar is deprived of its bones and flung open to the breezes, and one may wine and dine and breathe comfort, but beware of the inevitable uprising (literally) which will soon follow, for fickle Fashion is never long satisfied with what she creates.

Undoubtedly the so-called radical changes in blouse styles are pretty generally confined to some new fashioning of collar or sleeves, for the actual blouse often remains unchanged from year to year, but let an odd twist or turn be introduced in neck or sleeves, and lo! we have something novel in blouses.

You will find that the model illustrated will work up exceedingly well in Georgette crepe, Pussy Willow silk, chiffon, or crepe de chine, and the arrangement of the collar can be guaranteed as a real novelty. We are gradually getting back to "chokers," but before they completely envelop us, we are allowed a deep breath of freedom in such broad, loose collars as this, which particularly modish at the moment.

The blouse itself, of any of these materials mentioned above, shows a horizontal slash across the front of the bust line, between the edges of which is hung a ruffle of self material with the outside corners hanging in points below the belt. The front edges are laced with silver cord, as are also the outside edges of the deep-fitted cuffs. The front corners of the taffeta collar are trimmed with a silver soutache braiding, and the taffeta belt is also braided with the same.

White, cloud pink, maize, mauve will all be lovely for this dainty blouse.

ARTILLERY DEVELOPMENT.

New Methods Have Been Introduced in War.

The character of the artillery disclosed in the war, from the machine gun to the great siege mortars, has introduced largely new methods of warfare, and the strategy of the campaigns is a subject gaining rapidly in public interest as people begin to realize how meaningless, although thrilling, isolated engagements are in the present conflict, and that the result is not likely to be settled in any single battle. The subject of strategy in this war is entertainingly analyzed for the general understanding by a high authority in military matters in a series of articles appearing in the Scientific American, and in the special war issue he writes as follows in regard to artillery:

The big development of this war has been the great improvement in artillery and in the supply service. Indeed, it is well named a machine-made war. Like any other machinery the new highly developed types require fewer men, yet accomplish equal or even greater results.

Especially is this the case with the German machine gun, or automatic rifle, that has been quoted so often in the despatches. It fires the same cartridge as the rifle, but has them mounted in long bands, from which they are fed into the gun. Its fire for short periods at the rate of five shots a second gives it great value in stopping charges or in shooting up any bodies of the enemy that expose themselves.

The Germans have these guns posted so as to cover the ground over which attacks will probably be made. When the signal is received from the observing station that the enemy has reached the danger zone, the gun that covers this part of the front can then turn loose a storm of bullets that will wipe out any troops in its path. Ten men can in this way deliver as much fire with machine guns as can one hundred men with rifles.

Besides the advantage in machine guns, the Germans have so far had an additional advantage in that their 6-inch siege guns could outrange most of the field guns of the French and British. But such equipment wears out rapidly in service; the bores get worn and the shooting is inaccurate; guns are captured; many are broken or destroyed. It is doubtful whether Germany can replace this great drain upon her equipment in spite of her great ordnance factories. The allies, on the other hand, have not only their own gun works, which are working night and day, but they also are calling on most of the arms and amunition factories of the world to aid in increasing their mechanical fighting equipment.

At present the Germans are counting on their superior equipment to enable them to hold back the western allies while Germany and Austria prosecute their campaign against Russia. The French and British have had to fight for time to complete the equipment of their armies. France now has nearly caught up with Germany; Great Britain, though far behind, is steadily gaining. The situation in France seems to point to an early assumption of the aggressive by the French and British.

OLD FRIENDS.

How the British Soldiers Greeted the Motor Omnibuses.

The commandeering of the miscellaneous motor vehicles for war service has led to occasional enjoyment of the strenuous life of soldiers in the field or on the march by unexpected meetings with "friends from 'ome." Loud and long were the cheers with which the British "Tommies," serving in France, greeted the first appearance of the familiar London motor omnibuses, with all the names of city streets and suburban destinations yet unerased, busily chugging along the poplar-bordered roads of a foreign land. Vans that bore the names of famous business firms evoked joyous greetings and a running fire of jokes.

Sometimes an acquaintance not general but particular is enthusiastically renewed. A cockney soldier asked if he thought he could manage to drive a slightly damaged van that was found abandoned by the wayside after an action, cried jubilantly:

"Drive her? Me? Drive me own bloomin' old girl W'y, my first was movers, and I only enlisted 'cause she was took away from me. I had been fair 'omesick for her, and blest if she 'asn't crossed the briny deep and 'unted me up among the Frenchies! Two faithful 'earts united, that's wot I calls it!"

Again, when a large car, battered, spattered, shot-dented, and limping, heavily loaded with soldiers who seemed to cling upon it like a swarm of bees, crawled past a group of British officers, one of them interrupted the conference long enough to remark:

"There goes the car I gave my wife for a wedding present. Hardly fit for ladies now, I fancy—unless perhaps some 'Busy Bertha' takes a try at it."

"Busy Berthas" or "Beautiful Berthas" are army nicknames for the great Krupp guns, bestowed in honor of the placid-faced young German matron, heiress of the great works at Essen, whose maiden name was Fraulein Bertha Krupp.

Teacher—"What do you mean by tearing a page out of your geography like that?" Alfy—"'Tain't no good, no ways, it's only Europe and it's all goin' to be changed now."



FOR DISTEMPER PINK EYE, EPIZOOTIC SHIPPING FEVER, and CATARRHAL FEVER

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine kidney remedy. Cut this out. Keep it. Show it to your druggist who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures."

DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

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

...NERVOUS CHILDREN

...Trouble is Often Really St... Dance—Do Not Neglect It

...many a child has been called ...ward, has been punished in ...ool for not keeping still or for ...pping things, when the trouble ...really St. Vitus dance. This ...ase may appear at any age, but ...most common between the ages ...six and fourteen years. It is ...used by thin blood which fails to ...ry sufficient nourishment to the ...ves, and the child becomes rest... ...s and twitching of the muscles ...d jerking of the limbs and ...ly follow. In severe cases ...child is unable to hold ...thing or feed itself. St. ...us dance is cured by building up ...blood. The most successful ...atment is to remove the child ...all mental excitement, stop ...ool work and give Dr. Williams' ...k Pills. These Pills renew the ...od supply, strengthen the ...ves, and restore the child to ...fect health. Here is proof of ...ir power to cure. Mrs. Geo. A. ...Donald, Harrington, N. S., ...: "My son was attacked by St. ...us dance; at the outset his ...cles would twitch and his step ...weak and jerky. We called in ...doctor who treated him, but not...standing he continued to grow ...and at last grew so bad that ...could not hold a cup in his ..., while his head constantly ...hed, and his speech became ...indistinct. At this juncture ...w in a paper the cure of a boy ...similar trouble through the ... of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We ...once sent for a supply, and in a ...weeks after he began their use ...was considerable improve...nt, and it was not long after ...before he was completely ..., and has never had a symp... of the trouble since. I am con...ced that there is no medicine ...Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for ...cure of St. Vitus dance.

...your dealer does not keep Dr. ...ams' Pink Pills you can get ...by mail at 50 cents a box or ...boxes for $2.50 by writing the ...Williams' Medicine Co., ...kville, Ont.

THE BACON HOG.

...of the Foundations of Ontario's ... Agricultural Prosperity.

...with the desire of placing an up-...handbook on swine-raising ...the reach of every farmer in ... province, the Ontario Depart... of Agriculture requested Prof. ... Day, of the Agricultural Col..., Guelph, one of Canada's lead... authorities on live stock, to pre... such a work, which has been ...ed in the form of Bulletin No. ... entitled "Swine," containing ...es, profusely illustrated.

...is a most practical and com... statement, covering every ...t helpful in the selection, ..., feeding, and general hand... of the bacon hog. The bulle... opens with the place of the pig ...the farm, Prof. Day very plain... showing the Why as well as the ... The various types of swine ... then described, with photo-...avings of prize-winners at ...e of the leading live-stock ...ows.

...The author goes fully into meth... of feeding, prescribes the best ...ions, gives the causes of soft ba..., and shows how to avoid that ...d other drawbacks to a perfect ...ss. His hints on pasturing ...d soiling crops in hog raising, ...pecially where he compares rape ...h clover and alfalfa, are partic...ly suggestive. He also gives ...uable directions as to the feed... of roots, potatoes, pumpkins, ...les and dairy products.

...Prof. Day places great emphasis ...the selection of both sire and ..., and his counsel in this regard ...much needed. Every feature per...ing to mating is thoroughly ...ful. The management of the ... during and after gestation is ...roughly handled, and will likely ... many a litter to the swine-...r who will read this bulletin. ...e advice on raising young pigs ...tensely practical. Hints on ...ing with rupture and other ...les are also given, together ... excellent counsel regarding ...cise.

...e chapter dealing with the cur... of pork is worth much to those ... put up their own meat. An ...ent method of try-out lard is ...described.

...Prof. Day bestows much atten... upon the question of buildings, ...gives plans of both stationary ...portable pens that he can ...ly recommend. He also pays ...derable heed to sanitation, giv... the latest suggestions regarding ...fection, ventilation, etc.

...valuable chapter is that de... to the common diseases of ... Many of these are describ... and their treatment is covered ...w full and practical a manner ...make every hog-raiser practi... his own veterinary.

...Any farmer desiring a copy of this ...bulletin on "Swine," will re...e one free by writing to the De...ment of Agriculture, Toronto.

A Goner.

"...a man's wife is his better ...isn't she?"

"...e are told so, my son."

"...hen if a man marries twice ...isn't anything left of him, is ...?"

FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences In The Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The price of bread in Birmingham has now advanced one cent per four-pound loaf.

Messrs. Vickers are now working night and day on armaments and ammunition for the war.

Damage estimated at $100,000 was caused by a fire at the works of Miller, Son & Co., printers, Wakenham.

A German gull has just been shot by Mr. A. Vaux, of Sheffield. A ring on its leg read "Rossitter, East Prussia."

A large number of struggling hen-house keepers in Bolton have decided to give up business rather than pay the increased hen tax.

At Langleybury (Herts) parish church Mr. J. Walker has just completed his 50 years' service as foreman of the bell ringers.

It is notified that a temporary commission as lieutenant-commander Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve has been issued to the Duke of Westminster.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire, and London and North-Western Railway Companies propose carrying out important electrification schemes in their systems in Manchester.

The War Office have in preparation a new concentration camp for German prisoners at Stratford, where accommodation will be found for between 800 and 1,000 men.

The Mayor and Corporation of Banbury, with the assistance of leading inhabitants, have furnished four houses for the reception of Belgian refugees.

Twenty thousand territorials of the Home Counties division are now arriving for training at Windsor, Staines and Egham, where arrangements have been made for their billeting.

Rejected by the doctors for physical reasons, Percy Hobson, son of Councillor Hobson of West Bridgford, has undergone an operation at a cost of $150 so as to fit himself for action.

One child was burnt to death and two others severely injured in a fire which occurred in Burly Street, Bethnal Green, caused, it is supposed, by the children's clothing catching fire.

The Home Secretary has declined to confirm the recommendation of the Southampton Licensing Justice that local public houses should refuse to serve women after five o'clock in the afternoon.

The first contingent of Indian wounded soldiers to be treated at Brighton have arrived there and are quartered in the Royal Pavilion Buildings which have been converted into a hospital.

Having just missed the first Canadian contingent, Mr. J. Peters, a bank clerk of Prince Rupert, travelled over 7,000 miles to England at his own expense to enlist in the Canadian regiment.

Notices have now been placed by publicans in various districts of S. E. Lancashire, that "owing to the alteration in the map of Europe" the price of beer will be increased by one cent per half-pint.

Although 60 years of age, Mr. Albert Gambrill, of Chatham, is still serving the colors as school instructor at Portsmouth. Six of his sons are fighting at the front, and a seventh is in the Austraian navy.

At the request of the War Office the Metropolitan Asylum Board have arranged to provide what accommodation may be necessary for cases of dysentery, enteric, scarlet fever and diphtheria, occurring amongst the soldiers.

Indian Recruits.

Recruiting for the Indian army is continuing in an extraordinary manner, the fighting races having had their martial instincts considerably whetted by accounts of feats achieved by the Indian troops at the front. In consequence of the number of applications received at headquarters for permission to proceed to the front the commander-in-chief of the Indian army has been obliged to forbid officers to forward such requests.



Wm. Watson,
The English Poet.

Joints Quit Aching
Nerviline Drives Soreness Away

NO MORE STIFFNESS, PAIN OR MISERY IN YOUR BACK OR SIDE OR LIMBS!

Wonderful "Nerviline" is the Remedy.

A marvelous pain reliever.

Not an ordinary liniment—just about five times more powerful, more penetrating, more pain-subduing than any thick, oily or ammonia liniment. Nerviline fairly eats up the pain and stiffness in chronic rheumatic joints, gives quick relief to those throbbing pains, and never burns or even stains the skin.

"Rheumatism kept my joints swollen and sore for ten years. My right knee joint was often too painful to allow me to walk. In this crippled tortured condition I found Nerviline a blessing. Its warm, soothing action brought relief I had given up hoping for. I rubbed on quantities of Nerviline and improved steadily. I also took Ferrozone at mealtime in order to purify and enrich my blood. I am today well and can recommend my treatment most conscientiously.

(Signed) C. PARKS,
Prince Albert.

Not an ache or pain in the muscles or joints that Nerviline won't cure. It's wonderful for lumbago and sciatica; for neuralgia, stiff neck, earache and toothache. Nerviline is simply a wonder. Best family liniment known and largely used for the past forty years. Sold by dealers everywhere, large family size bottle 50c., small trial size 25c. Refuse a substitute, take only "Nerviline."

SOLDIERS FROM TROPICS.

Not Used to Cold Weather, and Many Are Frozen.

Troops from the tropics are suffering intensely from the cold, in their positions in the Belgian trenches. This is especially true of the Senegalese. In many cases their toes or feet have been frozen so badly that amputations have been necessary.

Mrs. Harry Floyd chief commissioner of the French wounded emergency fund, who has just returned to London from a visit to the French hospitals at Havre, Lisieux, Bayeux, Deauville and other points, tells of the suffering of the soldiers from the tropics. She says also that many of the hospitals are badly in need of anaesthetics, tetanus serum, surgical instruments and surgeons.

"In one hospital I saw Senegalese operated upon without the use of an anaesthetic," said Mrs. Floyd. "Their toes had been frozen, and immediate amputation was necessary.

"All the toes of one Senegalese were removed without even a groan from him. Suddenly he leaped from the operating table and began searching for something. The doctors and nurse could not discover what he wanted. He found a pipe, filled it and lay down, smoking to deaden the pain. Then he began to pray in a low voice.

"The courage and heroism of these men is simply beyond belief. They never complain, but their sufferings in the cold climate are pitiful.

"Blankets, heavy woollen clothing and socks are badly needed at the hospitals and convalescents' homes in northern France.

"Typhoid fever now seems to have been checked, but gangrene presents a frightful menace because of the lack of serum. There is also a great need of electrical equipment to treat cases of rheumatism caused by exposure, as well as paralyzed arms and legs caused by neglected wounds."

STICK TO IT

Until Tea or Coffee Hits You Hard.

It is about as well to advise people to stick to tea and coffee until they get hit hard enough so that they will never forget their experience.

A woman writes, and her letter is condensed to give the facts in a short space:

"I was a coffee slave, and stuck to it like a toper to his 'cups,' notwithstanding I frequently had severe attacks of sick headache; then I used more coffee to relieve the headache, and this was well enough until the coffee effect wore off. (The effects on the system of tea and coffee drinking are very similar, because they each contain the drug, caffeine.)

"Finally attacks of rheumatism began to appear, and ultimately the whole nervous system began to break down and I was fast becoming a wreck.

"After a time I was induced to quit coffee and take up Postum. This was half a year ago. The result has been most satisfactory.

"The rheumatism is gone entirely, nerves practically well and steady, digestion almost perfect, never have any more sick headaches, and am gaining steadily in weight and strength."

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.

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.



"MOTHER" ON FIRING LINE.

She's a Big British Howitzer Who Pounds "Black Maria."

A British officer sends from the front a grimly humorous description of the recent additions to the artillery arm of the expeditionary force.

"Our artillery," he writes, "is being gradually reinforced and we are able now to reply to the German heavy howitzers with shell that is even weightier than their much-vaunted 'Black Marias.' The howitzers I refer to is 'Mother.' She has been so christened by the Tommies, and the name is not inappropriate. She is of matronly dimensions, but comely withal, and has done excellent work while she has been with us, and more than one of her family of field batteries scattered round the front owes its existence to the attention 'Mother' has devoted to the German eight-inch heavy howitzers. 'Mother's' shell weighs 300 pounds. She ranges most accurately, and, indeed, she has had four direct hits on German guns in the past fortnight. A direct hit is only recorded by the airman when the shell actually strikes the enemy's gun. 'Mother' is usually accompanied by 'Archibald,' which is one of the new anti-aeroplane guns. 'Archie' is mounted on a motor lorry, and yesterday brought down a Taube aeroplane, much to our delight. He fires a thirteen pound shrapnel shell and is daily becoming more expert in his attention to hostile aircraft. Our five-inch battery is still doing its good work, and is constantly keeping hostile batteries quiet.

"After a hostile battery had been shelled a short time ago our airman reported next day that only four of the six German guns had been moved to a new position, so that it appeared that the other two which had been left behind were of no further use."

A DIVORCE GRANTED

After many years of patient suffering you can be divorced from corns by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor, which acts in 24 hours without pain. Refuse a substitute because "Putnam's" is the remedy that is safe and painless, 25c. per bottle at all dealers.

A JOKE ON BISMARCK.

How His Wife Got Rid of An English Nobleman.

The great Iron Chancellor of Germany, Prince Otto von Bismarck, who first welded the nation into an empire, was a most devoted and docile husband, and very docile to his wife's advice. And her ready wit, although it saved him many a weary hour, once got him into a ludicrous position.

Lord Russell, an English nobleman, was one day calling on the prince, when he remarked that Bismarck was doubtless annoyed by countless visitors who took up his time unnecessarily.

"That is true," responded the chancellor with a laugh, "but my wife has a trick for getting rid of all bores in a graceful way. If she sees I have a visitor who is likely to prove dull, she comes in and makes some pretext for getting me away."

Hardly had Bismarck ceased speaking when his wife bustled into the library.

"Otto," she said, in a commanding voice, "you must go at once and take your medicine; you ought to have had it ten minutes ago."

It is needless to say that in spite of the hearty laugh that followed, the English visitor did not long delay his adieus.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Medals Gratify.

Both services are immensely gratified that the King has decided to give medals to the heroes of sea and land before the war is over. This recognition should prove very stimulating to all our warriors, and assist recruiting as few other things could. Should the brave men die, their wives or nearest relatives will receive the medals, and no heirlooms will be more precious in the families of those who give up their lives for their country.

Regularity

of the bowels is an absolute necessity for good health. Unless the waste matter from the food which collects there is got rid of at least once a day, it decays and poisons the whole body, causing biliousness, indigestion and sick headaches. Salts and other harsh mineral purgatives irritate the delicate lining of the bowels. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills—entirely vegetable—regulate the bowels effectively without weakening, sickening or griping. Use

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

A Bit of Cat History.

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshipped the cat, among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed like the moon, which is sometimes full and at other times only a light crescent, or, as we say, half-moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head and named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moon, for the word means the face of the moon. The word has been changed to "Pas" and "Pus," the name the most of us give to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty anywhere now. But few think of the name as given to her thousands of years ago, and of the people who then bowed down and prayed to her.

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.

Professional Conversation.

Highwayman — Law! Why, I know more law than most of your lawyers!

His Side-partner—So? Well, most lawyers have got you skinned as a highwayman.

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon Pigeon & Davis, patent solicitors, Montreal, report that for the week ending December 8th, 1914, 146 Canadian patents were issued, 91 of which were granted to Americans, 27 to Canadians, 17 to residents of Foreign Countries and 11 to residents of Great Britain and Colonies.

Of the Canadians, 9 were residents of Ontario, 7 of British Columbia, 6 of Quebec, 3 of Manitoba, 1 of Alberta, and 1 of Saskatchewan.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Discredited.

Bix—I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannon have been found there.

Dix—Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. The geography says it is a low, lying country.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:
Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine, was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.
The above facts can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish Priest or any of his neighbors.
A. COTE, Merchant.
St. Isidore, Que., 12 May, '90.

Beauty is only skin deep, and some of us are more thin-skinned than others.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A Question of Roads.

A retort that shows something of the attitude of Russian and Austrian officers before hostilities actually broke out, is reported by the Petrograd correspondent of the London Times. In the course of his last interview with the Russian military authorities before the war, Prince Hohenlohe, the Austrian military attache, expressed surprise that the Russians should be requisitioning so many automobiles, the extensive use of which since then may help to explain the rapid alternations of fortune of engagements that have so often proved confusing. "Your roads are too bad," the Austrian remarked. "Of what use are automobiles?" "Ah," replied the Russian, "but you must remember that your roads are very good!"

Life is short, and our brother men are like ourselves, very imperfect. It is best to judge all charitably, to resent nothing too bitterly, to forgive much, and to smile over many things.

CLARK'S
POTTED MEATS—
Full flavored and perfectly cooked make delicious sandwiches.
The child's delight. The picnicker's choice. Everybody's favorite.



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.

AGENTS WANTED.
AGENTS TO TAKE ORDERS FOR THE T. System, hand tailored, made to measure clothes, no risk, good profit, easy sales; everything guaranteed. Exclusive territory. Spring Outfits ready January. Write to-day. T. System Co., Nordheimer Building, Toronto, Ont.

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.

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OF INVENTIONS
PIGEON, PIGEON & DAVIS
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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.

Machinery For Sale
Engine, shafting, belting, pulleys, etc. from large factory for sale. Wheelock engine, 18 by 42, complete with cylinder frame, fly wheel, bearings, etc., all in good condition. Shafting from one inch to three inches, pulleys thirty inches to fifty inches, belting six inches to twelve inches. Will sell entire or in part.
NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.
S. Frank Wilson & Sons,
73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Particular.

Harry—Gertrude's parents are very particular for her moral education.

Harriet—In what way?

Harry—In every way. In school last week they wanted the teacher to excuse her from improper fractions.

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

And Sit Hard.

The Allies will do it if they can. What?

Why, sit on the Ottoman.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Our Language.

The Frenchman asked an English sparmaker what he was making.

"A yard," was the reply.

"How much have you got done?" was the next question.

"A yard."

"Where did the spar come from?"

"The yard." And the Frenchman was very much surprised at the lucidity of the answers and amazed at the simplicity of our language.

There may be germs in kisses, but every girl thinks she is immune.

BATTLE
is not the only source of severe wounds and injuries. However caused, wounds, cuts, burns, eczema, piles, skin diseases and eruptions are most quickly cured by Zam-Buk.
ZAM-BUK
PRICE IS NOT RAISED

G. L. Meikle & Co.

JANUARY CLEARING SALE

FURS
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Woollen Blankets
Flannelette Sheets
Lumbermen's Rubbers
Socks, Moccasins, Etc.

Less

25 Per Cent.

White Front
G. L. MEIKLE & CO.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

FOOTWEAR

—:o:—

Extra Special in Men's Felt Boots

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BIG REDUCTION FOR CASH



In Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Mens' and Boys' Suits, Corduroy Sheepskin Lined Coats.

A full assortment of warm Winter Caps, Gloves and Mitts Heavy Socks, etc.

This is the Store to get just what you want in these lines and our prices are the most reasonable.

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Boot Repairing a Specialty

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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, Lasts, Fences 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 XXII.

"She was beside herself with love for me; an old affair, you know," said Armstrong more explicitly, thinking to use a spear with a double barb to pierce the woman's and the man's heart alike. That he defamed the dead was of no moment then. "She wanted to leave you," he ran on glibly. "She wanted me to take her back and—"

"Untrue," burst forth from Enid Maitland's lips. "A slanderous, dastardly, cowardly untruth."

But the man paid no attention to her in their excitement; perhaps they did not even hear her. Newbold thrust his pistol violently forward.

"Would you murder me as you murdered the woman?" gibed Armstrong in bitter taunt.

Then Enid Maitland found it in her heart to urge Newbold to kill him where he stood, but she had no time if she could have carried out her design, for Newbold flung the weapon from him and the next moment the two men leaped upon each other, straining, struggling, daring, battling like savage beasts, each seeking to clasp his fingers around the throat of the other and then twist and crush until life was gone.

Saying nothing, fighting in a grim silence that was terrible, they reeled crashing about the little room. No two men on earth could have been better matched, yet Newbold had a slight advantage in height and strength, as he had also the advantage in simple life and splendid condition. Armstrong's hate and fierce temper counterbalanced these at first, and with arms locked and legs twined, with teeth clenched and eyes blinded and pulses throbbing and hearts beating, they strove together.

The girl shrank back against the wall and stared frightened. She feared for her lover, she feared for herself. Strange primitive feelings throbbed in her veins. It was an old situation, when two male animals fought for supremacy and the ownership of a female, whose destiny was entirely removed from her own hands.

Armstrong had shown himself in his true colors at last. She would have nothing to hope from him if he was the victor; and she even wondered in terror what might happen to her if the man she loved triumphed after the passions aroused in such a battle? She grew sick and giddy, her bosom rose and fell, her breath came fast as she followed the panting, struggling, clinging grinding, figures about the room.

At first there had been no advantage to either, but now after five minutes—or was it hours?—of fierce fighting the strength and superior condition of her lover began to tell. He was forcing the other backward. Slowly, inch by inch, foot by foot, step by step he mastered him. The two interwining figures were broadside to her now, she could see their faces inflamed by the lust of the battle, engorged, blood red with hate and fury, but there was a look of exultation on one and the shadow of approaching disaster on the other. But the consciousness that he was being mastered ever so little only increased Armstrong's determination and he fought back with the frenzy, the strength of a maddened gorilla, and again for a space the issue was in doubt. But not for long.

The table, a heavy cumbersome, four-legged affair, solid almost as a rock, stood in the way. Newbold at last backed Armstrong up against it and by superhuman effort bent him over it, held him with one arm and using the table as a support, wrenched his left hand free, and sunk his fingers around the other's throat. It was all up with Armstrong. It was only a question of time now.

"Now," Newbold guttered out hoarsely, "you slandered the dead woman I married, and you insulted the living one I love. Take back what you said before you die."

"I forgive him," cried Enid Maitland. "Oh, for God's sake don't kill him before my eyes."

Armstrong was past speech. The inveteracy of his hatred could be seen even in his fast glazing eyes, the indomitableness of his purpose yet spoke in the negative shake of his head. He could die, but he would die in his hate and in his purpose.

Enid ran to the two, she grappled Newbold's arm with both her own and strove with all her might to tear it away from the other's throat. Her lover paid no more attention to her than if a summer breeze had touched him. Armstrong grew black in the face, his limbs relaxed, another second or two it would have been over with him.

Once more the door was thrown open; through it two snow-covered men entered. One swift glance told them all. One of them at least had expected it. On the one side Kirkby, on the other Maitland, tore Newbold away from his prey just in time to save Armstrong's life. Indeed the latter was so far gone that he fell from the table to the floor unconscious, choking, almost dying. It was Enid Maitland who received his head in her arms and helped bring him back to life while the panting Newbold stood starkly at the woman he loved and the man he hated on the floor at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Becoming End.

"Why did you interfere?" asked Newbold when at last he got his breath again, of Maitland who still held him firmly although restraint was now unnecessary, the heat and fire of his passion being somewhat gone out of him. "I meant to kill him."

"He'd oughter die sure nuff," drawled old Kirkby, rising from where he had been kneeling by Armstrong's side," but I don't know's how you're bound to be his executioner. "He's all right now, Miss Enid," said the old man. "Here"—he took a pillow from the bed and slipped it under his head and then extending his hands he lifted the excited almost distraught woman to her feet—" 'taint fittin' for you to tend on him."

"Oh," exclaimed Enid, her limbs trembling, the blood flowing away from her heart, her face deathly white, fighting against the faintness that came with the reaction, while old Kirkby supported and encouraged her. "I thank God you came. I don't know what would have happened if you had not."

"Has this man mistreated you?" asked Robert Maitland suddenly, tightening his grip upon his hard breathing but unresisting passive prisoner.

"No, no," answered his niece. "He has been everything that a man should be."

"And Armstrong," continued her uncle.

"No, not even he."

"I came in time, thank God!" ejaculated Newbold.

By this time Armstrong had recovered consciousness. To his other causes for hatred were now added chagrin, mortification, shame. He had been overcome. He would have been a dead man and by Newbold's hands, if the others had not interfered. He almost wished they had let his enemy alone. Well, he had lost everything but a chance for revenge on them all.

"She has been alone here with this man in this cabin for a month," he said thickly. "I was willing to take her in spite of that, but—"

"He made that damned suggestion before," cried Newbold, his rage returning. "I don't know who you are—"

"My name is Robert Maitland, and I am this girl's uncle."

"Well, if you were her father, I could only swear—"

"It isn't necessary to swear anything," answered Maitland serenely. "I know this child, and I believe I'm beginning to find out this man."

"Thank you, Uncle Robert," said Enid gratefully, coming nearer to him as she spoke. "No man could have done more for me than Mr. Newbold has, and no one could have been more considerate of me. As for you," she turned to Armstrong, who now slowly got to his feet, "your insinuations against me are on a par with your charges against the dead woman, beneath contempt."

"What did he say about her?" asked old Kirkby.

"You know my story?" asked Newbold.

"Yes."

"He said that my wife had been unfaithful to me—with him—and that he had refused to take her back. Great God!"

"And it was true," snarled Armstrong.

It was all Maitland could do to check Newbold's rush, but in the end it was old Kirkby who most effectively interposed.

"That's a damned lie," he said quietly with his usual drawling voice.

"You can say so," laughed Armstrong, "but that doesn't alter the facts."

"And I can prove it," answered the old man triumphantly.

It was coming, the secret that she had tried to conceal was about to be revealed, thought Enid. She made a movement toward the old man. She opened her mouth to bid him be silent and then stopped. It would be useless she knew. The determination was no longer hers. The direction of affairs had been withdrawn from her. After all it was better that the unloving wife should be proved faithful, even if her husband's cherished memory of her love for him had to be destroyed thereby. Helpless she listened, knowing full well what the old frontiersman's next word would be.

"Prove it," mocked Armstrong. "How?"

(To be continued)

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.

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The Very Best of Goods
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January Clearing Sale!

Big reductions in many lines for CASH BUYERS before Stock-taking.

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