The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX LACHUTE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1915. NO. 3

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

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of John Moncrieff, who departed this life Feb. 10th. 1914.

A Father dear, a husband true,
In yonder grave-yard lies,
One year has passed since he has gone
To his eternal home.

As time flies by we miss him more
His loving smile, his welcome face,
No one can fill his vacant place
Forget him no, we never will.

We loved him then, we love him still
His memory is as fresh to-day.
As in the hour he passed away.

Inserted by his wife and family.

In loving memory of Sarah Jane Pollock who departed this life Feb. 7th 1914.

One year since God has called you,
From this world of care and pain—
Where to meet with thy dear mother,
Never more to part again.

Could I but have watched thy bedside,
Or have smoothed thy soft fair hair.
I do feel it would have soothed me,
Although I know that's hard to bear.

But to think I could not see you,
Oh! that seemeth harder still;
But we must not be reflecting,
But submissive to His will.

Dearest sister I remember,
When I kissed you last good-bye.
And your tender arm was around me—
Tears were in your bright blue eyes.

I little thought it was forever,
When that last good-bye I said;
You were standing by our fireside,
Where in child-hood days we played.

Your pilgrimage on earth was short
Few years to you were given,
God kindly lent you for a while
Then called you home to Heaven.

We'll always miss you Sadie,
While in this world we stay.
Then we'll meet to part, no never,
Where all is endless day.

Red Cross Society.

Last Saturday the Lachute Red Cross sent to Montreal the following articles—60 Shirts, 10 Mufflers, 9 pr. Socks, 6 pr. Bed Socks, 4 pr. Wristlets, 3 pr. Mitts. Of this the Brownsburg Ladies made—13 Shirts, 5 pr. Socks, 4 Scarfs, 1 pr. Mitts.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Alexander in acknowledgement of the receipt of the articles.

DEAR MADAM,—

The Canadian Red Cross have asked me to write and thank you and the Lachute Branch for the exceedingly handsome donation received by us to-day. We are always so pleased to receive the work from Lachute, Again many thanks.

Yours truly,
MARY STEWART.

The double-header pulled off in the rink last Wednesday evening between the teams of Ayers Limited and J. C. Wilson Co., and Lachute Victorias vs Brownsburg was not the kind of hockey that is calculated to help the game. The scores were 3 to 0 for Ayers Limited, and 12 to 1 for Lachute.

CARD OF THANKS,—Mrs Edward Brown and family, desire to thank their many friends and neighbors for their kindness shown them during Mr. Brown's illness.

Pictures Of The War!

Albert Hall! Special performances of the European War. Four reels of War Pictures shewn on Feb. 16 and 17. These are some of the points you want to remember. What! Where! When!

Now Mr. Bishop has procured four sets of reels of the only war pictures taken on the battle ground. They were taken on Belgian soil and endorsed by the Belgian Government. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb 16 and 17, there will be two performances each night at 7 and 8.30. Admission 25 cents, Children 15cts. 2-12

Illustrated Naval Lecture and Patriotic Concert.

At the request of the St. Andrews East Branch of the Red Cross Society, MR. HERBERT B. AMES, M. P., Honorary Secretary of the National Canadian Patriotic Fund, has consented to deliver his illustrated lecture on "THE BRITISH NAVY," in the Town Hall, St. Andrews East, on Friday evening February 12th, at 8.00 p.m.

This lecture will be magnificently illustrated with stereopticon views and the lecturer, who spent the autumn of 1913 in England and on the continent studying this subject, will describe the composition, organization and distribution of the British Navy. Every one desirous of intelligently following the great naval campaign now being carried on in the North Sea, the Mediterranean and the high seas, should hear this lecture.

In addition to the lecture, the well known soloists MRS. A. HOWARD PIRIE and M. JOS. SAUCIER, accompanied by MADAME SAUCIER, the members of the St. Andrews Orchestra and others, have kindly consented to render a Patriotic Musical Programme which will thus be of an unusally high order. The admission will be 50 cents.

The proceeds of the entertainment in excess of expenses, will be for the benefit of the St. Andrews East Local Branch of the Red Cross Society, and will be expended in the material for the manufacture of articles to assist in the care of the sick and wounded. This gathering will thus, not only supply an exceptionally brillant entertainment, but will also afford an opportunity to make a small contribution towards alleviating the suffering of those who have fallen in the trenches on our behalf. It is hoped that as large an audience will assemble as was seen at the remarkably successful Patriotic Rally, at St Andrews on January 28th last.

Last week in the publication of the Agricultural Society's annual report we omitted the proper auditors statement which was as follows;—

GENTLEMEN,—

Having been appointed by your Board to audit the Books of 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,
Auditors.

Lachute, Jan. 16, 1915

Owing to the storm, the social which was to have been held in Ogdensburg, on Tuesday last has been postponed until Friday Feb. 5th.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Joseph Ethier left on Monday last to spend some time in Edmonton.

Mrs. Jno. A. McGibbon, and Miss Savage, were in Montreal for the week-end.

Sergeant T. Dallaire, of St. John's Military Camp, was home for the week-end.

Mr. Alex. Bradford, spent Friday and Saturday in Montreal attending the Motor Show.

100 assorted pieces of Music. Your choice at 10 cents each, at R. DARLINGTON'S, Main Street, Lachute.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Caldwell, of Ottawa, spent a few days last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McArthur.

The Presbyterian Church will hold their annual tea meeting on Thursday, Feb. 25th and children's night Friday, Feb. 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Beers, also Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ball, were in Montreal this week owing to the sudden death of Mr. Donald Beers.

FLOUR AND FEED FOR SALE Mr. H. Filion has a large quantity of flour and feed on hand which he will sell at reasonable prices.

Mr. Erle Todd, was in Montreal on Monday and we are pleased to report has obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the 5th Mounted Rifles.

Mr Wm. Hay spent Saturday last at McDonald College, and returned home on Sunday, accompanied by his son George, who is spending a few days in town

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church are having an afternoon tea in the Sunday School Hall, Thursday, Feb. 11th. All are cordially invited to come. Admission 10 cents.

Mrs. Paul Jousse and son, of Vankleek Hill, also her brother Mr. Rainey, who is home on an extended visit from the West, were week-end guests of Mrs. Eugene Jousse.

TOWN COUNCIL

The regular meeting of the above was held on Wednesday last there being present Mayor G. F. Calder, and Councillors W. Scott, A. D. McGibbon, F. Deslaurier, W. J. Boyd, E. Lavigne, H. Filion, E. H. Wilson and J. S. Giles.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

The resignation of Councillor Gall, elected for the unexpired term of Coun. McKinnie in the East Ward, was received, and owing to the notice not having been given according to law, he felt he was not qualified to take his seat. His resignation was received and on motion of Councillor Wilson, seconded by Councillor Giles was accepted, nomination day being declared for Monday, Feb. 15, with Councillor Scott as returning officer.

Road and Finance Committee reports were read and accepted and the amounts ordered charged back to parties responsible.

The following committees were then appointed:—Road Committee, Couns. McGibbon (Chairman,) Wilson and Lavigne. Police Committee, Couns. Giles (Chairman,) Deslauriers and Boyd. Relief Committee, Couns. Scott (Chairman) Deslauriers and Giles. Health Committee Couns. Filion (Chairman) Boyd and Scott, Finance Committee Coun. Wilson (Chairman) McGibbon, Giles.

Moved by Councillor Wilson, seconded by Coun. Lavigne that, whereas the following notes due and to become due are held by the Provincial Bank, payable by the Corporation of Lachute, to wit:—

A note for the sum of $1011.50 due on January 28th, 1915, a note for $2000.00 due on the 5th day of February 1915, and a note of $1,000.00 due on the 8th of March 1915.

And whereas it is or may be necessary to renew the whole or part of said notes at their maturity.

Wherefore the Mayor and the Secretary Treasurer of the town are hereby authorized and instructed to renew the whole or whatever part of said notes are not paid at maturity from time to time as may be required. Carried.

It was unanimously decided and power given the Finance Committee to procure the services of a chartered accountant to make an official audit of the town's books and issue a financial statement of the town affairs up to Jan. 1st. 1915.

Recruits Wanted.

To Join the 5th Mounted Rifles leaving Lachute to train at Sherbrooke for active service in Egypt. Applications will be received by the undersigned up to Saturday Feb. 6th. All intending recruits will report at the Lachute Armory on Saturday afternoon.

LIEUT. E. TODD,
Box 72, Lachute, Que.

The Misses May and Bessie McGibbon, Mamie Cottingham, Violet and Frances Joss, Hattie McCoy, Jennie Forbes, and Irene Riddell, were guests of their parents over Sunday.

Monday next is the regular day for meeting of the Circuit Court, but owing to the extended term of the Criminal Court at St. Scholastique, it is possible that the term may be adjourned until a further date.

Recruiting Officers will be in town on Thursday and Friday evenings Feb. 11th and 12th, for the purpose of recruiting for the various overseas regiments. All men wishing to enlist will call at the Lachute Armory on the above mentioned dates.

A case from Lost River of criminal assault, was heard on Monday night at the Court House, before G. F. Calder, J. P. and the accused remanded and sent to St Scholastique jail to await the further hearing which will take place on Saturday at 10 o'clock.

Nominations for the federal seat of Terrebonne County took place in St. Jerome on Monday last, owing to the retirement of the Hon. Bruno Nantel. There are two contestants, Messrs. G. Rochon and T. A. Beaulien, both well known and clever men, and a hard fight is looked for in the election which takes place on Monday next

Services in the Methodist Church next Sabbath, Feb. 7th

Lachute 10 30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the close of the morning service.

Epworth League, Monday at 7 30 p.m. Subject Missions.

The Quarterly official Board will meet in the Sunday School Hall at 8.30 p.m. Monday, Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Ladies Aid on Thursday at 3 p.m.

Service in the Methodist Church at Brownsburg, at 3 p.m. on Sunday, Feb. 7th. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered.

Ladies' dresses in wool serges various colours. To clear at $5.00.
W. BANFORD & SON.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE DONALD BEERS.

The sudden death of Mr. Donald Beers of Montreal, comes as a great shock to his many friends and relations in town. Deceased gentleman was born in Montreal some 66 years ago, and was quite often a welcome visitor here, spending most holidays with his brother Mr. Alex. Beers. On return home after visiting friends on Sunday evening last, he was suddenly taken ill and died almost instantly. The funeral took place on Wednesday at Montreal. The remains being interred in Mount Royal Cemetery.

Rev. J. A. McKenzie Inducted.

The Peterborough Evening Examiner just to hand, contains a nice account of the induction services of the Rev. J. A. McKenzie to the pastorate of Knox Church, Peterboro' in succession to the Rev H. J. Keith, of Westminister

The different organizations of the church were heard through their respective representatives, who extended a hearty welcome to Mr. McKenzie as pastor of Knox church. They were represented as follows; Session, Mr. R. Shurter; Board of Managers, Dr. McCulloch; Brotherhood of St. Andrew and St. Paul, Mr. Vale; Sabbath School, Mr. R. Laing; Young People's Society, Mr. C. Williamson; and Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. Clifford.

Rev. Mr. McKenzie in a few well chosen remarks, thanked the people and clergy for their touching reception He realized that he had a big task before him as pastor of Knox Church, but with their help would work for the welfare and upbuilding of the congregation.

Mens overcoats, some choice lines in hand, latest styles.
W. BANFORD & SON.

1915

The New Year is well launched. There is no reason why business and trade of every kind should not be as good or even better than usual for Lachute and vicinity. The farmers are getting and will continue to get, long prices for all they have to sell. The factories are running well, some of them on double shifts and wages continue very fair.

We are carrying large stocks in every line and ask for our usual share of the business going. Prices are in the main as low or in some cases lower than usual. A very few things have advanced The new war tariff may advance a few things, but in the main it will not likely affect the consumer greatly.

Inviting your continued trade, we are,

Yours Sincerely,

W. Banford & Son,

Main Street, Lachute

BARGAINS!

20 Per Cent. Reduction

— ON ALL OUR —

Footwear Line

FROM NOW UNTIL THE END OF FEBRUARY

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET - - LACHUTE, P. Q.

ATTENTION!

That is the word of command in Military Circles just now, but we wish to draw your attention not AUTHORATATIVELY, but PERSUASIVELY, to the quality of goods that may be found in our Store, which is replete with the Best that Money can Buy. All our Departments offer you splendid values. Come and see for yourself.

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.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued).

"What makes you so absent-minded?" said she, suddenly. "Are all lovers so?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Ferrier; "I suppose so."

"And the dear old daddy, I dare say, is overjoyed at the prospect of my being Lady Ferrier one day. Lady Ferrier, Lucian! It don't sound badly, does it?" cried exulting Fenella.

"I would not advise you to count too much upon that, Fenella," said Lucian.

"Why not? That old fossil of a baronet can't live forever, can he?" demanded the fair fiancee, bluntly.

"The Ferriers of Talcote Court are a long-lived race," said Mr. Ferrier; "and Sir Talcote is as likely as not to outlive me."

"Oh, rahaw!" said Fenella. "It isn't according to nature. But never mind old Sir Talcote now—there are plenty of pleasanter things to talk about."

"So I think," observed Lucian, dryly.

"And when are we to be married?" abruptly demanded Fenella, anticipating the question which is usually pressed by the gentleman in such a case as this.

"When? I had not thought so far as that. Some time in the fall, I suppose," answered Mr. Ferrier, evasively.

"Indeed, then, I shall not wait until fall," said Fenella, half in jest, half in earnest. "A pretty lover, you, to be so indifferent!"

"I was only thinking about ordinary usages," apologized Ferrier, beginning to feel that he was rather a lukewarm suitor, even in outward appearance.

"What do I care for ordinary usages?" retorted Fenella, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders. "I go in for the extraordinary. Look here, Lucian, Marian Faber is to be married a week from Monday. I mean to be married before she is."

"Of course, I leave it all to you," said Lucian, slowly. After all, what difference did it make to him whether the golden chains were clasped about him now or three months later! If Fenella preferred it, he felt that he had no particular objections to offer.

"It's a little sudden, to be sure," said Miss Lancaster, as she counted up the days on her fingers; "but Marian has been so insufferably triumphant over her wedding, and I'd give anything in the world to get ahead of her. And, of course, people needn't know but what we've been engaged these six months."

Lucian Ferrier was silent. How strangely all things jarred upon his sense of the deep and holy mystery of love! Like all other men, he had had a dream, and it was shattered. But most people are more or less satisfied with the substitute Fate eventually raise up for them. Lucian Ferrier, however, was already beginning to feel that he was not.

Although he had resolutely forbidden himself the dangerous luxury of any such contemplation, he could not help contrasting in his own mind the sweet blushes the shy, half-terrified happiness with which Leslie Ford had listened to his first words of love, with Fenella Lancaster's exultant glee and noisy plans.

Fenella, however, chattered on, blissfully unconscious of what was passing in her lover's mind. At last, awakening to a sense that he was scarcely sufficiently responsive to her moods, she turned abruptly to him.

"What makes you so silent, Lucian?" cried she. "Why don't you talk more?"

"I am never very loquacious, you know, Fenella," admitted he—"and I was thinking that I must go and acquaint my mother and sisters with our new happiness."

"They'll call on me, won't they, Lucian?"

"Certainly!"

"And do you think they'll like me?"

"I hope so, Fenella."

"If they don't, they must just lump me," retorted the young lady, with a toss of her head. "Well, if you are really going—"

"I must, Fenella."

"And you're happy?" with a coquettish upward glance.

"That is a strange question to ask," he returned, smiling. "Cela va sans dire."

"What does that mean?" said downright Fenella, who was not overready with her French.

"It means that some things must be taken for granted. Good-bye, Fennie."

"And aren't you going to kiss me? I declare," pulling her hand back from his offered grasp with a pout, "you're the coolest specimen of a lover I ever saw."

He stooped and kissed her lips by way of making the peace; she rewarded him with a smile that showed every one of her white, even teeth—and the accepted suitor went away with a heart that felt heavy as lead in his bosom.

After all, he pondered, could he bring himself to carry out this compact which he had entered? For the play of life seemed so different, with the name of Leslie Ford stricken out, as chief heroine, and that of Fenella Lancaster substituted.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The door had scarcely closed upon Mr. Ferrier, when Fenella Lancaster rushed up to her mother's room. Mrs. Lancaster, who was busy in sorting out the rainbow-colored woo's for an elaborate piece of worsted work, looked up in surprise at the unwonted color and sparkle in her daughter's face—a face that had of late been so listless and languid.

"Fennie," cried she, "what has happened?"

"The jolliest go you ever heard of," answered Fenella, unconsciously relapsing into slang. "What do you think, mamma? I am engaged to be married!"

"Not to—"

"Yes, to Lucian Ferrier," triumphantly answered Fenella. "He has popped!"

"Fennie!"

"True as taxes, mamma. Hurrah!" flinging up her book, and catching it again on the flat of her hand. "I am the future Lady What-do-you-call-her Ferrier, of Thing-um-bob Hall! And we're to be married next Thursday!"

"Fe-nella!"

"Yes, we are. It's all cut and dried. Lucian won't wait any longer, and I don't want him to, either! Where's the use of putting off things? 'Procrastination's the thief of Time,' and I've lost enough that way already. Besides, I'm bound to be married before Marian Faber, if I die for it!"

"That's it, is it?" said Mrs. Lancaster, looking very beaming and happy indeed. "So send for the carriage, and let's have the wedding-dress ordered right off. The others can wait. I've got more clothes than I can wear already, and we can buy a good many of the things ready made. Isn't it jolly, mamma? Aren't you glad he has come up to the scratch at last?"

"Of course, I knew he was in love with you all along," said Mrs. Lancaster, every feature of her broad, handsome face fairly radiant with maternal happiness.

"Even when he was so crazy about Leslie Ford, eh?" jeered Fenella.

"All men are liable to sudden infatuations at one time or another," said Mrs. Lancaster, wincing slightly. "He was sick enough of her before she went away—a bold, scheming thing!"

"I wonder what has become of her, any way?" said Fenella, drumming her fingers on the table. "I should like her to know that I've got Lucian in spite of her. Oh, by the way, mamma," glancing down at her large, shapely forefinger, "Lucian asked me if I would like a pearl or a diamond for the engagement ring. And I told him neither—poor, colorless things, like milk and water. I told him I would like an emerald."

"Oh, Fennie! diamonds are the style."

"I don't care for the style," said Fenella, independently.

"And green is the color of jealousy, too!"

"Well, I mean to be jealous, if Lucian doesn't behave himself."

"I guess there is no danger," said Mrs. Lancaster, looking admiringly at her daughter.

Mrs. Ferrier came to call upon her son's intended bride that very afternoon—a tall, pale, sweet-faced lady in black, with a soft voice and manner, whose perfect repose and quietude somewhat awed the noisy heiress and her demonstrative mother. As for Mrs. Ferrier herself, although she considered this wealthy marriage as one of the best blessings that Providence could grant her hard-worked and overburdened son, she was a little taken aback at the manner and appearance of Fenella Lancaster.

"However," she told herself, "if Lucian is pleased, I have no right to object. And she seems a good-hearted girl, although a little coarse and brusque, until one gets accustomed to her ways! And it is a great thing for Lucian to be promoted at once to partnership in a concern like that great shipping firm!"

"Are your people to live with us, Lucian, or do they prefer a house of their own?" asked Fenella, the next day—and he could not help wincing a little as he answered:

"That is a matter for after-consideration."

"No time like the present," said Fenella, jauntily. "And really, I don't think Mrs. Ferrier would be such a terrible mother-in-law. However, as you say, we can talk about that some other time, and I was going to ask you about our wedding-trip."

"What about it, Fenella?" asked Lucian, rousing himself into some semblance of interest.

"Where are we going? That's what I want to know!"

"Where would you like to go, Fenella?"

"Well," answered the young lady promptly, "I've made up my mind to Long Branch."

Lucian visibly recoiled.

"Not there, Fenella!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "Anywhere but there!"

"And why not there?" persisted Fenella. "I've always liked Long Branch, and all the world is there now! The Westlakes, and Mrs. Morrow, and General Livingstone Reid's family, and everybody that's worth knowing at all!"

"Newport's a great deal quieter and more social, Fenella, if you really prefer the sea-side—or Atlantic City."

"But I don't want to go to Newport or Atlantic City, and I do want to go to Long Branch!" persisted the bride-elect.

And, as usual, Fenella had her way. Mr. Lancaster, according to order, telegraphed to the West End Hotel for rooms, and all the preparations for the most brilliant wedding that could be gotten up on so short a notice, went merrily on. Marian Faber was satisfactorily discomfited by her school-mate 'getting ahead of her' in the matrimonial race.

"My wedding-breakfast is from Delmonico's," said Fenella, triumphantly, "and Marian's is from some stuffy Sixth Ave. place, she's ashamed to tell where! And I just wish you could see the lace on her dress—old mended trash that has been worn again and again! I declare, I thought she would choke when I showed her my point d'Alencon veil, and flounce and bertha. And Pickering told papa that old Fabian's order to the florist's was only seventy dollars—did you ever hear of anything so mean! Papa's is eight hundred!"

"My dear Fenella," said Lucian, who was the unwilling recipient of these statistics, "what difference can it possibly make how many flowers you have, or who supplies the breakfast?"

"A great deal, I can tell you," said Miss Lancaster, somewhat piqued. "But men never do appreciate these things."

Jason Lancaster was overjoyed, and showed his gratification by walking around with both hands in his trousers' pockets, giving unlimited orders for everything, and buying an expensive "Lap of England and its Old Estates," on which he studied the paragraphs concerning "Talcote Court, the Seat of Sir Talcote Ferrier, Baronet," so frequently and persistently, that the book finally opened itself at the interesting page. Mrs. Lancaster beamed like a full-blown peony, filled the house with dressmakers, seamstresses, and milliners, and drove from jeweler to confectioner, lace emporium to dry-goods palace, with unwearied enterprise and tireless industry. Fenella, herself, was as near perfect happiness as mortal damsels often come. The bridegroom alone was sad. He had won the guerdon of riches but at what a cost!

"It seems to me," observed Miss Marian Faber, with malice prepense, "your preux chevalier is a little out of spirits, eh, Fennie? Rather disposed to be melancholy—an unheard-of thing, under the circumstances."

"Oh, he's always so," said Fenella. "It's the way of the English aristocracy—a sublime repose, you know—not like the cackling trades-people on this side of the water."

Which retort effectually silenced Miss Faber, whose betrothed bridegroom was the son of a master builder, who had made a great fortune in the construction of tenement houses, and was somewhat inclined to jocund merriment in view of his coming happiness.

And Lucian Ferrier's silence and gravity of demeanor did not at all disquiet the bride-elect.

The wedding took place at St. Edelgitha's Chapel, a High-Church temple, which was fairly banked up with flowers. Young girls scattering white roses and lilies of St. Joseph, formed a line on either side of the aisle, the organ pealed out grand music, and the illuminated galleries were crowded with all of the fashionable world who were in town. Eight bridemaids preceded the bridal couple; an immense bell of flowers swung overhead, and Marian Fabian boldly declared that she smelled incense burning somewhere, and that St. Edelgitha's was no better than a popish cathedral. And so the sign and the seal of the Holy Church was set upon this repetition of the old, old story—Married for Money!

* * * * *

"Isn't it delightful here, Lucian? Aren't you glad we came?"

Mrs. Lucian Ferrier was rocking backward and forward in a low easy-chair in one of the private parlors of the monster hotel at Long Branch. Her hair was dressed in the perfection of the reigning style by Celine, the French maid, who had superseded Finnings; her dress, a rose-colored silk, half clouded by white Swiss, looped up here and there with ribbon bows, became her to a charm. She had enjoyed her dinner very much, with a little iced champagne afterward with her peaches, and had a pleasant stroll along the beach on Lucian's arm, and consequently she was disposed to be in a good humor with herself and the rest of the world. From the open window at her left the blue sea could be seen, a sparkling plain of sapphire; an endless succession of carriages whirled by, and the esplanade was crowded with promenaders in brilliant evening toilets.

Mr. Ferrier sat opposite, reading the newspaper, that blessed refuge for the victim of matrimonial bliss.

"Yes," said he, "it is very pleasant."

"Mrs. Reid says we are so fortunate in arriving here in time for the grand ball to-morrow night," said Fenella, comparing the diamond-studded bracelet on one wrist with the plain band of dead gold on the other, over which a Greek border of turquoises traced its blue rivulets. "Of course I shall wear my wedding-dress."

"Of course," echoed Lucian, absently.

"I shouldn't wonder if I made quite a sensation," added the unconsciously egotistical bride. "And I'm really quite curious to see this famous beauty who is to be there—the belle of the place. Ain't you, Lucian, love?"

"Yes, to be sure," said Mr. Ferrier, turning the newspaper inside out, and beginning anew on the inner columns.

"It's rather curious we haven't chanced to meet her before, isn't it?" said Mrs. Ferrier, rocking herself harder than ever, and oscillating the fan to correspond. "Let me see—it's two—three days now since we arrived, and—"

"And I, for one, am heartily tired of Long Branch," said Lucian abruptly. "Suppose we go on to Cape May as soon as this ball is over?"

"Not yet," said Fenella. "There are to be three or four more rather stunning affairs, so Lilian Morrow tells me, and I want to stay long enough to outshine Marian Faber when she comes."

Lucian shrugged his shoulders rather scornfully.

"Oh," said he. "Of course I have no arguments to offer against such overwhelming reasons as those."

"Lilian says," chatted on Mrs. Ferrier, quite invulnerable to the arrows of her husband's sarcasm, "that Mr. and Mrs. St. Just were at the bathing-ground, and—"

"Who?"

"Mr. and Mrs. St. Just. She's the beauty, you know, that every one is raving about. But why do you look so strangely, Lucian? Do you know who they are?"

"I have never met any one by the name of St. Just," said Lucian evasively, although the hand with which he grasped the newspaper was clinched until the blood stood in purple dots under each finger nail, and his cheek was deathly white.

"Well, all the same, I'm curious to see them," said Fenella.

Fate, however, did not favor Mrs. Lucian Ferrier, in the interval of time that elapsed before the great ball. It was a private affair, managed by a select committee of the elite of the great watering-place, and tickets could only be obtained by an amount of wire-pulling and toad-eating which would seem almost incredible to the uninitiated. Mrs. Livingstone Reid, however, was one of the committee, whose aristocratic names were printed on the white satin programme that accompanied every ticket, and she contrived to save two tickets for the bride, in gracious acknowledgment of Mr. Jason Lancaster's frequent pecuniary accommodations to the general, who had more ancestors than bank balance.

"It's a great favor, I assure you, my love," said she.

"I am so obliged," said Fenella, radiantly, as she clutched at the tickets.

Fenella, as usual, was late. Celine, the French maid, was determined that her young lady's toilet should be no discredit to her Parisian skill and dexterity, and such a contemplated triumph absorbed no small degree of time, so that it was ten o'clock before Mrs. Ferrier, in her wedding-dress of white corded silk, point d'Alencon lace, and glistening pearls, sailed into the room on the arm of her husband—the husband, who even weighted with such a plebian-faced companion as Jason Lancaster's daughter, looked like a prince of the blood, with his tall, slender figure, his unconsciously royal way of carrying his head, and the quiet composure of the glance which took in everything while seeming to stare at nothing. Fenella felt a flush of gratified pride as she looked up into Lucian's pale, collected face; whether the feeling was mutual is not altogether certain.

"Lucian," she whispered, when they had made the tour of the rooms, "there's no lace here like mine. And really, when I passed yonder full-length mirror, and took a peep, the hang of my skirt was quite satisfactory. It is one of Worth's own patterns, dear."

"Is it?" said Mr. Ferrier, listlessly.

"What a crowd!" exclaimed Fenella. "I wonder if we shall get a chance to dance. Try and secure a place as head couple in the next quadrille, will you, Lucian?"

"If you wish it."

"Of course I wish it," retorted Fenella, a little sharply. "Where's the use of coming to a ball if you don't mean to dance? And, oh! Lucian, I left my fan on the little table in music-room, where we stopped to look at that superb pyramid of flowers, you know—my lace wedding fan. Do you go for it, quick, before any one picks it up; papa gave a hundred and seventy-five dollars for that fan."

Lucian could not refrain from smiling at the evident inclination of his wife to gauge everything at its mere money value.

(To be continued.)

In Case It Didn't Work.

"Yes'm?"

"Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"

"Why, I——"

"Did I not tell you to always count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy"

"Yes'm, and I'm doin' it; I'm just sitting on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' the hundred."

Not For Safety First.

"I'd come over to kiss you, only I'm afraid of upsetting the boat."

"I can swim, Herbert!"

The Earl of Derby in a speech at Liverpool said he believed a raid by Germany on Great Britain on a comparatively large scale was likely. He thought the enemy would land in this country, but would be defeated and destroyed. Nevertheless the raid would certainly come.

Present-Day Napoleon of France and His Wife.

A new photograph of General Joffre and his wife. In view of his success as commander-in-chief of the allied armies in France, he is looked on not only as a great tatician, but as a more able general than the man who went down to defeat at Waterloo. Like the great Napoleon, his men just worship General Joffre, and the great activity shown by the French lines along the entire battling front is the answer to the army order issued by General Joffre to his men. "Soldiers," it read, "more than ever before France relies upon your courage and your desire to conquer at any cost. You already have been victorious on the Marne and on the Yser, at Ypres, in Lorraine, and in the Vosges. You will know how to conquer until the final triumph."

THE TRENCH HOWITZER GUN

ANOTHER OF THE PRODUCTIONS OF KRUPP.

Weighs Only 130 Pounds and Throws Shell Weighing 200 Pounds.

As the war progresses we become more and more aware of the completeness of the German fighting machine, says the New York Herald.

If the morale of the German troops were only equal to the excellence of their artillery equipment a different tale of their progress on the Continent could be told.

A late instalment of "Eye-Witness'" graphic account of the war contains an allusion to the "minenwurfer," or trench howitzer, which the Germans are using. "In this quarter," he writes, referring to the sanguinary conflict now in progress on the Lys, "we experienced for the first time in the northern theatre of war the action of the 'minenwurfer.'"

This trench howitzer is another of the productions of Krupp. It is a curious little weapon, but, though small, it is undoubtedly a factor serious to reckon with in trench fighting.

Weighs 130 Pounds.

The howitzer itself is only three feet or so long, and weighs 130 pounds. Its mounting is a small affair of about 100 pounds, but it is attached to a heavy bed or platform of 930 pounds dead weight. This complete mass of a little over half a ton is provided with wheels and a couple of handles, and can readily be transported by two men.

Its small size and mobility permit of it being moved about in the trenches. When in position the howitzer, with its bed, is removed from the travelling hewels, and the weapon can then be fired from the ground. It is a decided novelty in munitions of war.

The calibre of the howitzer is less than three inches, but the shell thrown is a sphere over a foot in diameter, weighing, with its charge of high explosive, close upon 200 pounds.

To enable the little howitzer to accommodate such a huge shell, an adapter has to be used.

When the howitzer is fired the adapter and shell are forced out together. The two are soon separated, however, the air, forcing its way between them, causing the adapter to fall apart, and to allow the shell to travel on its way alone.

The velocity given to the shell as it leaves the bore of the howitzer is only 230 feet per second. The lowest elevation employed is 45 degrees, and at this angle the shell travels a distance of 550 yards, the maximum range obtainable. The accuracy of fire is said to be very good.

Shell Weighs 200 Pounds.

Although this range is so small, the shell takes no less than 10 seconds in its flight, and reaches a height of 410 feet in the air. It is difficult to imagine the feelings of those in the trenches against which the howitzer is operating, as they see the large circular shell lobbing toward them. The projectile consists of but a thin steel envelope, the greater part of its 200 pounds' weight consisting of big explosive. Four pounds of dynamite or gun-cotton are considered sufficient to demolish breastworks of two to three feet thickness, composed of earth rammed between planks or railway sleepers. It is not, then, difficult to estimate the destructive powers of such a mass of high explosive falling into the trenches.

The effect of ordinary shrapnel shell is obtained by the bullets and splinters of the envelope when the shell bursts. With the "minenwurfer" shell the effect is almost entirely explosive. The walls of the shell are too thin to be capable of doing much damage, and it is not in this direction that the effect is expected.

When the trenches are less than 500 or 600 yards apart a shorter range can be obtained by elevating the howitzer to a greater angle than 45 degrees. At 60 degrees, for instance, the range would be 470 yards. The shell would then reach a height of 620 feet in the air, and would take 12½ seconds to complete the trajectory.

The highest angle at which the "minenwurfer" can operate is 80 degrees. At this elevation the range would be only 190 yards. Nearly a quarter of a minute would elapse between the moment of discharge and the instant of the shell falling into the opposing trenches, a maximum height of 800 feet being attained in its journey. One has but to remember that a crack runner can cover 100 yards in approximately 10 seconds to appreciate the slowness with which the shell completes the distance between the trenches when fired at this high elevation.

"Eye-witness'" narrative does not tell us what are the actual capabilities of this little howitzer as a destructive agent. This we have yet to learn. But we are aware that trench-to-trench fighting with rifles and hand grenades has now an added terror in the form of this new and curious kind of small ordnance.

REGIMENTAL RECORDS.

The Present War Will Increase the Records of British Troops.

By the time the war is over most British regiments will have added immeasurably to their fighting records. The policy of keeping secret the names of the corps that figured prominently in battle has been wisely discarded by Sir John French, and his latest dispatch will thrill many people with pride and gratification at the stirring deeds of their city or county regiments. Londoners are justly proud of the special mention made by the Field Marshal of the exploits of the Middlesex and West Kents—two regiments which have their recruiting ground in the metropolitan area—and the industrial north, the midlands and the west country will feel equally delighted at the fine work accomplished by the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Royal Lancasters, the Worcesters, the Northamptons and the Somersetshire Light Infantry and Dorsets respectively. Ireland is represented in the despatches by the Royal Irish Rifles, and the North of the Tweed by the Scots Fusiliers. Local patriotism, which has been fostered by county cricket and football, will receive a decided stimulus by the news of the heroic work which is being done by individual regiments. This in turn should do much to stimulate recruiting by promoting a friendly rivalry between the different counties. It is widely hoped that for the future the censorship, in so far as it applies to suppressing the names of regiments and individuals which distinguish themselves will be relaxed. It is inconceivable that the publication of names can prove useful to the enemy, in cases where such publication is made weeks after the actual date of the event recorded.

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

Brisker recruiting is reported from Ireland, where, up to the present, 35,000 have joined Kitchener's armies.

There are now over 100 Castlebar men already at the front and last week twenty more young men were accepted.

An eight-year-old girl named Mary Mullen, Coag, was fatally injured by being knocked down by a motor car near her home.

Mr. Henry Horne Cuffe Knox, J.P., of Creagh, Ballinrobe, has been appointed deputy lieutenant for the County of Mayo.

At Clonmel an old woman named Letitia Hayes was found in her house, where she lived by herself, burned to death.

The death took place in Londonderry recently of Mr. Patrick Maxwell, one of the best-known solicitors in the northwest.

Thomas McClay, a corporal in the 9th Battalion Irish Rifles, was run over by a motor lorry in Elgin street, Belfast, and killed.

At Belfast, George Hopley has been committed for trial charged with communicating information calculated to be useful to the enemy.

Mrs. Cooke, Mullentine, Portadown, has received an intimation from the War Office that her son has been killed in action at the front.

It is proposed to fit up and fully equip the Exhibition Hall, Belfast, in a hospital and to place the same at the disposal of the War Office.

The death has occurred at Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh, of John Clarke, a farmer, who had reached the remarkable age of 108 years.

Over 500 employees of the Corporation of Belfast are now serving their country afloat and ashore, each department having supplied its quota of men.

Exciting scenes were witnessed at Geashill, King's County, when over one thousand men assembled to drive cattle off grazing lands on Lord Digby's estate.

One of the few strikes during war time is reported from Meath, where the employes at the corporation gas works and other municipal undertakings have come out.

The latest addition to the equipment of Queen's University, Belfast, is a hostel for girl students, provided by the Misses Riddell, Beechmount, at a cost of $250,000.

Corporal R. Elphick, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, of Belfast, has died in Nottingham General Hospital as the result of wounds received in the trenches at Neuve, Chapelle.

Among those who have been appointed Companion of the Distinguished Service Order in recognition of services, is Captain R. J. Kentish, well known in Belfast athletic circles.

In response to a widespread desire upon the part of members of the Royal Irish Constabulary for facilities to serve their country, the Inspector-General has obtained permission from the War Office to supply 200 volunteers for service with the Irish Guards.

The Belfast corporation has passed resolutions applying to the Public Works Board for loans of $180,585 for the erection of working-class lodging-houses, and $146,735 for the Abbey Sanatorium.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND TRADE MARK

THE ALLIES

"Spohn's" and the Horsemen. For twenty-one years they have waged a successful campaign against the army of Disease. Distemper, Influenza, Catarrhal and Shipping Fever disastrously defeated by "Spohn's." Absolutely safe for all ages. Best preventive. Sold by all druggists, turf goods houses or the manufacturers.

Spohn Medical Co., Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

$500 FOR A NAME

This is the beautiful new perfume, made in Canada, endorsed and used exclusively by Mde. Pauline Donalda, the famous Canadian Prima Donna.

We want a suitable name for it, and so will give

$500 IN CASH PRIZES

as follows:—

$400.00 for the best name.
50.00 for the best description of the perfume.
25.00 for the second best name.
10.00 for the second best description.
5.00 for the third best description.

and ten $1.00 prizes for the next best descriptions.

The winner of the contest will be decided by a committee of Montreal's leading advertising men and their decision will be final. Should two or more contestants send in the winning name the prize will be equally divided, and an additional prize to the value of $5.00 will be given each successful contestant. No employee or member of this firm shall enter the contest. Contest closes at midnight, January 30th, 1915.

HOW TO ENTER.—To enable every contestant to try the new perfume before submitting their suggestion for a name, we make the following Special Offer:—For one dime, ten cents, we will send one of our Special Souvenir Bottles of the Perfume—regular 25 cents size—together with Free Contest Slip, and One Premium Coupon. All for 10 cents. It is necessary to have the Free Contest Slip to enter.

Write to-day. You will be delighted with the perfume, and have a chance to win the big prize.

RODGERS, GRAY & STEWART, PERFUMERS

Dept. W.I. 322 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine for little ones. They are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely safe and never fail to cure constipation, colic, colds and simple fevers by regulating the stomach and bowels. Concerning them Mrs. S. Shannon, Urney, N.S., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my two children and think they are just what little ones need. I would not be without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TROGLODYTES CLUB.

The Membership Is Limited to French Soldiers.

Many are the tales told of the pains taken to make the trenches fit to live in, their permanent character making it worth while to spend some time and trouble in making them habitable. In one trench reserved for staff officers a bench was dug out all around and two tables were left when the trench was dug. This place is the location of the Troglodytes Club. The club has a set of rules which probably afforded more amusement when they were drawn up to the music of bursting shells than when read in cold blood in a quiet home. Here are the regulations:

1.—Members of the club are officers who wish shelter from the rain or storms (including shells).

2.—Entry to the club is forbidden (a) to all who do not belong to the French army; (b) to German projectiles.

3.—Games of chance (bullets, shells, shrapnel) are rigorously forbidden in the club's premises. They are only allowed outside, and preferably outside, the artillery park altogether.

4.—Owing to special circumstances exception is made for the game of battle (the French name for the card game beggar-my-neighbor). Bridge is also authorized, provided the dead are not counted.

5.—The game of dames (checkers, although quite inoffensive, is also prohibited. (The French word for checkers is dames, which means ladies).

6.—Every member of the club indulging in the game o echecs (chess) will be shot at once, and, in addition, expelled. (The French word echec also means check in the military sense).

7.—Taking a colic is forbidden, but trenches may be taken.

8.—Members may sleep on the divans, but they are forbidden to take their boots off.

9.—The telephone box is strictly reserved for the service. In no case may members use it to give news to their families or carry on clandestine correspondence with the gentler sex.

10.—The pictures and works of art decorating the room are placed under the safeguard of those using it.

11.—The tables are at the disposal of all members, but each must bring his own writing paper and materials.

12.—A company of chasseurs is at the disposal of members of the club. (A chasseur, besides meaning a certain kind of soldier, also means a messenger boy).

"BUNCOMBE"

It Don't Always Pay to Be Skeptical.

When a newspaper writer and proofreader that works nights can feed himself out of dyspepsia, which is most all that class suffer with, it is worth while to know the kind of food used.

This man says:

"Being a newspaper writer and proofreader, also a graduate in medicine as well, though not practicing, it takes a combination that would produce a skeptic on the subject if anything would.

"Day after day I read the proof of the Grape-Nuts advertisements with the feeling that they were all 'buncombe.' All this time I was suffering from dyspepsia from the improper food I was eating at the restaurant.

"One day I saw a package of Grape-Nuts at the restaurant and tried some with cream. The food took my fancy at once. After a few lunches on it at midnight I noted an improvement in my feelings, and was able to work with less fatigue.

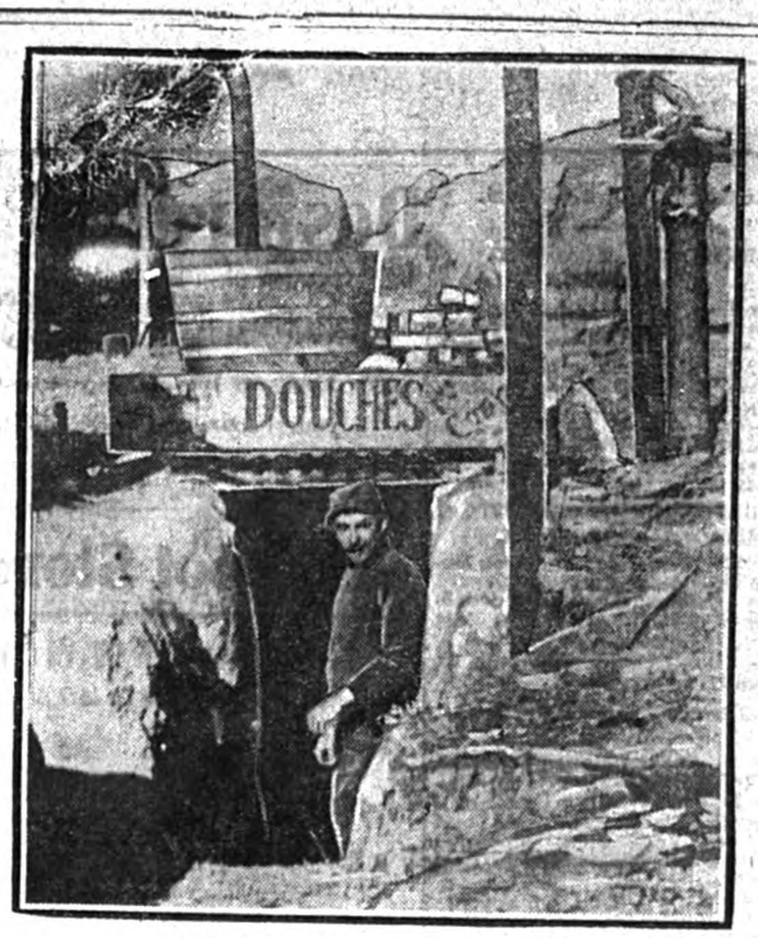
"I have used Grape-Nuts as a regular diet since then, and have improved greatly. The old dyspepsia and bad feelings that I thought were necessary adjuncts to night work disappeared, and I am able to do much more and better work with less effort than ever before.

"I was nearly ready to give up and seek health in some other walk of life, but, thanks to my change in diet, I am now all right." "There's a Reason."

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

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

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



A Bathroom in the French Trenches.

To keep an army of men bodily clean is one of the herculean tasks with which all the warring forces must combat. The photo shows a bathroom in the trenches north of Soisson, only 100 yards away from the German lines, where the men can enjoy their accustomed ablutions.

SEA WILL DETERMINE ISSUE

OPINIONS OF A NEUTRAL NAVAL OFFICER.

The British People Should Feel Deepest Gratitude to the Navy.

A neutral naval officer, writing in the New York Times, says that "for what the English navy has accomplished the British people should feel the deepest gratitude." He maintains that the influence of sea power will determine the final issue on land in a strictly military sense, for by about June 1st, Germany will have exhausted her stores of artillery ammunition and must rely on the daily output, while the allies will be enabled to import supplies. Contrasting British and German naval strategy, he says:

England's Vigilance.

England is compelled (1) to watch with increasing vigilance, night and day, the two outlets from the North Sea—many hundreds of miles apart—the English Channel to the south and the wide stretch of several hundred miles between Scotland and Norway to the north; (2) to maintain a patrol or line of scouts from Denmark to Holland, so as to prevent a surprise attack; (3) to stop and examine all merchant shipping passing through those waters; (4) to convoy English troops and supply ships to France; (5) to chase and destroy German commerce raiders; (6) to watch all neutral ports in which German merchant ships are lying; (7) to prevent the invasion of England by Germany by guarding a tremendous length of English coast line so that the menace to the German fleet, trausports, and supply ships will be so great that raids will be few and far between, and so that the time spent by the raiding fleets will be insufficient to land troops, artillery and supplies; (8) to prevent the Belgian ports from being used as submarine bases, and to assist the extreme left of the allies on the Belgian coast; (9) to keep several hundred trawlers engaged in dragging for mines laid by ships flying a neutral flag, and to lay mines themselves off the German coast.

German Strategy Simple.

The requirements of German naval strategy are very simple, for at the present time Germany can afford to allow the British to retain control of the sea, as she still has sufficient supplies on hand to last until about June, 1915. The Germans realize, of course, that eventually their main fleet will have to fight. German strategy consists in remaining under cover of mines and fortifications, where the English cannot possibly reach them; laying mines far and wide, particularly off English ports in channels or localities much used by English men-of-war and large vessels; keeping up the spirits of the German people and spreading panic through fear of invasion among the civilians in England by bombardment of unfortified ports; picking off, with submarines, one by one, the English battleships. Finally, when the preponderance of the English fleet has been reduced, and when ignorant meddlers in Parliament have compelled the division of the English fleet, the plan is to make a sortie and concentrated attack on one part of the British fleet with the entire strength of the German navy, with battleships, battle cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, mine layers, and, if conditions permit, with submarines, Zeppelins and aeroplanes. At the same time, fast cruisers, of the Emden type, will slip through the North Sea in the prevailing confusion, paralyze English shipping, and cut English communications with their army in France.

Difficulties Tremendous.

The difficulties under which the British navy operates are tremendous. To carry out the necessities of their strategy, which I have already outlined, requires to a certain extent a division of their forces. In the North Sea at the present time there are only six hours of daylight, and heavy fogs and snowstorms prevail during a large part of the time. The temperature of the North Sea is frequently below zero. There is no rest night or day for the men. No man knows whether or not the next moment may be his last, whether or not in a twinkling of an eye he may be dumped into the icy depths. The repair, supply, and coaling of this enormous fleet is a problem of great difficulty, for the forces at sea must never be seriously weakened.

Strategy of High Order.

Taking into consideration the facts that many eminent officers, including Sir Percy Scott, the father of modern gunnery, stated before the war that the submarine had made the battleship obsolete; that England is of necessity forced to divide her fleet; that her superiority to the Germans in dreadnoughts is only five to three; that the Germans are able to make a sortie at any moment by day or night in concentrated force; that the English fleet is in the position of a man with his arms bound, unable to strike back, but feeling sure that the hour of vengeance will soon be nigh; that England is still mistress of the seas and has been able to carry out every part of her programme—all this seems to prove to me that English naval strategy and efficiency have been of a high order.

Stronger Than Ever.

English strategy in time of peace has provided, in spite of the peace croakers in Parliament, such a large shipbuilding programme that England now occupies a stronger position relative to Germany than at the beginning of the war, in spite of the loss of about 3 per cent. of her total gun power. In the next six months eight super dreadnoughts will be added to the English fleet, four more super dreadnoughts will be finished for the French fleet, and two for Japan. If England desires these ships, the six Japanese and French ships will be turned over to England and manned by her naval forces, an addition to the English fleet of fourteen vessels of the most powerful and modern type, and equivalent in gun power and fighting strength to the first eighteen German dreadnoughts.

Ask England to Suicide.

Those amateur strategists in England who demand that the English should charge madly over mine fields to get at the Germans simply ask England to commit suicide as a nation, for time works on the side of the Allies. The situation of the Allies does not render the taking of chances necessary, but criminal; a policy of watchful waiting must be pursued. When a few noncombatants in an unfortified town are killed, the English should remember that millions upon millions are suffering in France, Poland, Belgium and Galicia, and give their fleet the deepest confidence and gratitude, for in the English fleet, I believe, every man is doing his duty.

ALMOST LYNCHED

It happened to a local druggist that sold a cheap acid corn salve instead of the reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor. Substitutes burn the flesh—Putnam's cures the corn. Use only the best—"Putnam's" 25c. at all dealers.

Anyway, peace is worth fighting for.

Knee Joint Stiff Three Years

CURED BY NERVILINE.

Anyone would marvel at my recovery, writes Mr. Leonard Lotham, a young man well known about Chatham. I inherited a rheumatic tendency through my mother's family, and in my early days suffered frightfully. About three years ago the pain and stiffness settled in my left knee joint. I was lame and walked with a very distinct limp. Nerviline was brought to my notice and I rubbed it into the stiff joint four or five times a day. It dispelled every vestige of pain, reduced the swelling, took out the stiffness and gave me the full use of my limb again. I don't believe there is a pain-relieving remedy, not a single liniment that can compare with Nerviline. I hope every person with pains, with sore back, with lameness, with lumbago, with neuralgia—I do, hope they will try out Nerviline which I am convinced will quickly and permanently cure them."

If Nerviline wasn't a wonderful painless remedy, if Nerviline didn't quickly relieve, if Nerviline wasn't known to be a grand cure for all rheumatic conditions, it wouldn't have been so largely used as a family remedy for the past forty years. No better, stronger, or more soothing liniment made. Get the large 50c. family size bottle; small trial size 25c.; sold by any dealer, anywhere.

A DISAPPEARING LAKE.

An Ancient Legend of the Little Lake of Canterno.

An unusual occurrence that has much interested the scientific men recently happened at Fumone, Italy. The picturesque little lake of Canterno suddenly disappeared. All the water retreated into a bottomless pit in the middle of the lake, and left the whole area absolutely dry

It appears that this same phenomenon has occurred several times in the history of the place; the last time was about 220 years ago. At that time the farmers had begun to till the bed of the lake, and had brought it to a high state of cultivation, when suddenly the water returned; and as if to recompense the people for the loss of their crops, the fish came back also.

There is an ancient legend that the lake disappears whenever its waters claim the life of a human being. That was the case at the last previous disappearance of the water. On a certain Shrove Tuesday, nine young boys were drowned in Canterno Lake. Their distracted parents cursed the waters of the lake, and then a crater fifteen feet in diameter swallowed up the water with fearful and unearthly gurgling. Fire spouted from the hole, and from the depths of the earth came a mysterious rumbling. The entire lake bed was strewn with fish, and the boat which had gone down with the boys was swallowed up by the crater.

UP-TO-DATE SERVICE.

The comfort and well-being of the passengers who travel on the Canadian Pacific is always foremost in the minds of the officials of the company, and further evidence of this is to be found in the official announcement made that all the cars in the Montreal-Chicago service have been equipped with an up-to-date valet service, so that you can now have your clothes brushed and pressed while you sleep. Simultaneously with this comes the decision of the Canadian Pacific to discontinue the use of the toothpicks on the tables of the dining cars. This step has not been taken without serious consideration. Many letters of complaint have been received in this connection, and it is pretty well known that provision of toothpicks at first-class hotels and restaurants is now considered not quite the thing.

SIR EVELYN WOOD.

Says Allies Will Be Successful by End of Present Year.

The following expression on the General war outlook was made to the New York World by Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood:

Promising that I have no official knowledge, I state that I am confident, with God's blessing, of the success of the allies in our righteous cause in the coming year. This opinion is based on sixty-three years' service.

Under the Crown I have made a continuous study of war problems since 1861. I assisted in the disembarkation of the allied armies in the Crimea, fought alongside the French for nine months, and learned to appreciate the unflinching, endduring courage of the Russians. Every soldier realizes the marvelous tactical improvement of their troops since the Manchurian campaign. This, with their devoted courage and numbers, must make them irresistible.

All war students realize the betterment of the French army since 1870. I have served fifty-nine years with our troops, and believe that, mainly owing to the late Lord Wolseley, we have the best trained army in the world, while in courage it vies with that of its comrades of the sister service. It and the navy have helped to create the Empire.

It is impossible to think of the navy without recalling its vast debt of gratitude to the illuminating genius of the late Admiral Mahan, which induced the clear thinking out of the problems of the command of the seas.

As to the national spirit, I have seen it in many units of the new army. All soldiers must recognize that there are types of men in the ranks who have never stood there before. In the parish in which I was brought up over 10 per cent. have enlisted since August.

I feel sure that the British, who began most reluctantly, will fight on until the allies attain their object.

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.

Just Like Mother.

"Did your playmate enjoy her visit?" said a mother to her small daughter, who had just bidden adieu to a little friend.

"Why, yes, mother; I think she did," replied the child. "I called her 'my dear' very often, in that dressy tone you use when you have company."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Cause of the Blot.

"Papa, what is on escutcheon?"

"Why?"

"This story says there was a blot on his escutcheon."

"Oh, yes! An escutcheon is a light-colored vest. He had probably been carrying a fountain pen."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gentlemen.—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of La Grippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.
Yours,
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Nature Study.

School Teacher—"What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?"

Bobby—"I ken, please."

Teacher—"Well, Bobby."

Bobby—"The home of the swallow is in the stommick."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

What He Escaped.

A wealthy man owned a row of houses, in one of which lived a married son of his, noted for his miserly habits. This had got to such a pitch that for several years his father had been unable to get a single penny of the rent due to him. As he did not want to take harsh measures he at last went to his son and said:—"Look here, Tom; it's plainly no use my trying to get rent out of you for that house of mine, so I've decided to give 't to you." "No fear," interposed the son. "I shan't have it." "Why not, pray?" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Because then," replied the unabashed, "I'd have to pay the taxes."

Many a man thinks he's charitable because he gives advice.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

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.

Thinking of Her.

"Do you think of me?" murmured the bride. "Tell me that you think only of me."

"It is this way," explained the groom, gently. "Now and then I have to think of the furnace, my dear."

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.

Assumption of Rank.

"Dearest," said the sentimental bridegroom, after the wedding ceremony, "do you think that I'll prove to be a satisfactory mate?"

"Oh, I guess you'll do all right," responded the practical bride; "and now look me over and tell me what you think of your captain."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"How do you know that nice young man we met last night was a bachelor?" "Why, he was telling us all the evening how to bring up children."

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.

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FARMS WANTED FOR CASH BUYers and to exchange for Toronto houses. Pewtress, Farm Specialist, 112 Church St. Toronto.

FOR SALE.

REGISTERED SHORTHORN AND Holstein Calves. T. J. Morrison, Durham.

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

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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.

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BUT it needs looking after just the same. First aid treatment with

CARBOLATED Vaseline Trademark

will help it to heal quickly and prevent risk of infection. Carbolated "Vaseline" is a most effective antiseptic dressing for cuts, bruises, boils, and skin irritations of all kinds, such as eczema, poison ivy and barber's itch. Also good for corns.

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CHESEBROUGH MF'G CO. (Consolidated) 1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, FEB. 5, 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.

Brutalized by the War News

In conversation with a newspaper man recently a city physician confessed himself to be "a brute." The ground for his unusual self-abasement was the fact that the report in the papers of the sinking of a German cruiser with some eight-hundred men aboard had given him unbounded delight. "I hurrahed at the headlines," he said. Since then I have been thinking how that six months ago the sudden blotting out of so many trained and disciplined men would have awakened my deepest sympathies, might, indeed have haunted me all day. What has happened? I ask myself if I am not becoming a brute."

The problem is the vexed problem of every civilized mind among us. Its question staggers the civilian if he thinks about it at all, even as it staggers the reflective military man. When a man, who is not already half beast, faces himself, and looks steadily into the interior of his own life, it is with horror he marks how the fountain of human sympathy is drying up within The daily headlines in their reflex influence on the imagination and sensibilities of those who read, are often as deadly as in the shrapnel for the men in the trenches Indeed, wars deadliest work is not in the flesh and blood of its victims on the sinking battleship or behind the guns, but in the thoughts and feelings and ideals of those at home, whose conscience is seared whose social sympathies are benumbed, whose humanity is brutalized. "Am I not becoming a brute?" asked the medical man, in the half-fear tone of one who feels paralysis creeping through his limbs.

And yet to-day there is no alternative. The risk must be taken. The brutalying facts of war must be faced by thousands of our fellows, and we who stay at home cannot start our own eyes and hearts to the brutalizing stories of wars hideous experience.. The material foundations of the Empire, as well as its finer spiritual realities, are being threatened and assailed. As one faces a footpad in the dark, so must we face this brute force horror. The physical must go to war against the physical, in order that afterwards the spiritual may have a fair chance to wield the weapons of spiritual warfare against the spiritual realities of hate and falsehood and dishonor.

It is indeed the spiritual realities—the false ideas of truth, of valor, of glory, of greatness—it is these heresies of the mind that give significance and sometimes tragedy to the struggles of brute-force against brute-force.

But as one would fight against a plague, so must one fight against the deadlier pestilence of the mind. Them on at the front tell how careless, indeed how utterly callous they become in the thick of war's brutal experiences. The history of war has always been damaging to the moral sense of a nation Says the Chicago News:—"It was noted after our own Civil War that the returning soldiers found the ways of peace difficult to readopt after months or years of marching and fighting" The whole body of the people may be infected. This makes the call all the more urgent, direct, appealing to the preachers and teachers and writers whose business it is to "minister to the mind diseased" The soldiers must be helped to hold their minds undepraved and uninflamed as the law's executioners of the sentence of justice, and to war, not for war's ugly sake, but for the end of war. Civilians must be helped to keep their conscience void of offence and their hearts unpoisoned by hate and revenge. This can be done not by more headlines, but by the power of those more vital ideas, by the cherishing of those humaner emotions, and by the cultivation of those more spiritual habits of life which make the moral nature immune in the midst of brutalizing environments There is sound philosophy in that exhortation: Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh.

Speaking before the Experimental Farm Superintendents recently assembled in convention at Ottawa, Mr. Geo. H. Clark, Dominion Seed Commissioner, sounded a note which is of special interest at the present crisis in Canadian agriculture. In prefacing his address he said: "Unfortunately farming during the last ten years or more has been less attractive to young men of good ability and to capital than other industries in urban centres The problem of farm labor has been an exceedingly perplexing one and in consequence farm systems have been modified so as to require the minimum of labor for the maximum yield of net returns. City industries have completely outbid the farm in the matter of labor, and it is probably true that at least one-third of city working men have had experience in farming. I would like to say to those men now that if the opportunities in the city looked brighter during the past ten years, in my judgement, assuredly belong to the farm, and the sooner they realize that the better for themselves and for all concerned."

Grand Patriotic Rally at St. Andrews, Que.

On Thursday evening last the Town Hall of St. Andrews East was literally crowded to the ceiling with an enthusiastic audience consisting of French and English inhabitants of the county of Argenteuil and vicinity, from within a radius of twenty miles who had assembled to attend the Rally called by the St Andrews East Branch of the Red Cross Society, with the twin object of promoting the organization of Red Cross centres in the adjacent districts and of giving information upon the present national crisis, with a view to encouraging recruiting, and awakening a keener interest in the situation throughout the country-side. The Hall was brilliantly decorated with Red Cross Emblems and the flags and colours of the allied nations. The meeting was opened by a series of patriotic airs from the St. Andrews Orchestra, followed by the opening stanzas of "Rule Brittania," "La Marseillaise," and "Oh Canada" sung by the audience. The platform was occupied by Lt. Col. Birkett and the other speakers of the evening, and by the military men of the District in full uniform, including Lt. Col. Riley, Major Smith and Captain Fergusson, Officers commanding the Lachute and Calumet Squadrons of the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars (Argenteuil Rangers), with a troop of sixteen soldiers from the Lachute Squadron. Also Majors F. C. Shorey and Leslie Hooker of the 6th Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars, Lt.-Col. Jekill of Morin Flats, Lt. J. Mackintosh Bell of the 5th Royal Highlanders, and others.

Dr. H. Legault, Mayor of St. Andrews, and the Rev. E. Jeoffrey May acted as Joint Chairmen. The lecturer of the evening, Lt.-Col H. B. Birkett, was introduced by Dr. G. F. Shaw who voiced the feelings of the audience in their high appreciation of the patriotic zeal shown by Dr. Birkett in coming to St. Andrews at a time when so many other calls are being made upon his time, referring also to his life-long devotion to the Army Medical Service, to the part he had taken in bringing the Canadian Branch of that Service to its present high degree of excellence, and to his latest great contribution in the organization of the McGill base hospital

Dr. Birkett's illuminated address on "Medical Units in Active Service" followed and was extremely well received. It proved to be of uncommon interest, mingling as it did a clear account of the heroic and self-forgetting work of the Army Medical Staff, with descriptions of the marvellously complete manner in which the wounded soldier is taken from the field of action to the variously graded havens for treatment and nursing. The intense interest exhibited by the great audience as slide after slide appeared, each further illuminated by the lucid and thorough wording of the lecturer's description, evinced on the one hand their keen desire to be informed concerning this tragic side of the war, and on the other a full response and appreciation of his spoken words.

In the absence, through illness, of the Hon Judge Robidoux, one of the speakers of the evening, Mr. R. P. de la Ronde, K.C., of Montreal and St. Andrews, delivered a most forceful and eloquent address, in which he aroused the minds and hearts of his hearers to the actual conditions of the war, to the righteousness of the cause of the Allies. Reference was made to the necessity of every man, woman and child in this Canada of ours, realizing the urgency of helping to the fullest extent in crushing for-ever the military tyranny of this great and powerful enemy of true liberty as this is understood by us in the British Empire. The speaker had himself offered his remaining years to active service under the Flag. A more powerful and well reasoned condemnation of the German menace has not been heard since the outbreak of the war. Mr de la Ronde spoke entirely in French.

Mr. A. B MacMaster, K.C., began in English and concluded in French, an address replete with philosophic argument, in which he denounced the pretensions and objects of the German Emperor, backed by a strong military clique, and drew an accurate picture of responsible government as we have it in the British Empire and as contrasted with the Prussian despotism. He rightly pointed out that the cause of the British to-day is literally the Lord's cause, for it is the cause of the smaller nations, of the defence of the weak against the strong, and therefore of the principles that are of the essence of Christianity itself. Rousing cheers followed his powerful presentation.

A report of work done by the St. Andrews East branch of the Red Cross was presented by Mr. George Walsh. Since its organization on August 24th last $405.00 in cash had been collected and some 1450 articles including 250 pairs of socks, had been made and sent in to the Provincial Headquarters in Montreal. Contributions in work and money had also been made to the Belgian Relief. The credit of the large amount of work that has been done was due largely to the efficiency and energy of its chief executive officers, Miss L. McMartin, late assistant superintendent of the Montreal General Hospital, who as Directress General of the Local Branch devoted all her energies to it during the past months, Mrs. A. Mackay, President, and Mrs. W. Lamb, Secretary, as well as to the industry of the individual members. Mr. Walsh urged the need of further cash contributions and advised periodical giving during the course of the war, as funds for material were constantly required.

Mrs. Duncan McLennan, of Lancaster, Ont., spoke on behalf of the Glengarry Branch of the Red Cross Society, which, with Lachute, had been organized subsequent to, the St. Andrews East Branch. She gave a delightful account of the enthusiasm shown and the immense amount of work done in her district, and closed with an appeal for volunteers for service in the field.

Her address was followed by the recruiting song, "Your King and Country Need You," which was effectively rendered by Miss I. Kelly with a chorus of Red Cross Nurses.

The Chairman then called upon Dr. Maude Abbott "to whose personality," he stated, "the inspiration of this great patriotic rally is due, as well as the Red Cross Branch at St. Andrews" for remarks. Dr. Abbott came forward amid applause and expressed her appreciation of the kind words expressed. The remarkable response that the community had made to the efforts that had been put forth were significant of the time, never before, within the memory of any living, had so vast and inspiring an audience been assembled in St. Andrews, but never within their memory had the British Empire been in real danger until now. In the crisis that had arrived it was the sacred duty of all to give themselves and their best endeavours to the cause of their country and to the defence of the British flag.

Col. Riley spoke with great earnestness and simplicity upon the important subject of recruiting in Rural Districts, and gave much exact military information of importance. He made no direct appeal to his hearers for enlistment, but left the duty of the individual to the decision of the conscience of each.

Dr. McIntosh Bell was a native of St. Andrews and after many years travel in France, Belgium, Russia and elsewhere had returned and now gave an eloquent plea in French and later in English for the service of his country, declaring it to be the duty of every man to train.

Capt G. H. Fergusson, commanding the Calumet Squadron, asked that the Rally be repeated in that place and promised an enthusiastic reception.

Lt.-Col. Jekill, who was for many years connected with the 11th Battalion Argenteuil Rangers, and had risen from the humblest position in this corps to that of Officer Commanding, reviewed the past history of this old Regiment, recalling the fact that for a period extending over many years the old 11th was the banner regiment of Canada, and contained among the men some of the finest samples of Canadian manhood, both from the military and athletic standpoints. It was an interesting fact that this fine old regiment had had its birth place in St. Andrews, which was for many years its headquarters, and had for its first Colonel an old St. Andrews boy, the late Sir J. J. C. Abbott.

Votes of thanks were given to Lt. Col. Birkett, and to the English and French speakers, by Dr. B. N. Wales, Rev. Dr. Ross, and Mr. A. Mackay. A special vote of thanks was also given to Mr. S. Cheeseman.

The sum of $50.10 was taken up.

After the Rally a light supper was served to the military men of the district and the speakers of the evening.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Academy Exams.

GRADE III ACADEMY.
COMPOSITION.

Class I,— Wesley McAllister 79, Miriam Burk, Frank Miller 75.

Class II.— Lila Giles, Kenneth Sawyer 70, Howard Nicoll 69. Inez Giles, Mary Hope 64 Alison Cottingham. Nora Somerville 63, Jean McGibbon 61.

Class III,—Doris McIntyre 59, Alex. Murrary Myrtle Duffy 57, Jessie Black 55.

GRADE III ACADEMY.
ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Class I,—Miriam Burk 84, Jean McGibbon 77, Doris McIntyre 75.

Class II —Inez Giles, Wesley McAllister 66, Kenneth Sawyer 64, Lila Giles 61, Ybll Arthur 60.

Class III,—Alison Cottingham 56, Howard Nicoll 52.

GRADE II ACADEMY.
PHYSICS.

Class I,—Annie Drennan 85, Carswell McClure 82, Marjorie Mount 77, Estelle Inglis 76, George Clark 75.

Class II,—Irene Scott 73, Allison Rodger 68, John Hope 65, Wilma Joss 65, Ervin Centre 64, George Calder 62.

Class III,—Edgar Hammond 55, Bessie Hammond 54, Constance Banford 52, Kathleen Bradley 51.

GRADE I ACADEMY.
LATIN.

Class I,—Doris Campbell 86, Alice Cameron 83, Nora Rodgers 80, Jean Higginson 78, Verda Kettvle 76.

Class II,—Isabella Bennett 74, Myrtle McGregor 70, Kenneth McConnell 69, Amy Bates 68, Willis Hooper 67, Ena Peet 64, George Bain 63, Edwin Johnson, Enid McCullough 62, Keith Douglas 60.

Class III,—Aggie Hay 55, Hazel McCoy 52, Susan Kelly 50.

GRADE III MODEL.
GEOGRAPHY.

Honours,—Violet Rogers 100.

Class I,—George McCormick 88. Edna Conlin 82, James McCullough Annie Silverson 81, Jessie Berry 80.

Class II,—Mina Dixon, Hazel O'Brien 71, Mabel Rodgers, Ralph Robinson, Clarence Rodgers 70, Hattie Giles, Kenneth Morrison 68, Ethel Boyd 67, Katie Jones 66, Lawrence Gordon 64, Stuart Hay 63.

Class III.—Douglas Bradford 58, Percy Robinson. Donald Beers 56, Isabel Wason 52, Violet Grey, Maude Painter 50.

GRADE II MODEL
SCRIPTURE.

Honours,—Stanley McNaughton, Ernest B Idwin 92, James Calder, Doris Hammond, Percy Carpenter 90.

Class I,—Grace Mount 89, Lyall Middleton 86, Elsie Lackey, Dora Barley 84, Alfred Hunter 83, Kenneth Hay 82, Jessie Paul 81, Jean Campbell 79, Samuel Graham 78, Inez Sutton 77 Mamie Graham, James McGibbon, Melvin Burk, Harold McFaul 75.

Class II,—James Smith 69, Joseph Dodd 65, Ernest Calder 63.

GRADE I MODEL.
HYGIENE.

Honours,—Catherine Burwash 100 Mary Boa 95

Class I,—Ruby Rodgers 88, Genevieve Murphy 86, Wilhelmina Shaw 84 Ella Giles, Edna Bampton 83, Keith Christie, Angus Kinmond 80, Ross Muir 79, Laura McPhail 78, Emma Smith 77.

Class II,—Anna Scott, Eddie Barker 74, Helena Dobbie 73, May Boyd, Ray Boyd 72, John Paul 70, Olive Boyd 69, Bruce Bradford 65.

Class III.—Norman Bates 58, Oscar Duffy 55, George McCoy 52.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.
CANADIAN HISTORY.

Honours,—Ryckman Alexander 92

Class I,—Margaret Jones 82, Lindsay Demerse 81.

Class II,—Margaret McOuat, Douglas Patterson 72. Roy Chambers 71, Mabel Garrard 70, Ivan Carpenter 68, Arthur Lackey 67, Ian Hay, James McKimmie 64.

Class III,—Naylor Mount 58, Jessie Hay 56, Florence Hunter 55, Linnie Thompson 52, Evelyn Hamilton 50.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.
ENGLISH.

Honours—Irene Byron 90.

Class I,—Lillian Hamilton 89, James Hay 75.

Class II,—Herbert Darlington 72, Florentine Cyr 71, Muriel Burk, Nellie Cowan 69, Clifford McFaul 67, Kenneth Campbell 66. Beatrice Cunningham 65, Willie Cottingham 54, Myrtle Barker 63, Jessie McFarlane 62.

Class III,—Annie Fraser, Arnold Scott 59, Lillie Bradford, Harry Bull, 54, Elmer Ryan, Hilda Sutton, 53, Ethel Hay 52, Mina Paul 51, Albert Darlington 50.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.
MENTAL & RAPID ARITHMETIC.

Class I,—Evelyn Creswell 80, Napoleon Beisle 75.

Class II,—Gordon G Cruise 68, Laurence Cruise, Earl Gunn 65, Lilly Paul 61, Ivan Bennett, Alice Burk 60

Class III,—Ruth Byron 55, Harold Window 53.

GRADE I. ELEMENTARY.
READING.

Honours,—Mildred Hammond 95. Charlie Miller 93, Harold Calder, Inez McKiddie 92. Margaret Scott 91, Willie Grandmaison 90.

Class I,—Donald Hay 89, Edith Jones 87, Lea Dion 86. Agnes McPhail 84, Mary Cruise 83, Willie Miller. Lila McKiddie 81, Essie Stewart 80, Linton Armstrong, Jean McOuat 79, Hugh Cunningham 78.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Desjardins' Footwear

Is now recognized as the Best, both as to Quality and Comfort.

These are two things you need to look to when buying your Boots and Shoes, and we are SPECIALISTS in the Fitting Line. Just try us and see.

The Boot Store, Opposite POST OFFICE.

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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.

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Special attention given to Sale Notes.

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Sub-Agency at Brownsburg, J. R. THOMPSON, Sub-Agent.

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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

Temperance Column

The Tippling Habit.

One of the most dangerous phases of the Drink-evil is the Tippling Habit.

My friends, there is a wide difference be ween taking a glass of beer occasionally and never touching a drop of it: between putting down a few spoonfu s behind the pantry door just to aid digestion, and never taking it at all; between taking a glass or two of punch or champigne at a evening party, and turning down your glass.

This is the evolutionary process by which the bright young man goes through the various stages of the drinking habit till he winds up—in the gutter. This process will go on just as long as young men continue to form drinking habits, whether it be through the social glass, the business glass, or the glass that aids digestion. I tell you, it requires some nerve and backbone for a young man of spirit to stand out against all the adverse influences of the present day, and neither touch, taste, nor handle the glass that steals away his brains and blights his prospects for life. Early education will do more to instil this sort of stamina than any other thing except religion.

This training must come in the home, from honest hearts. It will do little good to teach the boys to shun the intoxicating bowl when you keep a bottle on the pantry-shelf and drink it every time you have an imaginary cold. Your temperance teachings lose a large proportion of their weight when you put a barrelful of cider in the cellar in the fall, and it is found to be empty in the spring.

If a boy has had the principles of temperance thoroughly instilled into his mind in his youth, by parents and teachers who never compromised themselves in this direction, his chances of outriding all these temptations are a thousand times better than they would be without such teachings.

"Let the flowing bowl go round." Let it go just as far around as it chooses. If it goes clear around, so far that it can't find its way back again, so much the better. Before a young man reaches out his hand to stay this flowing bowl on its journey around he should consider well his action. If he does take hold of it, before placing it to his lips he should gaze long and intently into its depths. Blow the foam away, and he may see numberless pictures reflected in its sparkling recesses; Men brilliant and intellectual suddenly stricken with imbecility. Women, beautiful, chaste, and lovely, sink to the level of the beasts. Bright boys and winsome girls grow thin and wan, and run frightened and terrified from the parents they once loved and trusted. Wealth and honor and refinement take to themselves wings, while poverty, shame and degradation usurp the throne thus vacated. Slaves by thousands reel under the weight of the canking chains that bind them with this curse. Families weeping in the streets, pelted by the pitiless storm, while the sheriff sells under the hammer the home and contents that sheltered them in happier days. Bright and chubby babies pine and wither and fade until taken back to heaven by the good God whose great heart of tenderness cannot longer witness their helpless misery.

All these pictures and a thousand more may young men or women see in the depths of this one flowing bowl whose praises have been sung in every land. Will they take heed of the warning and, releasing their hold upon the bowl, allow it to continue its journey around? Or, will they heed the jeers and taunts of their associates; the winsome smiles of their thoughtless companions; the dangerous desire to be considered manly and independent; and drain its contents to the bitter dregs?

It is a stupendous moment for one already in the grasp of drink's demon into whose vitals it has already plunged its claws. Heaven and hell are silent with anxiety as they await the decision. As the cup draws nearer and nearer to craving lips the angels weep and devils laugh. It is so near they can smell its tempting odor. But early training and the sweet influences of home-life triumph-grace overcomes. The flowing bowl descends before a drop has touched the lips. And why? A vision of his sainted mother came hovering between the young man and the cursed bowl. Her form was long since laid to rest among the daisies, but the memory of her sweet counsels still remains, and they have saved her boy. Being dead, she yet speaketh. Mothers, are you counseling your boys?

COAL and WOOD

FOR SALE.

Give your order at once for next Season.

Harry Ayers

Lachute Mills, Que.

LOUISA

Mr. O. Morrow and Miss S. Neill was the guest of her parents on Sunday last.

Mr W. Chambers, of St. Philippe was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jos Creswell.

Mr. Pilno and his son-in-law Mr. Bougie, of Calumet, was in Louisa on Sunday last.

Mr. Thos. Hall, of Stonefield, was the guest of his brother Anthony Hall on Saturday last

Miss Edith Brown gave a birthday party on Saturday last. Quite a number were invited and spent a very enjoyable time.

MABEL

Mr. Lawrence Warwick, of Lachute, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. D. Stalker, of Lachute, is spending a few days the guest of Mrs. R. Black

Miss I. Jolley, of Mount Maple, spent the week-end as the guest of her sister Mrs. Wm. Warwick.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Warwick has returned home after spending a few days with friends in St. Andrews.

Miss Catherine Thompson has returned to Montreal after spending the week-end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. D. Thompson.

GRENVILLE

The many friends of Captain Cooke have been sorry to learn of his serious illness, in Ottawa. Latest reports are that he is a little better

On Sunday evening last, the pulpit in the Methodist Church was filled by Rev. James Fraser, B. A., of Cushing formerly Presbyterian minister here

On Monday morning Mrs. James Miller passed away, after a long and painful illness. She suffered severely, but bore her pain with Christian fortitude and resignation. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, from St. Matthews Church and was attended by a large number of friends Rev. W. J. Ellis preached from Deuteronomy 33:27 —"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and under thee are the everlasting arms,"—referring in a very touching manner to the suffering which Mrs. Miller had borne, and the shining example of her Christian experience. Messrs. Kern, Nicholls, (sons-ie law), J. Keatley, E. Keatley, G Bovington ahd W. Morrow, acted as pall-bearers. The chief mourners were the husband and three daughters, Sarah, Mabel and Hilda. A number of beautiful floral pieces were sent by friends and relatives, and seemed especially appropriate in memory of one who had, in her lifetime, been a lover of flowers

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM

434 N.Y. Ave., Whiting, Ind. Jan. 20th.

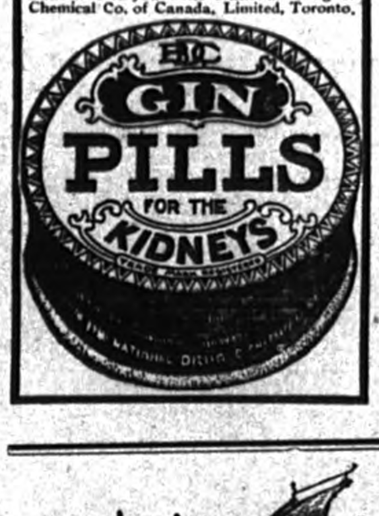
"Will you please send me a box of Gin Pills? When I sent for the last box, I was all crippled up with Rheumatism and my face was so badly swollen, that I could hardly see out of my eyes, but after taking about six of the pills, I felt some better; and after a few days, I had no more pain. I have recommended Gin Pills to some of my friends who are troubled in the same way. I never intend to be without them as I have tried so many other pills and got no results

Mrs. ED. DEAN.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

You can readily tell if your kidneys or bladder is affected. You will have pains in the small of the back, groin or hips, your urine will be highly colored, brick dust or mucus deposits will show in the morning, your wrists or ankles may swell, all due to inactive kidneys which Gin Pills will soon put right. 262

Gin Pills are "Made in Canada". 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50—at all dealers—Sold in U. S. under the name "GINO" Pills. Trial treatment free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.



STAYNERVILLE.

Mrs. Wm. Nicholls and Mrs. A. Kempffer, spent Saturday in Montreal.

Mr. George Creswell and Miss Alma Tomalty was the guest of Mrs. D. McKenzie on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. .. Stewart, of Mount Maple, was the guest of Mr. John Stewart on Monday

Miss Aletha MaKenzie was the guest of Miss Margaret D vis on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs James Gauley, of Calgary, Alta., who has been visiting friends here for some time has gone to Barb, Ont, to spend a few days the guest of their sister Mrs. R. Cunnings.

DALESVILLE

Miss Sadie Kennedy, of Pine Hill is visiting Mrs R. S MacArthur.

Miss Myrtle Lalanne spent the week-end with Mrs. A. J. Campbell.

Miss Jessie MacArthur visited in Louisa last week.

Misses Ruby, Jessie and Annie Silverson were home for the week end.

Miss Mina Dixon also was a visitor at her home here.

Miss Alma Dixon, of Rawcliffe spent a few days with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McCormick, jr., were guests of Mrs. L. Robinson, Louisa on Sunday last.

The Annual Winter Tea-Meeting will be held in Dalesville Baptist Church, Wednesday, Feb. 24th, 1915 A good time may be looked for. Tickets 35cts.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

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

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

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

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

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

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

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

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

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. 64398

ROBERT TODD,

AUCTIONEER.

For the District of Terrebonne.

Sales conducted in both French and English.

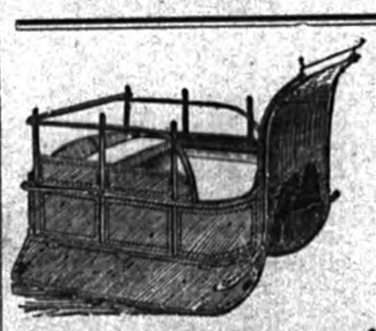
Geneva Post office

Phone No. 91 Ring 2.

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.

TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Paralyzed Bowels and Digestion

ST. BONIFACE DE SHAWINIGAN, QUE. Feb. 3rd. 1914.

"It is a pleasure to me to inform you that after suffering from Chronic Constipation for 2½ years, I have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives". While I was a student at Berthier College, I became so ill I was forced to leave the the college. Severe pains across the intestines continually tortured me and it came to a point when I could not stoop down at all, and my Digestion became paralyzed. Some one advised me to take "Fruit-a-tives" and at once I felt a great improvement. After I had taken four or five boxes, I realized that I was completely cured and what made me glad, also, was that they were acting gently, causing no pain whatever to the bowels. All those who suffer with Chronic Constipation should follow my example and take "Fruit-a-tives" for they are the medicine that cures".

MAGLOIRE PAQUIN

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

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,

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 Terrebonnne } No. 348

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,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

1-29.

GEOFFROY BEDARD

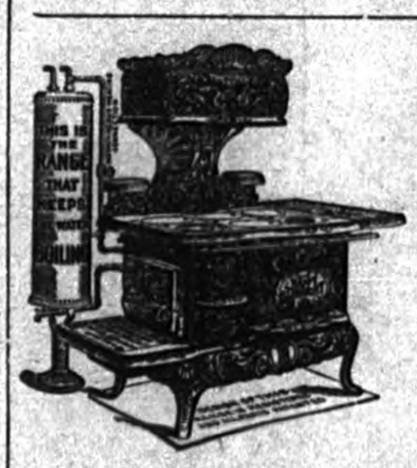
What I want is Customers who know and can appreciate a good job. And what you want is a tailor who will give you good Suits at reasonable Prices. I am the tailor you are looking for.

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

Geoffroy Bedard

THE TAILOR,

Main Street, - Lachute.



Stoves! Stoves!

Happy Thought Ranges.

McClary Furnaces.

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

G. Y. Deacon, - West End, Lachute.

Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Deposits Nov. 30, 1908	$24,085,416
Deposits Nov. 30, 1913	40,807,499

OVER 95 OFFICES IN CANADA

A Savings Account

is an aid and incentive toward systematic saving. If you open an account now with a dollar or more and promptly deposit your surplus cash where it will earn interest, you will be gratified at the result.

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. 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.

For The Fatherland

Noon in Marbach, a village near the Black Forest, Germany. A churchbell drones twelve, very sleepily. Sleepy sun-haze lies on the fields. Bees hum. The orderly village, the orderly fields, the orderly line of distant woods and blue hills are hushed in the peace of passing summer—a peace so utter that it might have lain on the land for a thousand years. There is no sign of war—except one. The men who are returning from the fields are few, and there are no young men among them. In the village it is so still that one can hear the footsteps of the women in all the little houses, and the clattering of pots and dishes.

In Michel Huber's house, Frau Huber, a little old woman, is stirring a pot. She is very busy, very active. She is bright-eyed, too; she wipes the bright eyes often with a corner of her apron.

Michel enters. He is about 60 years, gray, stooping heavily. He sits down at the table. "Well, old one!" he says. "The work went not so badly. Am not an aged man yet! Shall bring in the harvest, even without help," he stretches his arms, proudly.

His wife nods at him. "Thou art strong, thou. And how hungry thou must be! One eye wink, and the eating shall be ready. Something that thou lovest, man. A potato soup!"

"Donnerwetter! That is good!" says Michel.

"Dear God! Ach, thou dear God!" Frau Huber sighs and speaks to herself. "If only I knew that our Hans at this moment such a good soup has to eat! Where he may be! Such a silence—like the grave!" Now at the word grave the little old woman loses all her bravery. She sobs.

"Woman!" Michel strikes the table with his hard fist. "Must I again preach to thee that this is no time for German women to weep! Proud! Proud thou shalt be that thou hast a son for the Fatherland!"

"Yes, yes! Proud am I!" Frau Huber's voice trembles. But our Hans! Our handsome, good Hans! He is so brave! He will not fear danger!"

"Danger!" Michel pounds the table again. "It is danger to the Fatherland! And the German man who would fear to look it in the face, he would be coward! He would be without honor! And furthermore, our Hans is in the advance cavalry. See you, mother! That is a great thing, to go ahead of the army!"

"To go ahead!" The old woman sobs again. "Yes, ahead in a strange country, all alone among enemies. Perhaps, this very moment——"

Michel springs up. "Enough, mother!" With a great voice he sings:

Dear Fatherland! Untroubled be!
Faithful we guard the Rhine for thee!

He sits down suddenly, and drops his head on his arms. "And we are growing old, you and I, mother! My Hans; my son!"

A half an hour after noon in Trevoux, on the river Rhine, France. It is a laughing land. The sun, pale yellow, burning, laughs on vineyards whose crop hangs heavy, already purpling. Tidy gardens laugh with late bloom. The houses are as gay in the bright heat as if the village were a stage-scene set for a pastoral play. But there are none of the "laughing girls of France." There is no laughter in the fields, because there are no young men to laugh with.

Jules Lasalle stands in his doorway, as a pretty girl passes. "Mignon!" he says, sharply. She turns to him. "Thou goest about with a face of the most intolerable! Art thou a coward, then? And thou a Frenchwoman! And not only a woman of France, our glorious, but one whose ancestor was decorated by the emperor himself! The emperor, Mignon! The emperor! Whose spirit is on us now!"

"Oh, Father Jules!" Mignon stands before him, clasping her hands. "See! Gladly, gladly, I let him go! Did not I help him, that he might be among the first?"

"Then wear a face accordingly!" Jules speaks roughly.

"Alas! I fear so for him! Alas! I love him so!" The girl puts her arms around the old man's neck and hides her face against his breast. "And when I think that he is among the scouts, he that is so brave, so headlong!"

Lasalle embraces her with one arm. With his free hand he taps his chest. "And I, little Mignon! Do not I love him—my brave son! For what do I labor, but for him! See! have enough, I! A pipe in the sun, a little to eat, a mouthful of wine—it is all that I need. For what is all this, then?" He indicates the vineyard with a sweeping arm. "For him! And what do I desire! To see thee and him in the pretty house that I shall build, and the little ones that shall come and call me 'grandpere.' Thus, then, my little one, he is all that I think of, my good, handsome, brave son. Yet look upon me! Look, I say, girl! Dost thou see me sorrowin'? Nay! I am proud, I! I am happy as a king, I! That I have given a son to the Fatherland, that is a great thing! And if he should—if he does not come back to us——" he stops, and turns away.

Then he whirls around. He puts his hand on the girl's shoulders. "Attention!" he says, and lifts his right hand. "For honor! For glory! For the Fatherland!" With shining eyes he sings: "La Marseillaise."

One p.m. in Marston Park, Kent, England. The broad lawn is richly green under a silver mist of rain. Great gardens expand around the house, stately, imposing. Oaks surround the place, ancient, mighty, controlled. Everything is beautiful, unemotional, proud. The French windows of the sombre, rich dining-room are wide open. A butler and two servants move about impassively.

Lady Harwood and her two daughters enter, followed by Sir George Harwood, evidently just arrived. They take their places. "Did you have a comfortable journey?" asks Lady Harwood.

He answers, telling little details of his trip from London. They are all trivial. The ladies, also, speak of nothing, but trifles. Unhurried they eat luncheon. It is near its end when Sir George says, as if just remembering something: "Oh, I was at the war office before I left London."

Lady Harwood straightens herself a tiny bit. Two girls look quietly at their father. The servants move, undisturbed, about their duties.

"The armies are in close touch," says Sir George, looking carefully at a bit of bread that he is crumbling. "But no details, of course. Except—only that some of our officers of lancers are working far forward in co-operation with French dragoon scouts."

He looks at his wife for permission to rise. She makes a sign to the girls, and they pass him.

"I have told the gardeners," says Lady Harwood, turning for an instant in the door-way, "to change the walk through the rose-garden, as you wished." He nods his head.

"Henry," he says to the butler, after they have gone, "Bronson will send some port. I ordered it in London."

He lights a cigarette and stands at the window, gazing into the park. The cigarette goes out. The butler approaches with a light, but stands before him without offering it. He coughs behind his hand. "I beg your pardon, Sir George. But Master George, sir! Is he one of the officers that have been sent forward? I'm sure I beg your pardon, Sir George."

"Yes, Henry," says Sir George, and goes out.

In the drawing-room he finds Lady Harwood and the girls. They are standing before a portrait. It is that of a young man, blond, blue-eyed, finely English, in the uniform of the lancers. "He looks very much like you, George," says Lady Harwood.

Sir George stares at the picture. He lays an arm over his wife's shoulders.

"For the land of his fathers!" he says softly.

One p.m. near Epernay, river Marne, France. In long lines the rain drives before a beating wind over gray country. The long roads gleam with wet. The fields are like shallow seas. Struggling through the weather are people—people on foot, people on horse-back, people in carriages, people in ox-carts. Children are tugging at little wagons loaded with poor possessions. Everybody bears burdens. All these people, black, mournful, silent in the rain and wind and mud, are pressing toward Paris.

In a sunken road, masked by trees, sit four riders. Three are in the uniforms of French Dragoons. The fourth is an officer of British lancers.

"Back!" whispers a Frenchman. "Germans!"

They pull their horses back, further into cover.

Half a dozen German light cavalry canter into view. They approach almost within carbine shot of the sunken road. But in that moment a German catches sight of something in the ambush. A horse in there has tossed its head. The German pulls up his mount and cries out a warning.

The French party breaks cover instantly and charges. The Germans, picked for desperate service, meet them as instantly, headlong.

They are into each other. Saddle to saddle! Eyes staring into eyes! Sabres and shortened spears! Revolvers, shouts and gasping breaths! Horses scream! Hack, thrust, stab, strike, weapon, hands, fists! It is a knot like a ball of lashing snakes.

It is swift and short.

Two o'clock in Marbach, in Trevoux, in Kent, in the sunken road. Trodden into mud lie ugly objects. Three of them were, a quarter of an hour ago, a trooper of Germany, a dragoon of France, and a lancer of England.

The Cave-Dwellers of the British Army in Northern France.

Lance-Corporal Jarvis, V.C., Royal Engineers, describing his experiences to a London Graphic artist, said: "My company spent three weeks in a large and deep sand-pit, with three tiers of dug-outs in which the men lived. It was about 50 yards in the rear of the line of trenches held by the Royal Scots Fusiliers. I spent myself eleven days there, and although we were exposed day and night to showers of shell we had only one man wounded." On the right of the picture is a German prisoner.

IN A TIGHT CORNER.

A Hunter's Close Quarters With a Rhinoceros.

It is years since I first shot one of these survivals from prehistoric times, says a writer in the Field, but even now, when I gaze at his horn as it boldly protrudes from the wall of my den, the thrill comes back almost as vividly as when I first caught sight of his slate-gray bulk against a pale background of short grass.

It was our third day on the plains when my gunbearer pointed out a rhinoceros about 150 yards distant. He was apparently fast asleep. I studied the surroundings carefully, and selecting a small bush for my final cover, began to stalk him from behind. Moving slowly and cautiously, I reached the bush, which was fifty yards from the sleeping animal, quite easily. Then I moved out a few yards to get a clear shot, sat down, aimed where the neck joined the shoulder, and fired. I pulled down, and only hit him in the leg.

Off he went—away from me, I am glad to say—at astonishing speed. I fired again; but my shot only made him run the faster, and he disappeared over a gentle undulation. I followed him up, and was able to give him another bullet. He lay in some rather long grass, and was so quiet that I concluded he was dying.

I came nearer, down the wind, and after looking through the glasses, made up my mind that he was stone dead. Then I saw an ear twitch. Nevertheless, I believed that he was as good as done for; but it was well to be cautious, and I crawled on my stomach to within thirty yards of him. I could distinctly see his wicked little eyes. He was lying with his nose down, knees bent under him, and every vulnerable part protected by his horn. There we lay, each waiting for the other to make the first move. He could not smell or see me; but he knew there was something wrong, and only wanted a sign to get the direction for his charge.

After five nervous minutes of this suspense, there came an accidental cough from my gunbearer. With surprising quickness, the huge pachyderm rose and charged like a streak of lightning. As I had a single-barrel gun, I knew that if I did not stop him with the first bullet, he would have me; but I held my gun straight, and as he came, I shot him through the chest right into the heart. I leaped up as I fired, and the enormous beast crumpled up at my feet, and squealed like a shot hare. He was a very old brute; his horn was much worn, and his flanks were badly scarred from fighting. I have been in more than one tight corner, but I shall never forget the five minutes I lay and watched that wounded rhino.

Subscribers to a War Loan.

The British Government in the view of the London Statist, "has provided itself, through the great loan, with the means of financing the war until Midsummer, at all events. Perhaps in no respect is the loan more satisfactory than that so many small people have brought forth their savings to pay for their allotments; very many, indeed, paying for them, not by cheque, but in actual cash."

An idle rumor is about as busy as a mosquito that works overtime.

HOME

Winter Desserts.

Custard Charlotte Russe.—Make or buy an oblong sponge cake and cut off the top. Remove the inside—it can be used later for a cabinet pudding—and fill the cavity with thick custard. Put back the top and spread with currant or quince jelly and then cover with whipped cream. The same charlotte can be made in individual dishes in this way. Put a small sponge cake in each desert dish and pour custard around it. On each little cake put some jelly and pile a tablespoonful of whipped cream on that.

Caramel Bavarian Cream.—Brown two tablespoonfuls of sugar in a saucepan and add a pint of cream and the grated rind of two lemons. Simmer until the browned sugar is dissolved. Beat the yolks of eight eggs with as many tablespoonfuls of sugar in a saucepan and add a pint of cream and the grated rind of two lemons. Simmer until the browned sugar is dissolved. Beat the yolks of eight eggs with as many tablespoonfuls of sugar and add to the saucepan. When thick, add a package of gelatine, dissolved in a little water. Remove from the fire, and when cool fold in a pint of whipped cream whipped solid. Mold and chill.

Cream Tapioca.—Cook three tablespoonfuls of tapioca which have been soaked over night in cold water in a quart of milk for an hour in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of four eggs with a scant cupful of sugar, add to the tapioca, cook for ten minutes, and take from the fire. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, turn into a buttered baking dish, cover with meringue and bake until brown. Chill and serve cold. To make the meringue beat the whites of the four eggs stiff, add four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, beat again, add a pinch of cream tartar and beat again, and then spread over the pudding. Brown slowly and do not put immediately into a cold or draughty place. The careful baking, cream tartar and the gradual cooling do much to keep the meringue puffed and high.

Cocoanut Custard.—Grate half a cupful of fresh cocoanut or use the same amount of shredded cocoanut, and to it add three-quarters of a cup of sugar, a pint of rich milk and the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Put in individual custard dishes, place in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. Then change the cold water for hot water, cover the custards with meringue and brown. The cold water prevents further cooking and possible curdling of the custard.

Cream Fritters.—Beat a cupful of cream and add as you beat the whites of four eggs. When stiff add a pinch of salt and two cupfuls of sifted flour. Drop the mixture by tablespoonfuls into hot fat and brown. Serve with cinnamon, wine or any preferred sauce.

Gingerbread with Cream.—Cream half a cupful of butter and add a cupful of sugar. Mix two cupfuls of molasses and one of milk, and add alternately with four cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder, a teaspoonful of ginger and a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground cloves. Then add a teaspoonful of orange extract and four well-beaten eggs. When thoroughly mixed pour into buttered muffin tins and bake. Serve one to each person, warm, covered with whipped cream. Or else cut off the tops, scoop out a tablespoonful of the soft crumb, fill with whipped cream, and put on the top.

Coffee Jelly.—Sweeten a pint of strong coffee to taste and to it add three-quarters of a package of dissolved gelatine. Put half of it into a panful of ice water and when it begins to harden stir in a cupful of cream whipped stiff. Pour the rest of the jelly into a mold, and pour the hardened, cream-and-jelly mixture into the centre. It will be hard enough to remain where it is put in the centre of the bowl or mold; the jelly is hardened in. Chill and serve with cream or custard.

Chocolate Souffle.—Soak half a cupful of breaderumbs in milk and wring them dry in a clean cloth. Put them into a bowl and add half a cupful of melted butter and half a cupful of sugar. Beat until light and then add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, vanilla to taste and three squares of chocolate grated. Beat light again and then add the stiff whites of four eggs and pour into a buttered dish. Bake in a moderate oven and serve immediately.

Cream Cheese Tarts.—Make tart shells of pastry and fill them with a mixture made of two cakes of cream cheese, half a cupful of cream, a cupful of currants, three eggs beaten well and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake for about half an hour.

French Puffs.—Cream a third of a cupful of butter with a cupful of sugar and add two eggs, beaten separately, a cupful of milk and two cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. Bake in patty pans until brown and serve hot with ample syrup.

Grape Juice Whip.—Whip the whites of eggs, one for each person, stiff, and add half a tablespoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of grape juice to each white. Beat all until stiff. Into each sherbet glass put two or three tablespoonfuls of grape juice, and on this pile the egg white. Top each glass with a teaspoonful of whipped cream.

Household Hints.

Iron molds for drop cakes are among the very best.

If the edges of the saucepan are well buttered the contents will not boil over.

Stains on knives depart if the blade is rubbed with a raw potato dipped in knife powder.

Suet may be kept fresh by chopping roughly and sprinkling it with a little granulated sugar.

To make pork crackling crisp, rub well with salad oil, then sprinkle with fine salt and cook in iron spider.

A small piece of camphor in the water in which cut flowers are placed will make them last much longer.

If salt is sprinkled on the stove as soon as milk boils over, the unpleasant odor will be counteracted at once.

A slice of potato is an excellent thing to clean white oilcloth which has become disfigured by hot cooking utensils.

Pots and kettles should not be scraped. Use a piece of sandpaper to remove any burned particles or discolorations.

When silver has become discolored with egg, dip a damp cloth in salt water and rub the silver; the stain will disappear.

Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia will remove paint from clothing, no matter how hard the paint may have become.

If the teapot becomes musty, put a lump of sugar in it before putting it away. It will smell sweet when you want to use it.

Keep folded newspapers handy upon which to place soiled pots and pans, and save cleaning smutty marks from the tables.

A tub of water placed near the house plants, in a room where you are afraid of frost, will "draw" the frost and save the plants.

A few drops of ammonia in the water in which silver is washed will keep it bright for a long time without cleaning.

When frying doughnuts avoid possibility of their burning by putting a piece of bread in the fat. The bread may burn, but the doughnuts will be a lovely golden brown.

Some of the most delicious cakes are ruined while turning them from the pan. If the pan containing the cake is set on a cloth wrung out of warm water and left for a few minutes the cakes will turn out without any trouble.

WHAT SHALL I SING TO YOU?

By DR. JAMES L. HUGHES, Toronto.

Sing as the Bob-o-link sang of Joy
With his clear and merry tune
Cheering my heart with his song of praise
For the clover fields in June.

Sing as the thrush to his mate sang Love
In the mystic afterglow,
Deep in the glen, till my soul was filled,
With the bliss the angels know.

Sing as my mother of Hope and Faith,
And of Courage, Freedom, Truth;
Sing as she sang, till I feel once more
The inspiring thrill of youth.

Sing me these songs and they'll wake my powers
To consciousness of might:—
Fearless, I'll climb towards the mountain top
Till I reach its shining height.

MODERN FIELD GUNS.

The Quick-firer Is Used By All the Armies in the War.

In the Boer War, the British gunners who worked the fifteen-pound field guns were frequently shot down by Boer marksmen. Since the guns of those days recoiled, carriage and all, about four feet every time that they were fired, the gunners had to jump outside the wheels at each discharge. Gun shields were useless. Then the French invented the quick-firing gun, now used in one form or another by all the armies in the present war. It has a shield of steel to protect the gun crew, but its great superiority lies in the fact that the gun only recoils, and so the gunners can remain safely behind the shield. According to a writer in the Illustrated London News, the gun itself, when fired, slides along guides on top of a steel box that is called the cradle. Inside the cradle is a piston attached to the gun that the gun in recoiling drives into a cylinder filled with glycerin. The glycerin is forced through narrow channels into a reservoir full of compressed air, which it further compresses. The friction of the glycerin as it is drives through the channels (called "ports") brings the gun to a standstill after it has recoiled about four feet, and then the expansion of the compressed air forces the glycerin back against the piston, and so returns the gun to the firing position. The best quick-firing guns can fire twenty-five rounds a minute. The guns fire shrapnel, and also high explosive shells. The high explosive shell is used against hostile batteries. It is a steel case filled with melinite, lyddite, or Shimose powder, which can be trusted to explode upon striking a gun, and to disable it and kill the gunners behind it.

Superstitious people are always disappointed if it doesn't happen.

BRITAIN IS CONFIDENT NOW

AS SHE WAS IN WARS WITH THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

There Is Some Similarity Between Conditions of the Two Conflicts.

The New York Evening Post has an interesting and informing comparison of present conditions in Europe, and particularly in Britain with those obtaining during the Napoleonic wars, which follows in part:

To find a parallel to the condition of Europe to-day, it is necessary to go back to the Napoleonic wars, and it is interesting to notice the startling similarity which links the two great conflicts, separated by the gulf of a century. Those were hard times in Britain, and starvation was an ever present menace. Then, as now, the country had staked its all on the result of a titanic conflict. Then, as now, the country entered war fresh from the turmoil of a deep social unrest. Then, as now, Ireland was conspicuously to the fore. But in the midst of it all, the life of the country went on in much the usual routine—exactly as it is doing now—and men and women declined to permit themselves to be perturbed by the threatening spectre of the Corsican's armies encamped just across the Channel at Boulogne—Boulogne, which is now one of the bases of that British army battling side by side with the French against a common enemy.

Year Was a Hard One.

The opening of the year 1800 was gloomy, indeed. So utter was the want that it had been communicated to the highest quarters. The civil list was more than a year in arrears, and the King's servants were obliged to present him a petition begging that some portion of their wages be paid them. It was several years before the King caught up with his expenditures. In that year, too, the Irish Act of Union was passed, in consequence of the ever-present menace of revolt revived by the '98 uprising and the meddling of the French. Public sentiment was exceedingly uneasy concerning the war. People did not at first display the same calm confidence which strikes observers in England to-day, although later, as they became used to it, the national life returned to its accustomed channels.

Law Against Forestalling.

There was a scarcity of food, too, and riots were frequent. The acts against merchants who purchased stocks of food to lay up in order to command higher prices were put in force. The value of a load of hay had increased from £2 2s. in 1773 to £7 in 1800. Meat has risen from fourpence a pound to ninepence. Butter was one shilling and fourpence, where it had been sixpence. Sugar had climbed from eightpence to one shilling and fourpence. Candles had almost doubled in price. But perhaps nothing served better to illustrate the hardships of the period than the rise in the poor rates from one shilling a quarter in 1773 to five shillings in 1800.

Feeding French Prisoners.

So short was the supply of wheat that in 1801 the Government forbade the sale of fine flour, ordering that only the unrefined flour, which contains the bran should be used.

England's troubles were further increased about this time by an announcement by the French Government that it refused any longer to be responsible for the feeding of French prisoners in English hands—a unique arrangement to this effect having been entered into by the two countries, in consequence of Napoleon's having adopted the attitude that otherwise his soldiers and sailors would starve, an attitude, too, it may be seen, he abandoned the moment it became evident that a reverse policy would be more annoying to his enemies. There were nearly 26,000 of the French prisoners in England, and their feeding was no slight undertaking.

Peace Brought Relief.

Conditions were bettered somewhat in the fall of 1801, with the signing of the phantasmal treaty of peace which was to last, until Napoleon was ready to resume the struggle again. Naturally, an immediate result of the peace was to relieve the shortage of food and send prices down. Retrenchment in armaments also served to lessen for a brief interval the tax burdens of the population.

Before that year was half over England and France were at war again. It was this resumption of hostilities which served to steel every British heart against Napoleon, and which may be said to have caused a crystalization of sentiment in favor of war to the bitter end.

Recruiting was the order of the day, and, although there was no Lord Kitchener at the War Office then—England's generals of that time were field commanders and politicians ran the administrative end—and the country possessed possibly a tenth of the resources now at its disposal, within eleven weeks of the issuing of the declaration of war nearly 400,000 men had been enrolled in the army, and the fleet was equipped and at sea. There was a patriotic fund, much like the Prince of Wales' Fund we read so much about to-day, and instances were not lacking of individual generosity as in the case of a well-known firm which voluntarily offered the Government 400 horses, 50 wagons and 28 boats.

Death of Nelson.

There was also a spy mania in 1803.

The fall of the year 1805 saw Trafalgar, Nelson's death, and the end of the bogey of a French invasion of England. One wonders if the simultaneous victory and death of any modern British Admiral would create the furore that was caused by Nelson's passing. His state funeral cost $75,000, a considerable sum for those days and it was the grandest ever accorded a subject in England. Parliament also voted $1,500,000 to be distributed among the sailors of his fleet.

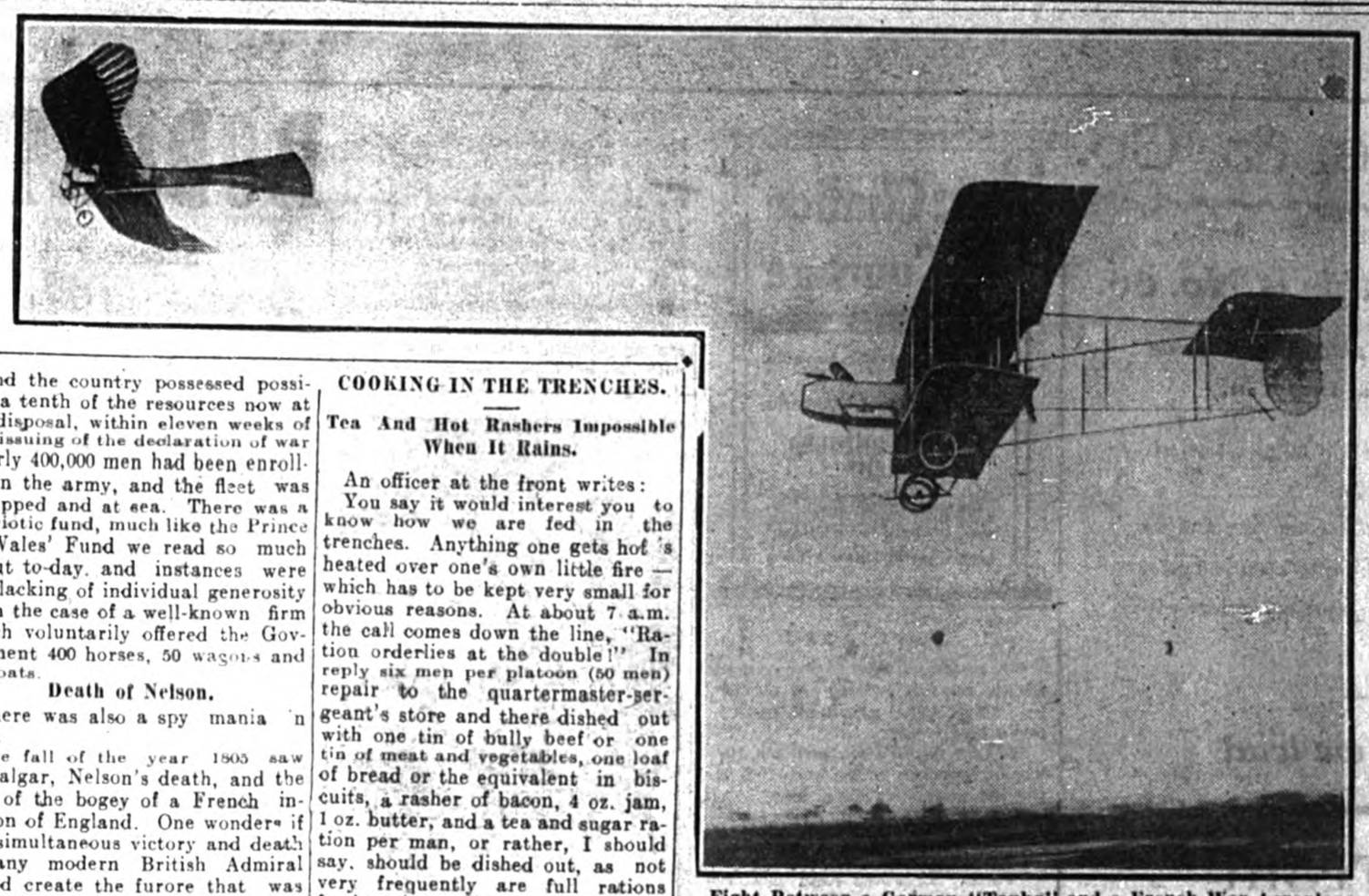
THE GREAT BRITISH NAVY.

Consists of Over Five Hundred Ships of All Classes.

In ships, in guns, in personnel the British navy is superior to those of Germany and Austria put together, says Chambers's Journal. Prior to the introduction of the modern dreadnoughts it was not customary to place more than four of the biggest guns in any one ship, and, in addition to these, four or five descriptions of smaller guns were carried. The dreadnought was designed to carry ten big guns, and most of the smaller type were eliminated. This became known as the all-big-gun type of vessel, the smaller guns retained being intended to repel vessels making a specialty of torpedo attack. The design was quickly improved upon, and super-dreadnoughts were soon produced. The advantage of the all-big-gun ship, of whatever type, is that it is able to maintain an engagement at far longer range with its principal armament, and do more damage than was possible with the best battleships of the pre-dreadnought era. The naval battles in the war between Russia and Japan were held by experts to have demonstrated that a vessel carrying a greater number of heavy long-range guns is superior to any other type of battleship. The big ships' volleys in that war, and especially in the final naval battle, were largely at distances ranging from 2,000 to 4,000 yards. Britain secured a lead with vessels of the dreadnought type, and by virtue of her vast resources has been able to maintain that lead notwithstanding Germany's frantic efforts to profit by her example, build dreadnoughts and lessen the discrepancy between her fleet, and that of Britain. Germany, however, has no battleships to compare as equals with the ten British and best super-dreadnoughts; each side has three under construction, of which the British trio will probably be ready first.

The secrecy of naval movements is as important to-day as it ever was, perhaps more so. This is surprising to some on account of the many inventions for improving communications, particularly wireless telegraphy. If, however, the public can be prevented absolutely from using wireless, and the invention is retained entirely for State purposes, the authorities can impose that secrecy which is so necessary to the successful development of the campaign. The whereabouts of the British ships are known only to the Admiralty and the King, and their movements are recorded daily. So numerous is the British fleet that out of the 500 odd vessels—including the non-combatants—of which it consists, it is considered to have between 300 and 400 in the North Sea waiting to settle accounts with the German fleet, which has scarcely half that number. These totals include ships of every description — battleships, battle-cruisers, heavy armored cruisers, protected cruisers, light cruisers, scouts, destroyers, torpedo-boats, submarines, mine-sweepers and repair ships.

Virtually, at least half the navy is always in commission; the balance includes the ships in various stages of readiness to be commissioned and the ships under repair. With the exception, perhaps, of the last it is little more than a matter of days, of a week or two at most, to commission and place on a war footing every available ship in the British Navy.



Fight Between a German "Taube" and a French War Aeroplane.
One of the fast-flying German "Taubes," so called because of its resemblance to a dove, is shown in this photo endeavoring to escape from a pursuing French aero which is equipped with a rapid-fire machine-gun. The photo was made just as the gunner aboard the French ship was training the machine-gun on the German "Taube," which was threatening to outdistance him. The action took place above the battlefield of the Arras.

COOKING IN THE TRENCHES.

Tea And Hot Rashers Impossible When It Rains.

An officer at the front writes:

You say it would interest you to know how we are fed in the trenches. Anything one gets hot is heated over one's own little fire—which has to be kept very small for obvious reasons. At about 7 a.m. the call comes down the line, "Ration orderlies at the double!" In reply six men per platoon (50 men) repair to the quartermaster-sergeant's store and there dished out with one tin of bully beef or one tin of meat and vegetables, one loaf of bread or the equivalent in biscuits, a rasher of bacon, 4 oz. jam, 1 oz. butter, and a tea and sugar ration per man, or rather, I should say, should be dished out, as not very frequently are full rations forthcoming. The food is brought up under cover of darkness the night before by wagon to a place about half a mile from the trenches, and from there it is carried by fatigue parties right into the trenches. So you see we aren't very hardly dealt with in re foodstuffs. You can picture yours truly at something to eight every morning crouching over a badly-burning fire to fry a bit of fat and greasy bacon in a dirty mess tin lid; and really, when one finishes up by frying a bit of bread in the gravy it isn't half bad. If only the clay wouldn't get into everything! And it's rather poor fun when it's raised so hard that it's too wet for a fire and so impossible to make tea, let alone cook your fat rasher. The commissariat and Army Service Corps arrangements are a never-ending source of amazement to us all they are so exhaustive.

At night in the trenches we can plainly hear the Germans singing "Der Vaterland" round their trench fires, but on wet days they do not sing. They have started using hand grenades—sounds like a return to the Napoleonic wars—with considerable success. We ourselves haven't "stopped" any, but the battalion on our right had two pitched into them last week. I must tell you of a novel and pleasant experience we all went through the other day—we all (the whole company) had hot baths. Really I think it was one of the best managed concerns I have ever come across. We all marched up to a building that was evidently a derelict laundry. As soon as the men entered the building each was served out with a bundle containing a clean shirt, pants, vest and socks. They filed into a long room, where there were eight enormous vats full of hot water with little hunks of soap ranged all around the edges. The men undressed at one end of the room, throwing all their old underclothing on to a big heap. Their outer clothing was all collected, done up into bundles, and passed up to a room overhead, where it was all gone over with a hot iron. The R.A.M.C. sergeant in charge of washing arrangements then ordered 14 men into each vat, and for 10 minutes the room resounded with sounds of splashings, gruntings, and such cries as "Eh! Bill, you've got your foot in my mouth!" "Lumme, this isn't half fine, this ain't!" As fast as the sergeant thought each 14 sufficiently clean they were ordered out to dress in their clean clothes and their places taken by another 14 of the "unwashed." It's wonderful what an inspiriting effect a good hot bath and clean clothing has on tired men. The sergeant told me he had "put through" 1,000 in two days, and that we should now get a bath roughly once every 10 days, which I think is a wonderful bit of organization.

What Happened.

He came home and found his young wife dissolved in tears. "What do you think has happened!" she cried. "I left the cage open and our canary has flown away." He undertook to give what consolation he might and took the poor distressed lady in his arms. As she nestled against his shoulder a new access of sobs convulsed her. "Ah, George," she murmured in a chocking voice, "now I've only you left."

Putting It Mild.

Two country women, mother and daughter, were visiting a menagerie for the first time. At last they came to the hippopotamus, and stood for several minutes transfixed in silent wonder. Then the mother turned to her daughter and said, slowly and solemnly:

"Goodness me! Ain't he plain!"

THE FARM.

Live Stock Commissioner Says Conserve the Breeding Stock.

Everyone knows that trade conditions and commercial enterprise in the Dominion have suffered a very serious and unexpected upheaval during the past year. To this situation the war has, of course, largely contributed; but other causes, including the general financial depression throughout the country, have been operative for some months past. The agricultural industry has, naturally, been very widely affected by these changing conditions and by the varying situation with respect to demand and supply. The rise in the price of grain, together with the corresponding fillip to grain production, represents, without doubt, the most outstanding feature of the direction which has been given to agricultural activity.

We need, perhaps, above all things else, sane, level judgment in the conduct of our agricultural affairs during the coming year. It is to be expected that grain production will be largely increased. The raw products of the soil are, and will be, in demand at remunerative prices. What then is to be said, what course is to be followed, with respect to the breeding of live stock?

The high price of feed, on the one hand, and relatively low prices for market stock, on the other, have resulted in very heavy marketing throughout Canada, particularly in the Western Provinces, of she stock, suitable for breeding purposes. Perhaps this was inevitable, but will these conditions continue? Feed grain will, without doubt, be high in price, but it must never be overlooked that the country can maintain very large numbers of live stock on the enormous quantity of rough fodder which it can produce. To waste this, for the sake of the grain which can be grown, would, under the present circumstances, be criminal neglect. It is clear, then, that the country should conserve its breeding stock. If grain is to be grown for sale it is recommended that plans should be carefully thought out as to the manner in which the greatest quantity of rough fodder may become available for feeding purposes, and as to the means by which this otherwise waste product, together with the screenings and unsalable grain may be utilized to the best possible advantage. In other words eliminate waste. Do it by feeding live stock.

The present low prices for stock cannot last long. A careful review of the world situation makes it clear that there will be a shortage next year. Europe is becoming seriously depleted in both breeding and feeding stock. The United States, for ten months of the current year, at its leading markets is short 746,045 cattle, 203,000 sheep and 1,894,939 hogs. Canada has, as before stated, heavily liquidated her breeding animals, and, while it may possibly maintain its quota next year of cattle and sheep, it is doubtful if more than seventy-five per cent. of the number of hogs will find their way to market in 1915, as compared with the current year. It is, therefore, a time for live-stock men to stay with their trade. The present tendency is, of course, all the other way. A safe harvest is likely to be reaped by those who have stock for sale next year. Even bankers and business men are of this opinion.

One word of advice is to be given. Avoid marketing so far as it is at all possible to do so during the period of October fifteenth to December fifteenth. This is a time of the year when everybody else has stock for sale. It is a period when packers know that they can fill their cellars with cheap meat. These are the months when the surplus of the whole country finds its way to the packing centres. It is invariably the period of low prices, uncertain markets and disappointing returns to the producers. Breed, therefore, to have your stock available for sale at some other time of the year. Take care to provide sufficient winter feed that you may not be forced to sell when the cold weather comes. Above all, conserve your breeding stock.

THE DAY.

BY HENRY CHAPPELL, Bath, England.

(Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath, is known to his comrades as the "Bath Railway Poet." A poem such as this lifts him to the rank of a national poet.)

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come,
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen,
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;
Watch how the Day will go,
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime)
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the Day;
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And Him you have mocked for many a day—
Listen and hear what He has to say:
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay,"
What can you say to God?

Prince Would Be Private.

It is reported that the British War Office has received from his highness Aga Khan, an application to be allowed to serve as a private in the Indian contingent for the front. His highness is the head of the Khoja Mohammedans and holds sway over 50,000,000 of the inhabitants of India. His highness is about thirty years of age.

And He Did.

Hibbs—The shrapnel, I understand, is named after General Shrapnel.

Dibbs—That so? No doubt his parents believed their boy would make a noise in the world.

And many a man could earn $2 with half the energy he wastes in trying to borrow one.

"Why, Pat, did you enlist into the 34th Regiment?" "Och, shure, to be near my brother, who's in the 33rd."

"Was it your craving for drink that brought you here?" asked the sympathetical visitor at the jail. "Great Scott, ma'am! Do I look so stupid as to mistake this place for a saloon?"

EGYPT'S ARMY COMMANDER

WINGATE WAS TRAINED BY SIR EVELYN WOOD.

Mastered Arabic in Three Months and Knows Much of the Country.

With Egypt as part of the Empire in a sense that it never was before, Britain is fortunate in having at the supreme head of the Egyptian army Sir Francis Wingate, Sirdar of Egypt, who knows, next to Lord Kitchener himself, more about Egypt and Egyptian administration than any other soldier. Sir Francis has spent practically the whole of his life in Egypt. During Lord Wolseley's campaign he was one of the little band of youthful officers who were trained by Sir Evelyn Wood when the latter organized the Egyptian army. Nearly every one of those officers was designed to become famous—Lord Kitchener, Sir Archibald Hunter, and Sir Leslie Rundle being among the group.

Like Lord Kitchener, Sir Francis set to work in the first place to master Arabic. He is, indeed, a wonderful linguist, and has been known to say that there was no language to which he applied himself that he could not master in three months.

Sir Francis has held the position of Sirdar of Egypt longer than any other man, the appointment dating back fifteen years, when he himself was only thirty-eight years of age. He is credited with being the first man to introduce the motor-car to the desert. He uses a tire with an exceptionally broad tread, and has considerably simplified the difficult problem of desert transport.

The stories of Sir Francis' active service would fill a book. He has been mentioned many times in despatches, has received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, holds the D.S.O. and has a chest full of medals and decorations.

He is an excellent raconteur, and is rather fond of telling a story of a certain young attache of the British Embassy at Petrograd. During a dinner at the palace, at which the Czar was present, this official had the misfortune to upset his glass of wine over the table-cloth. "Do they do that in England?" asked the Czar, with a smile. "Sometimes, sire," replied the attache; "but in England nobody makes any comment upon it."

It was a curious coincidence that Sir Francis' only daughter was born on the day when he defeated and rid the Sudan of the Khalifa of Um Debrikat, in 1899. So auspicious a "double event" was honored in quite a regal way, for Queen Victoria expressed a gracious desire that the infant should be her godchild. Thus it came about that Miss Wingate received the name of Victoria.

"WHAT'S THE NAVY DOING?"

This Question Is Often Asked By the Papers.

The query, so often asked in the papers, "What is the Navy doing?" is begining to make the navy people angry. One officer has answered in the following manner:—

"It is aggravating to hear the unthinking person imply that we are doing nothing. Herr Ballin, manager of the Hamburg-American Line, says we are lurking in our harbors. Let me say that from the first of August to the middle of November my ship has sailed 17,000 miles, and we have never been very far from the grand fleet. We are playing our own game, not the Germans'. The unthinking ask why we do not go in and attack Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, Cuxhaven and Heligoland. Not Much. We have our own plans, and the Germans are certainly not going to lure our splendid fleet into their mine-infested areas and under their fortresses, with the added danger of submarines.

"We are not out to fight fortresses. We are after their ships. Guns are put into ships so that they can be moved about, and the Germans are not increasing their efficiency by remaining under the protection of their forts. We are adding to our efficiency every day, taking every opportunity for the practice of gunnery, the use of torpedoes, and also battle tactics, practising under every condition of weather. As things stand, the seas are clear for British trade. Let those who say we are doing nothing imagine what would happen if we were really doing nothing. What would become of our islands in that event.

"Our time will come to get into the limelight. Meantime, we are content to watch and wait."

Pat—Bridget is gone, poor soul. Faith, an' she was a good woman; she always hit me wid the soft end of the mop.

"Carrie doesn't seem to think so much of Jack as she used to." "Why, she is all the time talking about him." "That's it; she is talking, not thinking."

A father told his daughter that if she learned to cook he would give her a surprise. She learned the art, and he surprised her by discharging the cook.

G. L. Meikle & Co.

HELLO! Yes, this is No. 66.

Certainly we will be pleased to receive your order. just ring it in.

We are well stocked always with the nicest assortment that you can possibly wish for.

There is lots of cold weather to come yet, and we are well prepared for it. Everything to keep you good and snug will be found right here, and our prices will meet your pocket.

In Groceries, we lead

White Front

G. L. MEIKLE & CO.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

FOOTWEAR

—OF—

Extra Special in Men's Felt Boots

—OF—

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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Terms to suit Purchasers.

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Made-in-Canada Slogans

When we purchase goods "Made-in-Canada" Canadians get the goods.	When we purchase foreign made goods Canadians get only the goods.
Canadians keep the money in circulation.	Canadians do not get the money for circulation.
Canadian labor is employed.	Foreigners get the Money.
And Canadians are not called upon to support the families of the unemployed.	And foreign labor is employed while Canadian workmen are idle.

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 XXIII.

"By your own hand, out of your own mouth, you dog," thundered old Kirkby. "Miss Enid, where are them letters I give you?"

"I—I—" faltered the girl, but there was no escape from the keen glance of the old man; her hand went to the bosom of her tunic.

"Letters," exclaimed Armstrong. "What letters?"

"These," answered Enid Maitland, holding up the packet.

Armstrong reached for them, but Kirkby again interposed.

"No, you don't," he said dryly. "Them ain't for your eyes yet. Mr. Newbold, I found them letters on the little shelf where your wife first struck when she fell over onto the butte where she died. I figured out her dress was tore open there, and them letters she was carrying fell out and lodged there. We had ropes an' we went down over the rocks that way. I went first an' I picked 'em up. I never told nobody about it, an' I never showed 'em to a single human bein' until I give 'em to Miss Maitland at the camp."

"Why not?" asked Newbold, taking the letters.

"There wasn't no good tellin' nobody then, jest fer the sake o' stirrin' up trouble."

"But why did you give them to her at last?"

"Because I was afeered she might fall in love with Armstrong. I supposed she'd know his writin', but w'en she didn't I just let her keep 'em anyway. I knowed it'd all come out somehow; there is a God above us in spite of all the damned scoundrels on earth like this 'un."

"Are these letters addressed to my dead wife?" asked Newbold.

"They are," answered Enid Maitland. "Look and see."

Sank His Fingers Around the Other's Throat.

"And did Mr. Armstrong write them?"

"He'll deny it, I suppose," answered Kirkby.

"But I am familiar with his hand writing," said Maitland.

Taking the still unopened packet from Newbold, he opened it, examined one of the letters and handed them all back.

"There is no doubt about it," he said. "It's Armstrong's hand, I'd swear to it."

"Oh, I'll acknowledge them," said Armstrong, seeing the absolute futility of further denial. He had forgotten all about the letters. He had not dreamed they were in existence. "You've got me beat between you; the cards are stacked against me. I've done my damndest"—and indeed that was true.

Well, he had played a great game, battling for a high stake he had stuck at nothing. A[illegible] which some good had [illegible] now at an end. He had lost utterly would he show himself a good loser?

"Mr. Armstrong," said Newbold quietly, extending his hand, "here are your letters."

"What do you mean?"

"I am not in the habit of reading letters addressed to other people without permission, and when the recipient of them is dead long since, I am doubly bound."

"You're a damned fool," cried Armstrong contemptuously.

"That kind of a charge from you kind of a man is perhaps the highest complaint you could pay me. I don't know whether I shall ever get rid of the doubt you have tried to lodge in my soul about my dead wife, but—"

"There ain't no doubt about it," protested old Kirkby earnestly. "I've read them letters a hundred times over, havin' no scruples whatsoever, an' in every one of 'em he was beggin' an' pleadin' with her to go away with him an' fightin' her refusal to do it. I guess I've got to admit that she

It Was the Woman Who Broke the Silence.

didn't love you none, Newbold, an' she did love this here wuthless Armstrong, but for the sake of her reputation, I'll prove to you all from them letters of hisn, from his own words, that there didn't live a cleaner hearted, more virtuous upright feemale than that there wife of yourn, even if she didn't love you. It's God's truth an' you kin take it from me."

"Mr. Armstrong," cried Enid Maitland, interposing at this juncture. "Not very long ago I told you I liked you better than any man I had ever seen. I thought perhaps I might have loved you, and that was true. You have played the coward's part and the liar's part in this room—"

"Did I fight him like a coward?" asked Armstrong.

"No," answered Newbold for her, remembering the struggle; "you fought like a man."

Singular perversion of language and thought there! If two struggled like wild beasts that was fighting like men!

"But let that pass," continued the woman. "I don't deny your physical courage, but I am going to appeal to another kind of a courage which I believe you possess. You have showed your evil side here in this room, but I don't believe that's the only side you have, else I couldn't have liked you in the past. You have made a charge against two women; one dead and one living. It makes little difference what you say about me. I need no defense and no justification in the eyes of those here who love me, and for the rest of the world I don't care. But you have slain this man's confidence in a woman he once loved, and who he thought loved him. As you are a man, tell him that it was a lie and that she was innocent of anything else although she did love you."

What a singular situation, an observer who knew all might have reflected! Here was Enid Maitland pleading for the good name of the woman who had married the man she now loved, and whom by rights she should have jealously hated.

"You ask me more than I can——" faltered Armstrong yet greatly moved by this touching appeal to his better self.

"Let him speak no word," protested Newbold quickly. "I wouldn't believe him on his oath."

"Steady now, steady," interposed Kirkby with his frontier instinct for fair play, "the man's down, Newbold, don't hit him now."

"Give him a chance," added Maitland earnestly.

"You would not believe me, eh?" laughed Armstrong horribly, "well then this is what I say, whether it is true or a lie you can be the judge."

What was he about to say? They all recognized instinctively that his forthcoming deliverance would be a final one. Would good or evil dominate him now? Enid Maitland had made her plea and it had been a powerful one; the man did truly love the woman who urged him; there was nothing left for him but a chance that she should think better of him than he merited; he had come to the end of his resources. And Enid Maitland spoke again as he hesitated.

"O, think, think before you speak," she cried.

(To be continued)

When choosing new wallpaper for a room remember that large patterns and dark colors will make the room appear smaller, while a plain or striped paper, if a light color, will make the room appear much larger than it is.

SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

Morrison: I bet the man who ran his motor-car over Snodgrass is sorry.

Harrison: Why do you think so?

Morrison: Snodgrass was wearing a scarfpin that punctured the fellow's tyre.

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, FEBRUARY 12, 1915. — NO.

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

The many friends of Mr. J R. McOuat will be sorry to hear of his serious illness.

The usual good time is to be looked for at the Presbyterian Church Tea-meeting on Thursday Feb. 25th. Remember the date and come to enjoy yourselves. Children's night Friday Feb. 26th.

HOCKEY

The "Antlers" Hockey Team, of Montreal paid their annual visit to Lachute last Saturday as guests of Mrs. R. McArthur. Last year it will be remembered, they succeeded in trimming the local team, but Saturdays match proved somewhat of a disappointment as Lachute made an even score of 7 goals in each of the 20 minute periods while the visitors only succeeded in raising four goals to their credit, the score standing at 21 to 4. The game was efficiently handled by Wilbur Fraser.

The following are the names of the visitors,—G. Ford, E Ellis, W. Page, F Willoughby, R. Kennedy, S. Walker, W. Bayne, A. Johnston, H Lavers, P Shaver, H McGowan, C. Fletcher.

Before returning home Mrs. R. McArthur was presented by the boys with a beautiful cut-glass water set in recognition of her kindness.

DALESVILLE

Miss Bertha Tomalty is visiting friends in Brownsburg.

Miss Mamie McArthur, of Brownsburg spent the week-end with friends here.

Mr. Wm. R. Campbell spent a few days visiting friends in Mabel and Lachute last week.

Pastor W. G. White, will speak at Dalesville Sunday Feb. 14th at 11 a m. and at Mabel 3 p.m.

The Dalesville Tea-meeting will take place on Feb. 19th instead of the 24th as previously announced.

Mr. and Mrs. David Jones and Master Herbert MacArthur, of Brownsburg, visited Mrs. R. S. MacArthur on Sunday last.

Private Willie White of the 24th Battalion Victoria Rifles visited his grandparents, Rev. W. G. and Mrs. White, last week.

Mrs. A. J. Campbell entertained a number of friends on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. John and Mr. Wm E. Campbell. Those from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Campbell, Miss E. Drysdale, Messrs. J. D. and S. S Campbell, of Lachute, and Mr. and Mrs. D A. McOuat, of Brownsburg. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

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

Mr Ross Todd, of Kazubazua was in town for the week-end.

Messrs Dr. Geo Clunie, W. G. Rodgers, J. D. Campbell, and Jno. Dixon were in Montreal this week attending the Masonic Grand Lodge.

Mr. Ernest Lafleur is drawing material on his property on Grace Street, where he will erect a nice brick residence like that of his brother Louis.

The Brownsburg Presbyterian Church purpose holding their annual tea-meeting on Thursday, March 11 th, 1915. Please keep the date open.

The Ladies of St. Mungos Church met at the Manse on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 10th and decided (D V) to hold their annual tea-meetings on Thursday and Friday, March 4 and 5. Usual price of admission which is 40 cents will be charged. 2-26

It is expected that the contract for the erection of a new Catholic College for Boys will be awarded to-night. Messrs. Lafleur and Charlebois we understand are the only ones tendering. The building is to be a brick structure of three stories 50x50 and will be erected on the property on Grace Street, purchased from Mr. Lemuel Barron last summer.

Pictures Of The War!

Albert Hall! Special performances of the European War. Four reels of War Pictures shewn on Feb. 16 and 17. These are some of the points you want to remember. What! Where! When!

Now Mr. Bishop has procured four sets of reels of the only war pictures taken on the battle ground. They were taken on Belgian soil and endorsed by the Belgian Government. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb 16 and 17, there will be two performances each night at 7 and 8.30. Admission 25 cents, Children 15cts. 2-12

Boy Scout Presentation.

On Tuesday evening last a very pleasing event took place at the weekly meeting of the Boy Scouts, where a few citizens had gathered for the occasion. It will be remembered that on June 12th last, Young Keith Douglas, who was bathing in the North River, got out too far, and would soon have drowned had it not been for the presence of mind and quick action of Scout John Hope, who with no thought of danger to himself, jumped in and rescued his friend.

Although quite unconcerned by his act, it was brought before the Boy Scout's Court, and John was one of the luckey pair to receive a silver Cross Medal, as a slight acknowledgement of his bravery

After a few pleasing remarks by Principal McBurney, he called upon the New Mayor, Mr. Geo Calder, to make the presentation congratulating him on having such a notable act to perform, as his first public duty.

Mr. Calder, then spoke of the efficient work done by "Scout Master" Hogg and his boys, and said that although we as a body of citizens were not very demonstrative in our thanks, we highly appreciated what he was doing for our town and the young boys.

Exercises were then proceeded with and some fine exhibition of calasthenics, boxing, signalling and ambulance work given showing those present what useful and efficient work is being accomplished throughout the world by the Boy Scouts.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Lorne McCoy, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town.

Mr. Theo. Jousse spent the week-end with friends in Montreal.

Mr. R. Somerville of Montreal spent the week-end with friends in town.

Mrs. Eugene Jousse and son are visiting her mother in Cornwall, Ont. this week.

Mr. Douglas Todd, of Macdonald College, spent Sunday last with friends in town.

Miss Nina Robinson, of St. Amedée, was the guest of her sister Ruby for the week-end.

Mrs. J. W. Gall spent the week-end in Brownsburg the guest of her sister Mrs. E. McOuat.

Mr. Norman Beers, of Merritton, Ont. is home on a week's visit to his parents Mr and Mrs. Alex. Beers.

Mr. Robt. Cruise, M. P. of Dauphin, Man., spent the week-end with his brother Mr. Jno. Cruise.

Miss Winnifred Banford, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Banford.

Miss Eva Bradford, of Howick, Que., spent the week-end the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bradford.

The Brownsburg Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church will hold their Annual Tea Meeting on Thursday, March 4th. 2-12

Rev Mr. Lackey, accompanied by his son Osburne, is in Montreal this week attending a meeting of the Anglican Synod.

Mrs. Lamb and son, of Buckingham, also Miss Nora Christie, of Macdonald College were week-end guests of Mrs. G. H. Christie.

The Misses Margaret Hay, of St. Lambert's, also Cameron and Elenor, of McGill, spent the week-end with their parents Mr. and Mrs Geo. Hay.

Talk about a newspaper having a public duty to perform, and an editor having to labor for his principles, is cheaper when others stand back and extending a lukewarm neutrality with one hand, are feeling their pocket with the other hand as a result of the editor's labor for his principles, which they admire but do not support.

The many friends of Mr. Herb. Periard will be sorry to learn that his Gent's Furnishing Store in Vancouver was recently gutted by fire. Everything was closed up in good order late Saturday night, and it is thought that the fire was caused by the short circuiting of the wires of the window lights. Damage is estimated at some $17 000 covered by about $12.000 insurance.

Midnight prowlers are becoming pretty bold when they enter a stable and take out a mans horse and cutter in order to purloin fowl and goodness only knows what else. This was the experience of Mr. A. D. McGibbon whose horse and sleigh were found in the saw-mill yard, having been driven in and left to stand in the cold. A plentiful supply of feathers demonstrated the purpose for which it was taken.

Mrs. Silas Carpenter Sr. spent a short visit in town last week, en route for her home in Banff. She was joined at the station by her husband Mr. Silas H. who has been in charge of the work of registering Alien Enemies in Montreal, and whose work is now practically completed. About 10,000 Austrians and Germans have been registered. Mr. Carpenter will resume his duties as commissioner of Dominion Police and Inspector of Parks at Banff.

The many friends of our respected townsman Mr. Henry Hampton received considerable of a surprise when on Saturday last he was informed by order that he was to serve as sectionman under Mr. R. Paquette, of St. Hermas. After 36 years of faithful service, 30 of which had been spent as section foreman, Mr. Hampton naturally felt that an injustice was being done him, and like a wise man he went to headquarters in Montreal where an interview with the superintendent Mr. McNeilly made everything alright.

Will you help?

We are endeavoring to make the "WATCHMAN" bright and newsy, but this can only be done by the assistance of its readers in imparting information of the doings around you. We would be glad to have correspondents in St. Andrews and Brownsburg. A country weekly is unable to pay any munificent salary for the services thus rendered, but we trust that the mercenary spirit will be overcome by the spirit of loyalty you have in the community of which you form a part. The paper needs the assistance of its readers and if you would kindly inform us of any items of interest that are taking place, we shall esteem it a great favor.

Miss Eva Heath who has been spending the winter months the guest of her sister Mrs. Jno. Falconer left for her home on Saturday at Mille Roches.

The services in the Lachute Methodist Church for Sunday, Feb. 14th, are as follows: Lachute 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., Ste. Canute 3 p.m., East Settlement 3 p m, Brownsburg 7.30 p.m.

The young people of Upper Lachute have, through Miss Cunningham, handed in to Mr. J. R. Parris, treasurer of the Patriotic Fund, the sum of $22.00 being the proceeds of their recent entertaiment

Mr. V. B. Durling, the demonstrator from McDonald College has arrived in town and will open up his office above Creswell's store on Main Street, where his services will be gratuitously given to the farming community.

Talking is one of the strongest indications of life. Let our readers be governed accordingly and notice the firms who talk through our columns. They are alive and full of business and it will profit you to trade with them every time.

The Young People of the Epworth League will give a Valentine Social, on Monday, Feb. 15th, in the Sunday School Hall. You are invited to come and spend a Social hour with them.

Admission 10 cents. Home-made Candy will be sold. 2-12

Lachute Presbyterian Church Next Sunday (Feb. 14 1915,) the services in this Church will have special reference to the completion of 100 years of Peace between Great Britain and the United States, and prayer will be offered that present happy relations may be continued in all the days to come.

At the meeting of the Circuit Court, on Monday last, Judge Robidoux presided, and adjourned the term until the 22nd of February. Judgement was rendered for the Plaintiff in the cases of Lachute Land vs Laflamme, and Lachute Land vs W. G. Gilmour. Probate was granted of the will of the late Samuel Boyd, of Grenville.

Ladies' dresses in wool serges various colours. To clear at $5.00.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. Hampton has a three months leave during which time he intends taking a trip out to the Coast with his daughter Ruby.

Four Were Sentenced.

COINCIDENCES IN CRIMINAL CASES AT STE. SCHOLASTIQUE.

Four men were sentenced to terms of three years each in the Criminal Court last week by Justice Robidoux. Two separate cases were involved, one originating at Lachute and the other at Grenville, but in each the convictions were made and the sentences imposed under article 273 of the Criminal Code, while other coincidences were that in each case two brothers were the accused, and their offences arose out of the revival of old quarrels.

Gideon and Treffle Bourdon were convicted of having assaulted John Farmer, of Lachute, on September 5th last. Both had previously been under bonds to keep the peace against Farmer, but had made threats to do him harm as soon as the term of the bonds expired. On the date named, the two started a drunken disturbance in front of Farmer's house, and when he appeared they attacked him viciously, breaking his jaw, knocking out four teeth, and inflicting other injuries. Farmer spent two months in bed as a result, and has not been able to work since.

In the other case, the victim was Edward Boyd and the offence occurred on May 24th of last year. Boyd was driving home from Grenville with two brothers named Carriere when Timothee and Adelard Ranger and two other Ranger brothers met them and renewed a quarrel arising out of a beating which the Carrieres had inflicted upon the father of the Rangers. Timothee aimed a blow at one of the Carrieres, but it struck Boyd instead, inflicting a painful wound. The four Ranger brothers were charged with assault, but only Timothee and Adelard were arrested, the other two having disappeared. Although the actual assailant was Timothee, the judge held that Adelard was equally guilty, and the same sentence was imposed upon each brother.

1915

The New Year is well launched. There is no reason why business and trade of every kind should not be as good or even better than usual for Lachute and vicinity. The farmers are getting and will continue to get, long prices for all they have to sell. The factories are running well, some of them on double shifts and wages continue very fair.

We are carrying large stocks in every line and ask for our usual share of the business going. Prices are in the main as low or in some cases lower than usual. A very few things have advanced. The new war tariff may advance a few things, but in the main it will not likely affect the consumer greatly.

Inviting your continued trade, we are,

Yours Sincerely,

W. Banford & Son,

Main Street, Lachute

BARGAINS!

20 Per Cent. Reduction

— ON ALL OUR —

Footwear Line

FROM NOW UNTIL THE END OF FEBRUARY

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET - - LACHUTE, P. Q.

ATTENTION!

That is the word of command in Military Circles just now, but we wish to draw your attention not AUTHORATATIVELY, but PERSUASIVELY to the quality of goods that may be found in our Store, which is replete with the Best that Money can Buy. All our Departments offer you splendid values. Come and see for yourself.

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 GREATEST WAR ARENA

BELGIUM'S PLAINS ARE RED WITH BLOOD.

Nearly Every Great Commander Has Fought on Her Soil.

As far back as history reads Belgium has been the battling-ground of the races. Before the dawn of authentic history the legends of that land tell of battling between the tribes of antiquity. Quaternary man, too, probably battled there for the supremacy. There is no doubt but the Celtic peoples coming into Western Europe fought on the plains of Belgium with those who preceded them.

The first battle of the Aisne was fought 1,000 years ago. The Aisne river is a short distance south of the present boundary of Belgium, but it formed the original southern boundary, and it was across the Aisne that Julius Caesar had to cross to subdue the Belgians.

In writing about the battles with them Caesar said: "The bravest of the Gauls are the Belgians." Only after a terrific fight was Caesar able to conquer these fierce people. Caesar's main reason for fighting the Belgians was to get at the Germans. Running south from the Swiss Alps is a long range of mountains and hills extending into the plains of Belgium. These hills are fine places for defending armies to entrench themselves. Only by passing to the north of the hills can an invading army meet the defenders on equal terms.

These natural obstructions have made little Belgium, with its 11,373 square miles, the fighting ground of the ages.

Densely Populated.

In spite of the frequent invasions Belgium is the most densely populated country in the world. Its population is almost 8,000,000 people. Crowded in such a small space the people, naturally, cannot make a living from the land. The living is made chiefly in manufacture and trade with other countries.

In the earlier days Belgium was overrun by the migrating Teutonic tribes. The Vandals, Franks and other tribes of German peoples forcing their way into Western Europe, fought on the plains of Belgium for a passage. They usually crossed the land. The Vikings descended from Denmark, Norway and Sweden and for several hundred years ravaged the coasts. They crossed Belgium to get at the people farther inland. In all that time Belgium was known by various names and owed allegiance to various kings. It has been united with the Netherlands. It has been part of France. The Austrian and Spanish kings ruled over it. It was part of Caesar's empire and a part of the Holy Roman empire. For a time its princes paid fealty to the Danes but throughout all its history the Belgian people maintained their individuality in customs and language. Above all else they have maintained their reputation for bravery and love of freedom. Many of the cities of the land have been sacked repeatedly.

Take, for instance, the city of Maastricht. In the 500 years between the year 900 and 1,400 it was besieged, taken and plundered six times. In the war with Spain, which lasted fifteen years, it was taken by the Spaniards, the Prince of Orange, Prince Maurice, Frederick Henry and sacked every time. It was besieged four times in the wars between Louis XIV. and William III., and in the Napoleonic wars. Again it was taken during the revolution of 1830.

Maastricht's Many Sieges.

That makes fifteen sieges and captures for Maastricht. The worst siege probably was in 1579, when it was captured after a siege lasting 3½ months. The captors pillaged the city and butchered the inhabitants. Only 400 persons survived of a city of 34,000 population.

Brussels also has a career of destruction. The destruction caused by the movement of German troops is not nearly as serious as the destruction caused by the movement of other troops. Brussels was besieged in 1695 by the French. In 1706 it surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough. Forty years later the French besieged it.

It has been said that no great general in the history of the world, with the exception of Hannibal and Alexander the Great, missed fighting a battle on Belgian soil. Napoleon fought the final battle there. That was the greatest battle ever fought on Belgian soil unless some battles of this present war have exceeded it. The numbers then were small compared with the numbers engaged in the present conflict, but the Battle of Waterloo was of more significance because it ruined Napoleon and forever settled his career as the chief ruler of Europe. Napoleon's army in that battle numbered 122,400 men, Wellington's army numbered 105,900 men. Wellington's army consisted of Englishmen, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Nassauers, Germans and Dutch. Blucher had 116,897 Prussians. Although outnumbered almost two to one, Napoleon entered the fight with confidence. He attacked Blucher at Ligny and forced him to fall back.

The streets of Ligny were filled with dead and dying. Blucher reformed near Waterloo and Wellington came up to bear the brunt of the conflict. Napoleon's method of fighting was to divide an army and defeat the divisions in detail.

Blucher's Masterly Retreat

saved his army from annihilation. Napoleon was unable to follow up his pursuit of Blucher because Wellington was advancing and threatened his flank. He had to fight Wellington first. If he could have defeated Wellington on that memorable day 100 years ago next June 18th, he could then have turned his full force on Blucher. Wellington had the advantage of receiving Napoleon's attack. He did not have to win a victory in a hurry. Delay was in his favor because it would give time for Blucher to reform and come up. Napoleon had to win a decisive victory quickly. Hurling his force against Wellington he pushed the fight, but Blucher came to the rescue. The tide turned against Napoleon and he fled to Paris, leaving his dead and wounded on the field to be cared for by the hospitable Belgians.

That Belgium and Holland are separate countries is due probably to the fact that Spain once forced her rulership over the land. The countries are very closely related and there are no natural boundaries between them.

The Netherlands, of which Belgium was a part, permitted the Spanish to rule over them until Philip II. became king of Spain. The people of Antwerp, Amsterdam and other seaports objected to his interference with trade. They were even then a great commercial people. War broke out. Holland, now called the Netherlands, was more successful in resisting the Duke of Alva, Spain's chief general. William of Orange cut the dykes and flooded the Duke of Alva out of the lowlands, but the Spanish were more successful in the highlands. Although the Belgian part of the Netherlands gained its freedom, it took longer. In the meantime, the people living under the Spanish influence became Catholic in religion, while the Hollanders were for the most part Protestants. In these days Protestants and Catholics can live in harmony together, but 100 years ago the thing was impossible.

Demanded Independence.

Napoleon annexed Belgium to France. It remained a part of France until Napoleon's downfall, when the kings of Europe united it with Holland. The Belgians were restive under Dutch rule. Differences in religion were the chief cause of dissention. In 1830, when Europe suffered from rebellion after rebellion, the Belgians also demanded independence.

Placards with red letters were secretly posted one night on the street corners of Brussels defining the following programme: "Monday, fireworks; Tuesday, illuminations; Wednesday, revolution." The revolution came to pass as scheduled. The biggest fight of that war was in Brussels itself. The Belgians were led by a wooden-legged general from Liege. His name was Charlier. He is one of the national heroes of Belgium. Charlier had the women make dummies of straw. These dummies were shoved upon the breastworks and the Dutch would open fire. The dummies would fall behind the breastworks to be shoved up again. The Dutch wasted their ammunition and at the decisive time the Belgians rushed to the attack.

Four days the Belgians and Dutch fought in the streets. The streets were filled with the dead and wounded before the Dutch were finally driven out. Belgium named her own king, and since that time has been exceedingly jealous of her independence. Belgium has been at peace with the world, except with a few small uprisings, until the present war.

By industry and skill the Belgians have built up

A Country of Great Wealth.

They are a manufacturing people and their factories turn out products for sale in all lands. What farming is done is done intensively. The farmers have only a few acres and these acres are made to yield abundantly. Fertilization is carried on with the greatest care. Belgium owns the most fertile lands in Africa. The Congo State pays tribute to Belgium.

Under the reign of Leopold the Congo was cruelly governed. It was exploited for Leopold's private gain. The stories of his cruelty in the Congo astounded the world. Since his death the Congo has been governed with much more consideration.

The greatest horrors of this present war in Belgium are due more to the shutdown of the factories than the horrors of war itself. While many cities have been damaged, and while many cities have been forced to pay tribute to the Germans, yet lack of employment is at the bottom of the greatest distress.

With the factories and shipyards idle the commerce Belgium had with the world is at a standstill. Because their agricultural lands are small and the German soldiers have eaten their food the people are starving. The atrocities against the Belgians by German soldiers have been exaggerated, but the suffering because of lack of employment that has not been exaggerated one bit.

Belgian refugees have thronged Holland, France and England. Yet there are more men left in Belgium who cannot get away.

ADMIRAL JELLICOE'S MEDAL.

Incident in the Life of the Great Commander.

Sir John Jellicoe, who leaped into fame when at the beginning of the war he was given supreme command of the English fleets in the North Sea, entered the navy in 1872, when he was thirteen years of age. Ten years later, he carried off the £80 prize for gunnery at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. Shortly after that feat, which is the more noteworthy because he has been instrumental in improving the marksmanship of the fleet by nearly thirty per cent., he was appointed a junior staff officer of a vessel under command of Captain—now Lord—Fisher; and in 1886, when serving in the Monarch, he was awarded the Board of Trade silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea. The story is told in Tit-Bits:

The incident occurred near Gibraltar. The crew of a steamer had been stranded on a sand-bank, and the seas were running so furiously that it looked as if the shipwrecked mariners might be washed away at any moment. Young Jellicoe, despite the imminent peril, volunteered to man a gig and set out over the raging waters to see if he could effect a rescue.

But the storm was too great. The boat could not live in the seething sea, and soon capsized. Fortunately, the crew were all provided with cork jackets, and, buoyed up by these, they managed to keep alive until they were washed ashore. That is how Jellicoe won his silver medal. Its loss was no less exciting.

In June, 1891, he was promoted commander, and appointed to the Victoria, flagship of Sir George Tryon, in the Mediterranean, and he was in that ship when she sank off Tripoli, having been rammed by the Camperdown.

When the fatal manoeuvre took place, he was on the sick list, owing to an attack of Malta fever, and his first intimation of the catastrophe came when he felt the ships come into collision. The Victoria at once took a decided list.

He leaped out of his berth and hurried on deck in his pajamas. Here he met two junior officers, who were hastening below in order to secure some of their belongings. But with half an eye Jellicoe saw that such a course might prove fatal for them.

"Come to the upper deck with me," he advised; and the officers, realizing that they were beside a man who knew how to keep his head, instantly obeyed.

Only just in time however. A few moments later the Victoria began to heel over, and all three were pitched into the sea. One of the two was killed by the propeller, but the other, although injured in his fall, was picked up with Commander Jellicoe.

Twenty-one officers and nearly 350 men in all were drowned in that collision.

When the Victoria went down, "J. J.'s" Board of Trade silver medal went down with it; and, unlike its recipient, it did not come up again. As soon as possible he notified the Board of Trade of his loss, and asked them if he could have another medal to replace the one he had lost; to which request the Board politely replied that he could certainly have another—if he cared to pay for it!

Battles of the 19th Century.

During the nineteenth century 566 battles were fought. This is excluding all the smaller engagements, which, if reckoned along with the rest, bring the total up to 8,102—that is, 81 battles per year, or a fraction over one and a half every week during the full hundred years. British battle-grounds were spread over the following nineteen countries:—France, India, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Egypt, America, Ashanti, Soudan, Afghanistan, China, New Zealand, Zululand, Persia, Abyssinia, Burmah, Mashonaland, Corea and the Transvaal.

After marrying in haste many a poor man has to hustle during his leisure.

"Do you think married people are happy, Uncle Jake?" "Dat ar' 'pends altogether how dey enjoy themselves."

Fond Mother—Do you detect any signs of genius, professor? The Professor—Madam, I am not a detective.

LORD ALVERSTONE.

Former Chief Justice of England Loves a Good Story.

To his never-failing kindness, geniality and consideration for others, as much as to the great legal knowledge which placed him on the pinnacle of his profession, Lord Alverstone, the former Lord Chief Justice of England, owes that affectionate admiration with which he is regarded by everyone with whom he has come into contact, and by those who have followed his career, which, in many ways, has been unique.

Many a young barrister, struggling to gain a footing has had cause to bless the name of "Dick" Webster, and many a legal gathering has chuckled with delight over the stories he has related. For Lord Alverstone loves a good story, and tells it with all the more zest when it is against himself.

A short time ago, when speaking of the portrait of himself painted by the Hon. John Collier, his Lordship remarked that the pleasure of being painted by such a distinguished artist was not without its alloy. "The other day, he continued,' "a friend of mine, looking at this portrait, said: 'Do you think you would like to be as wise as Collier has made you look?' 'I should,' I replied. 'Well, you can't,' said the friend."

The Spinster's Rebuke.

There is another stody, too, which Lord Alverstone tells against himself, apropos of his fondness for singing. On one occasion when, as Sir Richard Webster, he addressed a political meeting, he concluded by singing to the audience. His solo, a sacred one, was heard with even more attention than his speech. At the close a gaunt spinster arose at the back of the audience and said: "With your face and your voice, Sir Richard, you ought to be preaching the Gospel truth to the poor heathens instead of telling honest folk to be political."

As late as 1913 Lord Alverstone tells us, in his "Recollections of Bar and Bench," he was a member of the Kensington Parish Church choir, which he first joined 40 years

Lord Alverstone.

ago, and he is still a member of the Abbey Glee Club, which first knew him in 1867. And in Lord Alverstone's opinion the part-singing given at the meetings of the Abbey Glee Club, held on the second Tuesday of every month during ten months of the year, is quite the best that can be heard in London.

In his college days—half a century ago—he came out as a long-distance runner at Cambridge, and won the mile and two miles against Oxford in 1865. Lord Alverstone confesses that he did not work very well in those days, being more devoted to sport than to study, and racquets, sculling, running and cricket found in him an ardent devotee. It is to Lord Alverstone and his friends, Percy M. Thornton and the late C. B. Lawes, that the 'Varsity of Cambridge owes its Athletic Club of to-day, which, up to 1863, had not been organized in any way.

Is an Early Riser.

Thorough in his profssion as well as in sport, there is no doubt that Lord Alverstone owes much of his success to his indefatigableness and custom of rising early. He has always been a firm believer in the maxim that an hour in the morning is worth four of five at night, and he thinks a barrister can best do his preparatory work before breakfast.

Lord Alverstone pays a tribute to the genius, wit and humor of Sir Frank Lockwood, "one of my most intimate friends." A new story concerns an occasion when the respondent in a certain divorce case was charged with cruelty to his wife, who alleged that he had thrown a heavily-bound book at her, which had cut her head open. Sir Henry James, to whom Sir Frank was acting as junior at the time, asked the respondent what explanation he could give of the incident. "Well, Sir Henry," he replied, "all that I can say is that we had a few words, and I was turning over the leaves of a book, when it flew out of my hand."

Frank Lockwood interposed quietly, "From a circulating library, I suppose?"

Many stories have been told about barristers' clerks, but the following is one which Lord Alverstone does not remember to have seen quoted. Lord Herschell, then Mr. Herschell, had a clerk who was a great character. In the year in which Mr. Justice Willies died Herschell came back at the end of the Long Vacation, and asked his clerk what was going on. The clerk said, "Nothing particular." "Well," said Herschell, "but haven't they been asking you anything?" "Oh, yes," he said; "they have asked me whether we're going to take a puisne judgeship." "What did you reply?" said Herschell. "I said, 'Thank God we haven't fallen as low as that!'"

HISTORIC NANCY.

The City Is Beautifully and Spaciously Planned.

The city of Nancy, which is constantly mentioned in the dispatches from the region along the upper Meuse is one of the most interesting provincial towns of France. It was long the capital of the duchy of Lorraine, which began as a kingdom that stretched from the North Sea to the Alps, and in part, at least, maintained its independence from the days of Charlemagne down almost to the time of the French Revolution.

Belgium and Holland, Luxemburg, Alsace, and parts of Switzerland and Burgundy were originally parts of the Kingdom of Lorraine, or Lotharingia, as it was called in the ninth century when Lothair, the great-grandson of Charlemagne, inherited it. Little by little its territory diminished through the endless wars and dynastic marriages of the Middle Ages. Part of the time it was a member of the Holy Roman Empire; part of the time it was a fief of France; most of the time it was self-governing. Godfrey of Bouillon was one of its dukes. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, tried to add it to his domains, and failed. He fell in battle under the very walls of Nancy. The dukes of Guise, who disputed with the house of Valois the throne of France, were once rulers in Lorraine. Duke Francis of Lorraine married the Empress Maria Theresa,, and his heirs male sit on the throne of Austria-Hungary to-day; but he had to give up Lorraine to Stanislas, ex-king of Poland, as part of the bargain. Stanislas's daughter Maria was the wife of Louis XV., and when Stanislas died in 1766 the duchy became part of France. Half of it, including the stronghold of Metz, Germany took after the War of 1870. The rest, including Nancy, is still French.

Few provincial capitals are so beautifully and spaciously planned as Nancy. The Place Stanislas is a splendid square, worthy of a much greater city, and it communicates through the fine arch of triumph erected in honor of Louis XV. with the Place Carriere, hardly less impressive. There are some fine old churches, especially the Church of the Cordeliers, built by old Duke Rene in 1482 to commemorate his victory over Charles of Burgundy, and the cathedral, which is copied from the church of Santa Andrea della Valle in Rome. There is the ducal palace, too, a handsome building erected in the fifteenth century.

Nancy has seen its share of war. It was besieged again and again during the Middle Ages, and Sedan, Gravelotte and Rezonville, famous fields of the War of 1870, are near by. But it is no longer a fortified town; and since Verdun, a little to the west, is the strategic point of the region, it is likely this year, as in 1870, to bear the brunt of the fighting, while Nancy goes comparatively free.

PLANTING PEARLS.

A Company Is Experimenting in the Indian Ocean.

Many attempts have been made to encourage oysters to produce pearls. The Chinese have done so with a certain degree of success by dropping fragments of nacre into mussel shells. In time, these fragments are covered with pearly matter, and are attractive enough to be in considerable demand.

According to one authority, a company began scientific experiments in the Indian Ocean not many years ago. They put little balls of nacre, weighing from forty to fifty grains, between the shells of a particularly large species of oyster, known as the Australian type. After about ten months, these pellets are covered with a beautiful layer of pearly matter, and look exactly like true pearls. When these pearls come upon the market, they will no doubt have a ready sale.

Some of the experiments made by the company came to nothing, and for a curious reason. The cases in which they kept the oysters were bound with iron wire. The shells became impregnated with this iron, and the color of the pearls was seriously damaged. Since then, nickeled wires are used, and the success of the company's enterprise seems assured.

If ignorance were bliss most of us would be so happy we should choke.

An Irish editor says he sees no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

A "BLUE BOOK."

Annual Report of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association.

A great deal has appeared in the press of late regarding "White Papers," "Orange Papers," "Grey Papers," and Papers of other unsuspected colors. They have formed the basis for editorials, speeches and pamphlets, almost without end. We were beginning to look askance on books of any color, however unoffending. This time, a publication, equally innocently garbed—a "Blue Book"—claims attention. Let us at once reassure the reader: it has nothing in common with any of those referred to. It is the tenth annual Report of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association at Ottawa. Whatever its color may be, its contents are varied and interesting. To those who either have not had the time or, perhaps, the opportunity to acquaint themselves with it, a summary may be of value.

It should be explained at the outset that the Association's object is to promote the use of, and to supply farmers with, high-class seed,—seed that is well bred, carefully selected and free from impurity. On such seed the Association sets its seal, and its seal is a guarantee that the seed supplied by its members measures up to the set standard; that it is the best produced in Canada.

Most farmers will admit the advisability of using seed that is of high quality, free from weeds, and unmixed with other varieties. They will recognize the desirability of growing only those varieties that are suited to conditions of soil and climate; but not all fully realize the extent to which these things affect the yields of their crops, and consequently the returns received from thm.

The value of Registered Seed is becoming more and more recognized with each succeeding season. "I never had such a showing of crops; I am sure the seed had a lot to do with it," one grower writes. Another states, "I could never have believed the difference selected seed makes; my Marquis wheat yielded nearly 50 bushels per acre." Another: "I never had such a crop—potatoes—in my life. One short row planted with whole potatoes of Registered stock yielded 9 bushels."

In order to place buyer and grower in touch with each other, the Association issues a catalogue early in each winter containing the names of those who are offering registered seed for sale, together with the sorts offered and the price asked.

The organization of seed centres is a new development. The idea is to secure sources from which seed of a particular variety may be supplied in commercial quantities, and at reduced cost for freight. Instead of the supply being limited to the output of one grower, a number of farmers living near each other may combine to grow a variety for seed under the regulations of the Association. Here is an illustration:

Crop yields, declares L. S. Klinck, formerly Professor of Cereal Husbandry at the Macdonald College, discussing soil management in relation to yield and quality in seed, are determined by the amount of available plant food in the soil, by textural and moisture conditions, and by the character and quality of the seed sown. Good soil management has more influence upon the yield than upon the quality, and the factors influencing quality are less perfectly understood.

How to produce larger crops and increase the net profit per acre without depleting the soil of its fertility is the pressing problem. In addition to good soil management, it is necessary that a systematic rotation be followed, that the product of the fields be consumed by live stock, and that the residue be returned to the land.

In general practice, the rotation should furnish a money crop, a hoed or cleaning crop, a live-stock crop, and a legume crop. All cereals are soil exhausters; all legumes are soil enrichers. Cereals produce larger crops when they follow a legume, such as peas, beans or clover. Therefore the cultivation of clover, and closely allied species, must have a place in any successful system.

In all classes of small grains, with the exception of peas, the largest average yield has been obtained from the earliest seeding practicable.

Moisture, not fertility, is usually the determining factor governing the rate of seeding. Failure to secure good crops, and especially the inability to maintain a satisfactory stand of grass and clover seed, is too frequently attributed to lack of fertility, when as a matter of fact, the supply of moisture is inadequate.

The report of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association also contains useful papers on alfalfa, rural school clubs, and other topics.

Paper for Warmth.

In 1870 the French army kept themselves warm during the winter campaign by padding their uniforms with newspapers. Even to-day the Japanese soldiers on active service wear paper shirts. These facts lead French scientists to recommend that the army be supplied with paper undergarments.

It takes a capable wife to yank the conceit out of a man.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

"I will bring it in a moment," said he. "And you must be sure to stay here by this pillar until I return. In such a crowd as this, it is perilously easy for people to miss one another."

"I'll stay here," said Fenella, spreading out her silken dress on a low divan which was placed there, and burying her nose in the bouquet of white rosebuds and carnations, which was fitted into a holder of pearl and silver, the bridal gift of the very Marian Faer whom Fenella was so anxious to excel in every possible particular, while her husband threaded his way as rapidly as possible through the throng which was momentarily growing more dense, across to the small hallway into the music-room.

Fortunately, the hundred and seventy-five dollar fan lay on the table, just where Fenella had left it, and possessing himself of it, Lucian Ferrier turned to rejoin his wife. In the crowded state of the rooms, however, this was not so easy a matter as it might seem, and crossing the little hall before alluded to, Mr. Ferrier was jostled by a fat old gentleman with a lady on either arm, so that he nearly fell over another lady sitting alone on a low sofa pushed into the angle of the wall.

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," said the old gentleman. 'Couldn't help it. Some one behind pushing me."

And he rushed onward, while Lucian Ferrier turned to apologise to the lady whom he had so nearly stumbled over.

"A thousand excuses," said he. "I hope—"

But here he checked himself, involuntarily starting back, while the blood, receding from lip and cheek, left his face as white as a Parian statue.

The large, startled eyes turned up to his were not unfamiliar—the beautiful young face into which he found himself looking was that of Leslie Ford.

"Leslie Ford!" he exclaimed.

"And you are Lucian," she said, with a face so radiantly bright that at that instant Ferrier forgot everything but the happiness of being in her presence. "When did you come? Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

How beautiful she was in pale blue silk, with great diamond drops swinging in her ears; and white roses on her bosom; while a web-like white shawl lay like folds of snowy mist across her shoulders, where it was clasped with a diamond crescent on either side. Ferrier stood looking down upon her as utterly forgetful of all the past and present as if an angel from heaven had floated down before him.

"I came last week," he said, mechanically answering her question. "We are staying in this hotel. You are sure you are quite well, Leslie? Now that the flush of excitement has died out of your face, you are looking pale."

"I am quite well," said Leslie, brightly. "And how are they all at Mr. Lancaster's? I suppose you have seen them lately?"

"They are all about as usual, I believe," Ferrier answered, constrainedly.

"And Fenella—dear Fenella, who was so good to me?"

"Fenella is well." Ferrier had been cursing about within himself for the fittest mode of telling Leslie of the great change that had recently passed over his life, but finding no words that seemed to him exactly fitted for the purpose, he finally spoke abruptly out. "Fenella is with me here. She is my wife!"

"Your wife!"

Leslie recoiled as if a sudden arrow had pierced her to the heart, but she rallied in a second. Women always take these cruel thrusts more gallantly than men.

"I supposed it would be so," said she. "I—I congratulate you."

"Leslie, Leslie, for goodness sake, do not talk so!" cried out Ferrier, in quick, sharp accents, as if stung by a pain greater than he could bear. "You know I have never loved but one person."

"Let us talk on some other subject," said Leslie, nervously playing with her pocket-handkerchief. "What a crowd is here to-night, and how superbly the ladies are dressed! I do not thing the Charity Ball in New York itself could rival some of these toilets! Oh—and there comes my husband!"

For while Lucian, momentarily forgetful of all that should have sealed his lips, uttered the despairing plaint of his tortured soul, Edmund St. Just had just come from an opposite direction, carrying a glass of ice-water, for which his wife had asked him, a few moments previously. And standing there in the door-way, he had seen the unconscious tableau in the corner—Ferrier bending over his wife with an attitude of the deepest devotion, and a face of anguished despair, while Leslie looked up at him with eyes of dewy brightness, and a smile, whose wonderful magnetic glow seemed to light up every feature of her perfect face.

"Ah—h—h!" he muttered to himself, grinding his teeth. "I see it all! She never looked so at me. And that pusillanimous dog of a Ferrier has dared to follow her even here." Prudence and common sense were alike thrown to the winds. With one stride he stood at his wife's side, and Ferrier, turning, found himself face to face with Leon Southwood, the villain who had lured poor Fenella to her useless elopement, the forger who had signed Jason Lancaster's name to the check for twenty-five thousand dollars.

While innocent Leslie, rising and laying her hand within her husband's arm, spoke the conventional form of words.

"Edmund, let me introduce you to Mr. Ferrier, this is Mr. St. Just, my husband."

CHAPTER XXXII.

For one instant Leon Southwood and Lucian Ferrier looked mutely at one another, as if the words trembling on their lips had suddenly been frozen into silence. But Southwood, an adept in the art of dissembling, recovered his mental balance with surprising rapidity.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir, I am sure," said he, holding out his hand, which Ferrier, however, did not take. "And now, Mrs. St. Just, suppose we return to the ball-room?"

And with unparalleled effrontery he led his wife away.

Ferrier stood an instant looking after his tall, symmetrical figure. No, he was not mistaken in the evidence of his own eyes and ears. This man whom Leslie had introduced to him by the name of St. Just was most assuredly the undetected swindler who had decamped with old Jason Lancaster's money, after relentlessly giving poor Fenella the slip in her yearned-for elopement! And Leslie herself—merciful heavens! was Leslie Ford chained for life to a man who ought to be standing in a felon's dock? Was ever a man so insolently audacious—so utterly fearless of consequences? True, he had let his long, silken beard grow to its utmost length, and concealed the fire of his dark eyes behind glasses; but, in spite of these precautions, his disguise was so flimsy that even a child might detect it! How dare he thus flaunt his ill-gotten money in a public resort like this? How dare he thus defy right and justice, and the strong arm of the law? And, beyond all, how dare he ally his foul and festering life with that of a pure angel like Leslie Ford?

Leslie Ford? For her sake the overpowering impulse to lay hands on this villain, and deliver him up to the rightful vengeance of the law, must be checked and held in abeyance. For Leslie's sake this man must be privately warned that he was at length detected, and bidden to flee. And, recalling to himself that if Fenella once saw and recognised her false lover of old, secrecy was entirely out of the question, he hurried back to the ball-room, eager to withdraw his wife from the festive scene before she had a chance to look upon the much-talked-of Mr. Edmund St. Just! For the instant, strange as it may seem, his whole soul was intent upon saving Leslie's husband from the imminent chances of detection which seemed to be closing around him.

"What a long time you have been!" said Fenella, impatiently, as he came hurriedly toward her. "Pen's swing that fan so! You'll be sure to break it! And the quadrille is half over!"

"Never mind the quadrille, Fenella," said Ferrier, coming close to her side and speaking in a low tone of repressed excitement. "You must go back to your room at once!"

"I!" exclaimed the girl. "Why?"

"I have just received a message from a friend at the Surf House; he lies there very ill, and needs my presence immediately."

Fenella looked at him in wonder and surprise.

"I did not know you had any friend here, Lucian!" cried she.

"Nor I, until this moment!" said Ferrier, feeling himself sinking momentarily deeper and deeper into the slough of deceit. "He has just heard that I am here. But I must go to him at once, and you—of course it will be neither right nor proper that you should remain here alone."

"I can place myself under the protection of Mrs. Livingstone Reid," argued Fenella.

"I prefer that you should not! Good gracious, Fenella—have you no more idea of etiquette and propriety than this?"

"But, Lucian—"

He drew her arm through his with an aspect of authority which he had never before assumed.

"Come," he said, abruptly, "the quadrille is just breaking up—we can easily cross the room now without attracting any unnecessary attention."

And poor Fenella, who had scarcely begun to enjoy the delights of the much-anticipated evening, found herself hurried up to her own room, and left there alone, a dim gas-light burning within, and the sickly light of the gibbous moon shining over the expanse of the ocean outside by way of contrast to the brilliant scene she had just quitted.

"Lucian! Lucian!" she called, opening the door, and looking down the long corridor.

But Ferrier was beyond hearing, and rushing back to her room, Fenella slammed the door, and flung herself weeping on the bed.

"If this is being married, I wish I was single again," she whimpered.

Meanwhile Lucian Ferrier, hurrying out into the silence of the night, was pondering in his own mind what course to pursue in this strange complexity of circumstances!

"I ought not to stand calmly by, and let this villain escape," he said to himself; 'and yet I can not denounce her husband as a forger!"

As he stood with folded arms on the seashore, the coppery moonlight touching all the edges of the waves, and the thunder of the breaking surf in his ears, a hand fell suddenly on his shoulder. Turning, he recognised once more the sneering, yet diabolically handsome face of St. Just.

"I see you know me," observed he, with the utmost composure.

"Yes."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

Ferrier looked him from head to foot. There was something so sublimely audacious in the man's cool disregard of consequences, that he scarcely knew, at so short a notice, what answer to make.

"Look here," said St. Just, coming close to him, and lowering his voice to a confidential pitch, "I have ten thousand dollars left out of that little streak of luck. Don't let us have any difficulty, old fellow. I'll divide it with you, share and share alike."

Lucian Ferrier flung off the hand that rested familiarly on his shoulder, as if the very touch were contamination.

"Villain!" said he, "do you suppose that I am made of the same stuff as yourself? How dare you make such a proposal as that to me?"

"You mean to split on me, then?" hissed St. Just, a demoniac rage convulsing his features. "But I happen to be prepared for that."

And the barrel of a pistol flashed in the moonlight.

Almost in the same second Ferrier had wrenched it from his hand, flung it into the seething waves of the ocean below, and, with the old English skill in wrestling, which he had acquired as a boy, had grasped his opponent and flung him on the sands.

"Now," he said, kneeling, with one knee on the chest of the prostrate southerner, "you are at my mercy! But you need not turn so pale," with a bitter, mocking laugh. "You have nothing to fear. For Leslie Ford's sake, I spare you the fate that you so justly deserve—a pair of handcuffs and a prison cell!"

St. Just set his teeth together with a grinding sound; his eyes blazed with fury. More bitter than death, or captivity, or any other arrow that Fate could deal him was the consciousness that Leslie's old lover spared him—for Leslie's sake! If he could have struck Ferrier dead at that instant, he would have done so.

"Now, listen," said Ferrier, in low, but distinctly articulated tones. "You are detected at last—and Heaven alone knows why you have not long ago been discovered. No one but a madman could venture thus to remain in the immediate vicinity of his crime. Your own fate is a matter of indifference to me or any one else—but for your wife's sake, you ought to take ordinary precautions to keep out of prison!"

For Leslie's sake again! A white foam of anger broke out around St. Just's pale lips—he uttered a sound like the bark of a ravening wolf.

"I'll let you go on one condition," added Ferrier—"that you leave this country at once. At once, do you hear?"

"I hear," sullenly answered the forger.

"And you promise?"

"I promise."

"Rise, then, quickly. Some one is coming this way, and you have run quite enough risks already."

"I promise," hoarsely repeated St. Just, as he shook the clinging beach sand from his shoulders; "but I do not promise not to be revenged—ay, and richly, too, when the hour is ripe for vengeance!"

"I will run the venture of that," said Ferrier, contemptuously, as he turned away from the man, who still stood looking after him with the oblique light of murder in his eyes.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Ferrier was working herself into a state little short of frenzy in the enforced quietude of her own apartment.

"As if I came to Long Branch to be penned up like this!" said she, shaking out her glistening silken skirts before the full-length mirror which she had ordered to be placed in her room. "I do believe it's nothing on earth but jealousy that makes Lucian shut me up here, merely because he is obliged to leave the ball-room for a little while. Why isn't Mrs. Livingstone Reid a sufficient chaperon for me or any one else? And it does seem outrageous when one remembers that there's not such a lace flounce as this in the whole room. And Mr. Lavergne's name on the card for a waltz, and Herbert Livingstone Reid's for the lancers! What will they think? I declare, I will go down and dance out the list on my card. I won't be treated like a baby by Lucian Ferrier or any one else!"

And regarding the flowers in her hair, and looking to see if the costly lace draperied were looped up properly, for Celine was among the group of servants, looking into the back ballroom windows, Mrs. Ferrier snapped the brittle thread of wifely obedience and deliberately walked down-stairs, mingling once again with the glittering crowd that she had been compelled so reluctantly to leave half an hour ago.

Mrs. Livingstone Reid welcomed her smilingly, and graciously undertook the care of her until Mr. Ferrier should return, when Mr. Emile Lavergne, an elegant young man, with lavender kid gloves and a carefully waxed moustache, hurried forward to claim his waltz.

Fenella was in her element now. In spite of her admiration for her husband, there were times when she could not understand him, and even seasons in which she felt uncomfortably afraid of him. But Mr. Lavergne was cut precisely after her own pattern, his ideas revolved in the same shallow grooves, and there was no sort of danger of his agreeable conversation rising above the level of her comprehension. Fenella was charmed with her waltz.

"This is something like enjoying one's self," said she, as her companion led her, breathless to a seat in one of the cushioned embrasures of the windows. "Oh, dear, how warm I am!" fanning herself with the pearl-mounted marvel of watered satin and lace. "Do you think you could get me a lemon ice, Mr. Lavergne?"

"There is nothing I could not get, if Mrs. Ferrier asked me," said Mr. Lavergne, with a chivalrous inclination of the body from the base of the spine upward; and he departed, followed by Fenella's most gracious smiles.

Half in the moonlight, half out of it, she sat, fanning herself, and awaiting the return of her messenger, when a tall figure crossed the veranda, directly opposite her; and as the red light of a hanging tulip lamp which swung from the veranda roof fell full on his face, Fenella uttered a low cry.

It was her recreant lover, Leon Southwood!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Long, long ago the old poet sung: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!" and Fenella Ferrier was, at that moment, a fitting illustration that the progress of time has in no respect altered any feminine attribute! Springing from her seat, she flung herself directly in her old lover's path, and confronted him with the rage of a tigress.

"Aha!" she uttered, almost in a shriek, "so I have found you at last! Villain! Coward! Forger! Liar! What have you to say for yourself?"

Leon Southwood stood staring blankly at her. It must be borne in mind that he knew nothing of Fenella's marriage to Lucian Ferrier, and had not the least idea of her being within a hundred miles of Long Branch at the time, so that this sudden apparition startled him more than it would have done under any other circumstances.

"Heavens and earth!" he muttered, grasping at one of the slender pillars of the veranda for support, "is this the Day of Judgment, that all my sins are rising up at once before me?"

"Liar! Forger! Reptile!" reiterated Fenella, alternately scarlet and pale. "Where are the police? Why does not some one come to arrest you? I swore, within myself, I would be revenged when—when you deserted me so basely, and now the time has come! Officer! watchman!"

She raised her voice to a shriek, but Southwood pushed past her, and hurried to his own room, leaving her shrill screams behind him.

"There wasn't much time to be lost before," thought he. "There is still less now!"

And when Mr. Emile Lavergne returned, with a glass of claret and a lemon-water-ice in a tray, which he had snatched from a remonstrating colored waiter, he found his partner in a dead swoon, surrounded by a swarm of sympathetic ladies.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Livingstone Reid, "how did it happen?"

"I heard some one screaming," said Miss Copland, who supported the bride's head, and was holding a handkerchief drenched in eau-de-Cologne to her nostrils, "and I ran out, and she stood here as white as death! Something must have frightened her! Run for a doctor, somebody—it seems to me as if she was never going to come round again!"

While St. Just, bursting into his room, found Leslie alone there—alone, and in tears. She started up at his abrupt entrance.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

I do not think the Kaiser will ever be allowed to come to Britain again, or that he will ever want to.—Mr. Morton, M.P.

Chivalry means far more than reverence of men for women. It means reverence of strength for weakness wheresoever found.—Gannett.

Public life is a situation of power and energy; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.—Burke.

I do not think it is too much to say that in no part of Canada is the British settler more fairly treated and more welcome than he is in parts of Quebec.—A. B. Tucker.

For those of us who do not take to doing good as a profession there is a great deal of social good to be done in putting down gossip, in preventing misunderstandings, and in keeping friends with everybody.—Jowett.

Germany and Germany alone is responsible for this terrible war, which she is carrying on with a ferocity and a brutality that has scandalized Christendom, and placed a blot that will last to eternity on her escutcheon.—Sir Frederick Milner.

"But I haven't enough work to keep an able-bodied man like you busy." "Oh, I shan't mind that."

"Did you tell Binks I was a fool?" "No; I thought he knew it."

"How did the cashier of your bank get into jail?" "Left the 's' of speculation."

Asleep in the Snow.

German officers snatching a few hours sleep in snow-covered trenches while their men stand on guard at Darkehmen, Poland.

WHAT TO TAKE TO THE WAR

A BRITISH OFFICER SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE.

Times Publishes What One Who Has Been at Front Discovered.

One of the first questions asked of officers who have lately returned from the front is usually what to do with their equipment and kit, remarks the London Times. It is often very hard to find somebody who can speak from practical experience, and these suggestions are offered in the hope that they may be of some assistance to those who are waiting their turn for the firing line.

As every officer knows, the trial weight allowed to be taken in the first line transport is only thirty-five pounds, while a further 100 pounds is permissible as a reserve at the base. Much ingenuity is wasted over both. The "base kit" is never seen or wanted while the valise, with its sleeping bag and other luxuries, is never used. My advice to all officers is, shortly, not to take anything but their field kit, and not to rely very much on that. A blanket and a waterproof sheet for every man are carried in the transport wagons, and used whenever possible, but the valise is only valuable for the storage of a spare pair of boots and a change of underclothing, with possibly the addition of another suit of khaki. It is far better to rely on the post for the frequent replenishment of things like socks and shirts.

Spare Socks and Laces.

Boots must be very strong and sound. The soles should be regularly shod with iron as the going is bad and there are no chances of getting boots repaired or even nailed. With two spare pairs of socks and some laces the feet will look after themselves. Boracic powder is not an unmixed blessing, as it makes the skin too dry; in fact, few men use it at all, especially nowadays, when everybody's feet are hard to fit.

As regards equipment, a sword is a very uncommon object in the field. It is inconvenient to carry, is very awkward to tuck away in a trench and when one is at close quarters with the enemy it is distinctly inferior to a bayonet. I would personally far rather carry a battleaxe but as I prefer my rifle my wants are more easily supplied. Most officers nowadays have discarded the "Sam Browne" belt in favor of the ordinary web equipment. The latter does not take long to get used to, and has many advantages, the chief being that it does not make the wearer so conspicuous. This, in a war which is more than usually remarkable for the losses sustained by the commissioned ranks, is of great importance, not only to the individual officer, but to the unit to which he has the honor to belong. The risks run by an officer are always greater than those of his men, and it is foolhardy and useless to add to them.

Careful About Weight.

The field glasses are best carried on their own strap, while the revolver can be fastened on the left side of the belt, where it can be easily drawn. The haversack is usually half filled by maps and a notebook, a mug, a pipe and a tobacco pouch, while the rest is useful for as much biscuit and chocolate as can be packed in, provided, of course, that its owner is lucky enough to have any. Many officers dispense with all but about three pouches on either side of the belt. With ten rounds in the rifle and thirty more in the right side pouches, one has as many as one is likely to want in a day, and the other three pouches can then be used for revolver cartridges, a tin of quinine tabloids and another with beef tea lozenges or something of the kind. A few officers carry a bayonet and entrenching tool, but, though they are both most valuable, there is a limit which must be set to the weight to be carried. The entrenching tool has undoubtedly saved thousands of lives, and it is a matter for the individual officer whether he will prefer to carry it or rely on the casual protection of temporary cover. It must however, be remembered that one is carrying a revolver and glasses in addition to the private's ordinary equipment.

Prefers Burberry Coat.

Lastly, as to the "pack," that most important article of one's equipment. Opinions differ as to whether it is best to carry a great-coat or a "Burberry," though personally I prefer the latter, together with a woolen waistcoat, as they do not take up more room and the weight is about the same. Washing and shaving requisites are carried in the pack, together with the canteen, which holds a meat ration or its equivalent. The rest is filled with odds and ends like spare pairs of socks, a handkerchief, tape plaster, a Balaklava helmet, a short muffler, the emergency ration and a pair of gloves or mittens. That is all one can conveniently carry, and at first it is quite heavy enough. Weight is the great enemy against which one has to contend, and every additional ounce must be avoided. When one is marching and digging and fighting these are three strong inducements to keep the weight down to its lowest limits.

Most Famous Victories.

British sailors have on their uniform a perpetual reminder of the Navy's glorious past, though not every one who wears them knows that the three rows of white tape round the edging of the blue collar and the black silk scarf knotted in front are links with Nelson. The white tapes commemorate Nelson's most famous victories—Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar—and the scarf is a token of perpetual mourning for the great admiral, adopted spontaneously by the seamen themselves, and retained ever since.

An Irish doctor sent in his bill to a lady as follows: "To curing your husband till he died."

One kind of a hero is a man who tells his wife the truth, first, last and always.

HER BIRTHDAY.

Ex-Empress Eugenie an Exile in England.

Among the hundreds of recent pictures showing the British soldier on the march, in the trenches, in camp, and in hospital, were two taken on the same beautiful English estate, now, by the generosity of its owner, a hospital for wounded and convalescent officers. The owner is a very old lady, and the pictures show her, in the mourning that she always wears, leaning on a crutch staff and talking with some bright-faced, bandaged young fellows out under the trees in their wheel chairs. The estate is at Farnborough, and the woman is Eugenie, once Empress of France, now for more than forty years an exile in England.

During those long years the world has heard so little of her that it is hard to remember that she is still alive; but before the disastrous culmination of the Franco-Prussian War—"My war," she used to be accused of calling it—she was one of the world's greatest figures. With the single exception of Queen Victoria, she was then the most conspicuous woman in Europe; and her beauty, grace, and elegance, her natural gayety, and even her fashionable follies united to make her a far more dazzling figure than the somewhat dumpy, somewhat dowdy British queen, with all her undoubted solid virtues.

In the days of the Second Empire her birthday, so her faithful lady in waiting, Madame Carette relates, was usually observed by charming festivities, arranged by the ladies of the court circle—tableaux, charades, an amateur performance of some unpublished comedy by a distinguished author, in addition to the more formal official celebrations. There are many descriptions of how the queen of these gay birthday fetes appeared. Here is Madame Carette's own, on first seeing her future mistress on a state occasion:

"A loud voice announced, 'The Emperor!' and the emperor and empress immediately appeared. From that moment everything in the great hall save one woman was a blank to me. The fete, the people, the brilliant illumination, all vanished, and I remained completely enchanted, as if under a spell. The empress wore a dress of pale blue tulle threaded with silver, from which her incomparable throat and shoulders rose as from a cloud. She wore her hair drown away from the temples and confined on top of the head by a diadem formed of a fretwork of diamonds. The expression of her delicate features, although exceedingly brilliant, was as pure and youthful as that of a girl, while about her attire there was a refinement of taste that made the magnificent jewels that covered her corsage and neck appear a merely natural adornment. A woman of less elegant personality would have been overwhelmed by such splendor."

No splendor, there are plenty of other witnesses to testify, could overwhelm the perfect complexion, intensely blue eyes with dark lashes, rich chestnut hair, and cameo-like features of this enthroned beauty. It is strange indeed to think that after Louis Napoleon, William I., Bismarck, von Moltke, all the dominating figures of the Franco-Prussian War have been dust these many years, the bowed black shadow of that delicate loveliness still survives, watching and waiting, with Germany and France at death grips once again. But it is not "her" war now; and although Germany is mightier than ever, France is no longer a corrupt and tottering empire, but a vigorous young republic; and she does not fight alone. Whatever the end may be, it will be strange if those blue eyes that years and tears have dimmed survive to look upon it.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

WORMS

"Wormy," that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as distemper. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—are bad. Don't physic 'em to death. Spohn's Cure will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and tone 'em up all round, and don't "physic." Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

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

$500 FOR A NAME

This is the beautiful new perfume, made in Canada, endorsed and used exclusively by Mde. Pauline Donalda, the famous Canadian Prima Donna.

We want a suitable name for it, and so will give.

$500 IN CASH PRIZES

as follows:—

$400.00 for the best name.
50.00 for the best description of the perfume.
25.00 for the second best name.
10.00 for the second best description.
5.00 for the third best description.

and ten $1.00 prizes for the next best descriptions.

The winner of the contest will be decided by a committee of Montreal's leading advertising men and their decision will be final. Should two or more contestants send in the winning name the prize will be equally divided, and an additional prize to the value of $5.00 will be given each successful contestant. No employee or [illegible] of this firm shall enter the contest. The contest closes at [illegible] midnight, March 31st, 1915.

HOW TO ENTER:—To enable every contestant to try the new perfume before submitting their suggestion for a name, we make the following Special Offer:—For one dime, ten cents, we will send one of our Special Souvenir Bottles of the Perfume—regular 25 cents size—together with Free Contest Slip, and One Premium Coupon. All for 10 cents. It is necessary to have the Free Contest Slip to enter.

[illegible] today. You will be delighted with the [illegible] perfume, and have a chance to win the big prize.

RODGERS, GRAY & STEWART, PERFUMERS

Dept. W.I. 232 ST. URBAIN ST., MONTREAL.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 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.

5c a line for Poetry accompanying Memoriam Notices.

Advertising 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 George Perley Visits Headquarters at the Front.

ACTING HIGH COMMISSIONER GOES TO INSPECT ARRANGEMENTS FOR CANADIAN TROOPS IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

Sir George Perley, Acting High Commissioner for Canada in London, has gone to France, and will visit the front. Information to this effect reached the Government to-day. Sir George, it is understood, is already in France, and probably now at his destination, the British army headquarters in the north. While there he will acquaint himself with the arrangements made for the Canadian expeditionary force before it goes into the trenches.

The departure of the Acting High Commissioner and the nature of his mission indicate the course of military movements of special interest to Canada. The Canadian Government, through Sir George Perley's inspection, will be made thoroughly acquainted with the conditions under which the first Canadian contingent will go into action.

Canada Will Not Stint.

Whatever supplementary revenue is needed to enable the Government to provide for the outlay on war account Parliament will readily authorize and the Canadian people will cheerfully contribute. Canada is both willing and abundantly able to bear the cost of raising, equipping and maintaing an army several times as large as the expeditionary force it has now in camp on its own soil and abroad. Our trade is far better than we had reason to expect it would be at this stage of the war Existing taxation is not felt as a burden. There are modes by which a very considerable in the Dominion revenue could be effected without making any sensible pressure upon the means of subsistence. Canada can well afford to do her part in the war. Not only are her resources ample, but the benefits to be gained will be large for her as well as for other nations. When peace is established no country will be in a better position to reap the fruits of it than Canada. We are now responding to the call of British connection. We shall then be getting in full measure once more the vast advantages of British connection. The influence of the British Government and the partiality of British inventors will turn towards Canada with additional force. Canada is making no calculations as to sharing in any war indemnity that many have to be paid by enemy countries. The scores of millions of dollars she is spending and the scores of thousands of troops she is sending are free offerings of her loyalty to the Empire.

A few fine costumes, left at very low prices to clean out.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Legislative Assembly.

MR. H. SLATER, M. P. P., TAKES ACTIVE PART IN THE BUDGET DEBATE.

Mr. Harry Slater, Conservative Member for Argenteuil, criticized the members of the administration for praising their own works by quotations from the Montreal Star and the Montreal Gazette. He said that they picked out just what suited their purpose but he emphasized the fact that the Star was simply the mouth-piece of Sir Hugh Graham and the members of the Opposition did not propose to have words put in their mouths by him. He characterized these quotations as being a case of, "any port in a storm." He took up the claims made by the Liberal members regarding the prosperity of the Province and asked why should not the Province of Quebec have prosperity when all the rest of the world was having it. He said it would have been a scandal and a disgrace if the Province of Quebec had not received some share in the world's prosperity. "The point," he declared, "is, has the Province of Quebec progressed as it should have done?"

Mr. Slater made an analysis of some of the items in the Budget Speech of the Hon. Mr. Mitchell and sarcastically declared that his interest was almost intensified to awe as he heard the story from the Provincial Treasurer of the wonderful works accomplished by the Government. He pointed out how the surplus had fallen from $1,047,312.00 in 1912, to $770,575.00 in 1913 and $376,000.00 in 1914. He said that was a funny kind of progress to boast about. For this kind of of "progress" he threw the blame upon the shoulders of the Prime Minister, Sir Lomer Gouin, himself whom he criticized for bringing in an outsider as Provincial Treasurer. He pointed out that in the matter of revenue the Government had been helped by Providence which had provided large succession duties from the estates of two deceased wealthy men, the late lamented Lord Strathcona, amounting to $250,000 and that of the late Hon. James Ross, amounting to the still larger sum of $762,834.09 in all totaling $1,012,834.09. Instead of a surplus of $376,000 there would have been a deficit of over $630,000. He said such amounts could not be expected in future because they were very problematical, and he said that when the Government estimated a large amount next year from the succession duties they were evidentally expecting to see their wealthy friends dropping out. He mentioned that among these the Prime Minister himself was one of the wealthiest. Concluding he declared that when it came to a question of surplus they should be made real and not apparent and when estimates were being prepared there should be no guessing.

Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting.

Some time ago a man went into a store in Lachute to buy a saw. He saw the kind he wanted and asked the price. It was $1.65, the dealer said.

"Good gracious," said the man, "I can get the same thing from the mail-order house for $1.35."

"That's less than it cost me," said the dealer, "but I'll sell it on the same terms as the mail-order house, just the same"

"All right," said the customer. "You can send it along and charge it to my account."

"Not on your life," the dealer replied. "No charge accounts. You can't do business with the mail-order house that way. Fork over the cash." (The customer complied).

"Now, two cents postage and five cents for a money order, to the mail-order house, you know"

The customer, inwardly raving, kept to his agreement and paid the seven cents.

"Now twenty-five cents expressage."

"Well, I'll be ———," he said, but he paid it, saying, "Now, hand me that saw and I'll take it home and be rid of this foolery."

"Hand it to you? Where do you think you are? You are in Lachute and I'm in Toronto, and you'll have to wait a week for that saw."

Whereupon the dealer hung the saw on a peg and put the money in his cash drawer.

"That makes $1.67," he said. "It has cost you two cents more and taken you a week longer to get it than if you had paid my price in the first place."

OBITUARY.

THE LATE ALEX. CALDER.

It is but five weeks ago that we published an account of a presentation from the School Commissioners to the late Alex. Calder and now we have to record his death which took place very suddenly on Friday last, Feb. 5th after a brief illness lasting but a couple of days. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon being conducted by the Revs. White and Forsythe but at the graveside the Orangemen, of whom deceased was one of its most honored members, took charge of the ceremonies which were performed by Mr. Cooper, of Brownsburg. The funeral was one of the largest in the history of Dalesville and bears testimony to the esteem in which the deceased gentleman was held.

PARISH COUNCIL

The Parish Council held their monthly meeting in the Court House on the 1st there being present Councillors Boyd, Hume, and Gordon, together with Mayor Black. Mr. Jas. Leishman was also present, duly sworn and took his seat.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved. The Council then proceeded to elect their Mayor for ensuing year, resulting in the unanimous re-election of Mr. Black.

The financial statement for the past year was read by the secretary, Mr Jas. W. Gall, accepted and ordered to be printed, a copy of same to be mailed to each ratepayer.

Academy Exams.

GRADE III ACADEMY.
PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

Class I,—Howard Nicoll 81, Wesley McAllister 75.

Class II,—Frank Miller 72, Lila Giles, John Smith 67, Inez Giles 66 Alex Murray 62, Doris McIntyre, Kenneth Sawyer 61.

Class III,—Myrtle Duffy 58, Jean McGibbon 51.

GRADE III ACADEMY.
ALGEBRA.

Honours,—Alex. Murray 90

Class I,—John Smith 89, Wesley McAllister, Kenneth Sawyer 80, Doris McIntyre 75.

Class II,—Alison Cottingham 70, Howard Nicoll 69, Miriam Burk, Mary Hope 60.

Class III,—Jessie Black, Myrtle Duffy 55.

GRADE II ACADEMY.
ALGEBRA.

Class I,—Ervin Center, Annie Drennan, Marjorie Mount, Irene Scott 80.

Class II,—Allison Rodger 70, John Hope 60.

Class III,—Bessie Hammond 59, Constance Banford 55.

GRADE I ACADEMY.
ALGEBRA.

Honours,—Jean Higginson, Isabella Bennett, Amy Bates, George Hammond, Verda Kettyle, Doris Campbell Edwin Johnson 100, Osborne Lackey, Nora Rodgers, Enid McCullough, Alice Cameron 98, Percy Gordon 94, Susan Kelly 90.

Class I,—Alma Gordon 84, Elsie Hay 76.

Class II,—George Bain 74, Ena Peet 72, Kenneth McConnell 66, Aggie Hay 60.

Class III,—Willis Hooper, Keith Douglas, Muriel Joss 54, Leona Garretsee 52.

GRADE III MODEL.
ARITHMETIC.

Honours,—Jessie Berry, Mabel Rodger, Ruby Miller, Edna Conlin 100

Class I,—George McCormick, Clarence Rodgers, Violet Grey, Lawrence Gordon, Violet Rogers 86.

Class II,—Myrtle Berry, Ethel Boyd Willie Cruise 72.

Class III,—Isabel Wason, Percy Robinson, Lila Crnise 58, Hazel O'Brien, Maude Painter, Katie Jones 57, Stuart Hay Mina Dixon 56.

GRADE II MODEL.
ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Honours,—Doris Hammond, Dora Barley 90.

Class I,—Grace Mount 86, Inez Sutton 83, James Smith 82, Jean Campbell 79, Jessie Paul 78, Percy Carpenter, Joseph Dodd 75.

Class II,—Lyall Middleton 73, Ernest Calder 72, Mamie Graham 70, Kenneth Hay 69, Elsie Lackey 60.

Class III,—Ernest Baldwin 59, James Calder, Stanley McNaughton, 55, Alfred Hunter, James McGibbon. Melvin Burk 53, Sam Graham 50.

GRADE I MODEL.
HISTORY.

Honours,—Catherine Burwash 97, Mary Boa 90.

Class I,—Laura McPhail 89, Anna Scott 88, Helena Dobbie 87, Keith Christie, Emma Smith 82, Wilhelmina Shaw 81, Ruby Rodgers 77, Raymond Boyd 76, Edna Bampton, George McCoy 75.

Class II,—Kenneth McOuat 71, Olive Boyd 69, Eddie Barker 68, Genevieve Murphy 67, Angus Kinmond 66, Oscar Duffy, Ella Giles, John Paul 64.

Class III,—May Boyd 58, Bruce Bradford, Ross Muir 50.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.
FRENCH.

Honours,—Ryckman Alexander 98. Margaret McOuat 96, Jessie Hay 93, Margaret Jones 90.

Class I,—Mabel Garrard 87, Myrtle Mitchell 85, Douglas Patterson 82, Florence Hunter, Arthur Lackey 81, Linnie Thompson 80, Henry Murphy 79, Ivan Carpenter 76,

Class II,—Lindsay Demerse, Gerald Hammond 69, Evelyn Hamilton 68

Class III,—Roy Chambers 59, Ian Hay 55, Jas. McKimmie 53.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.
CANADIAN HISTORY.

Honours,—Irene Byron, Lillian Hamilton 90.

Class I,—Kenneth Campbell 85, Florentine Cyr, Clifford McFaul 84, Willie Cottingham 76.

Class II,—Nellie Cowan 73, Albert Darlington 68, Elmer Ryan 65

Class III,—Lillie Bradford 55, Beatrice Cunningham 52, Myrtle Barker, Muriel Burk 51.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.
ENGLISH.

Class I,—Evelyn Creswell, Harold Window 87, Ida Bampton, Ivan Bennett, Earl Gunn 83, Laurence Cruise 80.

Class II,—George McGibbon 74, George Gunn 73, Ruth Byron 72, Lilly Paul 70, Kenneth Elliott 67, Howard Morrison 65, Alice Burk, Gordon G. Cruise 64, Cecil Staniforth 62.

GRADE I. ELEMENTARY.
WRITING.

Honours,—Jean McOuat 97, Hugh Cunningham, Mildred Hammond 95, Margaret Scott 93, Willie Grandmaison 91.

Class I,—Willie Miller 89, Edith Jones 87, Linton Armstrong 86, Inez McKiddie, Elsie Stewart 85. Charlie Miller 83, Donald Hay 81, Lea Dion 79

Class II,—Louisa Parker 67, Harold Calder, Lila McKiddie 60.

Class III,—Agnes McPhail 59, Lloyd Somerville 52, Mary Cruise 50.

Four Moscow Lamb Coats to fit Ladies at $25.00 each.
W. BANFORD & SON.

GRENVILLE

Miss Millie Cummings, of Montreal was home for the week-end.

Mrs. L. T. W. Crothers, of McDonald College, is visiting her sister Mrs. W. J. Ellis for a few weeks.

Mrs. A. Pridham, who is spending the winter in Montreal, is this week visiting her son Mr. McI Pridham.

Miss Gladys Bradshaw returned home on Saturday from a couple of weeks vacation spent very pleasantly with frinds in Montreal.

Miss Lois White has been ill, it being at first thought she was developing symptoms of typhoid fever. She is rapidly recovering.

Rev. W J. Ellis, McI Pridham, Ed. Dawson, Geo Foreman, and Ed. Whinfield were in Montreal this week attending the Diosecan Synod.

The crossing at the head of the rapids to Hewkesbury still attracts a number of the venturesome, though in the far channel there is usually quite an amount of water on the ice.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, of Prince Rupert, Mrs. Fisher, and Mr. Kern of Michigan, who were called here owing to the illness and death of the late Mrs. Miller, have returned to their homes.

Our genial agent at the Station is bearing a sweet smile just now at the innovation of a truck for the handling of the milk cans, which means that his musele will be less taxed in the future.

Mrs. Bradshaw is spending a short visit in Ottawa where she had been called owing to the illness of her father who we are glad to report is now much better. Mr. Jno. Cooke who had also been in the City for the same purpose returned home on Friday.

We are pleased to note that good progress is being made upon the new Stave Factory being erected for the Greer Manufacturing Coy. It is proving a boom to our farmers who are busily engaged hauling pulp for which they receive the munificent sum of $5.00 per cord. It is estimated that about $10.000 has already been paid out.

Another well-known resident of Grenville passed away this week, in the person of Mrs. John Howard, mother-in-law of Mr. Sidney Filion, our Crown Lands Agent. For many years Mrs. Howard kept store on the Canal Square, but some time ago was compelled to give it up, owing to ill-health. A large number of friends attended the funeral on Sunday afternoon last to the R. C. Church, and thence to the Calumet cemetery.

On Friday night of this week, the Methodist Ladies Aid Society is having a concert in Dansereau's Hall. Among the items are a dialogue by some of the Cushing young people, another by some of the Grenville folks, while Rev. Mr. Palmer, and Miss Maggie Whelehan are expected to give recitations, and Miss Janet Gill and Mr. J. S. Giles vocal selections. There will be two drills, one by the school-children, and another by a number of young ladies, as well as the tableaux "Allies of Great Britain," repeated by special request.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

McFaul Bros.

4,000 Yards Print, excellent patterns. Regular value 14c for - - **10c**

New Cotton Crepe Goods. Good value at 15c for **12½**

Splendid Selection Steel Clad Galatea. Just the thing for Ladies' and Children's Clothing. Extra value 15c for - - - **13½**

New Spring Dress Goods. Old quality, old prices.

New Silks, 36 in. wide. Splendid selection of patterns and colors and best of all old prices and quality.

Our $1.00 House Dress is a wonder. All colors and sizes. Hurry up and secure your supply before stock is broken up.

McFAUL BROS.
WEST END

Desjardins' Footwear

Is now recognized as the Best, both as to Quality and Comfort.

These are two things you need to look to when buying your Boots and Shoes, and we are SPECIALISTS in the Fitting Line. Just try us and see.

The Boot Store, 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

Temperance Column

—:o:—

One of the Fallen

Mrs. F. M. Howard.

—o—

Three shivering little children crept closer to each other to keep warm, for the room was very cold, and the bed covering scant and thin. Money had been very scarce in this humble home during the long cold winter, with the saloons, and Jake Baird's appetite claiming the major part of his earnings. Mrs. Baird had gone out to do washing, but she was not strong enough to do the work well and one by one her customers had dropped off, and the winter had been very hard, indeed.

"Has papa come home yet?" Little Katie had awakened from her first nap, and was restless with the cold, and that unspoken anxiety which was ever hovering over the little home.

"No, darling. Go to sleep; he will be in now, I think."

"But you must be so cold, mamma. Come and lie down with—"

A heavy footstep outside closed the child's lips, and Mrs Baird flew to open the door. Poor woman, she still loved her husband, with a clinging, despairing love which could not let go of the hope that he might yet reform, and become the man he was capable of being.

She coaxed him into bed. He would have fallen in, boots and all, had she not, with divine patience, persuaded and helped him to undress as if he had been a helpless child instead of a stalwart man able to protect his family from need and suffering.

"We will talk it over in the morning, Jake," she said gently, as he began to explain how he had been led to "take something with the boys," instead of coming home, for this was not an insanely drunken or brutal man, but only a sorely tempted one whose appetite was stronger than his repentance causing a constant war between the two in which, unhappily, there was very little room for doubt as to the final victory.

"I ought to be hung, Mary. I don't see how you can abide me at all," he said, remorsefully, in the morning.

"Oh, Jake! Oh Jake! If you would only sign the pledge—and keep it. I could forgive everything if only we could begin anew."

"I will, Mary. I'll go to the minister this very day—and—if I can't keep it—I'll—I might better be dead than a living curse to you this way, Mary."

"Oh no, Jake; don't say that—don't, Jake. You will keep it; I'm sure you will." But there was no note of strong assurance in her unsteady voice, for he had signed pledges before. She had been such a proud, happy wife a little less than twelve years ago, never dreaming of the fatal defect in her husband's character.

It is an old, old story. No wonder that temperance stories are not popular reading, for there is but one side—the tragic. There is no such thing as a rollicking, joyous temperance recitation, except where the joy bells of Heaven ring over the repentant sinner, and that is merely the rainbow of Hope over against the black cloud of the past.

After the miserable, unsatisfying breakfast, salted with tears, Mary, her grief enveloping her like a shroud, had started crying and could not stop. Jake Baird went to the pastor who had married them. "Make it strong, parson," he said, clutching nervously at his hat with trembling fingers. "It's a life and death struggle, I can tell you that, and if I fail this time I might as well give up."

The minister's kind hand rested on the trembling shoulder. "The Lord Jesus can help you, and he will if you will ask him. Why not take this pledge, Jake, as a Christian soldier?"

But Mr. Baird shook his head. He preferred, like thousands of others, to fight his battle in his own brittle strength. Better days came to the cottage for a few months, for Mr. Baird was a skilled workman, and his wages, rightly applied, were sufficient to bring comfort to his family.

"Signed the pledge, has he?" said the low-browed saloon keeper, who had missed him, to a crowd of customers. "What'll you bet now, boys, that we'll not have him back here before the leaves are out?"

"Better go slow, Dick," he said. "It's a life or death matter with Jake. Says he'll kill himself if he ever gets onto the drink again, and you don't want no suicide on your doorstep. It isn't good for business."

"Suicide go hang. Jake's all right. Prime him up with a little good whiskey, and he'll be as happy as a lord." A memory came to him which made his greedy eyes sparkle with satisfaction.

A year ago the coming week, Jake's wedding anniversary had been celebrated in that very room, in a way which had made poor Mary regret that she had ever had any share in the event. "I'll send him a bottle of wine, and you'll see. He'll snap at it like a turtle catching flies."

The ill-omened gift came to Jake Baird when he was at his work, and in the presence of a crowd of workmen. "Take it away, boys, for God's sake, take it away," he cried, with a white face and chattering teeth. Brought into the presence of his enemy so unexpectedly he had no armor on with which to fight his unconquered desire. Not a man offered to relieve him of the deadly temptation which was causing the sweat to stand out in great drops on his harassed face; but instead, one after another called out, "Aren't you going to stand treat, Jake?"

The wine was heavily loaded, and every man who drank of it went home staggering, but Jake Baird lay in a corner of the workshop too drunk to move. "Let him lie, the beast," the foreman said in disgust. "He ought to go to the lock-up, but a night here alone may do him good."

Good or ill which was it? In the early morning hours the wretched man came to himself enough to turn about and find out where he was. The late moon shone in on his haggard, hopeless face, as he felt in his vest pocket for a little box that he kept there. "Good-bye, Mary. I said you should never see me drunk again, and you shall not. Better dead than drunk, my poor, poor darling."

* * * *

It was Decoration Day in the city where this occurred, and a long procession filed into the cemetery, bearing loads of flowers with which to decorate the graves of the soldiers. In a remote corner of the cemetery was a grave unmarked by flag or flower. Beside it stood four pathetic figures, Mary in her widow's gown, Katie, with a small bouquet of wild flowers in her hand, and the two younger children.

"Mamma, papa was never a soldier, was he?" Katie asked as she placed her little offering on the unhonored grave.

"No, dear," the mother said. Then she paused thoughtfully. "Only at war with the terrible drink. One poor tempted soldier, striving against the hordes of saloons and their keepers. It was no wonder that he went down in the unequal struggle."

"But we love him, don't we, mamma; and we know that he was a good soldier, even if he didn't win."

Katie looked back with a child's innocent pride in the little bouquet, standing so upright and alone on the long expanse of barren clay, and there was something in the little girl's tender thought which comforted the mother's sore heart.

How long, oh, Lord, how long must the battle rage between sin and its unwilling victims? War slays its thousands, and the pestilence its tens of thousands, but the victims of the rum curse, who can number?

COAL and WOOD

FOR SALE.

Give your order at once for next Season.

—o—

Harry Ayers

Lachute Mills, Que.

will clear up your urine—neutralize uric acid—dissolve stone in the Bladder or Kidneys—stop the pain in the back—and cure all Kidney and Bladder Trouble. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Trial treatment free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 288

CUSHING

—:o:—

Miss Ella Watson leaves on Thursday for a visit to friends in the city.

Miss Hartley spent a few days with friends in Grenville, the early part of this week.

Miss Alice Davidson returned last week from a pleasant visit with friends in Huntingdon.

Mrs. H. Hartley will entertain the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Wm. Matthews, of Stardale, was a guest of his uncle Mr. G. Nicholls, on Monday evening last.

Miss Grace B. Fraser, who has been enjoying a very pleasant visit with friends in Kingston, is expected home this week.

Miss Cushman, of L'Orignal, who has been a guest of Rev. and Mrs. Fraser at the Manse for the past month, returned home on Monday.

A number of the young ladies of our vicinity will assist with the programme of the concert which is to be held in Dansereau's Hall under the anspices of the Ladies' Aid on Friday evening Feb. 12th. Some pleasant evenings have been spent in practising.

Messrs. J. Weir and Murray Watson went to Montreal on Saturday last day last making the trip overland by sleigh, a somewhat unusual feat at present, but some of our old residents can remember when it was the only means of transport between here and the city in the winter months at least.

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

Men's overcoats, some choice line on hand, latest styles.

W. BANFORD & SON.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

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

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

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

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

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

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

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

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

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

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

Patriotism and Production

AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCES

Province of Quebec

DISTRICT NO. 1

1.	February	16	St. Therese	Terrebonne
2.	"	17	St. Eustache	Deux Montagnes
3.	"	18	St. Lin	L'Assomption
4.	"	19	Ste. Scholastique	Deux Montagnes
5.	"	20	Lachute	Argenteuil
6.	"	22	Calumet	"
7.	"	23	Monte Bello	Labelle
8.	"	24	St. Jerome	Terrebonne
9.	"	28	Arundel	Argenteuil
10.	March	1	Mont Laurier	Labelle
11.	"	2	Nomininque	"
12.	"	3	Ste. Agathe	Terrebonne
13.	"	4	Ste. Julienne	Montcalm
14.	"	5	St. Jacques	"
15.	"	6	Joliette	"
16.	"	8	St. Ambroise de Kildare	"
17.	"	9	St. Felix de Valois	"
18.	"	10	St. Gabriel de Brandon	Berthier
19.	"	11	St. Henri de Mascouche	L'Assomption
20.	"	12	Ste. Rose	Laval

SPEAKERS.

DR. T. A. BRISSON, Laprairie, P. Q.

MR. J. D. BASTIEN, Villemarie, P. Q.

The speakers who will address these meetings are agricultural specialists whose lectures will be delivered in connection with the Patriotism and Production campaign, which is being carried on throughout Canada. "Service to the Empire by Increasing the Supply of Food Stuffs," will be the text of their addresses. Every farmer should make a special effort to attend. Ladies are invited.

The conferences are held under the direction of the Honourable Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture for Canada.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He Tried "Fruit-a-tives"

D. A. WHITE, Esq.

21 WALLACE AVE., TORONTO,

Dec. 22nd. 1913.

"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of "Fruit-a-tives". These wonderful tablets relieved me of Indigestion, and through the continued use of same, I am no longer distressed with that terrible disease, Asthma, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives" which are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I did. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from Asthma, which I believe is caused or aggravated by Indigestion". D. A. WHITE

For Asthma, for Hay Fever, for any trouble caused by excessive nervousness due to Impure Blood, faulty Digestion or Constipation, take 'Fruit-a-tives"

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

STAYNERVILLE.

Miss Emma Davis spent Tuesday last with Miss Reta Murdock, of Mabel.

Mr. and Mrs. Kempfer, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. Black, of Mabel.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols were the guests of Mrs. McKenzie, of Mabel, on Sunday last.

Misses Minerva and Aletha McKenzie visited Mr. and Mrs. Murdock on Sunday last.

Mr. Charles McKenzie spent the week-end at Burk's Corners, the guest of his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart spent Sunday evening in Mount Maple, the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Murdock.

Mr. G. Brown and Mr D. A. McKenzie with their little son George were the welcome guests of Mr. Jos. Creswell on Saturday.

MABEL

—o—

Mr. R. Black spent Tuesday in town.

Miss M. Gamble has returned to Ormstown, Que.

Mr. Wm. Campbell visited his sister, Mrs. Jas. Mackenzie recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKiddie were guests of Mrs. Jas Clark on Tuesday last.

Miss Alice McGibbon, of Dalesville, spent the week-end with Miss G. Townsend.

Mr. and Mrs W. G. Heatlie and family spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Geo. Murdock.

Mrs. S. McMeekin and family, of Stonefield, spent Monday evening, as the guests of Mr and Mrs. McAdam

Quite a number from Mabel attended the social on Tuesday evening, at Mrs. Wm. Heatlie's Ogdensburg. All report an excellent time.

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.

A VACUUM

"Oh! yes! Dubley is a harmless sort of fellow. The only thing about him is that he has brain trouble."

"Nonsense! He hasn't any brain at all."

"I know; that's the trouble."

How could they wear such heavy things.

GEOFFROY BEDARD

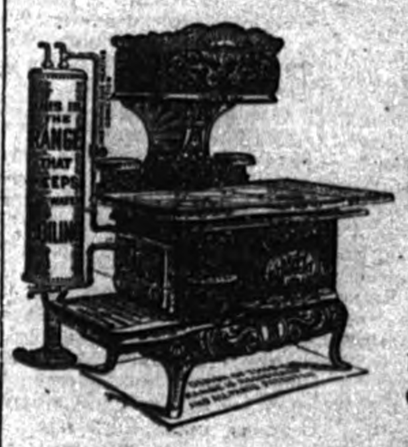
What I want is Customers who know and can appreciate a good job. And what you want is a tailor who will give you good Suits at reasonable Prices. I am the tailor you are looking for.

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

Head Office: - Ottawa, Canada.

Capital Paid Up	-	$ 4,000,000
Rest and Undivided Profits	-	4,978,299
Total Assets over	-	50,000,000

With money to fall back upon in an emergency one can prevent much needless worry and trouble.

A Savings Account

is one of the best aids to systematic thrift.

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. R. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

Hay and Straw

at

Close Market Prices

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

MAIN STREET. LACHUTE.

THE INVADERS

A village in Belgium. Its name? Any one of a score. It is a village that has changed in a day and a night, less than 30 hours, from something unspeakably dull, unspeakably insignificant, to something tragic.

It is a village whose breath has stopped. When that breath comes again it will hurry the blood through the brains of men who no longer are stolid peasants.

They are standing bewildered now, helpless. In the fields and the middle of roads stand their farming implements, their carts. These inanimate things seem bewildered, aghast, like the men. On the village street lie three objects—a cap, some meat and bread tied in a yellow handkerchief, and a clay pipe. Yesterday, such wicked carelessness would have caused serious gossip among these people who are so frugal that they pick up pieces of straw. To-day even Pierre Lanier, the most frugal man in the village, does not so much as look at them.

The men are gesticulating around Pierre Lanier. He, their maire, must know something. Vain for him to hold out his hands, palms up, in mute show that he knows no more than they. Has not Henri here seen a machine that flies, and is he not sure that it had Prussians in it? Has not Maurice—"Here, Maurice! Come forward, then!"—seen men running who said that our troops, our brave troops, had been defeated? What then! Did the government lie to us when it told us that the accursed Germans would be driven back into the Rhine Why should one be the maire, and know nothing? Or is it that he is afraid to speak? Answer then, in the name of heaven!

Lanier shakes his head, slowly, mildly.

"These Uhlans! They come all at once, as if from the sky, and spear everybody! Everybody, I tell you! They eat children. Leon declares it on his word as an honest man. He remembers that it was so in the Franco-Prussian War. They are all murderers, these Germans. It is for this that the regiment of their crown prince wears a death's head on its uniform—a ghastly head, white on black!" The peasant who speaks shakes his fist in the maire's face.

Again Pierre Lanier shakes his head. He is a man not far past middle age, and his hair still is black, but there is a great, slow patience in his face that makes him look old.

"Behold!" cries Maurice. "One comes!"

The one who comes is a man on a motor cycle. Man and machine are so coated with dust, with sweat, with mud, that even without war in the land and one would stare at this thing flying so desperately, one would wait with eyes and lips open to learn what frightening message it carries.

Man, mud, roaring motor and their brother pillar of dust crash by. The man has disappeared before the slow brains realize that he has waved an arm at them and screamed: "Uhlans!"

"Guns! Get your guns!" It might have been the voice of all.

"We will barricade ourselves in the stone house, in thy house!" cries a young man, sholdering forward and addressing the maire. He is Lanier's brother Louis, sturdy, handsome, ferocious.

"Listen!" says Pierre. "My neighbors! My friends! You have no right to fight."

"What?" the peasants scream. "No right to defend our land Art thou crazy, Pierre Lanier?"

The patient man shakes his head again. "No!" he answers. "That we, civilians, men not of the army, men not in uniform, should take arms and fire from ambush—that is against the rules of war."

"Then curse the rules of war!" cries Louis. "Art thou a coward, then?"

The maire reaches out and touches his brother's arm. It is secret, almost a timid act. Louis throws off the appealing hand.

"Tell me not that thou lovest me!" he yells. "If thou art coward and traitor, I damn thy love through all eternity! Again! And for the last time! Wilt thou fight?"

Pierre raises his hand, appealing dumbly to the men. They howl at him and rush away. He stands still, looking on while they gather guns, pitchforks, clubs.

"Open all your houses wide!" shouts Louis. "Let them see that the village is empty. Thus they will come to our trap!"

While some do this, others under his orders barricade the windows of the stone house. "Have care!" he cries. "Nothing must show! The house must look innocent from without! Ha! We shall kill Prussians this day!"

He is foremost in everything. His eyes are bright with pride. "Go, now, my brother, and meet thy beloved Germans!" he bellows at Pierre, when all is done. Pierre, without a word, enters the stone house with the rest.

Some miles away, half a dozen Uhlans canter over a ridge and examine the village through field glasses. They study the ground foot by foot, almost inch by inch. Then they trot onward.

They come, suddenly, on a little crowd of fleeing women and children, who scurry, screeching, into the ditch and bushes. A bearded Uhlan heads off an old woman who is carrying a child. He bends to her from his tall horse. "Why do you all run, mother? Call thy flock of foolish geese together, old woman, and tell them to go on boldly, in God's name. We are not man eater's. Is it thy grandchild there? See, little one! Come to me!" He stoops and swings the child out of the trembling woman's arms. "When thou growest up, shalt tell thy sweetheart that once an Uhan kissed thee." He kisses the baby. "And here! Art a brave little woman. See! I have some chocolate! That shall just fit the little mouth." He gives the baby back. "I have one just like that!" he says to the grandmother. "At home in Leipzig. Farewell, old woman. Accustom thyself to it, to see Germans. There are many behind us, and there will be many, many more."

"A million!" laugh the other Uhlans, and canter on.

They enter the village. These completely open, completely empty houses, do not lure them, as the simple peasants had expected. They ride swiftly but cautiously. When they come in sight of the stone house, they halt. A moment's inspection shows them that it is dangerous. Louis grinds his teeth when an Uhlan points his lance at it, laughing.

One soldier gallops back at top speed along the road by which they have come. The others encircle the house. They leap their horses over hedges and walls, they ride through gardens, always remaining out of shot from the stone house and always keeping it in view.

Having examined it from all sides, they sit at rest. They sit, straight and sedate, as if they had been halted on parade Unter den Linden. A half hour passes. The immobility of the Uhlans, their passionless, inexhorable watch, is driving the peasants frantic. More than once Louis has to growl at a man who wants to shoot. "Would you waste a cartridge? Every bullet we have must kill a German."

Suddenly the tension ceases. There comes a strange, great ominous sound. It might be thunder, if thunder could grow and grow like enormous music. It might be a river in flood, that but now was a murmur afar, and approaches with a rumble that swells into a slow roar. So does this rumble swell on the ears of the men in the stone house.

"They come!" says Louis hoarsely. It is hard for him to speak intelligibly. The defenders are all violently thirsty and they have forgotten to bring in any water.

They come indeed! They come along the great highway that leads through the far end of the village. Though it is far out of range of the stone house, the peasants can see them plainly. They are mounted men, cavalry. "Now!" says Louis, his eyes shining. He watches for the waiting Uhlans to call their comrades to attack.

The Uhlans do not stir. The Germans move along the road. They do not turn on to attack the house. They do not even turn their heads to look at it. This infuriates the peasants.

Horses, horses, horses! Helmets, helmets, helmets! It is advance cavalry, but not the advance cavalry of past puny wars. They pass, and more come on, and still more. If the men in the stone house could see the other roads of their land, they would see each one so filled with a silent, steady, implacably moving tide.

Suddenly, from nowhere, a little party appears before the house. It wheels, long before it is within reach of rifles. A shining, glossy little thing points at the house. It is a rapid-fire gun, sleek, beautiful.

An Uhlan rides toward the house. He has a white cloth, a flag, on his lance, and waves it. It is the bearded Uhlan who kissed the child on the road.

Louis thrusts his gun through an aperture. His brother, who is unarmed, grasps the barrel. "Thou must not! It is a flag of truce!"

"What is a flag of truce?" demands a peasant.

"It means that the soldier has a message for us. They will not attack us while he carries it."

The Uhlan approaches and halts. "Hola!" he cries. "Within there!"

Louis rips the gun from his brother's grip, runs to another window, and fires. The Uhlan falls from his horse without a quiver. He lies on the ground like a bundle.

Along the highway the cavalry army moves silently, steadily. No man has checked his horse for so much as an instant at the sound of a shot. Horses, horses, horses! Helmets, helmets, helmets! The machine moves on.

It moves on, eyes front, while the captain commanding the little gun snaps a sharp order.

It moves on, horses and helmets bobbing out of sight ahead, and bobbing past, and bobbing on from behind, while the gun crackles with explosions that dwindle to a steady snore of noise. The stone house as if it were afire, spouts clouds of swirling dust and powdering stone. In a moment it is a fragment that stares phantom like through the cloud, something that seems to be looking with horribly expended eyes at the gun. In a moment it is nothing. If the besieged have fired, the men at the gun do not know it. The little steel beast had drowned their tiny efforts in roar and fire. They have passed as a breath.

The soldiers advance to the ruin. A half wall is standing, jagged. The rest is a mound of dirt. Nothing living is in there. The gun and its men join the horses and the helmets that are flooding Belgium.

In Germany, in the city of Liepzig that night, a mother guides her child's hands to clasp themselves in prayer, and make it repeat after her: "Lieber Gott im Himmel, behute meinen Vater im Krieg."

The captain of the little rapid-fire gun, as he lies in his blanket, thinks of his home, of his people, even of his dogs. He does not think of the stone house. It was an episode.

Under the ruins of the stone house the women of the village that night find their husbands. They find their maire. His face is more patient now than ever. Perhaps that is because he has his arm around his brother.

The "Scrap of Paper" German Chancellor.

"I did not want this war." "We Germans do not cherish hate." "I have labored steadily to develop a good understanding with England." These are some of the striking statements made by the Imperial German Chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, in a long interview on the war, its causes, and its probable results. The ravages of war have not spared even the "Reichkanzler." In his uniform of Lieutenant-General, with grizzled, close-cropped beard, he seemed much older than the scholarly, frock-coated statesman of Reichstag debates. Only recently his oldest son had been wounded on one of the battlefields of Poland. As a reward for his efforts the Kaiser has presented him with an Iron Cross which is suspended from the ribbon in the third buttonhole of his coat. The chancellor is firm and obdurate, and in spite of many reverses is firmly confident of ultimate victory for Germany.

DROP GLADNESS ON YOUR PATH.

Dr. James L. Hughes, Toronto.

Drop gladness on your path
Where 'er you go;
It will take root to cheer
Hearts full of woe.

Plant the sweet flowers of joy
Where you find tears;
Perfume will rise from them
Through all the years.

Pressed flowers of happiness
Stored in the breast,
When sorrow comes, or fear,
Bring hope and rest.

January 1915.

Quite the Contrary.

"The boss accuses you of being blind drunk."

"Well, the bosh's mistaken. I'm sheein' twice as much as I she when I'm sober—twice as much, unnerstand?"

Austrian Adjutant—Our equipment is no good. General—So much the better! When the Russians get it they can't use it.

Mrs. Newlyrich, having come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near a big city, where she lived in style. One day while she was showing some of her old-time friends about the place they came to the poultry yard. "What beautiful chickens!" the visitors exclaimed. "All prize fowl," haughtily explained the hostess. "Do they lay every day?" was the next question. "Oh, they could, of course, but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."

KITCHENER'S NEW ARMY.

It Is a Triumph of Democracy, Like the Tubes.

Writing in the Westminster Gazette, a member of Kitchener's New Army says:—

"The New Army," "Kitchener's Army"—we go by many names. The older sergeants—men who have served in regular battalions—sometimes call us "Kitchener's Mob" and swear that to take us to war would be another Massacre of the Innocents. At other times they affirm that we are a credit to our instructors (themselves); but such affirmations have become rarer since beer went up to 3d. a pint.

We are a mixed lot—a triumph of democracy, like the tubes. Some of us have fifty years to our credit and only own to thirty! others are sixteen and claim to be eighteen. Some of us enlisted for glory, and some for fun, and a few for fear of starvation. Some of us began by being stout, and have lost weight. Others were weedy and are filling out. Some of us grumble, and go sick to escape parades; but for the most part we are aggressively cheerful, and were never fitter in our lives. Some miss their glass of claret, others their fish and chips; but as we all sleep on the floor, and only possess one suit, which is rapidly becoming very disreputable, you would never tell t'other from which.

We sing as we march. Such songs we sing! All about coons and girls, parodies of hymns, parodies about Kaiser Bill, and sheer unadulterated nonsense. We shall sing

"Where's yer girl?
Ain't yer got none?"

as we march into battle.

Battle! Battle, murder and sudden death! Maiming, slaughter, blood, extremities of discomfort and fear and pain! How incredibly remote all that seems! We don't believe in it really. It is just a great game we are learning. It is part of the game to make little short rushes in extended order, to lie on our bellies and keep our heads down, snap our rifles and fix our bayonets. Just a game—that's all, and then home to tea.

Some of us think that these young officers take the game a blanked sight too seriously. Twice this week we have been late for dinner, and once they routed us out to play it at night. That was a bit too thick! The canteen was shut when we got back, and we missed our pint.

Anyhow, we're Kitchener's Army and we are quite sure it'll be all right. Just send us to Flanders and see if it ain't. We're Kitchener's Army, and we don't care if it snows ink!

HOME

With Fish.

To Thaw Frozen Fish.—There are two ways to thaw fish. If they are thawed at room temperature there is no chance of their losing their flavor, unless they are allowed to stand after they have thawed out, when they will "break down" somewhat and spoil more quickly than a fresh caught fish, which spoils quickly enough, as everybody knows. A quicker way is to put them in cold water, and as this is the method used by dealers when customers demand fresh caught fish, although there is none in the market, or those to be had are at prohibitively high prices.

Baked Trout Steak.—Put two strips of bacon under the steak and two over it, and then some fresh tomatoes on top, and bake. It is necessary to understand that there is much good in a fish, like the trout, that is large enough for steaks, although we like that species best in the smaller sizes.

To Broil Any Fish Steak.—Do not have your dealer cut the steaks too thin. A steak an inch thick can be broiled in from twelve to fourteen minutes, about six minutes to a side, and a fillet from the side of a thick fish will cook in about the same time. A fillet is a thick, flat slice of fish without the bone, just as a fillet of beef is strip or slice of muscle or lean meat without bone. For a single large steak use half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, a tablespoon of vinegar and three of oil. Mix these together and add some slices of onion and other seasoning if you choose, turn the fish over and over in this seasoning, and let it lie for an hour, if there is time, turning several times. This is an excellent way to season fish, even if you cannot let it lie an hour. You will not taste any of these things, but will know that your fish has an excellent taste, as it will not have unless well seasoned. Small fish need but little seasoning; those of a coarser grain need a good deal to make them fine. Serve with Hollandaise sauce or plain melted butter and slices or quarters of lemon.

Boiled Fish Steaks.—Fish steaks may be boiled on top of the stove or in a chafing dish. A halibut steak of a pound weight can be boiled and used with a sauce, or be boiled and flaked and used as a salad or for timbales. Cover the steak with boiling water and add a bit of bay leaf, some green pepper, or carrot and onion, and salt and pepper, and cook gently until done. It may take twenty minutes. Save the liquid in which it is boiled for sauce or soup.

If you want to make timbales flake the fish, add to it about an equal measure of cracker crumbs, and what seasoning you choose; bind with white of egg, allowing one egg for each timbale cup two-thirds full of the mixture, fill the buttered timbale cups, set them in hot water, and cook until the egg is well set, turn out of timbale mold and serve with a cheese sauce. You may decorate the bottom of the mold with strips of green pepper before you put in the fish, or you may drop in an egg which is poached in the cooking of the whole.

Cheese Sauce.—This sauce has many names, but is simply a white sauce made by cooking together a large tablespoon of butter with one of flour, and then adding to it, stirring all the time, a cup of hot milk. When this is well blended, cooked, and seasoned, add from half a cup to a cup of grated cheese. Too strong a cheese taste with fish is not liked by some people If the sauce should happen to be lumpy, by any accident, put it through a strainer before adding the cheese.

Butter Sauce.—The old fashioned butter sauce for boiled fish is still in favor, although there is some question about its being wholesome; the white sauce is also questionable. This is made exactly like the white sauce, except that boiling water is used instead of milk, or better yet, the boiling liquid in which the fish was boiled. Finally cut up one or two hard boiled eggs into the sauce.

Uses for Kerosene Oil.

Here are nine uses to be made of kerosene oil. Wash out your dustless mops in kerosene and soak your dusters in kerosene. Let the kerosene dry on your dusters and you will have dustless dusters!

A spoonful of kerosene added to a kettle of very hot water will make windows, looking glasses, and picture glasses bright and clear. Use a small, clean cloth, wring it dry, and rub it over the glass, after wiping down the framework with an oiled cloth. Then proceed to the next window and treat it similarly on both sides. After that go back to the first one and wipe it dry with a large, clean cloth. No real polishing is required and the window or glass will look clear and shiny.

Kerosene will clean your hands better than anything else after blacking a range or stove. Pour a little in the water, wash your hands in it, then wash them in tepid water, and finally with plenty of soap and a stiff brush in hot water. Finish up by rubbing the hands with lemon and rosewater and glycerine.

When your kitchen sink is rusty rub it over with kerosene.

Squeaks in shoes are prevented by dipping the soles in kerosene.

The white spots appearing in the spring on the lining of your refrigerator will disappear if you rub the zinc with kerosene. Leave the refrigerator open several hours, then wash with water, soap and ammonia. The refrigerator will then be clean and sweet and all spots will have disappeared.

To clean painted walls wipe them first with a cloth wet in kerosene and let stand fifteen minutes Then wash the walls with good, warm soapsuds, but do not rub soap on the cloth or the paint will be streaked. Rub spots of tar or pine pitch on clothing in kerosene before washing them.

Household Hints.

The home milliner generally makes the mistake of using too many stitches in sewing on flowers or feathers. "Few but strong," is the rule.

Brass polished with oil and rotten-stone will have a deep rich yellow tone. The whiter, more brilliant tone is caused by acid polishes.

If you have to pack bottles in a trunk, tie in the corks, and wrap them in soft towels, garments, etc., and place in the middle of the trunk.

If the stepladder slips, paste a piece of old rubber over each support; this will not only prevent a fall, but it will protect the floors.

If you have casters put on your woodbox, it will be much more convenient to sweep around and under it, or to move it from place to place.

When cooking mushrooms it is safe to put a silver spoon in the pan. If the spoon turns dark you can be sure there is a toadstool in the pan.

Excellent school sandwiches are made of large ripe olives stoned and chopped fine and spread on bread and butter sandwiches with mayonnaise.

Apples pared, cored and set into a dish with sugar and water to bake until tender, but not broken, are delicious served with custard poured over them.

A double thickness of material, put shieldwise and stitched under the arm while a dress is being made will prove a great resource when the dress begins to wear out.

DO A KINDLY DEED.

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the law of kindness still
Whatever others do.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid,
The great worlds ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.

ECONOMY IN FOODSTUFFS.

Comfort in England Depends Largely in Prevention of Waste.

The London newspapers are devoting prominent space to the consideration of the steady increase in the cost of foods and other necessaries, which in many cases are from 20 to 50 per cent. dearer than before the war. Coal has risen 10 per cent. higher. Flour, which sold in July at 25 shillings ($6), is now 45 shillings; and fish has trebled in price.

The middle classes particularly are feeling the pinch because of the limitation of income owing to the war. The working classes, on the other hand, generally are all well employed, except in certain trades.

The editorials urge economy in the use of foodstuffs with which the English households are proverbially prodigal and wasteful. The Daily Telegraph says:

"The war should teach us that comfort depends largely on the prevention of waste. We shall do well to reform the internal economy of our homes wherever it is possible. This war will increase the cost of living throughout the world, neutral as well as belligerent countries."

The Chronicle has this to say:

"Despite the increase, bread and many other articles are cheaper in England than in any other country in the world. Therefore, we cannot expect amelioration of the increase, due largely to the high shipping rates, which have quadrupled in five months."

Strength to Stand It.

Grateful Patient—"By the way, I should be glad if you would send me your bill soon."

Eminent Physician—"Never mind about that, my dear madam; you must get quite strong first."

Maddening Unanimity.

She (sighingly) — I wish I had been born a man.

He (gloomily)—So do I.

Who Would Get the Cores?

Teacher—Mary, how would you divide five apples among six children?

Mary—Make apple sauce.

DISEASE IS DUE TO BAD BLOOD

To Cure Common Ailments the Blood Must be Made Rich and Red.

Nearly all the diseases that afflict humanity are caused by bad blood—weak, watery blood—poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the cause of headaches and backaches, lumbago and rheumatism; debility and indigestion, neuralgia and other nerve troubles, and disfiguring skin diseases like eczema and salt rheum show how impure the blood actually is. No use trying a different remedy for each disease, because they all spring from the one cause—bad bood. To cure any of these troubles you must get right down to the root of the trouble in the blood, and that is just what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They make new, rich blood and thus cure these diseases when common medicine fails. Mrs. John Jackson, Woodstock, Ont., suffered from both nervous troubles and a run-down condition and experienced a complete cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I was a sufferer for a number of years from neuralgia, and a general debility of the nerves and system. I had tried several doctors and many medicines, but to no avail until I began Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At the time I began the Pills I had grown so bad that I could hardly be on my feet, and was forced to wear elastic bandages about the ankles. The pain I suffered at times from the neuralgia was terrible. I had almost given up hope when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks I felt an improvement, and I gladly continued the use of the Pills until I was once more quite well and able to attend to all my household duties."

If you are ailing begin to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SURE OF IMMORTAL FAME.

Man Who May Succeed in Recapturing Metz.

Ever since Marshal Bazaine surrendered the capital of Lorraine certain keys of the gates of Metz, says the Boston Herald, have been held in Paris awaiting the time when France should reclaim the city, which up to that disastrous day in 1870 had never been conquered as a fortress by an enemy.

One of the centres of conflict to-day is the region between Metz and Verdun, and French aviators are scouting over the city and dropping bombs upon its great circle of forts. La Pucelle, as the city has been called because of its impregnability, is far stronger to-day than half a century ago, yet the forts were intact when the capitulation yielded 175,000 prisoners of war to the Germans and left the road to Paris open without obstacle to their troops. A new chain of forts has been built since 1899, and Metz and Strassburg are now the chief fortresses of the western frontier of the German empire.

The man who succeeds in taking Metz will insure for himself an immortality of fame measurable only by the depths of chagrin and the furious anger into which its loss plunged the people of France. Gambetta had escaped from Paris in a balloon and was earning the admiration of the world by his superhuman exertions at Tours. Bazaine had fought well in Algeria, Spain and the Crimea, and had been the leader of the French in Mexico in the time of Maximilian. Opinions will always differ as to the degree of his culpability for the surrender of October 27, 1870.

Three years after he was tried by courtmartial and sentenced to degradation and death. The sentence was commuted to imprisonment for twenty years. But the condemnation was doubtless due in part to the necessity of making some concession to the popular cry for vengeance and a victim. Through all these intervening years the French people have cherished the memory of that fallen capital, and, characteristically, they have draped monuments for its fall and treasured the keys that were brought safely away when the army of the Rhine marched out of the gates. No event would cause such a frenzy of rejoicing throughout France as the capture of Metz.

A MOTHER'S PRAISE OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mrs. Fred Tinkham, South Canaan, N.S., writes:—"Please send me another box of Baby's Own Tablets as I do not care to be without them. I have used them repeatedly and consider them the best medicine in the world for little ones." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing. The tablets cure all the minor ills of childhood such as constipation, sour stomach, colic, colds, simple fevers, etc., and are guaranteed to be absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM.

Stays With King Albert at the Battlefront.

"Long live Queen Elizabeth, a great sovereign, but above everything else, a great, a good, and a true woman," was the toast drunk to Belgium's Queen at a banquet of the Municipality of Brussels, long before the war became a reality.

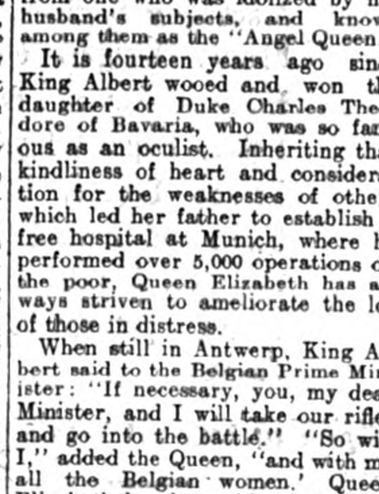
"A great, a good, and a true woman." It is a phrase which is in no sense an exaggeration of the virtues of the Queen, whose heroic deeds since the War of the Nations broke out were only to be expected from one who was idolized by her husband's subjects, and known among them as the "Angel Queen."

It is fourteen years ago since King Albert wooed and won the daughter of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, who was so famous as an oculist. Inheriting that kindliness of heart and consideration for the weaknesses of others which led her father to establish a free hospital at Munich, where he performed over 5,000 operations on the poor, Queen Elizabeth has always striven to ameliorate the lot of those in distress.

When still in Antwerp, King Albert said to the Belgian Prime Minister: "If necessary, you, my dear Minister, and I will take our rifles and go into the battle." "So will I," added the Queen, "and with me all the Belgian women.' Queen Elizabeth has kept this pledge, for she is constantly on the battlefield aiding the wounded, cheering the fighters, and comforting her husband.

Kept Her Pledge.

No sooner had she placed her three children — Prince Leopold, born in 1901, Prince Charles, born in 1903, and Princess Marie-Jose, born in 1906—in the care of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, at Basingstoke, when the Kaiser and his



Queen Elizabeth of Belgium

Huns, violating the neutrality of her husband's country, invaded Belgium, than she hurried back to the King's side, insisting on sharing his dangers and discomforts. "I am not a Queen at present. I am a fellow-sufferer and helper," she replied, in a simple, dignified tone, when her husband and his officers urged her to leave the zone of danger.

As a nurse and the organizer of hospital equipment, Queen Elizabeth has rendered invaluable aid. Before her marriage she gave serious attention to the study of medicine, and after some years obtained a degree of M.D. at Leipsic, being of great service to her father in his many good works, and herself gaining experience in surgical affairs.

Is Practical-Minded.

Apart, however, from hospital and nursing work, Queen Elizabeth has given further evidence of her practical-mindedness by her interest in the industries of the people, and her endeavors to further their work. After the funeral of King Leopold, who died in 1909, Queen Elizabeth did a patriotic thing in a characteristically womanly way. She gave orders for large quantities of Brussels lace to be used for her robes of State when she came out of mourning, and for her ordinary dresses. This was at a time when, for various reasons, Brussels lace had ceased to please its own country, and the industry required a fillip. And it was Queen Elizabeth who provided that fillip in a manner which gladdened the hearts of the lace-makers of the country.

The home life of the King and Queen of Belgium has always been of the happiest description. Their favorite hobby is the study of the violin, of which they are both extremely fond, and one of the most popular pictures in Belgium is that which depicts King Albert reading while his wife helps Prince Leopold to master the violin.

Revenge.

A contributor to Pearson's Weekly tells us that after Jimmy's tooth was drawn, he rose from the chair, held out his little hand and said:

"Give it to me, please."

With an accommodating smile, the dentist wrapped the tooth in paper, and extended it to Jimmy.

"But what are you going to do with is " he asked.

"I am going to take it home," was the reply. "cram sugar into it, and watch it ache!"

Magical Effect on Neuralgia Throbbing Pain Goes Quickly

A YEAR'S SUFFERER CURED BY "NERVILINE."

No person reading this need ever again suffer long from Neuralgia.

Nerviline will quickly cure the worst Neuralgia, and Mrs. G. Evans, in her strong letter written from Russel post office, says:—"One long year, the longest of my life, was almost entirely given up to treating dreadful attacks of Neuralgia. The agony I experienced during some of the bad attacks was simply unmentionable. To use remedies by the score without permanent relief was mighty discouraging. At last I put my faith in Nerviline; I read of the wonderful pain-subduing power it possessed and made up my mind to prove it valuable or useless. Nerviline at once eased the pain and cured the headache. Continuous treatment with this magic-working remedy cured me entirely and I have ever since stayed well."

Mrs. Evan's case is but one of hundreds that might be quoted. Nerviline is a specific for all nerve, muscular or joint pain. It quickly cures neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, lame back, neuritis and rheumatism. Forty years in use, and to-day the most widely used liniment in the Dominion. Don't take anything but "Nerviline," which any dealer anywhere can supply in large 50c. family size bottles, or in a small 25c. trial size.

BELGIANS TO SHOW ENGLISH.

Refugees Will Instruct in Secrets of Intensive Cultivation.

England is to reap benefits from the agricultural skill of the Belgian farmers who are exiles in Great Britain. As a token of their appreciation of English hospitality, the Queen of the Belgians has suggested that the agriculturalists from her country instruct English farmers in the system of intensive cultivation which has made Belgium famous the world over.

A committee headed by Sir Richard Paget has been appointed, and arrangements are being made to delegate Belgian experts who will direct their fellow-countrymen in preparing English land for intensive cultivation. The English and Belgians alike are eager to have all Belgians return to their homes as soon as possible, but, meantime, there is a desire to make the Belgians as little burden as possible on England and the agricultural colony plan has been hit upon as a desirable means of employing Belgians where they will not be in direct competition with Englishmen.

As many as five crops of vegetables are grown in a single year by the Belgians on tracts under glass. Only rough frames with ordinary glass are required for this work. The Belgian farmers are able to make these themselves, and, in many places in England they are already employed preparing the frames.

The Belgian knowledge of soil culture is the secret of the great success the farmers of the little kingdom have achieved. A tiny tract of land is sufficient to support a Belgian family in comfort, and the refugees are willing to impart their knowledge of soil treatment to their English hosts, who are in no sense competitors in the Continental markets dominated by the Belgian gardeners.

SOUND SLEEP

After Change to Postum.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare." (The effects on the system of tea and coffee drinking are very similar, because they each contain the drug, caffeine.)

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavour and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wean every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug-drink—coffee.

"People do not really appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of coffee would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned. Yours for health."

Postum comes in two forms:

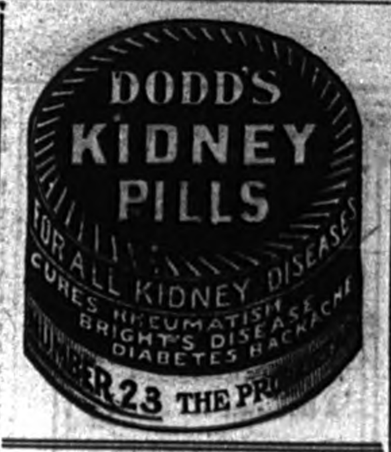
Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

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.



GERMAN DUPLICITY.

Military Orders at Liege Were Dated "Liege 1906."

At the University of Liege, which was all knocked to pieces, I ran into something that convinced me beyond doubt of the responsibility for this war, writes A. E. Cantrell, an American who recently escaped from Belgium.

Yellow German military orders were pasted up in a good many places. They had the German arms at the top, and were dated from the city of Liege; "1906," printed on the orders, had been crossed out and "1914" written in with pencil.

The posters were all the same color, a kind of dark yellow, and of different shapes and sizes. I saw them principally around the Place de l'Opera. They were on regular bulletin boards and in some cases pasted to the walls of buildings. Some were long and narrow, some broader than they were long, and some were about the size of a sheet of paper for typewriting. The posters included orders, such as that no drinks other and stronger than beer and wine should be sold. I remember one that said persons having horses for sale might bring them to a certain place. Every one of the posters was headed, in German, "City of Liege." And every one had the printed date "1906" crossed out in blue pencil and "1914" written with the same pencil.

The Kaiser was eight years late getting to Liege.

$5,000 Limerick Prize

The winning of it can't ease the pain of the corn, but "Putnam's" will ease, cure and prevent corns and warts. Guarantee goes with every bottle of "Putnam's." Use no other, 25c. at all dealers.

Continuous Performance.

Gorman—We were at the dinner table from one till five.

Dyser—And what did you do after dinner?

Gorman—Why, it was so late we had supper.

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon, Pigeon & Davis, The Patent Solicitors of 71a St. James St. Montreal, report that 156 Canadian Patents were issued for the week ending December 29th, 1914, 108 of which were granted to Americans, 34 to Canadians, 10 to residents of Great Britain and Colonies, and 4 to residents of foreign countries.

Of the Canadians who received patents, 15 were of Ontario, 5 of British Columbia, 5 of Quebec, 3 of Manitoba, 3 of Alberta, 2 of Saskatchewan, and 1 of Nova Scotia.

French Endure War Well.

The French people are enduring the emotional shock and strain of the war well, said Prof. Anatole Chauffard, an eminent member of the French Academy of Medicine. The early closing of wine shops and cafes, the prohibition of the sale of absinthe, and physical education, Prof. Chauffard said, were among the things which explained the strength of the race supporting the shock, and these, he contended, also would contribute to the restoration of the birth-rate and to the moral and physical condition of the nation.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Later the Better.

Husband (firmly) — Understand me, madam, your extravagance will have to cease sooner or later.

Young Wife — Well, then, we'll make it later.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

"Here I am breakin' stones by the roadside," said Patsy Bryan to his friend, "when I'm heir to half of a splendid estate under my father's will, so I am. When the ould man died he ordered my brother Phil to divide the house with me, and by St. Patrick so he did—for he took the inside himself and gave me the outside."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

are just the right medicine for the children. When they are constipated—when their kidneys are out of order—when over-indulgence in some favorite food gives them indigestion—Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills will quickly and surely put them right. Purely vegetable, they neither sicken, weaken or gripe, like harsh purgatives. Guard your children's health by always keeping a box of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills in the house. They 61

Keep the Children Well

Dangerous Wood Alcohol.

There is an enormous amount of wood alcohol used in the trades — about 8,000,000 gallons per annum. About 4,000,000 workers are more or less exposed to inhalation of it, and it has been shown by investigators to be exceedingly dangerous. Heretofore we have thought of wood alcohol as dangerous chiefly in relation to its effects when taken into the stomach, but it also is very injurious when inhaled. Legislation is urgently called for providing for better than ordinary ventilation in establishments handling the wood alcohol, and also for the labelling of all articles containing it. Regulation has been strongly resisted by manufacturers, particularly those interested in the making of perfumes, into which deodorized wood alcohol enters largely.

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 fulness, 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.

Georgie's Leash.

Mother (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie.

Georgie—I am usin' it, mother; I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.

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

His Final Threat.

Driver O'Flannagan (to his horse which refuses to get up after falling)—Well, of all the lazy spalpeens. Get up, will yez, or Oi'll drive right over yez!

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Foot-and-Mouth Trouble.

Clinton—Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?

Clubleigh—No; nor without my hearing her, either.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

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

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

Yours truly,
J. G. LESLIE.

Dartmouth.

On Exhibition.

Briggs—We are coming around to see you this evening.

Griggs—That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let your wife wear her new suit; I don't want my wife to see it just now.

Briggs—Why, man alive, that's just why we are coming.

LOW FARES TO THE CHICAGO EXPOSITIONS.

Via Chicago & North Western Ry.

Four splendid daily trains from the New Passenger Terminal, Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Choice of scenic and direct routes. Double track. Automatic electric safety signals all the way.

Let us plan your trip and furnish folders and full particulars.

B. H. Bennett, Gen. Agt., 46 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A man who doesn't exaggerate a little is seldom an interesting talker.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

His Report.

"What did they say to you?" asked little Henry's mother after his first visit to the new Sunday School.

"The teacher said she was glad to see me there."

"Yes?"

"And she said she hoped I would come every Sunday."

"And was that all she said?"

"No; she asked me if our family belonged to that abomination."

The owner of a barking dog is always the first to complain about the noise made by the neighbor's children.

CLARK'S SOUPS

Delicately flavoured—Highly concentrated.

WHY WORRY! Choose your variety and ask your grocer for "Clark's".

FARMS FOR SALE.

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

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

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

FOR SALE.

REGISTERED SHORTHORN AND Holstein Calves. T. J. Morrison, Durham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

PATENTS OF INVENTIONS

PIGEON, PIGEON & DAVIS

71a St. James St., - Montreal

Write for information

BOILERS

New and Second-hand, for heating and power purposes. Water 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.

The First of ALL "Home Remedies"

"VASELINE," in its many forms with their innumerable uses, is the foundation of the family medicine chest.

Vaseline

Trademark

It keeps the skin smooth and sound. Invaluable in the nursery for burns, cuts, insect bites, etc. Absolutely pure and safe.

AVOID SUBSTITUTES. Insist on "Vaseline" in original packages bearing the name, CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Consolidated. For sale at all Chemists and General Stores.

Illustrated booklet free on request

CHESEBROUGH MF'G CO. (Consolidated)

1880 CHABOT AVE., MONTREAL

Hard Work.

"I should think you would work, instead of begging for your living."

"I do, mum."

"You do! Then why are you asking me for money?"

"That's my profession, mum. But if you knew how hard it is to pry a dime out of some folks you'd never accuse me of not working."

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores.—50c box.

Zam-Buk

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On Monday, February 15th, we are putting on Sale for the balance of month

1,500 yards of English Prints,

Regular 15c to 18c for

12 1-2 Cents.

500 Yards Art Sateen

Regular 25c to 35c for

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SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

FOOTWEAR

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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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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.

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

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ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his office every day except Tuesday.
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Tel. Westmount 4849.

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 XXIV.

"If I thought," answered Armstrong quickly, "I should go mad. Newbold, your wife was as pure as the snow; that she loved me I cannot and will not deny, she married you in a fit of jealousy and anger after a quarrel between us in which I was to blame, and when I came back to the camp in your absence, I strove to make it up and used every argument that I possessed to get her to leave you and to live with me. Although she had no love for you she was too good and too true a woman for that. Now you've got the truth, damn you, believe it or not as you like. Miss Maitland," he added swiftly. "If I had met you sooner, I might have been a better man. Good bye."

He turned suddenly and none preventing, indeed it was not possible, he ran to the outer door; as he did so his hand snatched something that lay on the chest of drawers. There was a flash of light as he drew in his arm, but none saw what it was. In a few seconds he was outside the door. The table was between old Kirkby and the exit; Maitland and Newbold were nearest. The old man came to his senses first.

"After him," he cried, "he means—"

But before anybody could stir the dull report of a pistol come through the open door!

They found Armstrong lying on his back in the snowy path, his face as white as the drift that pillowed his head, Newbold's heavy revolver still clutched in his right hand and a bloody welling smudge on his left breast over his heart. It was the woman who broke the silence.

"Oh," she sobbed, "it can't be—"

"Dead," said Maitland solemnly.

"And it might have been by my hand," muttered Newbold to himself in horror.

"He'll never cause no more trouble to nobody in this world, Miss Enid an' gents," said old Kirkby gravely. "Well, he was a damned fool an' a damned villain in some ways," continued the old frontiersman reflectively in the silence broken otherwise only by the woman's sobbing breaths, "but he had some of the qualities that go to make a man, an' I ain't doubtin' but what them last words of hisn was mighty near true. Ef he had met a girl like you earlier in his life, he mought have been a different man."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Draught of Joy.

The great library was the prettiest room in Robert Maitland's magnificent mansion in Denver's most favored residence section. It was a long, low-studded room with a heavy beamed ceiling. The low book cases, about five feet high, ran between all the windows and doors on all sides of the room. At one end there was a huge open fire place built of rough stone, and as it was winter a cheerful fire of logs blazed on the hearth. It was a man's room pre-eminently. The drawing-room across the hall was Mrs. Maitland's domain, but the library reflected her husband's picturesque if somewhat erratic taste. On the walls there were pictures of the west by Remington, Marchand, Dunton, Dixon and others, and to set them off, finely mounted heads of bear and deer and buffalo. Swords and other arms stood here and there. The writing table was massive and the chairs easy, comfortable and inviting. The floor was strewn with robes and rugs. From the windows facing westward, since the house was set on a high hill, one could see the great rampart of the range.

There were three men in the room on that brilliant morning early in January something like a month after these adventures in the mountains which have been so veraciously set forth. Two of them were the brothers Maitland; the third was Newbold.

The shock produced upon Enid Maitland by the death of Armstrong together with the tremendous episode that had preceded it had utterly prostrated her. They had spent the night at the hut in the mountains and had decided that the woman must be taken back to the settlements some way at all hazards.

The wit of old Kirkby had effected a solution of the problem, using a means certainly as old as Napoleon and the passage of his cannon over the Great St. Bernard—and perhaps as old as Hannibal! They had made a rude sled from the trunk of a pine which they hollowed out and provided with a back and runners. There was no lack of fur robes and blankets for her comfort.

Wherever it was practicable the three men hitched themselves to the sled with ropes and dragged it and Enid over the snow. Of course for miles down the canon it was impossible to use the sled. When the way was comparatively easy the woman, supported by the two men, Newbold and Maitland, made shift to get along afoot. When it became too difficult for her, Newbold picked her up as he had done before and assisted by Maitland, carried her bodily to the next resting place. At these times Kirkby looked after the sled.

They had managed to reach the temporary hut in the old camp the first night and rested there. They gathered up their sleeping bags and tents and resumed their journey in the morning. They were strong men, and save for old Kirkby, young. It was a desperate endeavor but they carried it through.

When they hit the open trails the sledding was easy and they made great progress. After a week of terrific going, they struck the railroad, and the next day found them all safe in Maitland's house in Denver.

To Mr. Stephen Maitland his daughter was as one who had risen from the dead. And indeed, when he first saw her, she looked like death itself. No one had known how terrible that journey had been to the woman. Her three faithful attendants had surmised something, but in spite of all even they did not realize that in these last days she had been sustained only by the most violent effort of her will. She had no sooner reached the house, greeted her father, her aunt and the children, then she collapsed utterly.

The wonder was, said the physician, not that she did it then but that she had not done it before. For a short time it appeared as if her illness might be serious, but youth, vigor, a strong body and a good constitution, a heart now free from care and apprehension and a great desire to live and love and be loved, worked wonders.

Newbold had enjoyed no opportunity for private conversation with the woman he loved, which was perhaps just as well. He had the task of readjusting himself to changed conditions; not only to a different environment, but to strange and unusual departures from his long cherished view points.

He could no longer doubt Armstrong's final testimony to the purity of his wife, although he had burned the letters unread, and by the same token he could no longer cherish the dream that she had loved him and him alone. Those words that had preceded that pistol shot had made it possible for him to take Enid Maitland as his wife without doing violence to his sense of honor or his self-respect. Armstrong had made that much reparation. And Newbold could not doubt that the other had known what would be the result of his speech and had chosen his words deliberately, score that last action to his credit. He was a sensitive man, however; he realized the brutal and beast-like part he and Armstrong had both played before this woman they both loved, how they had battled like savage animals and how but for a lucky interposition he would have added murder to his other disabilities.

He was honest enough to say to himself that he would have done the same thing over under the same circumstances, but that did not absolve his conscience. He did not know how the woman looked at the transaction or looked at him, and he had not enjoyed one moment alone with her. In all that had transpired since that morning in the hut, the four had naturally and inevitably remained inseparably together.

They had buried Armstrong in the snow, Robert Maitland saying over him a brief but fervent petition in which even Newbold joined. Enid Maitland herself had repeated eloquently to her uncle and old Kirkby that night before the fire the story of her rescue from the flood by this man, how he had carried her in the storm to the hut and how he had treated her since; and Maitland had afterwards repeated her account to his brother in Denver.

Maitland had insisted that Newbold share his hospitality, but that young man had refused. Kirkby had a little place not far from Denver and easily accessible to it, and the old man had gladly taken the younger one with him. Newbold had been in a fever of anxiety over Enid Maitland's illness, but his alarm had soon been dispelled by the physician's assurance, and there was nothing now left for him but to wait until she could see him. He inquired for her morning and evening at the great house on the hill; he kept her room a bower of beauty with priceless blossoms, but he had sent no word.

Robert Maitland had promised to let him know, however, so soon as Enid could see him, and it was in pursuance of a telephone message that he was in the library that morning.

He had not yet become accustomed to the world; he had lived so long alone that he had grown somewhat shy and retiring; the habits and customs of years were not to be lightly thrown aside in a week or a month. He had sought no interview with Enid's father heretofore; indeed had rather avoided it, but on this morning he had asked for it, and when Robert Maitland would have withdrawn he begged him to remain.

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.

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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.*

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FOR

Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries	Pumps
Spark Plugs	Pipe
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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, FEBRUARY 19, 1915. — NO. 5

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

DALESVILLE

Mr. M. MacLeod spent Sunday with his family in Brownsburg.

Mr. C. Vary, of Brownsburg, spent Tuesday the guest of Mr. McGibbon.

Mr. H. A. Dixon and Miss L Silverson, were recent visitors in Pine Hill.

Mr. T. R. Cregeen, of Montreal, spent the week-end with Mr. A. Murdoch.

Miss Alice McGibbon spent the week end the guest of Mrs. James Townsend

Miss M. MacArthur and Master Wilfrid Hall visited Mrs. R. S. MacArthur on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, of Mabel, spent Friday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Bigelow.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Benoit, of Ottawa, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. MacArthur.

The Misses Florence and Jennie Prosser, of Brownsburg, were guests of Mrs. J. Graham on Sunday last.

Don't forget the Dalesville Tea-Meeting on Friday, Feb. 19th. A good time is expected. Admission 35 cents.

Mr. George Bigelow accompanied by his son Mr. Mack Bigelow were the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bigelow on Sunday last.

Services will be held in the Dalesville Baptist Church on Sunday, Feb. 21st. Pastor Rev. W. G. White will preach at both services.

Parties were the fashion last week two were held one on Thursday at the home of Mr C. Vary and one on Friday at the Manse. All report a splendid time.

Mrs. A. Barrows, of Brownsburg, who has been the guest of her daughter Mrs. Wm. G. Bigelow for the past week returned home on Saturday evening.

Among those attending school and spent the week-end at their respective homes here were the Misses R. and A. Silverson, Mina Dixon and Master George McCormick

Rev. O. D. Fournier, pastor of the French Baptist Mission of Hull, Que., will preach at Roussillon at 3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. He will speak in French and English. All invited.

NOTICE.

Importers, Manufacturers, wholesale and retail, dealers, grocers, hotels and others, are requested to call on H. M. Gall, Postmaster, to receive their stamps, on the war tax, for wines and liquors, under penalty of a fine of $250.00 for any infraction, by sale of unstamped or uncancelled stamped packages, containing wine and liquors, not properly stamped.

H. M. Gall.

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.

The Annual Tea-meeting of the Methodist Church, Brownsburg, will be held on Wednesday evening, March 3rd. A splendid programme is being prepared.

TAKE NOTICE - The feature of the winter will be the Presbyterian Church Tea-meeting which comes off on the 25th. Keep the date open or you will be the loser.

Mrs J. S Pollock was the hostess at a miscellaneous shower on Tuesday afternoon last, in honor of Miss Alberta Kyle, of Cambria, whose marriage to Mr. Hanna, of Edmonton, takes place early in March.

The Ladies of St. Mungos Church met at the Manse on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 10th and decided (D V) to hold their annual tea-meetings on Thursday and Friday, March 4 and 5. Usual price of admission which is 40 cents will be charged. 2-26

The annual meeting of the Argenteuil Agricultural Society took place on Friday last for the appointment of officers during the ensuing term A large representation of the directors were present and Mr. Wm. Hay, elected as president, David Todd, Vice-President and G J. Walker, as Secretary It was then decided that the Spring Horse Show be held on May 1st at 3 o'clock, and that the dates of the annual County Fair be Sept. 28th, 29th, and 30th.

DEATHS

SCOTT.—At the Seignory, Lachute, Que. on Sunday Feb. 14th, 1915, after a lingering illness borne with Christian Resignation, Elizabeth Armstrong beloved wife of John Scott, Sr in the 73rd year of her age

"Purest, fondest, gentlest mother,
Art thou gone from our embrace?
Can we ne'er behold another
Smile of love light thy dear face?
Can we never hear the accents
Of thy voice, so heavenly?
Never more receive the counsel
We would get alone from thee?
Patient mother, ever ready
All our griefs with us to share
Never of thy burdens thinking
While thou cou'dst another's bear.

MARTIN—At Lachute, on Wednesday, Feb. 17th, Henry Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos Martin, in his 26th year.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of May Cruise who departed this life Feb 20th, 1914.

One precious to our heart has gone,
A voice we loved so dear is still
A place made vacant in our home
Can never more be filled.

In affectionate memory of Mrs. Edward B. Hume, who departed this life Feb. 12 1914.

Weep not that her toils are o'er,
Weep not that her race is run,
God grant we may rest as calmly
When our work like hers is done.
He bade her rest for a season,
The pathway had grown too steep
And folded in his green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

BY HER GRANDCHILDREN.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Eugene Jousse spent the week-end with friends in Cornwall, Ont.

Mr. Geo. Calder, spent the week-end, with friends at Sixteen Island Lake

Mr. Henry Hampton and Miss L. Hampton, spent Friday last in Montreal

Mr. McMillan, of Montreal, was the guest of the Misses Hampton, on Sunday last.

Messrs. Chas. McBurney and G J. Walker spent a few days in Quebec this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bradford spent last week in Montreal, visiting their many friends.

The Misses L. Barr, and L. Heale, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs Jas McFaul.

Lieut. E. Todd, left on Saturday last for Sherbrooke, to entrain for active service in the 5th Mounted Rifles.

Mr. John Hay was in Quebec this week, heading a Delegation in the interest of the Parish of St. Adolphe de Howard.

Mr. Robt. Summerby, of Macdonald College; St. Anne de Bellevue, spent Sunday with his mother, at Beech Ridge.

At the Masonic Grand Lodge which met in Montreal last week, Wor. Bro. Wm. G. Rodgers was appointed Grand Junior Warden

The Misses Violet and Francis Joss, of Montreal, also Mr. J. F. Carleton, of Little Metis, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dan. Joss on Sunday last

The Misses Annie and Hattie McCoy, Christina Drennan, and Florence McGillivray were guests of their parents in town, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. MacVicar and daughter Elsie, of St Jerome, are spending a few days in town, prior to his leaving to entrain in the 5th Mounted Rifles.

We are pleased to hear that Messrs. T. McOuat and Son have been awarded the contract for a large pump for the city of Hamilton.

On Friday evening last our young people took a very enjoyable drive out to Mr. and Mrs. W. J Warwick's. The roads were in splendid condition, and the four team loads, contained a merry bunch. Games were indulged in, and an excellent supper provided by our friends, much to the satisfaction of all, after their appetising drive.

Mr. A. Z. Palmer, from the Canadian Remount Commission will be in town the last week of the month, for the purpose of buying horses. Mr. Palmer is well known here, having aided in the judging at the Regimental Fair, held in the Exhibition grounds some few years ago. The exact date will be given in next issue. Horses for all branches of the service will be chosen, 5 to 9 yrs old, and weighing from 1000 to 1400 pounds.

Hawkesbury Wins.

Owing to a little mix-up in dates, the match, which was to be played this Friday in Hawkesbury, was advertised to take place on the 12th and in order to help out, our boys, like good sports, were on the spot when the whistle blew. The ice however, was in terrible condition, and really not fit for anything but scrimmage. Only half the regular team were able to go up, at such short notice, and the boys certainly did well in being beaten by only one goal, the score finishing by 8 to 9.

The Anglican parish of Lachute, (which includes Brownsburg and St. Aidans Church Louisa) is to be congratulated on having reached the status of a rectory, as they have undertaken to become independent of all assistance from the Mission Fund.

On Sunday last in St. Simeon's Church Lachute, and in St. Aidan's Church Louisa, special services were held; sermons appropriate to the occasion were preached and suitable hymns sung commemorating the one hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States. St. Simeon's Church was tastefully decorated with the flags of the two nations united, and large congregations were present to join in the services

Mrs Robt. Miller was in Montreal this week attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Wooding whose death occurred last week.

Will you help?

We are endeavoring to make the "WATCHMAN" bright and newsy, but this can only be done by the assistance of its readers in imparting information of the doings around you. We would be glad to have correspondents in St. Andrews and Brownsburg. A country weekly is unable to pay any munificent salary for the services thus rendered, but we trust that the mercenary spirit will be overcome by the spirit of loyalty you have in the community of which you form a part. The paper needs the assistance of its readers and if you would kindly inform us of any items of interest that are taking place, we shall esteem it a great favor.

Miss Jessie Cruise was in Montreal this week representing the Lachute Baptist Sunday School, at the convention being held in St James Methodist Church.

Mr. Wm. Murray, of Brownsburg, accompanied by his sister Miss N. Murray of Thomas' Gore, left on Friday last on an extended visit to Indian Head, Sask.

The Misses M. Rice, and M. McCaw, also Messrs. A. Rice, G. Elliott, and M. Cavers, of Montreal, spent a very pleasant week-end, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. A. Rice.

The regular Monthly Meeting of the W. M. S will be held at the home of Mrs Harlow Giles, on Thursday, Feb. 25th, at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is urged.

St. Simeon's Church was recently presented with a very fine electric pulpit lamp, by Mr. Philip J. Turner of Montreal who is one of the lay delegates to Synod, representing St. Aidan's Church, Louisa.

The afternoon tea, given by the ladies of the Methodist Church was largely attended and proved very successful. A Valentine Social was also given on Monday evening by the League.

The many friends of Miss Wanlas, will be sorry to learn that she was taken to the Hospital on Monday last suffering from an attack of blood-poisoning. By latest reports her condition is steadily improving.

Church notices for Methodist Church Feb. 21st, 1915. Lachute 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., Brownsburg 3 p.m. Epworth League, Monday at 7.30 p.m. Subject "Ignatin's Loyola". (Executive meeting at close of the League). Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

It is expected that Mr. J. G. Brock will preach in St. Simeon's Church at 10 30 a.m. and 7 p.m. also at the Anglican service, Brownsburg at 3 p.m. on Sunday 21st. Feb.

Mr. Brock is a successful business man of Montreal, and can speak of matters affecting the Church's welfare, from a business man's view point.

The Brownsburg Presbyterian Church purpose holding their annual tea-meeting on Thursday, March 11 th, 1915. Please keep the date open.

Successful Euchre.

Scarcely ever before has the Annual Euchre of the Catholic Church proved such a success, as that of Monday evening last. Owing to insufficient accomodation it was necessary to use the Church for the occasion, and some 500 people were assembled to enjoy the evenings pleasure.

Much credit is due to Father Beauchamp, whose efforts to make it a success were so fruitful, that at a somewhat early stage, in order to accomodate the crowd, orders were given to stop selling tickets. The church was tastefully decorated and the large number of prizes were the envy of many players. The proceeds amounted to about $261.75.

Much thanks is due to Father Beauchamp and the many contributors, who helped to make the event such a success.

Five Recruits Taken.

On Thursday evening and Friday of last week, considerable enthusiam was shown by the 18 recruits, who presented themselves for service in the various overseas contingents. The examinations were in command of Capt. Cushing, and were made by Dr. Bruno, of Montreal.

Although very severe, five of those who presented themselves were successful in passing, the others being turned down for various reasons, which in actual war fare would be a decided hindrance to them. It is thought, however, that there may still be a chance for some of them and although disappointed at present, they will be given an opportunity of again trying at a later date. The successful ones were Thomas Hall, Howard Hooker, Amos. McVicar, Arthur Mackie and Irvin Teeples.

BIRTHS.

BIGELOW.—At Dalesville, on Tuesday, February 2nd, 1915, a son to Mr and Mrs. Wm. G. Bigelow.

COPELAND.—At Sunnybrae Farm, Feb. 16th, 1915, a son to Capt. M. and Mrs. Copeland.

1915

The New Year is well launched. There is no reason why business and trade of every kind should not be as good or even better than usual for Lachute and vicinity. The farmers are getting and will continue to get, long prices for all they have to sell. The factories are running well, some of them on double shifts and wages continue very fair.

We are carrying large stocks in every line and ask for our usual share of the business going. Prices are in the main as low or in some cases lower than usual. A very few things have advanced The new war tariff may advance a few things, but in the main it will not likely affect the consumer greatly.

Inviting your continued trade, we are,

Yours Sincerely,

W. Banford & Son,

Main Street, Lachute

BARGAINS!

20 Per Cent. Reduction

— ON ALL OUR —

Footwear Line

FROM NOW UNTIL THE END OF FEBRUARY

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET - - LACHUTE, P. Q.

ATTENTION!

That is the word of command in Military Circles just now, but we wish to draw your attention not AUTHORATATIVELY, but PERSUASIVELY to the quality of goods that may be found in our Store, which is replete with the Best that Money can Buy. All our Departments offer you splendid values. Come and see for yourself.

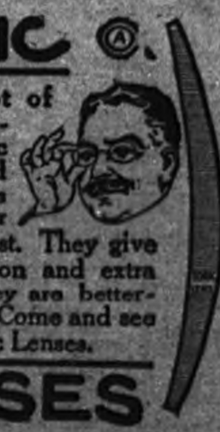
R. McFAUL,

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.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued).

"What are you doing here, madame?" he savagely demanded.

"I came up because I did not care to remain down-stairs without you, Edmund," she answered, half frightened at the deep menace in his tones.

"You would have stayed fast enough," he retorted, "if your precious lover had cared for your company. By jove, if I had thought I was marrying another man's second-hand goods—"

"Edmund!"

"Ay, put on a countenance of virtuous horror, Mrs. St. Just. It does not deceive me! You have contrived to blind me from the very beginning, but you will blind me no more. It's one consolation, though, that you haven't had the little game all to yourself. I have married Lucian Ferrier's cast-off toy; but you have married—well, never mind what. A pretty fellow"—grinding his teeth savagely—"to offer to spare me for your sake! Men have been very fond of you once, eh?"

"To spare you, Edmund?" Leslie looked wonderingly up into his face, utterly uncomprehensive of his meaning. "I don't understand. Why should he offer to spare you?"

"Don't you know, Mrs. St. Just? Well," with a short, mirthless laugh, "there should be no secrets between such a loving wedded couple as we are, so I'll confide in you. You are married to a forger, my love! Ay shrink away!" as Leslie involuntarily drew back, with blanched face and uplifted hands, that motioned as if she would ward him off. "You took me for better, for worse; but no one is crazy enough to expect a woman to keep her word. You must have found it out sooner or later, so I may as well save my character for candor. Ha, ha, ha! Now look here," his face changing from its assumed gayety to a savage glare; "luck has favored me hitherto, but now it has gone back on me. Lucian Ferrier knows me, but he will not split upon me, for the old kindness," speaking with bitter irony, "that he bears my very proper and precise wife! But just now I met old Lancaster's daughter on the porch. Unluckily she knows me also, and she is ready to spread the tidings in all directions. She's very fond of me, is Fenella! And if I want to save myself from arrest I haven't a minute to lose. Here!"

Flinging a roll of bills into Leslie's lap, he caught up one or two things that lay on the dressing-table, buttoned a gray serge summer overcoat above his evening-dress, and springing out upon the roof of the veranda and running a little distance, he slid nimbly down one of the carved columns that supported it, alighting in a quiet and solitary spot at the back of the house.

Hurrying through the dark and deserted streets, which at midday were so full of life and gayety, he set out on a brisk walk toward the railway station.

"I may catch the midnight express from Philadelphia if I walk fast enough," he thought.

But the shriek of the departing train smote upon his ear just before he came in sight of the station.

"Confusion!" muttered the forger; "all the powers of earth and air seem in league against me to-night. However, it would be fatal to turn back again. I'll just inquire at what hour the earliest train goes in the morning."

One of the errand-boys of the hotel passed him, coming from the station. He touched his cap to St. Just as they crossed each other's path; and the next moment the forger set his foot on the platform.

"I'm too late for the express, I see," said he to the station official, who was coming down the track, swinging a lighted lantern as he walked.

"Just gone, Mr. St. Just."

"Provoking," said St. Just, pulling out a cigar and lighting it with an appearance of the utmost nonchalance. "I have some very urgent business, and I could have saved two or three hours by taking that express. When does the next one go?"

"There is none before eight o'clock to-morrow morning," answered the man.

"Well, after a moment or two of well-simulated hesitation, "I'll sit down here and rest a little while before I go back."

He threw himself down listlessly along a wooden settee as he spoke.

"Anything is better than the heat and glare up at the hotel yonder," he added, seeing that the official looked at him with something of a surprised expression of countenance.

"Oh, I forgot," said the man, "I suppose there's a big blow-out going on up there to-night?"

"Rather so," said St. Just, hastily, wishing that the man would hold his tongue and give him a chance to think over the next move upon the chess-board of his night's work.

"A great many people there, I suppose?" hazarded the official.

"Yes," absently.

"It's a good season for the Branch this year," went on the man. "By the way, one of the West End bell-boys was here just now."

"Was he?"

"Brought a telegram written by a lady. I could hardly read it at first, it was so shaky and shaky. Between you and me, confidentially—"

"Oh, confidentially, of course," said Mr. St. Just, who never allowed an opportunity of obtaining useful information to pass unimproved.

"It was from one Mrs. Ferrier to her father, Jason Lancaster, of New York, an old shipping merchant, as rich as Croesus—I've often heard of him—telling him to send on a detective at once—that Leon Southwood, the forger, is at the Branch. Eh! won't that create considerable sensation here?"

"Who's Leon Southwood?" indifferently demanded the languid smoker on the settee.

"Don't you know? Haven't you heard? Why, the whole story was in the papers at the time of it—how this Southwood came a confidence game over old Lancaster, pretending to make love to his daughter, and coming precious near to an elopement with her, while all the time he was forging the old chap's name to the biggest kind of checks. Of course, it all came out, but not until Southwood had got clean off with nobody knows how much money."

"Lucky fellow!" yawned the auditor. "Wish it was me."

"It was a terrible blow for the firm of Lancaster & Co.," added the official. "I know a fellow that's a clerk there, and he told me all about it. People thought at first it was a bigger sum, and they'd have to suspend payment, but, somehow or other, they contrived to tide over it."

"All the better for them," observed St. Just.

"But that was nothing to the way the girl felt when she got all ready to elope and there was nobody to elope with. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chimed in St. Just, probably enjoying the joke a good deal more than the narrator did.

The railway official chuckled; he began to think that he must be a very good sort of fellow at telling a story.

"She got over it, though," he added. "Girls always do, and she married another clerk in the house."

"Did she?" said St. Just, beginning to manifest at last some kind of interest. "Who was it?"

"His name was Ferrier—it's Mrs. Ferrier who is sending this telegram to-night. It's a woman's calculation, clear—to send all the way down here, as if there wasn't a telegraph office right there in the hotel, under her nose."

"Of course, of course," said St. Just, his long dark lashes beginning to droop over his eyes, as if overcome by weariness and the sultry atmosphere of the night.

"He's sleepy," thought the official, moving off to the other end of the platform with his lantern.

But Edmund St. Just, alias Leon Southwood alias half a dozen other high-sounding nomenclatures, which he kept, like his white vests, for occasional wear, was never wider awake in his life. The necessity for the closest precaution and most active vigilance was upon him, and like the hunted hare, he was getting ready to double at the shortest notice.

Here was a pretty complication. Lucian Ferrier had spared him for the sake of Leslie Ford's dark eyes and silver-sweet voice, but Lucian Ferrier's wife was determined to hunt him to the death. No pang of pity, or instinct of womanly compassion could stir her purpose. He had deliberately deceived her, and made her ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and Leon Southwood knew enough of human nature to be aware that that is a crime which no woman ever forgives.

He lay there awhile after he had smoked out his cigar, with both hands folded under his head, his eyes staring up to the sky, thick-sown with millions of stars and, when the official had momentarily disappeared into the office, he rose and walked away down the long perspective, outlined by the shining steel tracks on either side.

Presently the man came out again to arrange the signals for a freight train, which was expected up about that time. He addressed some casual remarks to his late companion, but, on receiving no reply, looked around.

"By George, he's gone!" said the official.

While, half a mile away, Leon Southwood was hastening along with the swift, steady-swinging stride of a professional pedestrian, the cool night air fanning his cheek, the stars shining peacefully overhead; for the little bit of gossip so unconsciously communicated to him by the man of the lantern and switch-key had altered the whole direction of his plans and ideas.

"Curse her!" he muttered to himself, with a snarl that was not pleasant to hear. "What must she turn up here for, just at the time, of all others, that she wasn't wanted. I should like to cut out that silly, cackling tongue of hers!"

On and on he walked, never abating that steady, powerful stride, scarcely changing the expression of his face, hour after hour, still following the track, until the sweet summer dawn began to brighten all the east with tints of pink and pearl, gradually deepening into the softest pale gold. The ocean caught the rosy glow; birds in the thicket to the left began to twitter and chirp to one another and yet Leon Southwood kept on.

Until an hour or two after sunrise, he stopped at a little wayside station, patronised only by one or two accommodation trains a day—a station consisting of a few scattered white houses, a tavern, and a village grocery store.

He glanced at his watch

"I haven't made bad time," he said to himself and stopping just short of the village, he crept into an old deserted barn, one side of which was settled nearly to the ground, and coiled himself up like a serpent under its foundation beams.

"And now for a sleep," he muttered, improvising a pillow out of his folded coat, and in direct contradiction to the popular delusion, that clear consciences alone can beget sweet slumber, he was sound asleep in less than three minutes, his breath coming and going as regularly as that of an infant, and the long curled lashes darkly outlined against his handsome southern cheek.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Signor Pietro Allegrini was not an early riser. In fact, it would have been of very little use if he had been. The Signor Allegrini's trade was one which did not thrive on early hours, and it was ten o'clock, on this glowing August morning, before he crawled out of the dirty heap of rags, by courtesy denominated a bed.

He was a tall, dark-faced man, with a moustache so heavy and black that it formed a sort of shaggy pent-house, or awning, to a pair of thick, coarse lips, hard black eyes, and a swarthy complexion, and, as he tumbled out upon the floor it was easy to perceive that he had economized labor the night before, by dispensing with the usual ceremony of removing his clothes, or washing his dust-begrimed countenance.

The room was dark, and close, and stuffy; the board floor was a succession of man-traps, and the windows were ornamented with old hats and wedges of tattered shirts, where panes of glass had once existed. Upon the wall the moldy papering hung in strips, and besides two chairs a battered little cooking-stove, the bed, and a broken looking-glass, hanging above a three legged pine table, there was no furniture whatever in the room. Through an open door, however, a glimpse of a sort of dark cellar-way, reached by two or three ruinous board steps, revealed a woman's figure bending over a wash-tub, two or three dirty, dark-browed children, engaged in the manufacture of mud pies under her feet, and something at their heels which was neither child nor dog—a vicious-faced, elderly monkey, fastened by a chain to a hand-organ which occupied a corner beyond. Sometimes it rolled in the dirt with an almost human ecstasy of malice in the overthrow of the children's carefully prepared confections; sometimes it balanced itself on the shoulders of the toiler at the steaming tub, and sometimes it grasped furtively at the slices of bread and molasses that lay around in various stages of consumption, but everywhere it was treated with a degree of indulgence that amounted almost to servility.

"For where would the father be, and all of us indade, if it wasn't for Pounce?" said the Signora Allegrini, who was by birth one Teresa McShane, of County Kerry in Ireland. "Sure the pennies he picks up wid his Christian tricks an' capers is wonderful!"

"Tessie, I say, Tessie!" growled the paterfamilias, with a prodigious yawn, "what art thou about? Where is my breakfast? Is it not enough to break one's heart tied to a lazy dog like thee?"

"It'll be ready in a minute, Pety dear," said Mrs. Allegrini, hurriedly wiping the soapsuds from her sodden, parboiled-looking fingers, and gently dislodging Pounce from his resting-place on her shoulders. "It's a lovely rasher I've got for yes, and a fresh egg Teddy found under Farmer Westcolt's barn, an' it'll be ready in the twinkling of a pig's whiskers, so it will!"

The signora was true to her word—the matutinal meal, prepared amid a fire of grumbling, presently smoked on the three-legged table—and Allegrini was just pouring out a battered tin mug of coffee, that hailed from neither Mocha nor Java when a shadow darkened the door-way.

"My friend," said Mr. St. Just Southwood, "your breakfast smells remarkably good! Halves!"

"Be seated, signor," said Allegrini, hurriedly shambling off his chair and seating himself on the side of the bed, with an obsequiousness unconsciously rendered to the elegant dress and domineering air of this unexpected guest. "Behold!" with a comprehensive sweep of the arm, "all is at your service!"

Southwood looked around, no one detail of the squalid apartment escaping his notice, as he sat and drank, with an excellent appetite.

"An organ-grinder, eh?" said he. "My man, you're just the fellow I am looking for!"

"Si, signor!" Allegrini showed his white teeth under the black moustache, while his eyes sparkled.

"Lorenzo Titano, is it not?" said Southwood, at an easy venture.

"No, signor—Pietro Allegrini at your service."

"It's just the same," nodded Southwood. "You see, Allegrini, I want to get myself up en masquerade. I've a bet with some fellows that I can be in their company half an hour, and they not find it out. With your hand-organ and your clothes I've a chance of winning my wager—don't you see?"

"Si, signor,' responded Allegrini, the white teeth still glittering.

"Now, look here! Can you shave me, like yourself?"

"But, si, signor! I was a barber's apprentice once, at Mantua."

"Very well. Make me as like yourself as you can—you know you're not a bad-looking fellow."

"The signor is too good," said Allegrini, with a low inclination of the head. "But, of course, the signor will consider a poor man's loss of his day's work!"

"I'm ready to consider anything How much do you ask for your complete outfit—clothes, organ, monkey, everything?"

"The signor means my Sunday clothes? A fine velveteen suit, nearly new, and—"

"I mean nothing of the sort; I mean the very things you have on!"

"But, the signor does not perceive that they are ragged and not clean?"

"The signor perceives everything!" retorted Southwood, impatiently.

Allegrini shrugged his shoulders.

"Che sara, sara!" said he. "The signor, of course, is at liberty to make his own selection."

"Get a razor, quick, then!"

Allegrini smiled.

"It is an article I myself do not keep," said he. "We poor folks are content to borrow—and I will send my wife for the loan of one from Patrick Hafferty, her cousin, who lives but a mile off."

"And, at the same time," said Southwood, drawing a slip of paper from his pocket, and penciling a few words upon it, "let her stop at the druggist's, if you have such a place here—"

"But, yes, signor, assuredly, half a mile further on."

"And bring me these drugs—to blacken my complexion a little. You comprehend?"

So that, in little more than an hour, Mr. St. Just Southwood was transformed so utterly and completely that he hardly knew himself. His complexion, naturally of a clear, dark olive, had assumed as swarthy a hue as if he had been born under the burning sky of Sicily—his long silken beard was removed, leaving only a square moustache, and his costume, tattered, worn and greasy, with a cone-shaped hat tipped over his eyes, and the hand-organ balanced on his back, fitted wonderfully into the tout ensemble.

"How do I look, eh?" said he, complacently, as he glanced at his own scarce recognisable reflection in the cracked square of looking-glass.

"The signor be one of ourselves," said Allegrini, who had sufficient of the dramatic soul about him to appreciate so marvellous a transformation as this.

"You wouldn't take me for a gentleman in disguise, eh?"

"But, signor, no! Never."

"All the better," said Southwood. "Now, you will have to give me a few lessons in handling this confounded hurdy-gurdy of yours, and managing the monkey, and then I'll set forth to seek my fortune."

"It is of the easiest, signor," said Allegrini. "But the—"

"Well?"

"The organ and Pounce are my all, signor. The signor must comprehend that—"

"I understand," impatiently interrupted Southwood. "I am a stranger. You want security."

Allegrini made a deprecating gesture with his head and hands.

"Here" Southwood took his heavy gold repeater and chain out of the pocket of the vest he had just taken off, and flung it on the bed. "Will that satisfy you?"

"Signor, it is too much."

"You can return it to me when I bring the organ. In the meantime, take good care of my clothes Don't let them be seen—that would ruin all."

"Assuredly no, signor. They shall be secret as the grave," asserted the Italian, as, lifting a trap-door whose iron ring was scarcely perceptible in the moldy boards under the bed, he pointed to a zinc box below.

"It is my bank," said he, with a gleam of the white teeth—"my treasure house. Believe, signor, that they will be quite safe here."

"And now, then, when does the next express pass?"

"At one, signor—but it makes no stop here."

(To be continued.)

Bred in the Bone.

That the Irishman's tendency to make bulls is inborn is well illustrated by the following anecdote:

Five-year-old Pat's mother was telling her small son the story of herself and her twin sister.

"One morning when we were a week old the nurse was bathing us, and she took the blue ribbon off of Della's wrist, and the pink ribbon off of Stella's wrist. When she was ready to put them on again she could not remember which one of us was Della and which was Stella, so she took us in to mother; but mother could not tell either, and no one ever did know whether or not we had our right names. Then when we were seven years old one of us died, and nobody knows whether it was Della or Stella."

Little Pat burst into an agony of tears, and sobbed out, "I know it was my own mother that died when she was seven years old."

A wise physcian sometimes flatters a man by telling him he has brain fag.

Arthur Foley W. Ingram, Lord Bishop of London,
Who has gone to the front as the chaplain to the London Rifle Brigade.

SENSATIONS UNDER FIRE.

No Two Men Feel Quite the Same Sensations, Says a Doctor.

The man who has not been under fire always desires eagerly to know what were the feelings of the man who has been during this ordeal. It is probable that he does not frequently find the information given by veterans either satisfying or enlightening.

It has been my good fortune, says the medical correspondent of the London Times, to enjoy many opportunities of talking with soldiers who have been wounded in action. I have visited Belgian, French and British hospitals at various periods, and as a medical man have been afforded special facilities for study. These opportunities have convinced me that no two men feel quite the same sensations whilst under fire for the first time, and also that a man is capable of experiencing quite different emotions at different periods of the same day, though his circumstances have not changed.

For example, from the statement of a man who experienced shell fire for the first time in his life in the neighborhood of Arras, I gathered that his first feeling had been one of great interest and curiosity. A "Black Maria" fell some hundreds of yards away and sent up a great column of smoke, and at the same time shrapnel was bursting at no long distance. But suddenly there came home to him the realization that these shells were intended to work havoc, and that, in fact, the position occupied was full of danger. "Then I felt exactly as anybody would feel the moment after he discovered that he was in a field with an angry bull. Every instinct of mind and body prompted flight."

A second man told me that from the moment he came under fire—in a trench—he experienced the most lively terror. "But the feeling passed away after a while, leaving me rather tired and only a little anxious." A third declared that he had been so nervous before going into action that the event put the anticipations of it to shame. He had regarded himself as a dead man, and woke up, under fire, to the realization that his chances of coming through safely were very good.

The achievement of "second courage" is, of course, a well-recognized stage in the seasoning process of war. I heard a little story from the lips of a British officer which seems to me to illustrate the genesis of it very conclusively—and the story is worth telling for its own sake. At a certain period of the present war some new troops were sent to hold a particular trench. They suffered a really terrible bombardment, with shells and shrapnel, and at last about a hundred of them evacuated the position and retired. Presently they met a senior, who stopped them and inquired what had happened.

On being informed the officer looked grave and told the men that he would be very sorry to have to use any coercive measures with men whom he knew to be brave fellows. He spoke to them for a short time and steadied them. Then he pointed out that the way of duty lay backwards towards the position they had left. "I'll walk back a part of the way with you." He did so. The men returned to their post and gave a good account of themselves. In the words of my informant they "were all right after that."

Perhaps more people would be soft-hearted if they weren't so hard-headed.

Edwardsburg "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup

POUR IT ON PORRIDGE

YOU can't imagine how delicious a dish of Oatmeal Porridge becomes when it is sweetened with "*Crown Brand*" *Corn Syrup*.

Have it for breakfast to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how they come for 'more'.

Much cheaper than cream and sugar—better for the children, too.

Spread the Bread with "*Crown Brand*"—serve it on Pancakes and Hot Biscuits, on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples—use it for Candy-Making.

"*LILY WHITE*" is a pure white Corn Syrup, more delicate in flavor than "Crown Brand". You may prefer it.

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1

NEWS FROM SUNSET COAST

WHAT THE WESTERN PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Progress of the Great West Told in a Few Pointed Paragraphs.

In one store room alone the Trail, B.C., smelter has over half a million dollars worth of silver in safekeeping.

The fire chief of Vancouver wants a fireboat and water tower; also several improvements, including a new fire station.

This season up to December 1, 1,087 carloads of fruit and farm produce had been shipped from the Okanagan Valley, B.C.

Nanaimo, B.C., will spend $10,000 on extensions to its sewerage system, and may erect a city hall and jail at a cost of $27,000.

It is said that the smelter at Trail, B.C., is now piling up enough silver bars to pave Vancouver's main street from end to end.

Revelstoke, B.C., is to form a tourist association. Business men of Revelstoke want to make it the tourist centre of the mountains.

A. Radamaker, or Ferry, B.C., started his kitchen fire with coal oil. As a result his home was burned down and he is in the hospital.

Records show that the hottest day of 1914 in B.C., was on August 13, when 86 was reached and the coldest in February 5, with 13 above zero.

In future a trader's license will not be issued in Rossland, B.C., unless the recipient of it gives bonds that he will stay in business for one year.

During last summer and thus far this winter some 800 trees suffering from fire blight have been removed from orchards in Penticton, B.C., district.

Boring in the Roger's Pass, B.C., tunnel, workmen set up a new record for boring on this continent with a progress of 842 feet in a month. This beat the best American record by 32 feet.

Dr. Olto Redlich, who is a graduate of law in Germany, was arrested in Vancouver on suspicion of having sympathies with the Kaiser. He was released, an examination showing nothing against him.

On Jan. 6, the Vancouver police raided a Servian boarding house and seized 17 barrels of beer, 11 gallons of whiskey, and much wine, with which the inmates hoped to celebrate Old Christmas Day on Jan. 7. The Servians were filled with gloom instead of spirits.

Carl Von Mackensen, a nephew of the famous German general, was arrested in Vancouver on suspicion that he had German sympathies. He satisfied the authorities that his intentions were peaceful, and was allowed to return to the chicken ranch he has been running at Port Kells, B.C.

The Roger's Pass tunnel which is being built in B.C., by the C.P.R., in order to reduce its grades, will be over 5 miles long and costs, completed, $5,000,000. The drillers have struck rock known as Manhattan schist, which is the rock underlying New York. The Roger's Pass tunnel is being bored through Mt. Macdonald.

FOR EPIZOOTIC

DISTEMPER, INFLUENZA, PINK EYE, COLDS, COUGHS.

Cures the sick and prevents others in same stable having these diseases. Liquid, given on the tongue, or in feed. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy. All druggists and harness dealers. Booklet—"Distemper, Cause and Cure," free.

Distributors: Parke & Parke, Hamilton; Lyman Bros. Drug Co., Toronto; Wingate Chem. Co., Montreal; Martin, Bale Wynne Co., Winnipeg; Bale Drug Co., Winnipeg and Calgary.

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

$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY FREE

LPAPE	NREOOA	UPML	ATSWRYREBR
OPAHE	ROYREH	YBRAPRORE	ERPA

Can you arrange the above sets of jumbled letters into the names of eight well known fruits. If so, YOU CAN SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ABOVE PRIZE. It is no easy task. But by patience and perseverence you can probably make out 5 or 6 of them. To the person who can make out the largest number we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars. To the person making out the second largest number the sum of Fifty Dollars. To the person making the third largest number the sum of Thirty Dollars. To the person making the fourth largest number the sum of Twenty Dollars. Should two persons send answers equally correct, the first two prizes will be divided between them, (each receiving $75.00) Should three send in equally correct answers, the first three prizes will have to be divided, (each receiving $50.00). Should four persons send equally correct answers, the whole sum of $200.00 will be equally divided (each receiving $50.00), and so on in like proportions, provided they comply with a simple condition about which we will write as soon as answers are received. WE DO NOT WANT A CENT OF YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT. If you can make out anything like a complete list, write us at once enclosing 2-cent stamp for our reply. DO NOT DELAY. WRITE AT ONCE, Address, CANADIAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 51 MONTREAL, QUE.

$500 FOR A NAME

This is the beautiful new perfume, made in Canada, endorsed and used exclusively by Mde. Pauline Donalda, the famous Canadian Prima Donna.

We want a suitable name for it, and so will give,

$500 IN CASH PRIZES

as follows:—
$400.00 for the best name.
50.00 for the best description of the perfume.
25.00 for the second best name.
10.00 for the second best description.
5.00 for the third best description.
and ten $1.00 prizes for the next best descriptions.

The winner of the contest will be decided by a committee of Montreal's leading advertising men and their decision will be final. Should two or more contestants send in the winning name the prize will be equally divided, and an additional prize to the value of $5.00 will be given each successful contestant. No employes or member of this firm shall enter the contest. The contest closes at midnight, March 31st, 1915.

HOW TO ENTER:—To enable every contestant to try the new perfume before submitting their suggestion for a name we make the following Special Offer:—For one dime, ten cents, we will send one of our Special Souvenir Bottles of the Perfume—regular 25 cents size—together with Free Contest Slip, and One Premium Coupon All for 10 cents. It is necessary to have the Free Contest Slip to enter.

Write to-day. You will be delighted with the perfume, and have a chance to win the big prize

RODGERS, GRAY & STEWART, PERFUMERS
Dept. W.I. 332 SLEURY ST., MONTREAL

HEALTH WRECKED THROUGH LA GRIPPE

It Generally Leaves the Patient Debilitated and an Easy Victim to Other Diseases

One of the foremost medicine writers says: "It is astonishing the number of people who have been crippled in health for years after an attack of la grippe or influenza." The real danger from this disease, which sweeps over Canada every winter, is during convalescence, when the characteristic symptoms, the fever, the catarrh, the headache and the depression of spirits pass away. Grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves — a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration and even consumption. It is a condition that calls most emphatically for a tonic for the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic especially adapted to meet this need as they purify and enrich the blood. They tone up the nerves and give vigor, strength and health to the debilitated system. Mrs. Howard D. Chaffey, Indian Island, N.B., says: "For several winters in succession I was attacked by la grippe which left me weak and badly run down. In each case I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the most beneficial results. Last winter when the trouble was again prevalent I took the precaution of fortifying my system with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and escaped the trouble, while many of my neighbors were down with it. In fact I enjoyed the best of health all spring and feel sure this medicine will so fortify the system as to prevent the trouble."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But htey make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver, for the strife.

Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never was one said in vain.

HEROIC RUSSIAN NURSES.

Seventeen Red Cross Women Have Been Killed in Battle.

Seventeen women nurses in the Russian Red Cross service have been killed on the battlefield while in the performance of their duty. An official "eye witness" attached to the staff of Grand Duke Nicholas, the Russian commander-in-chief, says that the nurses have shown conspicuous bravery.

The latest victim was Mlle. Ludmila Alexinsky, who has just died at her home near Odessa of blood-poisoning, which followed a wound. Mlle. Alexinsky was wounded in the hand at the battle of Gumbinen. After her recovery she was transferred to the army of General Ruzski in Galicia. At Razwadok, a doctor, whom she was assisting, was killed by a bursting shell and Mlle. Alexinsky was badly stunned. During the Rsgow-Tuschin battle she was under fire 17 hours. She was wounded through the shoulder at the storming of Petrokoff, which wound caused her death.

THREE REASONS.

Each With Two Legs and Ten Fingers.

An Eastern woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys.

Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Bob, Jack and Dick, respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy.

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was a weazened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work, and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts.

"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.

Name given by Canadian Postum Co. Windsor, Ont.

Look in packages 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.

WORK OF RED CROSS.

Canadians Responding to Needs of the Soldiers and their Families.

For the past month the French, British, and Servian soldiers, to say nothing of the remnant of the gallant Belgian army, have been fighting under the most appalling conditions such as have never before been experienced in the wars of history. For days and nights they have been compelled to remain in trenches half full of water with the winds of heaven beating continually upon them. Yet they have not complained. Are they downhearted? No! They are bearing all this misery and suffering that the arms of Britain, France and Belgium may be crowned with victory and that the homes of England and France may remain inviolate. How can we show our gratitude to these brave men?

If every man, woman and child in Canada were to give one dollar to the Red Cross Society over seven million dollars could be spent in saving hundreds of lives and bringing comfort to millions of brave soldiers who are ready to lay down their lives for the freedom of their native land. One dollar would not be missed and to what more worthier object could such a sum be given? The lives of our men are valuable to us, the victory of our arms is vital to our very status as a nation, therefore upon our shoulders devolves the responsibility of doing our share in making the existence of our brave soldiers as pleasant as circumstances will permit and in saving every life that it is humanly possible to save.

Mr. J. K. Osborne, whose name is familiar to Canadians, writing recently to the Canadian Red Cross Commissioner in London, says:—"As Canadians, we are exceedingly anxious to do what we can for the benefit and comfort of our soldiers. Like many others, we are short of money but we have a beautiful motor car which we are sure can be made most useful. We want to give it for hospital work. We desire to present to the Red Cross Society our Limousine car. This is not a loan, it is a free gift. We have the start of you in the way of comforts for the boys on Salisbury Plains. My wife and two other ladies have already sent for distribution about 300 body belts, about 175 pairs of mittens, besides mufflers, helmets, etc. They will all be wanted and many more."

Such a spirit is worthy of one of our leading citizens. There are many who cannot give motor cars but all can give of their substance for the greatest of all causes, the cause of humanity.

Subscriptions and comforts of all kinds will be warmly welcomed and should be addressed to the Canadian Red Cross Society, 77 King St., East, Toronto, Canada.

NOTE: All consignments should bear the name and address of the senders and a list of the goods.

A MOTHER'S ANXIETY

Most mothers are anxious when their little ones are teething, for at this time the baby's stomach gets disordered and there is a grave danger of convulsions. This anxiety can be lessened, however, if the mother keeps a supply of Baby's Own Tablets in the house and gives an occasional dose to her teething baby. The Tablets are the very best medicine in the world during the teething time. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, promote healthful sleep and make teething painless. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GERMAN WOMEN SOLDIERS.

Seven Dames Seen in Russia, Fighting in Ranks of Kaiser.

The London Daily Chronicle says: "There appears from time to time in the Russian papers a statement that women volunteers are fighting in the German ranks, and now the Warsaw correspondent of the Dyen, of Petrograd, has actually seen these amazons among the wounded at present being treated at the Ouyazdoff hospital. He says there were seven women who were captured while fighting in German uniforms. They were placed together in a special ward.

"Judging by the nature of their wounds they have taken part not only in rifle practice, but also in bayonet attacks. One of them, who had a serious wound, has since died. They are fine specimens of Teutonic womanhood, and the Russian nurses greatly admire their finely developed muscles, which seem to indicate that they have belonged for years to German gymnastic societies.

"In captivity they behave with the same haughty and contemptuous indifference which characterizes the Prussian officers. One of the nursing sisters brought to them a Russian newspaper, the Petrograd Herald, which is printed in German but they indignantly rejected the offer and said they did not believe anything which appeared in a Russian paper, even when printed in German. They refused to talk of their homes and families, but, judging by their demeanor, they seem to belong to the upper or upper-middle class."

Fine feathers do not pay the butcher.

He Wants All The World to Know It

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED JEAN BAPTISTE TAPP.

Quebec Man Who Suffered from Kidney Disease for Years is again a Robust, Healthy man.

L'Anse-a-Valleau, Gaspe Co., Que., Jan. 25th (Special)—"I am happy to tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills made me well." So says Jean Baptiste Tapp, a well known and highly respected resident of this place. And so thankful is Mr. Tapp for the benefits he has received from Dodd's Kidney Pills that he wants the whole world to know it. He wants others who suffer as he did to know the cure.

"For many years I suffered from kidney disease," Mr. Tapp says, "It started from a cold, and gradually grew worse. My skin had a harsh, dry feeling, my appetite was fitful and I perspired freely with the slightest exertion. I had flashes of light before my eyes and I was always tired and nervous.

"Finally rheumatism was added to my troubles, while attacks of sciatica and neuralgia followed. The doctor who attended me and the medicines I tried, failed to help me till I decided to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took four boxes in all, and to-day I am a robust man in excellent health."

All Mr. Tapp's troubles came from sick kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them.

COMPANY COMMANDERS.

Importance of the Officer in Modern Warfare.

From the moment that the first shot is fired the centre of gravity of a military unit rests on the commander—that is why the officer is so important. He must bear the responsibility of the conduct of his whole company. The worse the conditions of the fight, the fiercer the combat, the greater the losses, the fatigue, the tension, the strain upon nerves—the greater grows the responsibility. So writes Captain Solovier, a talented Russian officer who saw service in the Japanese war.

The war with Japan may be called a war of company commanders. We all saw how continuously, how narrowly, the men watched their officer. Scores of lives literally depend upon his activity, his energy, and his personal courage. The soldiers judge by their officer the condition of affairs, the degree of danger, of success, or of failure.

It is worst of all to show uncertainty or fear. A commander who does so loses control over his company, and it is impossible to say whether or not it will go bravely into battle. The officer in battle must more than ever be a commander. Nowhere does the importance of discipline tell so much as in combat. Woe to the unit that in time of peace did not become accustomed to the maintenance of iron discipline. It will pay dearly for it in war.

We often had occasion to notice that a resolute, commanding shout acted in a curiously quieting way on the men. It is useful also to make remarks concerning the service. For example, "Why are the sights not set in that squad? Squad commander, what are you thinking about? Examine and correct them immediately." If the commander is angry, and reproves them for neglect, the soldiers think that he is not worried about anything more important—that everything is going as it should, and that there is no cause for fear. The men grow calmer, and forget that bullets are whistling round them; they try to set the sights correctly, to take a better position for firing, and begin to aim.

During the rear-guard actions, after the Liaoyang retreat, the men, who had already suffered great losses, were exceedingly nervous, lying at night in position, and awaiting the attack of the Japanese. It was the dead of night; the company was on the extreme flank, and the sight of Liaoyang in flames was sombre and depressing. The men opened fire from time to time without command, a fierce and unreasoning fire, which only helped to strain still more their already unstrung nerves. Those are the moments in which it is necessary to bring the men to their senses by a joke or a threat, forcing them to grow calm. But the threat must be serious, and the men must feel that it will be executed if need be. Angry words and shouts can do nothing. It must be owned that such a condition of mind among the soldiers is very rare. As a general thing, the calmness and nerves of the soldier are worthy of envy.

A Feminine Marvel.

"Mrs. Blinks is a woman of great perseverance."

"Marvellous! Why, she's married two years and still urging her husband to go to church with her on Sundays."

Dangerous Throat Troubles Prevented by Nerviline

IT ENDS MISERY OF COLDS QUICKLY.

Don't wait till night.

Get after your cold now,—this very minute, before it grows dangerous you should apply old-time "Nerviline."

Rub your chest and throat, rub them thoroughly with Nerviline. Relief will be immediate.

Nerviline will save you from lying awake to-night, coughing, choking and suffering from congestion in the chest and acute pain in the throat.

Nerviline will break up that dull neuralgic headache—will kill the cold and chill at its very beginning—will save you from perhaps a serious illness.

To take away hoarseness, to break up a grippy cold, to cure a sore throat or bad cold in the chest, you can use nothing so speedy and effective as Nerviline. For forty years it has been the most largely used family remedy in the Dominion. Time has proved its merit, so can you by keeping handy on the shelf the large 50c. family size bottle; small trial size 25c., sold by any dealer anywhere.

SEARCHLIGHTS IN WAR.

Carried to All Parts of the Field by Motor Truck.

In modern warfare the searchlight is invaluable. On dark nights at sea it is the only means of guarding against torpedo boats, which its beams will reveal at a distance of two miles or more. On shore it is the electric eye of the army. It is carried to all parts of the field of action by motor truck, and the motor that propels the vehicle drives the electric generator that supplies the current for the light. Most of these field searchlights are not directed by hand, for each instrument is fitted with what is known as the distant control. Two small motors govern the vertical and the horizontal movements of the light. From them an electric cable runs to the station of the operator, who, although he may be several hundred feet away, can send the rays of the light in any direction he pleases. According to the Navy and Army Illustrated, one advantage of this distant control is that the objects picked up by the beam of light can be sighted more quickly and definitely; for if the operator stands behind the light and looks along the beam his vision is hampered by a luminous haze. A second advantage is that the light can be placed in an exposed position without endangering the men who run it; were the operator and officer beside the appartus they would be certain to receive the fire that is sure to be poured upon a searchlight, and would suffer the instant the range was found.

Lord's Day Alliance Active

Very busy with the good work, but no more efficient than the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor, which cures corns and warts in one day. Fifty years use proves the merit of Putnam's. Use no other. 25c. at all dealers.

That's All.

All the average man wants is fair play—with himself as umpire.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Is Plumbago as Bad as Lumbago?

"I was simply in such agony I couldn't stand it with that attack of plumbago."

"What did you do?"

"I got the doctor to give me a morphine interjection."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

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

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

Yours truly,
J. G. LESLIE.

Dartmouth.

"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?" "My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter." "And did you post it?" "No; she forgot to give it to me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

RUBBER AND GASOLINE.

German Chemists Are Seeking Substitutes for Them.

German chemists are co-operating to find substitutes for a number of compounds for which Germany depended upon foreign sources of supply, which have been cut off by the war. These are chiefly rubber and gasoline.

The necessity for gasoline or a suitable substitute is most pressing, as the transportation problem is the most serious factor in the great war, where men in lines of battle extending for hundreds of miles on both fronts must be kept provided with food and ammunition.

The German chemists have turned to benzol and alcohol as substitutes. Benzol is a by-product of the manufacturer of coke, and the German production amounts to about 160,000 tons a year in normal times, of which about 60,000 tons are used for chemical purposes.

Benzol possesses very valuable qualities as a fuel, containing 9,560 heat units per kilo, and being only slightly inferior to gasoline in this respect. A disadvantage in its use in the winter is its high freezing point. Benzol freezes above 32 degrees Fahrenheit, and must be raised to about 45 degrees before it will melt. Efforts are being made to overcome this disadvantage by adding nitrogen. There is no danger of its freezing when mixed with alcohol, and the mixture has proved very satisfactory in the experiments thus far made. There is no shortage of alcohol in Germany, as the available supply in August last was more than 26,000,000 gallons.

Problems arising from the shortage of rubber are much more complicated, although they have not the same direct importance in connection with the war. The cutting off of imports of caoutchouc has stimulated efforts to manufacture rubber or its substitutes by the synthetic process. Several satisfactory substitutes have been evolved by combining acetone and benzol products with caoutchouc.

Another serious problem confronting the chemists is that of providing the industries and agriculture with nitrogen. The importation of saltpetre has been interrupted. Saltpetre is used largely in the production of nitric acid, which is important in the manufacture of explosives. The supply of saltpetre, therefore, is being conserved for military uses, and chemists are making efforts to obtain from other sources the nitrogen necessary in agriculture and the various manufacturing industries.

Death Nearly Claimed New Brunswick Lady

Was Restored to Her Anxious Family When Hope Had Gone.

St. John, N.B., Dec. 15.—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.

Offensively Officious.

"You always go home exceedingly early, old man."

"Yes; our neighbors are the cause of that."

"How so?"

"If I stay downtown a minute late they come right over and condone with my wife."

LOW FARES TO THE CHICAGO EXPOSITIONS.

Via Chicago & North Western Ry.

Four splendid daily trains from the New Passenger Terminal, Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Choice of scenic and direct routes. Double track. Automatic electric safety signals all the way.

Let us plan your trip and furnish folders and full particulars.

B. H. Bennett, Gen. Agt., 46 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The Cause.

"How did you lose your hair?"

"Worry! I was in constant fear that I was going to lose it."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A Combination Name.

A new teacher found that a little negro girl was named Fertilizer Johnson.

"Are you sure that Fertilizer is your right name?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little girl.

"Well, tell your mother to come here," said the teacher.

The mother came the next day.

"Yes, Fertilizer is right," she said. "You see, I named her after her father and mother both. Her father's name is Ferdinand and my name is Liza, so we called her Fertilizer."

He is a fortunate man who can catch up with his debts.

"Aunt—Well, why don't you say grace, Elsie? Elsie—'Cause it's only hash an' I said grace on it yesterday.

BADLY WOUNDED

For severe wounds, cuts, skin diseases, eczema and all skin troubles—for adults or for children, there is nothing to equal the great herbal healer

ZAM-BUK

HEALS QUICKLY

CLARK'S POTTED MEATS—

Full flavored and perfectly cooked make delicious sandwiches.

The child's delight. The picnicker's choice. Everybody's favorite.

Romance of To-day.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a dark man, whom you will soon meet. He will be a villain.

Girl—How perfectly delightful! How soon will I meet him?

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.

An Accident.

Judge—You are charged with breaking a chair over your wife's head.

Prisoner—It was an accident your Honor.

Judge — What! Didn't you intend to hit her?

Prisoner—Yes, but I didn't intend to break the chair.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

When a man has more dollars than sense, he is badly in need of a little change.

FARMS FOR SALE.

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

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

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

FOR SALE.

REGISTERED SHORTHORN AND Holstein Calves. T. J. Morrison, Durham.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. NATIONAL MANUFACTURING CO., Montreal.

NURSERY STOCK.

STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, POTATOES. Catalogue free. McConnell & Son, Port Burwell, Ont.

MALE HELP WANTED.

LEARN BARBER TRADE — ALWAYS sure employment at good wages; few weeks required to complete course; write for full particulars and catalogue to-day. Moler Barber College, 219 Queen East, 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.

Chapped Hands Quickly Healed

Chapped hands and lips always come with cold weather, but

Vaseline
Trademark
CAMPHOR ICE
Made in Canada

brings sure and speedy relief. Children especially need Vaseline Camphor Ice for their rough and smarting hands.

Our new illustrated booklet describes all the "Vaseline" preparations. A postcard brings it.

AVOID SUBSTITUTES. Insist on "Vaseline" in original packages bearing the name, CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Consolidated. For sale at all Chemists and General Stores.

CHESEBROUGH MFG CO. (Consolidated)
1880 CHABOT AVE., MONTREAL

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 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.

5c a line for Poetry accompanying Memoriam Notices.

Advertising 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 George Foster on Canadians and the War.

HONOUR PROMPTED BRITAIN.

Sir George Foster delivered a most illuminating and eloquent address before the Montreal Canadian Club a few days ago, in which he declared that Canadians were not yet adequately realizing the issues involved in the present terrific struggle, Canada's stake in it, and her duty in reference to it. However, he thought Canadians were quickly coming to realize just what it meant for them. For centuries they had, like a petted child, been cradled in peace and lulled to sleep in the security of the British fleet and army. We were only beginning to realize that Canada's liberty and future were bound up with the fighting men on the line of the Allies.

OUR CONVERSION.

"It has taken time to convert us from spectators into participants," said he, "but the good work is going on, and when the call was made it met a willing response. When we saw our sons training, and then bade them farewell, we realized more that this was our war. That realization came closer when we voted $50,000,000 for war purposes. It will come yet closer when, within a month, we shall vote another $100 000,000 for the same purpose. And we shall vote hundreds of millions more if necessary. Then, by the taxes and burdens that come upon all our shoulders, we shall be taught that we have a very big stake in this issue."

"This realization would be made stronger when, in times to come, those strong young men who went out will return, broken and disabled in the conflict, while some would never return. Then we shall realize that something stupendous is occurring, which will make an imprint upon Canada's heart and character, that we had never dreamed of before. These men will be your care, my care, and the care of the whole country. Further, we must make it clear that for those who go to fight for us we stand sponsors that not a dependent or member of their families shall ever feel the pang of want or lack of sympathy from the whole-hearted people of Canada.

RAVAGED BELGIUM.

"Another call would come from ravaged Belgium and the whole stricken war area. There would be the problem of repatriating six million Belgians, and as far as possible helping them to rebuild their country when the Germans were driven out of it, and this call could not be neglected by Canada, since every Serbian, Belgian, Russian or Frenchman in battle was as surely fighting for Canadian liberty and existence as were the British and Canadian troops.

"These men are doing for you what you are not privileged to do for yourselves, what you have so far been mercifully spared from. That service is none the less vital to every Canadian home. Do not dissociate yourselves from this war. Your battles are being fought by proxy so far. How long will it be that the youth of Canada will let it be said that they are willing to let their liberties and their country's future be conserved by proxy? Can we look upon these hosts of wounded, worn and dead with indifference, and say 'Let them go on; they are making me secure, but in the meantime I will attend to my business, pleasures and sports? That battle they are fighting is a great sacrifice on the altar of liberty and noble ideals, which, if preserved, will mean our preservation, and which, if it fails, will mean our destruction and degradation."

THE COMING OF THE NEW.

When the war was ended, said Sir George, there would come a yet higher call, since the nations would have to get together to create a new world. Then Canada and every part of the Empire must join to influence the result, so that in future throughout the world there should be a blend of honour and justice and individual liberty, a subjugation of force to diplomatic methods, the enthronement of the humane and the moral instead of the mailed fist and shining armour.

Sir George dealt at length with the question as to whether Great Britain had done everything possible to avert war. He showed that for centuries Great Britain had always armed for peace, and only fought in defence of liberty or her Dominions. She had made peace with her hereditary enemies, France and Russia, and time and again had offered friendship to Germany and tried to get her to agree to a diminution of armaments so as to relieve the danger and burden of them, but without avail.

An Appeal to Land-Holders

The Government is taking vigorous steps to bring the vacant lands of Western Canada under cultivation this coming season. The policy is in line with the energetic campaign being carried on to have production of foodstuffs increased in Canada in view of the present crisis. It is estimated that there are a hundred million acres of land in Western Canada held by speculators and non-residents which is not cultivated.

The Western Cabinet Ministers have had the matter under advisement, and through the Western municipalities have secured the names and addresses of all holders of land which is not being issued to them to have this land placed under cultivation. Probably a third of this vacant land is held by Americans, and special efforts are being made to have them place their land under production. They are urged that if they cannot feasibly cultivate the land themselves to either sell it to prospective settlers or make arrangements. Different plans by which this can be easily arranged are suggested.

It is pointed out in the literature which is being issued that it is not only patriotic for Canadians and humanitarian for Americans to place all possible land under cultivation on account of the crop shortage in Europe, but with the high prices for grains it will be an exceedingly profitable investment.

Four Moscow Lamb Coats for Ladies at $25 00 each.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Are you Insured?

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

Ladies' dresses in wool serges various colours. To clear at $5.00.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Academy Exams.

GRADE III ACADEMY.
ROMAN HISTORY.

Class I.—Mirian Burk 87, Frank Miller 79, Lila Giles 77.

Class II.—Jessie Black and Mary Hope equal 73, Alison Cottingham and Howard Nicholl and equal 72, Sybil Arthur 71, Inez Giles and Doris McIntyre equal 70, Wesley McAllister 69, Jean McGibbon 66, Nora Somerville 62.

Class III.—John Smith 59, Myrtle Duffy 54.

GRADE III ACADEMY.
TRIGONOMETRY.

Class I.—Kenneth Sawyer 89, Alex. Murray 83.

GRADE II ACADEMY.
PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Honors.—Marjorie Mount 95.

Class I.—Bessie Hommond 86, Stuart VanDyke 83, George Clark 82, George Calder and Center equal 81, Estelle Inglis 79, Wilma Joss 78, Constance Banford 76.

Class II.—John Hope 73, Carswell McClure 69, Annie Drennan 67, Edgar Hammond 66.

Class III.—Angus Hay and Allison Rodger equal 58, Irene Scott 57.

GRADE I ACADEMY.
FRENCH.

Class I.—Doris Campbell 83.

Class II.—Nora Rodgers 69, Jean Higginson and W. Hooper equal 67.

Class III.—Enid McCullough 55, A Cameron 53, Edwin Johnson 52, Verda Kettyle 51, George Bain, K Douglass, and Aggie Hay equal 50.

GRADE III MODEL.
MENTAL & RAPID ARITHMETIC.

Class I.—Violet Rogers 88, Jessie Berry and Hazel O'Brien equal 82, Violet Grey 78, Stuart Hay, Annie Silverson and R. Robinson equal 76.

Class II.—Katie Jones 72, Ethel Boyd and Myrtle Berry equal 70, I Wason, Edith Beers and Mabel Rodgers 66, Hattie Giles and James McCullough equal 64, Willie Cruise and George McCormick equal 61, Lila Cruise, Mina Dixon and Ruby Miller equal 60.

Class III.—Edna Conlin 59, Douglas Bradford 56, Donald Beers, Percy Robinson and M. Paluter equal 54, Kenneth Morrison 50.

GRADE II MODEL
GEOGRAPHY.

Honors.—Percy Carpenter 99, Lyall Middleton 90.

Class I.—Ernest Baldwin 87, James McGibbon 83, Dora Barley and Doris Hammond equal 79, Stanley McNaughton and Mamie Granam equal 78, Samuel Graham 77, Harold McFaul 76, James Smith and Melvin Burk equal 75.

Class II.—Alfred Hunter 66, Inez Sutton 62, James Calder, G Mount and Ernest Calder equal 61, Jean Campbell 60.

GRADE I MODEL.
ENGLISH.

Honors.—Catherine Berwash 91.

Class I.—Genevieve Murphy 87, Mary Boa 80, Anna Scott 78, Edna Bampton 77, Wilhelmina Shaw 76, O. Boyd and Ruby Rodgers equal 75.

Class II.—May Boyd 74, E. Barker 73, Laura McPhail 69, Kenneth McOuat 67, Bruce Bradford and Ella Giles equal 65, Emma Smith 62, Helena Dobbie 61, Keith Christie and John Paul equal 60.

Class III.—Ray Boyd 58, George McCoy 57, Ross Muir 51.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.
GEOGRAPHY.

Honors.—Ryckman Alexander 94, Margaret McOuat 90.

Class I.—Henry Murphy 86, Roy Chambers 84, Ivan Carpenter and L. Thompson equal 82.

Class II.—Margaret Jones, Arthur Lackey and James McKimmie equal 74, Lindsay Demerse and Douglas Patterson equal 66, Ian Hay and E. Hamilton equal 64, Jessie Hay 63.

Class III.—Mabel Garrard 59, Gerald Hammond 57.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.
MENTAL & RAPID ARITHMETIC.

Honors.—Florentine Cyr 100, James Hay 95, Willie Cottingham 90.

Class I.—Gordon Cruise 85, Lillian Hamilton 82, Irene Byron, Muriel Burke, Kenneth Campbell, Clifford McFaul and Arnold Scott equal 80.

Class II.—Ethel Hay 73, Harry Bull 70, Annie Fraser 67, Myrtle Hunter and Mina Paul equal 60.

Class III.—Albert Darlington and Jessie McFarlane equal 52.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.
SPELLING & DICTATION.

Honors.—Evelyn Creswell 96, G. G Cruise 94.

Class I.—Lawrence Cruise and H Morrison equal 85, Ida Bampton 84, Lilly Paul 79, Harold Window 76, R. Byron 75.

GRADE I. ELEMENTARY.
SPELLING.

Honors, Mildred Hammond 96, Donald Hay and Charlie Miller equal 94, Willie Miller and Margaret Scott equal 92.

Class I.—Linton Armstrong 86, Elsie Stewart 84, Lea Dion and Jean McOuat equal 78, Inez McKiddie and Lloyd Somerville equal 76.

Class II.—Willie Grandmaison 74, Hugh Cunningham and Edith Jones equal 64.

Class III.—Harald Calder 58, Mary Cruise and Lila McKiddie equal 56.

Mr. R. A. Drapeau, Advocate, has opened up New Offices in the Painter House, and is now ready for any business that may be intrusted to his care.

LOST.—On Wednesday afternoon on Main Street, between Post Office and Hay's Corner, on North Side of Street, between 5 and 6 p.m., a Jet Necklace. Finder please return to WATCHMAN OFFICE and be rewarded.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. JOHN SCOTT.

The Seignory has lost another old pioneer, in the person of Mrs. John Scott Sr., whose death occurred on Sunday last, Feb. 14. Deceased lady, who was the third daughter of the late James Armstrong, was born in Lachute some 78 years ago, and was married in 1864 to Mr. John Scott, after which they settled on the farm of the late Wm. McOuat, where they have remained ever since. It is only last year that Mr. and Mrs Scott celebrated their golden wedding, and up to a few years ago both enjoyed the best of health. Since that time, however, Mrs Scott's health failed her and after a lingering illness she passed peacefully away. This is the first break in a large and united family of whom all the rest are living, as there are left to mourn her loss, besides a loving husband, three daughters and four sons, Mrs. Richard Hammond, of Lachute, Mrs. Andrew Walker, of St. Jerusalem, Albert, now on the homestead, Mrs. Jas. Armstrong, George and John, of Hill Foot, and William, of Lachute. The funeral, which took place on Wednesday last, was conducted by the Rev. Mr. George and was largely attended by many sympathizing friends.

THE LATE MRS. T. MORRIN.

The death occured on Sunday last of an old respected citizen in the person of Mrs. Thos. Morrin, of East Settlement. Deceased lady was born in 1840, and was married in 1873 to Mr. Thos. Morrin. She had enjoyed fairly good health until September last when she was moved to Montreal to undergo an operation on her throat which was unsuccessful and after much suffering she passed away at the age of 75 years. She leaves to mourn her loss a loving husband Thos. Morrin, one son David Morrin and two daughters Mrs. Albert Gordon, and Mrs. Leishman. The funeral which took place on Tuesday last was conducted by the Rev Mr. George.

THE LATE HENRY MARTIN

Death has been busy both among the old and the young of our vicinity, coming with great suddenness to Mr. Henry Martin, on Wednesday last. The young fellow, while attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Scott, was seized with heart failure, and although medical aid was at once called life was found to be extinct. Young Henry is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Martin and only last Thursday was made a member of the Good Templar Lodge here. Much sympathy is felt for his sorrowing parents.

LOUISA

Miss F. Levers spent part of last week in town.

Mr. G. R. Tomalty spent Saturday last in Lachute.

Misses M. and I. Boyd spent Saturday visiting friends in Dunany.

Miss Annie Swail from Arundel was a recent guest of friends here.

Miss A. Creswell has gone to Boston after spending part of the winter at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Creswell spent Saturday visiting their daughter, Mrs. D. A. McKenzie, of Staynerville.

McFaul Bros.

4,000 Yards Print, excellent patterns. Regular value 14c for - - **10c**

New Cotton Crepe Goods. Good value at 15c for **12½**

Splendid Selection Steel Clad Galatea. Just the thing for Ladies' and Children's Clothing. Extra value 15c for - - - **13½**

New Spring Dress Goods. Old quality, old prices.

New Silks, 36 in. wide. Splendid selection of patterns and colors and best of all old prices and quality.

Our $1.00 House Dress is a wonder. All colors and sizes. Hurry up and secure your supply before stock is broken up.

McFAUL BROS.
WEST END

Desjardins' Footwear

Is now recognized as the Best, both as to Quality and Comfort.

These are two things you need to look to when buying your Boots and Shoes, and we are SPECIALISTS in the Fitting Line. Just try us and see.

The Boot Store, 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

Temperance Column

—:o:—

Two Visions

The prohibitionist has seen a vision of the liquor traffic—vain, boastful and arrogant. He has seen the traffic on every side, spreading itself like a green bay-tree, and wherever it has spread and wherever the shadow of its baneful influence has fallen, he has seen failure, and vice, and crime come forth to thrive in their native element.

He has seen the liquor traffic—like an ill-boding spirit of hell—creep forth from its chamber of horrors to breathe its withering breath upon the sons of men.

He has seen it crawl along after the talented promising young man, and lay its hideous touch upon his arm and lure him away to ruin.

He has seen it corrupt the husband turn all his love to hatred and his faith to scorn, destroy his health and morals, and manhood and send him reeling before the eyes of his striken wife into the hopeless infamy of a drunkard's grave.

He has seen it take the father from the shop and put him in the gutter, take the children from the school and put them into the street, he has seen it take the food from the table, take the clothing from the press, the furniture from the apartment, and pass every article across the counter of the dram-seller.

He has seen it tear the wedding ring from the hand of devoted love, and barter it for alcohol.

He has seen the diabolical spirit of the liquor traffic—like the fearful imagings of a horrid dream—draw its slimy claw across the face of love and loviness, and leave the indelible marking of terror and agony and of death.

He has seen it—like a hideous vampire—fasten its clutch upon its trembling victim and draw the flush of pleasure from the face of wife and and child and mother. He has seen it suck the gasping breath of helpless infancy, drain the arteries of strong men, and fling the hapless bodies to the wall.

The prohibitionist has seen the liquor traffic take hold of caucus, and convention, and party, and Province. He has seen it dictate platforms, and nominate candidates, and elect officers of its own liking and for its own will. He has seen ministers silenced, churches coerced, citizens corrupted and papers subsided. He has seen legislature and governments practically bribed by the liquor men, give legal assent to its perpetuation.

He has seen church, society and Province make a "covenant with Death and an agreemeet with Hell."

Others have seen this vision—many indeed—ministers, editors, lawyers, citizens of every class, and they have wept and lamented the sin of the thing and said, "It is the way of the world; it essential to the times; it is a part of the economy of nature; let us continue in money getting and hope for the best, while we worry along with the worst, and after awhile we will sing the Doxology and be dismissed with the Benediction."

This latter is the vision of the pessimist.

But the prohibitionist, being an optimist, becuse he has hope when the others have despair, has seen a vision of another kind. A Picture of Tomorrow—with the traffic gone! He sees—and at no distant day—five hundred thousand men go up against the traffic, with the spirit that their fathers bought in many a fight for freedom, and with their ballots smite it till it roars for mercy. He sees an army of more-timed men, who hither to unequal to the fray, have kept their peace, come forth with weapon, song, and war-cry, and with unfaltering tread fall hard upon the traffic, hip and thigh, and chase each fleeing squad into oblivion.

The prohibitionist, because he is an optimist, is a volunteer, and must be one of the half million men. And they will come when on election day one-half of the voters of this Christian land shall register their honest political convictions at the ballot-box.

Will you, Christian voter, be one of these men, who, for conscience' and their country's sake, are willing to go first to battle, and if need be, alone? And, if there be not a majority, will you be one of Gideon's band—increased a thousandfold—to fight for Israel?

One vision, and purpose, and hope shall be in your heart on election day?—*John A. Simpson, in the Home Defender.*

COAL and WOOD

FOR SALE.

Give your order at once for next Season.

—o—

Harry Ayers

Lachute Mills, Que.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

GRENVILLE

Concert a Great Success.

The concert given in Dansereau's Hall on Friday last under the anspices of the Methodist Ladies Aid Society was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience and the Rev. Mr. Reily has once more demonstrated that when a first-class entertainment is announced the people will not be disappointed as far as he is concerned.

The programme opened with a piano selection by the Misses A. Davidson, and Hartley, followed by a solo from the popular favorite Miss Janet Gill who sang "My auld Folk" very prettily. A very pleasing number was then put on by the school children, under direction of their teacher Miss Tyrril. It was a children's drill, in which "Dutch Cleanser and the Gold Dust Twins" were represented by garb and song, the participants enjoying the fun equally with the audience. The Rev. Mr. Palmer proved a great acquisition to the programme as he related his stories with such realism. The Grenville young ladies then presented a flag drill that was very effective, after which the young ladies of Cushing gave a typical ladies aid meeting that created lots of fun. The Rev. Mr. Lloyd contributed a couple of mandolin selections, after which the Misses Wilson and Gill, and Messrs Riley and Giles told how some local celebrities rode the goat. The young people of Grenville then treated the audience to an interesting dialogue entitled "How the Vote was won." Next came a solo by Miss Gill and a duett entitled "Your King and Country need You" by Miss Wilson and Mr. Giles. An interesting reading entitled, "Pat Magee" was then rendered by Miss M. Wheelehan followed by a solo from J. S. Giles, tableau (by request) "England and her Allies" added much to the programme which then closed by the singing of the National Anthem.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. S. A. Filion, of Grenville, desires to thank her friends for the kindness shown during the recent bereavement.

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

W. BANFORD & SON.

PERHAPS IT'S THE KIDNEYS

that are making you feel so badly. If so, you can easily tell. If your head feels dull and achy—if your back hurts nearly all the time—if your appetite is poorly and your tongue is coated—if the urine burns, is highly colored and offensive in odor—if you notice a brick dust deposit or mucus in the urine after standing over night—then you certainly have something the matter with your Kidneys. Get

Gin Pills
FOR THE KIDNEYS

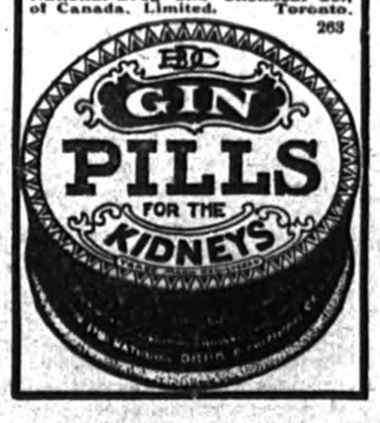
St, Sauveur, Quebec City.

"For a long time, I had been suffering from the Kidneys and Pains in my Back and Limbs. I have tried several remedies without success. After using Gin Pills I was soon relieved of my pains and now I am perfectly cured, and due entirely to Gin Pills".

Mrs. Ve. J. GUY.

Gin Pills are "Made in Canada" and sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Sold in U.S. under the name "GINO" Pills. Write us for free trial treatment.

National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited. Toronto. 263



IT TAKES BOTH

It takes your enemy and your friend working together, to hurt you to the heart; the one to slander you and the other to get the news to you.

FAIR FARE

A large musician with a larger violoncello hailed a hansom.

"Drive me to King's Hall!" he said.

When, after a hard tussle, he had wedged himself into the limited area of the cab, the driver cracked his whip, and drove off.

They reached the hall. The musician alighted, and took out a quarter.

"What's this?" demanded the driver.

"Your legal fare," said the music an.

"Yes, I know it's my legal fare for carrying you," retorted the cabman, with a direful glance at the bulky instrument, "but what about that there flute?"

A Big Shirt Sale.

ON TRACK

"He is just like clockwork in his dealings."

"You mean that he gets things on tick?"

ENCOURAGING.

May—What would you do if you had a voice like mine?

Jim—Try to put up with it.

Patriotism and Production

AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCES

Province of Quebec

DISTRICT NO. 1

1.	February	16	St. Therese	Terrebonne
2.	"	17	St. Eustache	Deux Montagnes
3.	"	18	St. Lin	L'Assomption
4.	"	19	Ste. Scholastique	Deux Montagnes
5.	"	20	Lachute	Argenteuil
6.	"	22	Calumet	"
7.	"	23	Monte Bello	Labelle
8.	"	24	St. Jerome	Terrebonne
9.	"	26	Arundel	Argenteuil
10.	March	1	Mont Laurier	Labelle
11.	"	2	Nomininque	"
12.	"	3	Ste. Agathe	Terrebonne
13.	"	4	Ste. Julienne	Montcalm
14.	"	5	St. Jacques	"
15.	"	6	Joliette	"
16.	"	8	St. Ambroise de Kildare	"
17.	"	9	St. Felix de Valois	"
18.	"	10	St. Gabriel de Brandon	Berthier
19.	"	11	St. Henri de Mascouche	L'Assomption
20.	"	12	Ste. Rose	Laval

SPEAKERS.

DR. T. A. BRISSON, Laprairie, P. Q.

MR. J. D. BASTIEN, Villemarie, P. Q.

The speakers who will address these meetings are agricultural specialist whose lectures will be delivered in connection with the Patriotism and Production campaign, which is being carried on throughout Canada. "Service to the Empire by Increasing the Supply of Food Stuffs," will be the text of their addresses. Every farmer should make a special effort to attend. Ladies are invited.

The conferences are held under the direction of the Honourable Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture for Canada.

Night Meetings only will be held, commencing at 7.30 p.m.

WOMAN'S BEST MEDICINE

Mrs. Kelly Advises all Women to Take "Fruit-a-Tives"

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., AUG. 26th. 1913.

"I can highly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" because they did me an awful lot of good and I cannot speak too highly about them. About four years ago, I commenced taking "Fruit-a-tives" for a general break-down and they did me a world of good. We bought a good many dollar's worth, but it was money well spent because they did all that you claim for them. Their action is so pleasant, compared with other laxatives, that I found only pleasure, as well as health, in taking them. They seemed to me to be particularly suited to women, on account of their mild and gentle action, and I trust that some other women may start taking "Fruit-a-tives" after reading my letter, and if they do, I am satisfied the results will be the same as in my own case".

MRS. W. N. KELLY

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

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.

R. A. DRAPEAU,
ADVOCATE,
PAINTER HOUSE,
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,
LACHUTE, - QUE.

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

Men's overcoats, some choice line on hand, latest styles.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

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

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

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of the advertisement will not be paid for. 0439

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

GEOFFROY BEDARD

THE TAILOR.

GENTLEMEN—I wish to advise you that I have received my Spring and Summer Suiting, Panting and Summer Overcoating.

Now—is the right time to place your orders when I have a full stock.

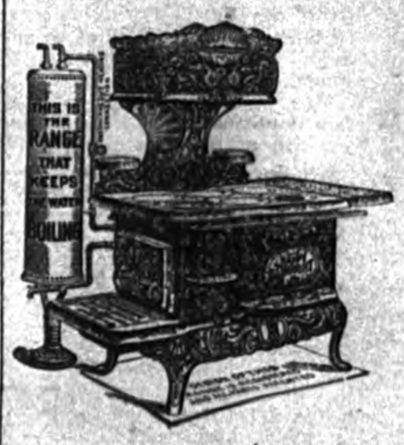
You all know that there has been a very large increase in all woollen goods, but having placed my orders before the increase and having bought much heavier than usual and having obtained the largest cash discounts I am in a position to give you much lower prices than ever before, and if you take advantage of the present stock you will get the benefit of the low prices.

Leave your orders early and get the pick of the patterns.

I keep as usual a full line of Gent's Furnishing, Hats and Caps.

I also have a special department for cleaning and pressing suits on short notice and moderate prices.

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

Head Office: - Ottawa, Canada.

Capital Paid Up - - -	$ 4,000,000
Rest and Undivided Profits -	4,978,299
Total Assets over - - -	50,000,000

Board of Directors:

HON. GEORGE BRYSON, President. JOHN B. FRASER, Vice-President
SIR HENRY N. BATE, DAVID MACLAREN,
RUSSELL BLACKBURN, DENIS MURPHY,
SIR HENRY K. EGAN, HON. SIR GEORGE H. PERLEY,
E. C. WHITNEY.
GEORGE BURN, General Manager.
D. M. FINNIE, Asst-General Manager.
W. DUTHIE, Chief Inspector.

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. R. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

Hay and Straw at Close Market Prices

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer,
MAIN STREET. LACHUTE.

THE ANGLICIZING OF EGYPT

PROTECTORATE IS TANTAMOUNT TO ANNEXATION.

Marks Another Milestone in Long History of Land of Pharoahs.

Among the startling events of the war it was easy to lose sight of one most significant recent happening—the announcement of a British protectorate over Egypt, says the Minneapolis Bellman. The thing was done without flourish of trumpets, without even much press exploitation, but none the less it was one of the most important steps that Great Britain has taken in a long time.

That the change was one rather of form than of fact is true enough. England has virtually controlled Egypt since Wolseley defeated the revolting military class at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882. Practically all of Egypt's prosperity to-day is due to the work done under the direction of one of the greatest figures in British colonial history, Lord Cromer, of whose resignation in 1907 Sir Edward Grey said, "It was the greatest personal loss which the public service of Great Britain could suffer." Too much British blood has been shed in Egypt since 1880, and too much British capital invested in public works there, to permit of much uncertainty as to its real control.

Control of the Suez Canal.

Yet the British position in Egypt has always been anomalous. It was a great day in British history when Disraeli, taking shrewd advantage of the hopeless extravagance of Ismail Pacha, bought for the British government 176,602 Suez Canal shares, but it was likewise the beginning of a period of serious complications. That the control of the canal meant eventual control of Egypt was certain, but France claimed its share in the management of Egyptian affairs, Turkey was openly annoyed at any attempt to limit its authority within its own imperial domain, many of the Egyptians themselves regarded British interference as a blow at Islam, and in the Soudan the Mahdi refused to be controlled by anybody.

French influence in Egypt, so long as it continued at all, was an effective barrier to British control, and the famous Fashoda incident of 1898 nearly brought on a Franco-British war. It is safe to say that nothing less than the fear of Germany, bringing about the understanding of 1904 between France and England, could have quite made possible the complete recognition by the French of British authority in Egypt. As it is, however, Egypt is one England's new prizes, won through the French alliance.

Where Kitchener Won Honor.

The most violently disaffected among the Egyptians were subdued by the guns of the British fleet and the bayonets of Wolseley's regiments; the mass of the people learned the advantages of peace and prosperity from Lord Cromer. But it was a long day before the Soudan was brought by British troops under the rule of a Turkish viceroy. The miserable failures of 1882-1885—Hicks Pacha's army annihilated at El Obeid, Baker's force cut to pieces at El Teb, Gordon left by a vacillating government to die at Khartoum—were at last followed by the victories which won for Lord Kitchener his title, and by 1900 resistance in the Soudan was at an end.

So much England could accomplish while Egypt was nominally a part of the Turkish Empire, but there remained a dangerous influence which could never be thoroughly resisted. Turkish control had brought on Egypt most of its miseries, and Turkish diplomacy was ever seeking an excuse to insist on the British evacuation of Egypt. Whenever the cry of pan-Islamism was raised Turkish emissaries were at hand to stir up fanaticism against the English. Finally, as the league between Germany and Turkey became more and more apparent, there arose a new peril to British authority in Egypt.

An Important Step.

The announcement of a protectorate is tantamount to the annexation of Egypt as a self-governing colony. As a safeguard to the British road to India the step is of immense importance. Economically it has always been a land of vast potential resources. In 1912 it produced nearly four hundred thousand tons of cotton and sixteen million tons of cereals. What it may do under unhampered British control can only be guessed at.

Egypt has occupied a unique place in history for a matter of three thousand years, and for most of that space despite the fact that it has not governed itself. Persian and Greek, Roman, Arab and Turk have ruled it, and more wars have been fought over it than over any other piece of land in the world. Seemingly it has gone backward rather than forward—backward, that is, until lately Western Europe took a hand in its affairs. The British protectorate marks the beginning of a new chapter in its amazing history and is likely to prove not the least of the results of the European war.

GERMANS REALIZING TRUTH.

Show Marked Change, Says a Military Observer.

A military observer at the British army headquarters in France, discusses the "physical and mental condition" of the British troops and the Germans opposing them.

The writer, after making due allowance for the probability that the German prisoners in many cases represent the somewhat inferior element of Germany's forces, says that "there seems to be a difference in the state of feeling of the German rank and file from that which existed some weeks ago."

"Some of our prisoners," the observer continues, "now realize that a victorious German advance is out of the question, and that their duty is merely to hold ground. The idea that the Germans will gain any advantage commensurate with the sacrifices incurred appears to a great extent to have disappeared, but there are few Germans who contemplate the possibility of an actual defeat and the invasion of their country."

"As regards physical well-being, it is doubtful if the Germans are so well off as are the British. The German medical arrangements also are inferior, many civilian physicians without surgical experience being used. Two such doctors recently were allowed to operate in one of our hospitals. They showed surprising ignorance, ruining several instruments intended for disarticulating ligaments, by attempting to get bones with them."

"After this they were not permitted to operate. But these points of German inferiority," the writer says, "are more than offset by the general efficiency of the fighting machine of the Germans, the excellence of staff work and high discipline and the thoroughness with which every military requirement has been provided for.

"Orders have been captured which give minute instructions for the care of clothing, equipment and sanitation, which show great forethought and a high standard of interior economy.

"This minute care for the well-being of the soldier so long as he can fight is, however, combined with callousness to losses when a sacrifice of life is thought necessary, which points to formidable powers of resistance."

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Surgery Is Aided By Use of the Telephone.

The use of the telephone as an aid to surgery by communicating to the operator the noise of contact of knife, forceps or probe with foreign bodies imbedded in the flesh has been discovered and perfected by Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, who says his method will do much to simplify military surgery.

The X-ray, says Sir James, has serious limitations. It shows the presence of the foreign body, but gives no idea of the depth this body has penetrated or of its relation to the parts among which it has lodged. Surgeons often fail to find the object seen in silhouette on the fluorescent screen.

It is not necessary to have a man full of shrapnel brought from the trenches to demonstrate the use of the telephone in surgery, as a potato and a nail do quite as well. The surgeon uses a double pair of receivers, such as worn by wireless operators. One of the telephone wires is attached to a piece of platinum foil. In a real operation this foil is held in place on the patient's skin by plaster or bandage. In the experiment the potato is dipped into salt water and placed on the foil. To the end of the other telephone wire is attached a small sterilized silver wire, which in turn is made fast to the knife, probe, needle or forceps used in sounding the wound or incision.

When the surgeon's instrument touches metal, whether in flesh or in a potato, a distinct and unmistakable grating noise results. This means the foreign body is discovered.

There exists a popular fallacy that it is necessary to remove not only bullets but every scrap of metal from the wound. But experience has shown that the human body does not mind a little metal, and the removal of bullets is often too dangerous to attempt.

The Domestic Machine.

Mr. Meek was laboriously hooking up the back of his wife's evening dress just as the clock was striking their dinner hour and their dinner guests were ringing the door bell. Mr. Meek breathed hard; his forehead was damp and his hands shook.

"I do wish some one would invent a machine to do this kind of work!" he muttered miserably.

"Why they have!" replied his wife, brightly, as she applied some powder nonchalantly to her nose. "They have, and you are it!"

FAMOUS RUSSIAN GENERALS

BRAINY MEN ARE LEADING THE CZAR'S FORCES.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Is a Man of the Most Forceful Personality.

Not much is known outside of Russia concerning the generals who are leading the great Russian armies, and the facts collected by Byron Lomax in Petrograd and communicated to the Philadelphia Ledger are unusually interesting. Despite popular ignorance upon the matter, Mr. Lomax says that before the war the Russian generals were better known than the German generals, some of them being famous as great authorities on various branches of warfare. The commander-in-chief is the Grand Duke Nicholas. Because he happens to be a near relation of the Czar's there is a popular notion that he occupies his present important position by favor and not by merit. This is a mistake, for the Grand Duke has been recognized for many years as one of the most forceful personalities in Russia. He has been a close adviser of the Czar's, and has been a soldier from boyhood. He was president of the committee that controlled all naval and military affairs for Russia at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, and while, remembering the Russian blunders in that war, this may seem no great certificate of military efficiency, there is reason to believe that the chief Russian disasters were due to a disregard of his advice.

The Grand Duke.

Nicholas desired to take charge of the Manchurian campaign, but the Czar objected on the ground that defeat for him would bring responsibility for disaster too close to the House of Romanoff. Nicholas said that the chief weakness of Kuropatkin was lack of nerve, that he could not bring himself to fight a decisive battle. He was replaced, therefore, by Linievitch, who had all the confidence of the Grand Duke, but lacked his quickness in seizing an opportunity. Absolute confidence in themselves has been a characteristic of most great soldiers. None of them had more than the Grand Duke. At the outset he made it plain to his staff that its function was to advise him and not decide things. He is not very popular with his officers. He treats them distantly, but he loves the Russian soldier, and is in turn loved by the peasants. While a soldier may abjectly address a lieutenant as "High-Wellborn-ness," he will speak of the commander-in-chief as "Father," and the Grand Duke in turn speaks of the soldiers as his "children."

A Real Fighting General.

Grand Duke Nicholas is, in fact, a rather rough, tough sort of commander, choleric, but warm-hearted. When his generals blunder it is said that he gives vent to his emotions by "cussing them out." More than once in the course of the present campaign he has had brought before him privates soldiers who have distinguished themselves in battle, and has publicly kissed them. He plans his campaign some 80 miles behind the fighting line, and as soon as he has come to his decision he goes to the front in his automobile. Several times he has been actually under fire, to the great alarm of his staff, but the Grand Duke seems to delight in the thunder of the great guns. It is said that if the Russian ranks should show a disposition to waver all that is necessary to turn them into walls of steel is to send the whisper along that "Father Nicholas" is coming.

A Student of Warfare.

His chief of staff is a young man of poor physique and unmilitary appearance. This is Yanushkovitch, a Pole. He is not the fighting man that the Grand Duke is, but a scientific soldier who studies war as a man might study a game of chess. He is credited with having planned the present plan of campaign, although the Grand Duke has modified some of his suggestions. He and the commander-in-chief are said to have differed radically as regards the invasion of East Prussia. Nicholas, however, had a political motive in view. He ordered the raid which penetrated as far as Konigsberg and Allenstein to relieve the pressure upon the Allies in Flanders. It achieved this end, but one of its results was the disaster at Tanenburg, where the Russian General Samsonoff was killed and nearly four army corps wiped out of existence, because the main advance on Posen and Breslau was not ready. After this battle the chief of staff offered his resignation to the Grand Duke, but it was not accepted.

Two Noted Generals.

General Alexander Brusiloff, who commands against the Austrian flank on the slope of the Mid-Carpathians, is said to be the coolest, boldest and most unsparing of the Russian generals. He is a believer in the frontal attack, which he holds to be, on the whole, less costly than the more popular flanking assault, because it is over quicker and requires fewer men. In time of peace he is devoted to art and poetry. Ruzski, the conqueror of Galicia, is the most popular of the Russian generals. He is the picturesque, chivalrous figure, who issues notable addresses to his troops and fires them with fanatical zeal. Before the war he was considered a mere theorist, but as such occupied the highest rank in Europe. He has proved himself a daring commander in the field, and is credited with having more imagination than any of his colleagues.

ATMOSPHERE CURIOSITIES..

Beautiful Phenomena Are Sometimes Observed.

Cloud caps form on mountain tops when a current of moist air ascends the slope of the mountain, for the air cools as it rises and the moisture in it condenses. On the flat top of Table Mountain, near Capetown, a strong southeast wind produces a horizontal sheet of cloud known as the "tablecloth." This cloud often appears to pour over the steep leeward side of the mountain like a mighty cataract. The "spreading of the tablecloth" is a sign of bad weather. At a little distance from the mountain a second cloud often forms. A similar pair of clouds often seen near Cross Fell, in England, are known as the "helm and bar." The helm, or helmet, forms over the mountain when a violent wind, known as the 'helmwind," is blowing; the bar appears a mile or two to leeward.

At Callao, on the coast of Peru, sailors often encounter a foul-smelling fog that deposits a brown slimy coating on white paint and metal, and hence is called the "painters." Another remarkable fog on the Peruvian coast is known as the garua. It occurs in a region where rain is unknown, and supplies sufficient moisture to support vegetation. Red fogs frequently occur off the northwest coast of Africa, between the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands. They are sometimes so dense as to make navigation difficult. The color is owing to dust that the trade wind brings from the Sahara desert.

Certain valleys in the Alps are often visited by a very warm and dry wind known as the fohn. The effects of this wind are particularly striking in winter. The snow melts and evaporates as if by magic; woodwork becomes as dry as tinder; and great precautions are necessary to prevent the occurrence of the disastrous fires known as "fohn-fires" that often destroy whole towns and villages. No cooking is permitted while the fohn is blowing, and not even a pipe or a cigarette may be lighted. Many persons suffer with "fohn-sickness" whenever this wind prevails. The chinook of the West is similar in character and origin to the fohn.

Over the waters of the Bay of Chaleur, in Canada, a mysterious phenomenon known as the "fire ship" is sometimes seen by night. It is a roughly hemispherical mass of luminosity, with its flat side to the water; but sometimes it rises in slender moving columns that resemble the flaming rigging of a ship. It is supposed to foretell a storm. No satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon has ever been given.

"Andes lightning" is the name given to a very striking luminous discharge of electricity seen over the crest of the Andes, in Chile, in a region where ordinary thunderstorms are almost unknown. The mountains appear to act as gigantic lightning rods, between which and the clouds silent discharges take place on a vast scale. A continuous glow is seen about the summits, with occasional outbursts like the beams of a great searchlight. These displays have been seen by vessels three hundred miles from the coast.

Among the snow-clad Alps a curious and beautiful phenomenon is sometimes observed at the close of the day. The rosy illumination of the mountain summits passes away, from below upward, as the sun sinks below the opposite horizon, and for a few minutes the peaks, with their rocks and snows, have a livid appearance; then gradually they are lighted up with a second rosy glow, and this may last for as much as an hour after sunset. This is called the "recoloration of the Alps," or in the case of the giant of the group, the "resurrection of Mont Blanc." The whole series of phenomena is called the "Alpenglow."

Some Army Terms Explained.

An army corps is on a small scale a complete army in itself. The strength varies from 35,000 to 45,000 men. A division is a body of horse, foot and artillery of from 15,000 to 20,000 men. A brigade is a force of infantry or cavalry. An infantry brigade is from 4,000 to 7,000 strong, and a cavalry brigade from 1,000 to 2,000 strong. An infantry regiment is from 2,000 to 4,000 stroong. A cavalry regiment from 500 to 1,000 strong. Squadrons of cavalry consist of 150 to 200 men. In the British and French Armies a battery of artillery has six guns and about 200 men.

It Puzzled Him.

Silas—I hear your son left that small town and went to the city to have a larger field for his efforts.

Hiram—Yes; and that's what gets me. When Hank was home, a two-acre patch was too big a field for him.

SIR CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOOLEY.

Honored by Knighthood for His Imperialism.

The knighthood bestowed upon Captain Clive Phillips-Wooley, of Victoria, B.C., is a reward of articulate and active Imperialism. Sir Clive was born in England in 1854. For some years he was British consul at Kertch. Afterwards he practiced law in London, moving to Victoria when he retired from practice. He belongs to a very old Shropshire family, the Wooleys of Woodhall, whose same and arms he assumed on succeeding to their estates thirty years ago, his own name being Phillips. He was at one time a captain in the 4th battalion S. W. B., and he married in 1879 a daughter of Rear-Admiral Fenwick.

Before moving to Canada Sir Clive did a great deal of big-game hunting all over the world, and the late R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," thought his book "Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus," the only living picture of life in those romantic lands. His "Big Game," in two volumes, in the Badminton Library, also form one of the sportsmen's classics.

As a sportsman Sir Clive has done more than anyone else to make British Columbia known as a big-game paradise, and he has been very active in public affairs in the coast Province. For example, he was appointed in 1896 to enforce the Health Act in the mining districts of British Columbia, and succeeded conspicuously in this arduous undertaking.

Sir Clive Phillips-Wooley ranks high among Canadian authors. He

Sir Clive Phillips-Wooley.

has written a great deal of stirring patriotic poetry, and his ballad of England's sea power, "The Sea Queen," is often referred to as a fine expression in verse of Imperialistic sentiment. In his three novels, "Snap," "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," and "The Remittance Man," he has given us excellent pictures of the making of the far Canadian West. He has been a very strong advocate of Canadian support for the British navy, and his addresses on "The Canadian Naval Question" were published in book form in 1911 at his own expense. His arguments were summed up as follows in one of these addresses: "The supremacy of the seas is vital to Britain; the continued existence of Britain is vital to her daughter nations; therefore Britain's supremacy at sea is vital to Canada."

Sir Clive Phillips-Wooley has also been very active in the affairs of the Canadian Navy Leagues. He was recently appointed by the Dominion Government a censor and special Government officer on the Pacific coast. His son was naval commander of the Hogue, one of the British cruisers torpedoed in the North Sea last September by a German submarine.

A NEUTRAL'S OPINION.

When the German Army Will Be Worn Out.

General Riccotti Garibaldi, interviewed by a representative of the Messaggero, said, telegraphs the Press Association Rome correspondent, that, like many other fathers whose sons have fallen, must sink his paternal grief and think only of the best means of terminating a struggle which took humanity 2,000 or 3,000 years backward. He thought it would take six or seven months more for the German army to be worn out. He added: "Whoever has had experience of war knows that the soldiers of war do not resist the hardships and emotions of a campaign beyond five or six months. Germany is now preparing a new army, which will succumb within this period. My father was so convinced of this phenomenon that one day during the war of 1870 he ordered me to give 20 days' leave to a body of sharpshooters, who on returning were thus able to sustain several months more fighting. Those sharpshooters, though veterans, were exhausted, but the Prussians are still more exhausted. That is why my father opposed the conclusion of peace, believing that a few more months' war would be sufficient to crush the enemy, just as to-day the armies of the Entente are crushing the Germans."

AWAKENING BROUGHT HATE

GERMANY'S OBJECT IS CRUSHING BRITAIN.

When Teutons Learned Their Army Was Stopped They Awoke.

Writing upon Germany's intense hatred of Britain with its forces, Charles N. Wheeler, special correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Aachen, Germany, says:

"At the outset of the war the Germans set about their task with a precision and completeness that amazed the world. The intensity of the hatred toward England was not nursed among the German people at home until after the Belgians had stayed the mighty horde long enough to permit England to rush its forces across the Channel and form the junction with the French.

"All Germany believed for days that Paris had fallen; that the English channel was in the possession of Von Tirpitz's dreadnoughts. There was rejoicing in the fatherland.

Fail to Invest Paris.

"Then came the awakening. The news percolated through somehow despite censoring, of course slowly, that something had happened a few miles this side of Paris, that Paris was not in the possession of the Uhlans, that the great gray line of the invading infantry had been pushed back. Finally it dawned upon the people of Germany that Paris had been saved from investment. Germany awoke to learn that for forty days the conquering imperial army, the terror of half a dozen nations, the unbeatable Uhlan and his lance, had been stopped.

Public Opinion Directed.

"Now comes the psychology of directing public opinion in the fatherland. The people did not want excuses, but a justification and a new patriotism. The Government gave it to them. England was blamed for the antagonistic sentiment among the neutrals. The London press just at this moment was picturing the devastation of Belgium with all the powers of language and ascribing to the Germans crimes of the most dreadful nature, culminating in the "last straw"—the epithets "Huns" and "barbarians."

"The word 'Hun' simply caused the average German to go straight up in the air. I have seen hate depicted on faces before in my life, but I never saw such as this.

Arouses New Patriotism.

"The Germans have been taught for years that England was jealous of Teutonic commercial growth and that England would sooner or later make war on Germany because of the almighty dollar aspect alone. There always has been a sort of latent dislike for Great Britain. It required only this last campaign of resistance against the Hun epithet to arouse a new patriotism in Germany. There is not this terrible hate against France and Russia—only against England and the Japs.

"Accordingly there is one great stroke the German army can attempt that will be supported to a man at home regardless of the outcome, and that is a beeline march to the English coast. That is what the German general staff now propose in my judgment.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

It is only your friends and your enemies that tell you your faults.—Haliburton.

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better.—Scott.

A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold.—Walton.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

The words we speak and the things we do to-day may seem to be lost, but in the great final revealing the smallest of them will appear.—Lowell.

Reverence for age is a fair test of the vigor of youth; and, conversely, insolence towards the old and the past, whether in individuals or in nations, is a sign rather of weakness than of strength.—C. Kingsley.

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his science than another by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.

About the only way to settle a dispute over a bill is to settle the bill.

"Of course, I don't wish to put any obstacle in the way of your getting married," a mistress said to her servant, "but I wish it were possible for you to postpone it until I get another maid." "Well, mum," Mary Ann replied, "I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'm to put t off."

A Cowboy Toreador

Mrs. Foster and her young brother-in-law, Sam, did not hear the sound of running footsteps—or, hearing, did not heed them. A moment later there was a hurried scramble of small feet across the porch, and Johnny Sears, red-faced and breathless, burst in upon them, slamming the screen door behind him.

"O—Mis' Foster! A bull's got teacher and the kids held up in the schoolhouse!" he panted. "Please, ma'am, have Mr. Foster go down and drive him off! They can't get out!"

"Held up in the schoolhouse! By a bull!" began Mrs. Foster, uncomprehendingly.

"Yes'm. A big 'Bar J.' bull," asserted Johnny. "He was there when Miss Kline let out school. Some of the fellers tried to drive him off, but he got mad and druv 'em back inside! Miss Kline let me out one of the windows at the back—while the other fellers kept the bull watchin' in the front. Then I legged it! I was plumb scarced!" said Johnny, without any false bravado.

"I reckon I'll have to go down to the school and help 'em out," said Sam Foster, as he rose from his chair. "I wish I had Rocker here!"

"Take Tom's horse, Sam. Juniper's in the corral, and Tom's saddle's on a peg by the stall!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, eagerly.

"All right! I'll run him off in no time," replied the young man, and he hurried out toward the back of the house.

Sam Foster was one of the head cowpunchers of the "Circle S" cattle outfit up north of Cochise's stronghold in the Sulphur Springs valley in Arizona. He had come down to Black Diamond that day to have his favorite horse, Rocker, shod by the blacksmith at the mine, who was an expert farrier.

In his brother's corral, Sam quickly threw Tom's saddle on Juniper. "This outfit would last about three days in a round-up," he said to himself, as he drew up the light, cheap cinch straps. "But I reckon it does all right for Tom's riding."

Range cattle are so accustomed to being herded and driven by men on horseback that they almost never make any stand against a mounted man. But bulls are of uncertain temper. This Bar J. bull was a fierce fellow, and the efforts that the teacher and the pupils of the Black Diamond school had made to drive him away had roused all his fighting spirit.

Therefore, when Sam Foster turned in from the road, on Juniper, swinging his hat and giving the shrill "Hy-i-i!" with which the cowboys "start" the cattle, the bull did not run. He hesitated only a moment, and then, with lowered head and lifted tail, charged straight at the astonished Juniper—and scarcely less astonished rider.

Sam's skill was just sufficient to save the horse from being impaled on the animal's sharp horns. But when Sam tried to swing Juniper again toward the bull, the horse revolted. He had had all he wanted of bull fighting. As Sam's spurs touched his flank once more, he suddenly swelled his body and made a lively "buck jump" into the air. The slender, cheap cinch straps gave way with a snap, and Miss Kline and the school children, watching eagerly from the open windows, saw their would-be rescuer fly, saddle and all, from Juniper's back, and pile up in a heap on the ground. The frightened horse at once bolted away.

By some good luck, Sam did no serious damage. Although shaken and chagrined, he was able to scramble to his feet before the bull could make another charge. Then he caught sight of a stout mesquite stick that some boy had left on the playground. He caught it up and faced the angry animal as it prepared to charge. As the bull rushed at him, Sam stepped lightly aside, after the manner of a matador in a Spanish bull fight, and delivered two swift blows as the animal passed him, one on the muzzle and one on the flank. The bull bellowed with surprise and anger, shook its head and charged again. Sam set himself to sidestep the bull's rush, and at the same moment deliver a good heavy blow across the brute's eyes. But a loose stone slipped under one of his feet; he swung to one side, but his movement barely carried him out of reach of the sharp horns.

Sam staggered, and his outflung left hand swept against the bristling hairs on the bull's neck. Involuntarily he clutched them, and the animal's momentus swung him against its body just back of the shoulders.

Mounting a horse at full gallop is a well-known trick among the cowboys. A sudden instinct told him that he must swing himself on the bull's back, or go down for a heavy and perhaps disastrous fall. He leaped, and in an instant was fairly astride the bull's back, with the mesquite club still grasped in his right hand. He dug the rowels of his spurs into the bull's side and belabored its flanks with the stick.

The bull seemed dazed by the strange weight on its back, the sting of the spurs, and the pain of the blows. He set out at a lumbering gallop across the mesa, jumping and plunging in terror.

Sam had no difficulty in keeping his seat; the trouble was to dismount. He did not doubt that he could drop off the bull's neck successfully. But would the animal go on—or turn and attack him again If he stayed on the bull's back, there was every reason to think that the frightened bull would plunge into one of the deep coulees that furrowed the hillside. Such a fall might easily be fatal to both beast and rider.

But in this moment of stress, luck turned Sam Foster's way. A solitary horseman, riding lazily up from the lower camp, appeared, and took in the situation at a glance. Wheeling his horse from the road, he gave it the spur, and went flying toward the bull. Sam gave an eager gesture for the horseman to close in. The rider came on toward the bull's flank swiftly.

"Keep him going when I drop off!" shouted Sam, and the stranger nodded. Sam grasped the hair of the bull's neck, slipped his leg over the bull's back, and swung himself safely to the earth.

For an instant the bull slackened its pace as if inclined to turn. But the rider whooped shrilly, and came rushing on. The bull's nerve weakened. With a final snort of terror, it quickened its speed, and disappeared from view with a flying plunge down the steep bank of a coulee.

When, a moment later, the pursuing rider pulled up on the brink of the declivity, the monarch of Bar J. was galloping wildly down the bottom of the hollow, headed for the freedom of the open plains.

"HEAVING THE LEAD."

Picturesque Process Which Has Not Been Wholly Displaced.

"Heaving the lead" looks easy enough, and anybody who is accustomed to doing it will say that it is quite simple; but it takes a long time before a man becomes a proficient leadsman. A novice is apt to be frightened at the whirling fourteen-pound weight on the end of its line, and if he loses heart and omits to give it that peculiar jerk which brings it flying round in a circle, it may fall perpendicularly in close proximity to his head. Heaving the lead may be all right enough in good weather, but in the winter, when it is blowing hard, raining or snowing, it is anything but pleasant. The driving rain and snow searches out every portion of the leadsman's anatomy, even though he be wearing oilskins, while his hands get numb with cold, until there no feeling left in them.

The deep-sea leadline, which was invariably used for deep-water work before the introduction of patent sounding machines, and would still be used if they broke down, consists of 100 fathoms of line and a 28-pound lead. It is marked up to 20 fathoms in the same way as the hand leadline, and then at 25, 35, 45, etc., fathoms with one knot and at 30, 40, 50, etc., with three, four, or five knots, and so on, to the greatest depth of the line. The ship is usually stopped when making the deep-sea line, for it takes a considerable time for the lead to reach the bottom.

The patent sounding machine consists of 800 fathoms of thin piano wire wound on a drum, and to the end of the wire is secured a 24-pound lead, with just above it, a perforated brass sheath fitted with a cap. Before sounding takes place a glass tube, open at one end and coated on the inside with a red chemical compound, is placed in the brass sheath. The wire is then allowed to run out until the lead is on the bottom, and as it descends the presure forces the water up the glass tube and turns the red chemical into a milky-white color for a certain distance up it. The lead is then hauled in by hand, or by a motor, and the depth is ascertained by comparing the line of demarcation between the two colors in the glass tube with a wooden scale marked in fathoms.

With these simple but extremely reliable machines soundings can be obtained at greater depths, and with the ship traveling at far greater speed than with the hand lead and line, though, as already stated, the older method is always held in reserve.

A Gran' Thing for Him.

An amusing story was told in connection with the appointment of the Emperor of Russia as Colonel-in-Chief of the Scots Greys, who, it may be mentioned, fought in the Crimea during the war. After the appointment had been duly promulgated an enthusiastic subaltern of the regiment communicated the information to his soldier servant. "Donald," he said, "have you heard that the Emperor of Russia has been appointed Colonel of the regiment" "Indeed, sir," said Donald, "it's a verra gran' thing for him." Then, after a pause, he inquired, "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep baith jobs?"

The Mitrailleuse Auto.

The picture shows the armed car which has been so often mentioned in war cables. These quick-firing and swift-running engines of destruction are something new in this war, and the allies have used them with great effect. The picture shows French cars on a road in Eastern France.

FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Londoners are moving into less expensive dwellings just now.

Two sets of triplets were born in Swansea, Wales, in one week.

Sergeant J. Hogan, Victoria Cross hero, was married at Oldham, Lancashire.

British Labor Exchanges found work for 1,100,000 people last year.

Two children christened at Guildford, were named Louvain and Dorrien.

A German seaman of Hull was given six months for registering as a Swiss.

A seventy-year-old taxicab driver was charged with drunkenness in London.

Owing to the cost of fish, British Catholics are absolved from Friday abstinence.

A Dutch merchant in London was fined $500 for selling cocoa to a German firm.

Thirty men have been promoted from the ranks of the British army since August.

Leyland Motor Works has raised its men's pay 50 cents a week on war contracts.

1,000 children whose fathers were at the front, were given a treat at Windsor Castle.

Nottingham has abandoned its scheme to deepen the Trent and become a port.

Shoreditch cabinet making factories in London had an hour's fire that cost $50,000.

December was the wettest month ever known in England; only five days were rainless.

The Y.M.C.A. has opened one of its London institutions free to the army and navy.

Cardiff women are not allowed unaccompanied on the streets after seven in the evening.

$25,000 of the Prince of Wales' Relief Fund has gone to unemployed miners of South Wales.

Worcestershire breweries say trade has fallen off 35 to 48 per cent. owing to the war.

The giant molar of a mastodon has been found in London; it is over a million years old.

When a sunken Liverpool tug was raised the engineer, Edward Smithers, still gripped the lever.

A move is on foot to give Victoria Crosses to the brave British mine sweepers who clear the seas.

Harland and Wolff have launched the largest Belgian liner ever built, the Belgenland, of 33,000 tons.

Watch chains and trinkets are not allowed to be worn in such a manner as to be seen when in uniform.

The new British cruiser Caroline, due in May next, has already been delivered from Birkenhead yards.

A thirteen-year-old West London servant was awarded $5 compensation for a foot scalded by coffee.

Sgt. C. Linsdell of the 17th Lancers, died on his Christmas leave; his five sons are also in the army.

At the London sessions it was stated there was a 50 per cent. diminution in crime in the county.

Whitstable Urban District Council will pay 25 per cent. above the usual rate to employes volunteering.

The Board of Agriculture will spend $30,000 to kill the limpet destroying Essex and Kent oyster beds.

First-class cruisers are oil-burning ships, and make practically no smoke to act as a warning to the enemy.

William Shakespeare, a farm laborer near Atterstone, has been presented with three more Shakespeares by his wife.

Lieutenant the Earl of Leven and Melville, Scots Greys, has made a remarkable escape from German territory, and is now in London.

The Special Committee appointed to watch the conditions of distress in London, states that the last was the best Christmas for the last 30 years.

Superfluous Expenses.

Father—Son, can't you possibly cut down your college expenses?

Son—I might possibly do without any books.

HIS LIFE SEEMS CHARMED.

Miraculous Escapes of a London Scottish Soldier.

The seemingly charmed life of Private Leaske, of the first battalion of the London Scottish, has attracted considerable attention in England, according to letters recently received. Private Leaske has been invalided home with a severe flesh wound in the thigh, and, notwithstanding his desperate experiences, is now reported to be recovering.

When the war began Private Leaske was in business in Antwerp. There he remained until the investment of the city by the Germans, and refused to leave when the bombardment commenced. A German shell destroyed the house in which he lived, and when the fortress fell he beat a hasty retreat to England.

Having served in the London Scottish he re-enlisted in the first battalion, with which he was sent to France later. During an engagement when the regiment was first under fire, three bullets pierced his great coat, but did him no injury. The following day, however, a fourth bullet wounded him in the thigh and he was carried off to a hospital.

It appears that the engagement was in Belgium and that he was taken to a field hospital near Ypres. The Germans shelled the place and Private Leaske was removed with the remainder of the wounded to another hospital farther to the south. This building also the Germans shelled and the young soldier had a very narrow escape from flying fragments of shrapnel before he was carried from the building in safety.

Fortunately his next place of retreat was far beyond the range of the German artillery, distance being a more effectual protection than the Red Cross ensign from German shell fire. There he remained until with several others he was taken to England. It was believed that then he would be left in peace until his wound was healed.

Such was not the case, however, for he was sent to a hospital in Hartlepool. He had not been in the institution 24 hours before the German raiding cruiser squadron opened fire on the city. With unerring accuracy the German guns speedily searched out the hospital which was one of the buildings struck.

Private Leaske then came to the conclusion that he would be much safer on the firing line, and thence-forward he made progress toward recovery. He says he will not feel really safe and comfortable until he rejoins his regiment at the front.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Germany's Economic Position Is Not Sound.

In the early summer of 1912 a German economic specialist, Herr Possell, lectured to the German Defence League on the economic aspects of war in their relation to the Fatherland. The lecture was not published at the time, "because the weak points in Germany's position would be made all too clear." It was given access to the light through publicity in Marseilles the other day, and it helps one to realize just where Germany is now in danger of being hardest hit. She requires to import more than 12,000,000 tons of minerals; her ports blockaded, "the whole industry would be strangled." Under the same conditions textile industries "could not live"; in fact, "none of the great German industries could continue to exist if cut off from the sea." If there were a long war, with a consistently maintained blockade, "at least one-third of the workers in German industries would be without bread." The shipping "would be the first to succumb"—as it has succumbed. To feed the people imports of foodstuffs to the extent of 16 per cent. of her needs would be cut off, and "there would be not less than six million to eight million people in Germany in a state of want," who would have to be maintained at a cost of not less than twelve cents per day. These facts and figures speak for themselves. All the conditions foreseen by Herr Possell have been fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, because of the much greater strain on the national resources than the lecturer was counting on.

FAITHFUL WAR HORSES.

Artillery Driver Relates Incidents of Retreat From Mons.

A Welshman, a driver in the Royal Field Artillery, told the following simple story about his horses in the war:—

I had driven them for three years. I tell you I could talk to them just as I am talking to you. There was not a word I said that they did not understand. And they could answer me—they could, indeed. I was never once at a loss to know what they meant. When I was astride one of them—why, I had only got to think what I wanted him to do he would do it without being told.

Early in the retreat from Mons a shell crashed right into the midst of the section with which I was moving. A driver in front of me was blown to bits. My gun was wrecked. I was ordered to help with another. As I mounted the fresh horse to continue the retreat I saw my two horses struggling and kicking on the ground to free themselves. I could not go back to them. I tell you it hurt me.

Suddenly a French chasseur dashed up to them, cut the traces, and set them at liberty. I was a good way ahead by that time, but I kept looking back at them, and I could tell that they saw me directly they were on their feet.

Those horses followed me for four days. We stopped for hardly five minutes and I could not get back to them. There was no work for them, but they kept their places in the line like trained soldiers. They were following me to the very end, and the thought occurred a thousand times, "What do they think of me on another horse?" Whenever I looked there they were in the line, watching me so anxiously and sorrowfully as to make me feel guilty of deserting them. Whenever the word "Halt!" ran down the column I held up my hand to them and they saw it every time. They stopped instantly.

Whether they got anything to eat I do not know. I wonder whether they dropped out from sheer exhaustion—I hope to Heaven it was not that. At any rate one morning when the retreat was all over I missed them. I suppose I shall never see them again. That's the sort of thing that hurts a soldier in war.

The Cheerful British Soldier.

A surgeon who has returned from France pays a tribute to the admirable fortitude of the wounded soldiers. He says that nothing could be more admirable than the sang-froid and cheeriness of men and officers alike. Many of them were cold, wet, and hungry, all had more or less pain, some had suffered exceedingly during their transit from the front, and some were faint from loss of blood, yet no one really grumbled or made querulous complaints. At the most they asked for something to drink, or for some one to move them to a more comfortable position. Many were so tired that in spite of pain they went to sleep on their stretchers.

If some men had their lives to live again they probably wouldn't leave so many dollars for their heirs to scrap over.

WHEN U.S. STARVED OTHERS

LANCASHIRE'S MEMORY OF AMERICAN WAR.

No British Protest When It Caused Famine in Cotton Districts.

The London Express has a hark-back to the history of the war of 1860 to 1864 in America with a vivid application to conditions to-day that is edifying. It says:

The complaint of the President of the U.S. that American trade is suffering because of British interference with American exports in neutral countries of contrabrand goods destined for Germany is open to the retort that America caused far greater hardship to England by her interference with the English cotton supply during the American Civil War.

At the present time there is no evidence that there is any real suffering in America on account of the efforts of the British Navy to stop contrabrand goods from crossing the Atlantic but there are thousands of persons in England who remember "the cotton famine" from 1860 to 1864.

A Lancashire Memory.

In Lancashire it is the grimmest memory of those who were children 50 years ago, for the famine of cotton meant a famine of work and its consequences — privation, starvation, the death of old and young for lack of proper food and the breaking up and desolation of homes.

That all arose because the Northern and Southern States felt themselves compelled to fight each other—regardless of the interests of neutrals.

In those days nearly all the raw cotton came from the United States. Lancashire lived on America's raw cotton. When the South began war on the North, the North did not hesitate to try to cripple its enemy by strangling its trade. The Northern navy established a blockade of the Southern ports, and the cotton lay rotting on the quays of Charlestown, while the Lancashire cotton workers were starving for the lack of their raw material.

Blockade Runners' Work.

British traders tried to smuggle goods into the Southern ports and to smuggle cotton out, and for some time the blockage runners made a rich harvest. The goods were first of all carried to and from England and the Bahamas, and were then rushed across the short sea space between the Bahamas and the Southern ports.

In order to stop this the Northern States captured ships between the Bahamas and England and pleaded that although the cargoes were transhipped at the Bahamas they really made a "continuous voyage"—which is the British complaint at the present moment about contrabrand which America ships to various neutral ports, although every one knows the goods are going to Germany.

In 1860-4, however, Great Britain recognized that the North had a right to cripple the South's trade, and issued no protest against the terrible injury which the action of the Northern navy inflicted on Lancashire.

It was estimated at the time that the cotton workers of Lancashire lost $60,000,000 a year in wages, and that the total loss to the trade was $200,000,000 a year while the blockade lasted.

Although a fool and his money may be easily separated they are hard to find.

The proprietor of a hotel hearing of the whereabouts of a guest who had decamped from the Palmer House without paying his bill, sent him a note: "Dear Sir,—Will you send the amount of your bill and oblige. To which the delinquent replied: The amount is $8.20. Yours respectfully.

DRY IRRITATING HACK OF BRONCHITIS INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY "CATARRHOZONE"

No Failure. Cure in Every Case Treeatd by Catarrhozone

Catarrhozone can't fail to cure Bronchitis; it's so healing, soothing and balsamic that every trace of the disease flies before it. When you inhale the pure piney vapor of Catarrhozone, you send healing medication to the spots that are diseased and sore.

Isn't it rational to apply medicine where the disease exists? Certainly! and that's why Catarrhozone is so successful; it goes where the trouble really is, gets where a spray of ointment can't penetrate. For the relief and complete cure of bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, throat trouble, we guarantee Catarrhozone in every case. You don't take medicine — you don't take drowsy drugs—just breathe the balsamic essences of Catarrhozone; it does the rest safely and surely.

"For three years I was seriously bothered by a bronchial cough. At night I would awaken with a dry, irritable feeling in my throat. I couldn't cough up anything, but very soon coughed my throat into quite an inflamed condition. Once I got Catarrhozone Inhaler I was all right. I took it to bed, and if an attack awakened me a few minutes use of the inhaler gave me relief. Catarrhozone has cured me and I strongly urge everyone with a weak throat to use it regularly.

(Signed) J. B. BEAMER.
Reading.

Catarrhozone will not disappoint you. Get the complete $1.00 outfit; it's guaranteed. Small size, 50c; trial or sample size 25c. at dealers everywhere.

G. L. Meikle & Co.

On Monday, February 15th, we are putting on Sale for the balance of month

1,500 yards of English Prints,

Regular 15c to 18c for

12 1-2 Cents.

500 Yards Art Sateen

Regular 25c to 35c for

15 Cents.

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.

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Sales conducted in both French and English.
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DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
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DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
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Will be in his office every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

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Tel. Westmount 4849.

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

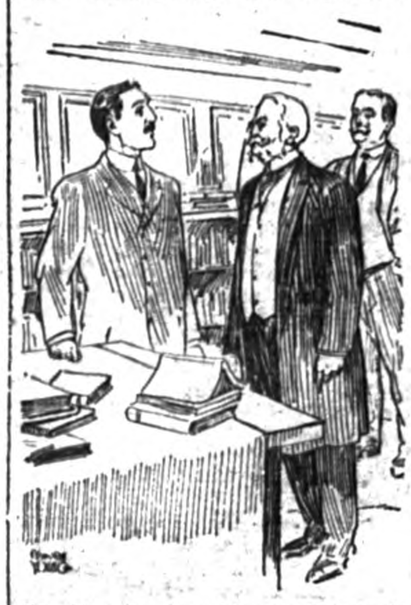
(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. [illegible])

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Mr. Maitland," Newbold began, "I presume that you know my unfortunate history."

"I have heard the general outlines of it, sir, from my brother and others," answered the other kindly.

"I need not dwell upon it further then. Although my hair is tinged with



"Do You by Any Chance Belong to the Maryland Newbolds, Sir?"

gray and doubtless I look much older. I was only twenty-eight on my last birthday. I was not born in this section of the country, my home was in Baltimore."

"Do you by any chance belong to the Maryland Newbolds, sir?"

"Yes, they are distantly related to a most excellent family of the same name in Philadelphia, I believe."

"I have always understood that to be the truth."

"Ah, a very satisfactory connection indeed," said Stephen Maitland with no little satisfaction. "Proceed, sir."

"There is nothing much else to say about myself, except that I love your daughter and with your permission I want her for my wife."

Mr. Maitland had thought long and seriously over the state of affairs. He had proposed in his desperation to give her hand to Armstrong if he found her. It had been impossible to keep secret the story of her adventure, her rescue and the death of Armstrong. It was natural and inevitable that gossip should have busied itself with her name. It would therefore have been somewhat difficult for Mr. Maitland to have withheld his consent to her marriage to almost any reputable man who had been thrown so intimately with her, but when the man was so unexceptionably born and bred as Newbold, what had appeared as a more or less disagreeable duty, almost an imperative imposition, became a pleasure!

Mr. Maitland was no bad judge of men when his prejudices were not rampant, and he looked with much satisfaction on the fine, clean limbed, clear eyed, vigorous man who was at present suing for his daughter's hand. Newbold had shaved off his beard and had cropped close his mustache; he was dressed in the habits of civilization and he was almost metamorphosed. His shyness wore away as he talked and his inherited ease of manner and his birthright of good breeding came back to him and sat easily upon him.

Under the circumstances the very best thing that could happen would be a marriage between the two, indeed to be quite honest, Mr. Stephen Maitland would have felt that perhaps under any circumstances his daughter could do no better than commit herself to a man like this.

"I shall never attempt," he said at last, "to constrain my daughter. I think I have learned something by my touch with this life here; perhaps we of Philadelphia need a little broadening in airs more free. I am sure that she would never give her hand without her heart, and therefore, she must decide this matter herself. From her own lips you shall have your answer."

"But you, sir; I confess that I should feel easier and happier if I had your sanction and approval."

"Steve," said Mr. Robert Maitland, as the other hesitated, not because he intended to refuse, but because he was loath to say the word that so far as he was concerned would give his daughter into another man's keeping, "I think you can trust Newbold; there are men who knew him years ago; there is abundant evidence and testimony as to his qualities, I vouch for him."

"Robert," answered his brother, "I need no such testimony; the way in which he saved Enid, the way he comported himself during that period of isolation with her, his present bearing—in short, sir, if a father is ever glad to give away his daughter, I might say I should be glad to entrust her to you. I believe you to be a man of honor and a gentleman; your family is almost as old as my own; as for the disparity in our fortunes, I can easily remedy that."

Newbold smiled at Enid's father, but it was a pleasant smile; albeit with a trace of mockery and a trace of triumph in it.

"Mr. Maitland, I am more grateful to you than I can say for your consent and approval which I shall do my best to merit. I think I may claim to have won your daughter's heart; to have added to that your sanction completes my happiness. As for the disparity in our fortunes, while your generosity touches me profoundly, I hardly think that you need be under any uneasiness as to our material welfare."

"What do you mean?"

"I am a mining engineer, sir; I didn't live five years alone in the mountains of Colorado for nothing."

"Pray, explain yourself, sir."

"Did you find gold in the hills?" asked Robert Maitland, quicker to understand.

"The richest veins on the continent," answered Newbold.

"And nobody knows anything about it?"

"Not a soul."

"Have you located the claims?"

"Only one."

"We'll go back as soon as the snow melts," said the younger Maitland, "and take them up. You are sure?"

"Absolutely."

"But I don't quite understand," queried Mr. Stephan Maitland.

"He means," said his brother, "that he has discovered gold."

"And silver too," interposed Newbold.

"In unlimited quantities," continued the other Maitland.

"Your daughter will have more money than she knows what to do with sir," smiled Newbold.

"God bless me," exclaimed the Philadelphian.

"And that whether she marries me or not, for the richest claim of all is to be taken out in her name," added her lover.

Mr. Stephen Maitland shook the other by the hand vigorously.

"I congratulate you," he said, "you have beaten me on all points; I must therefore regard you as the most eligible of suitors. Gold in these mountains, well, well!"

"And may I see your daughter and plead my cause in person, sir?" asked Newbold.

"Certainly, certainly. Robert, will you oblige me—"

In compliance with his brother's gesture, Robert Maitland touched the bell and bade the answering servant ask Miss Maitland to come to the library.

"Now," said Mr. Stephen Maitland as the servant closed the door, "you and I would leave the young people alone. Eh, Robert?"

"By all means," answered the younger, and opening the door again the two older men went out leaving Newbold alone.

He heard a soft step on the stair in the hall without; the gentle swish of a dress as somebody descended from the floor above. A vision appeared in the doorway. Without a movement in opposition, without a word of remonstrance, without a throb of hesitation on her part, he took her in his arms. From the drawing-room opposite, Mr. Robert Maitland softly tiptoed across the hall and closed the library door, neither of the lovers being aware of his action.

Often and often they had longed for each other on the opposite side of a door, and now at last the woman was in the man's arms and no door rose between them, no barrier kept them apart any longer. There was no obligation of loyalty or honor, real or imagined, to separate them now. They had drunk deep of the chalice of courage, they had drained the cup to the very bottom, they had shown each other that though love was the greatest of passions, honor and loyalty were the most powerful of forces, and now

He Shamefully Held Her Close.

ROBERT MILLER

Successor to WILLIAM BERRY.

DEALER IN

McCormick and Deering Farm Machinery, Engines, Chatham Wagons Chanty 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.*

HIS TRAIN IS COMING IN

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FOR

Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries	Pumps
Spark Plugs	Pipe
Cylinder Oil	Pipe Fittings
Gasoline	Stoves
Belting	Sinks
Packing	Enamel Ware
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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, FEBRUARY 26, 1915. — NO. 6

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, GrapeFruits, etc.

Sole Agency for Neilson's Chocolates.

A large and good stock to choose from.

PHONE. No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

Miss Pearl Conlin, of Montreal, spent the early part of this week in town.

Mr. H. Janes, who has been on a couple of months' visit to the Old Country, returned on Wednesday last.

LOST.—On Wednesday afternoon on Main Street, between Post Office and Hay's Corner, on North Side of Street, between 5 and 6 p.m., a Jet Necklace Finder please return to WATCHMAN OFFICE and be rewarded.

NOTICE.

Importers, Manufacturers, wholesale and retail, dealers, grocers, hotels and others, are requested to call on H. M. Gall, Postmaster, to receive their stamps, on the war tax, for wines and liquors, under penalty of a fine of $250.00 for any infraction, by sale of unstamped or uncancelled stamped packages, containing wine and liquors, not properly stamped.

H. M. Gall.

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.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and family wish to express their sincere thanks to all their relatives and friends, for the sympathy and help in their recent sore bereavement.

J. MARTIN.

BIRTHS.

MOORE.—At 1839 Clark St., Montreal, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Moore, a danghter.

TREMBLAY.—At Lachute, on Sunday last, a son to Mr. and Mrs. C Tremblay.

McKENZIE.—At North Nation Mills, on Saturday Feb. 13th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. James McKenzie, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

MARTIN BENETTE.—At the Manse on Feb. 3rd. 1915, by the Rev Mr. George. Johnnie Martin, to Annie Benette, both of Brownsburg.

DEATHS

MARION—Olivine Marion, wife of Peter Alex. Beauchamp, of Grenville, P.Q. mother of Mrs. Napoleon Bruneau, St. Constant P. Q. and Mrs. H. T. Cowan, 704 Gilford St. Montreal. Funeral will take place Wednesday morning, from 709 Gilford St. to Mile End Station, thence to Grenville, P. Q

MORRIN.—At St. Jerusalem on Sunday Feb. 14th, Mary Jane Gordon, beloved wife of Thomas Morrin, aged 74 years, 6 months and 6 days.

Dearest mother, thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
And in Heaven with joy to greet thee
Where no farewell tears are shed.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE ELIZABETH McCREA.

It is with deep regret we report the death of Miss Elizabeth McCrea, the only surviving daughter of Mr. Hugh McCrea, who passed away at her fathers residence on Sunday morning last in her 35th year.

Deceased had been in poor health for the past four years and a half, but during all maintained a cheerful disposition, gaining for her the esteem of many friends. Both she and her deceased sister Sadie were great lovers of lace and fancy work and while hindered by ill-health from doing much that they desired were able to do this The funeral service was conducted on Tuesday afternoon by the Rev J. L. George and was largely attended. The pall bearers were Messrs J. H and Jno. McFaul, Jno. Boyd, Wm Boyd, Jas. and Wm. Cleland.

THE LATE MR. HENRY MARTIN

Death came with unexpected suddenness, on Feb. 17th, 1915. to one of our most highly esteemed young men in the person of Mr. Henry Martin, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, Bethany Street Lachute. Mr. Martin had recovered from a recent serious illness, and seemed to have been restored to perfect health While returning to his home from the funeral of the late Mrs. J Scott of the Seignory, he was seized with an attack of weakness. Loving hands carried him into the home of Mrs. J Lister, Main St. Drs. Mason and Drew were immediately summoned, but all that medical aid could do was of no avail. Henry was of a bright and genial disposition which made him many friends. His last words were "I am going home to Jesus". The funeral which took place on Saturday Feb. 20th at 2 p.m. from his late residence to the Methodist Church, Lachute was largely attended. The service being conducted by the Rev. Mr. McConnell. Mr. Martin leaves to mourn his loss a sorrowing father and mother, two sisters and three brothers, Mrs. R. S. Clark, of Brownsburg, Mrs P. MacVicar, of Dunany, William and John of North Dakota, Hugh R. of Lachute. The floral tributes were many and beautiful including wreaths from father and mother and brothers, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. P. McVicar, spray from Miss Jessie Black, Lachute, pillow from Mr. D. J. Fraser, St. Johns, and Miss Fraser of Montreal, wreaths from Mr J. Pollock, and family of North Settlement, Mr and Mrs C. H. Godfrey Montreal, "International Order of Good Templars" "Star of Hope Lodge" of which deceased had recently become a member. Among those attending the funeral from a distance were John Martin of Valley City, North Dakota, Miss Fraser, Montreal, Mrs. Younger of Ottawa, Mrs. D. J. Fraser, of St Johns, L. J. Lyster, Montreal, R. Evans, of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Godfrey, Montreal The pall bearers were Mr. R McVicar, R. J. Rodgers, G. Pollock, A. Copeland, C. N. Moore, and D. Simon.

Mr. R. A. Drapeau, Advocate, has opened up New Offices in the Painter House, and is now ready for any business that may be intrusted to his care.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Norman Beers left on Monday last for Merritton, Ont.

Mr. James Paul spent a few days in Montreal last week.

Mr. Lockhart Gall was a week-end guest of friends in town.

Mr. Jas, Bell of Ormstown, was the guest of Mr. Rice this week.

Mr. Mac. McGregor spent Sunday with his father Mr. Thos McGregor.

Mrs Massey and son, and Mrs. Barr, of Montreal, were visiting in town this week.

Mrs. R. McDonald and son, of Hawkesbury, were guests of the Misses McGibbon for a few days this week.

The Misses Blanche and Tena Beath of Smiths Falls, Ont. are guests of their sister Mrs. Wm. Robinson this week.

Mr. Henry Sutton and Miss Ruby Robinson were in Papineauville on Wednesday and Thursday attending the funeral of their cousin Miss Neta Riley.

The Misses Edith Beers, Lila Cruise, and Phyllis Potter, were the afternoon guests of Miss Jessie Paul on Saturday last

Mr. Paul Jousse, accompanied by his friend Mr Campbell, of Vankleek Hill were the guests of Mr. T Jousse last Sunday.

Messrs. James and Bert Lockwood and H. Jones, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Morrison of Louisa over the week-end.

Much annoyance is being caused by the petty stealing of milk from the doors of many of our inhabitants. The miscreants will find the milk reduced to water if they are caught and sent down to jail. The game is not worth the risk

Maps! We would draw the attention of the Academy children that we have stocked a large quantity of Bristol Board required for map drawing Call and get your supplies from the WATCHMAN OFFICE.

Money is needed all round.

$

WE need money to pay other people who need Money—and who shouldn't be made to wait. The amount you owe is small, but that is all the more reason why it should be paid A Bunch of Small Accounts runs up into Big Money. If you pay this at once, we can pay others at once, and Business will be easier All Round.

Do it Now **The Watchman.**

The Ladies of St. Mungos Church met at the Manse on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 10th and decided (D. V.) to hold their annual tea-meetings on Thursday and Friday, March 4 and 5. Usual price of admission which is 40 cents will be charged. 22-6

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition opened at San Francisco on Saturday last. Are you thinking of taking a trip? If so, let us arrange it for you. Apply to J. S. GILES? General Ticket and Steamship agent.

The date of the Ste. Scholastique Annual Fair has been arranged for the 20th to the 23rd of September At their meeting held recently Mr. Gedeon Bigras was elected President, Mr. Paul Gratton Vice-president and Mr. Jos. Fortier Secretary. Mr. Samuel Morin has also been elected on their board of directors

The Ladies Guild of St. Simeon's Church met at the Rectory, on Thursday Feb. 18th, to reorganize for work. There was a large attendance of the members. The officers elected for the ensuing year are—President Mrs. Lackey; Sec Treas. Miss K. Baron. The Ladies' Guild have recently installed a telephone in the Rectory, which is proving to be a great convenience, not only to the Rector but also to the Parish. The phone number is 124.

The Event of the Season.

Tea-meeting of the Brownsburg Methodist Church will be held on Wednesday evening, March 3rd, 1915.

The programme will consist of the Farce, "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," assisted by local talent.

Tea served from 6 to 8 o'clock. Tickets 40 cents.

Services in the Lachute Methodist Church on Feb. 28th, as follows—10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Ste. Canute 3 p.m. East Settlement 3 p.m. Brownsburg 7.30 p.m.

Miss Bessie Irwin, of the Montreal Deaconess Home, will address the people of Lachute in the morning, and of Brownsburg in the evening, on this most important phase of the Church work.

Epworth League Monday at 7.30 p.m.

Hockey Notes

In the match for the league Championship, between Hawkesbury and Alexandria, on Tuesday last, the former team was successful putting up a score of 9 to 2.

In one of the best games of the season Lachute pulled out with two goals of a lead in their hockey match on Thursday last with Hawkesbury. The visitors were considerably weakened by the absence of McLachlin, but they put up a good game nevertheless and Lachute had no walk-over. From the spectacular side it was a nice game to watch. The ice being good and the players in fine condition. There was not a dull moment throughout the whole of the three periods and it was anybodys game right up to the last. The score was 7--5.

Patriotism and Production

The meeting held in Rice's Hall on Saturday last proved a most interesting and instructive one to those present, though it was not very well attended owing to the lack of proper advertising. Mr W. J. Warwick, of Mabel, one of the Agricultural Society Directors presided. Mr. W. V. Durling, demonstrator for McDonald College was the first speaker and was followed by Dr. Brisson, of La Prairie Que., who gave interesting addresses on the productive work of the farm. Mr. McRae of the Live Stock Department, Ottawa, then spoke on horses in which many important points were brought out full of valued information. Mr. Bastien, of Ville Marie, then gave a short address in French and English.

Buying of Horses by the Canadian Remount Commission.

The buying of horses for the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Forces is in the hands of a Canadian Remount Commission, with Sir Adam Beck, of London, Ont., in charge. They have Purchasing Agents going through the country at the different points buying up suitable horses, and as they are buying for the mounted rifles, for the ordinary cavalry, for the artillery, for the army transport and for the hospital corps, it will be seen that they are buying all sorts of horses, provided they are serviceably sound, from the light quick moving horse of about 1,000 lbs. up to the heavy draft horse of 1,400 lbs.

Colonel Riley has authorized us to state that the Canadian Remount Commission will be in Lachute on Tuesday, March the 2nd, to purchase horses. The Purchasing Agent will be Mr. A. Z. Palmer, who is well and favorably known to the residents of Argenteuil County, as he was one of the gentlemen who judged at the first Regimental Fair of the Argenteuil Rangers at the Exhibition Grounds in Lachute.

As one of the objects of the Government going to country places to buy is to get in direct touch with the farmers, it is expected that there will be a record turnout next Tuesday.

CUSHING

Mr C. F. Kains is spending a week or two with his friends in Montreal

Miss Alberta Nicholls spent the early part of the week in Hawkesbury.

Mrs S. Whelehan and little daughter Grace, of Montreal, are spending the week with their friends in Cushing.

Miss Annie Weir who has been visiting her brother Mr. Arthur Weir at Rockland for the past month returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Weir spent last week in Montreal the guest of their daughter Mrs. Geo. Bromby.

Mrs. Warwick of Mount Maple, was last week the guest of her daughter Mrs. Geo. Nichols.

The Young people are busily engaged in practising for the St. Mungo's tea-meeting the programme of which promises to be especially attractive this year—Dont't forget it Thursday March 4th.

HOUSE FOR SALE—A Frame House For Sale on Lachute Road, just outside the town limits. Snap to quick buyer. Terms or cash. Apply to WATCHMAN OFFICE, Lachute.

1915

The New Year is well launched. There is no reason why business and trade of every kind should not be as good or even better than usual for Lachute and vicinity. The farmers are getting and will continue to get, long prices for all they have to sell. The factories are running well, some of them on double shifts and wages continue very fair.

We are carrying large stocks in every line and ask for our usual share of the business going. Prices are in the main as low or in some cases lower than usual. A very few things have advanced The new war tariff may advance a few things, but in the main it will not likely affect the consumer greatly.

Inviting your continued trade, we are,

Yours Sincerely,

W. Banford & Son,

Main Street, Lachute

BARGAINS!

20 Per Cent. Reduction

— ON ALL OUR —

Footwear Line

FROM NOW UNTIL THE END OF FEBRUARY

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET - - LACHUTE, P. Q.

ATTENTION!

That is the word of command in Military Circles just now, but we wish to draw your attention not AUTHORATATIVELY, but PERSUASIVELY to the quality of goods that may be found in our Store, which is replete with the Best that Money can Buy. All our Departments offer you splendid values. Come and see for yourself.

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.

HOME

Midwinter Canning Hints.

Summer time is canning time, as everybody knows. Nevertheless, there are many preserves that may be prepared at this time of year. They are economical in two ways—they are made at a time when the home preserver is not rushed with other work of the same kind, and they are made from fruit that is in season, and, therefore, cheap.

Apple jelly should be made at the same time that some other apple preserve is prepared, for the skins and cores from the apples used in some other way may be added to the jelly. A good jelly, in fact, can be made from skins and cores alone, but the cook can satisfy her desire for economy by an extra core from every apple.

Jelly for a Year.—The cores and skins should be broken and the whole apples should be washed and sliced with skins and cores in place. Then the whole mass should be put in a granite or aluminum preserving kettle and barely covered with water and cooked slowly until tender. Next it should be drained through a jelly bag for twelve hours and then measured, and to every pint of juice a pound of granulated sugar should be allowed. The juice should be brought to the boiling point and then the sugar, slightly warmed, should be added and stirred into the juice until dissolved. Then the mixture should be boiled rapidly until it is ready to jelly and it should be put in jelly glasses and sealed. This jelly can be made now to last for a year. It is a delicious jelly in summer, simply because apples are then out of season and the taste is, therefore, welcome.

Apple preserves can be made to give their quota of cores and skins to the jelly kettle. Use rather tart apples with good flavor, and core and pare and quarter them. Weigh them then and allow an equal weight of granulated sugar. And to each pound of fruit allow the juice of two lemons, the grated rind of one and a cupful of cold water. Boil the sugar and water for two minutes and then add the lemon and the apples and simmer until the apples are tender. Seal in jars while hot.

Orange Marmalade. — Orange marmalade is a standby in most households and if oranges are now at their cheapest and best in your markets this is the time to make it. But remember that it is worth while to use good oranges. It does not matter if they are very small. But they must be juicy and of good flavor.

Wash the skins thoroughly. It is well to use a soft brush to clean them with. Of course, this brushing removes some of the oil, but there is much dirt usually on the outside of an orange. So do the work thoroughly and carefully, making an effort to remove the dirt and leave the oil.

Pare half the orange, taking off only the thin outer rind. The white part of the rind is bitter. Cut this thin yellow rind into shreds and boil it until it is tender, changing the water twice in the process. Grate the rind from the rest of the oranges, just the yellow outside part. Then take off all the white part of the rind from all the oranges and cut them into very small pieces. Remove the seeds. Weigh and allow a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit. Drain the orange pulp into a sieve, without pressing it, and put the juice on the sugar and boil until clear. Add to this syrup the boiled shreds of skin and boil for ten minutes. Then add the grated rind and the orange pulp and boil until a sample of it thickens when cooled.

Grapefruit Marmalade. — Grapefruit marmalade is also delicious and is as interesting to prepare as is orange marmalade. To make it, choose six rather small grapefruit and wash them well. Then cover them with cold water and boil until they are soft. Be careful, when testing their softness, not to puncture them with a fork and so lose some of their juice. Drain them when done and let them cool, and then, with a sharp knife, pare off the thin, outside yellow skin and shred it. Cut the grapefruit in half. Take out all the seeds and take out the pulp. Boil a quart of water and five pounds of sugar until clear and add the rinds, shredded, and boil ten minutes, then add the pulp and boil until a little of it when cool is thick enough.

Candied Orange.—Candied orange or grapefruit peel can be made at this time of year and packed in small glass or tin boxes to use for several months to come. The pulp can be used for fruit cocktail or salted, and the halves of skin from which it is removed can be candied.

Soak the shells in cold water for two days, changing the water once or twice if convenient. Drain the shells on a sieve and plunge them into boiling water for five minutes. Drain well again and then cut off the thin, outer skin and shred it. Put it in a saucepan over the fire with three cups of sugar to two of water and enough of the syrup so formed to cover the shreds of skin. Bring to a brisk boil and then simmer slowly for a couple of hours. Then stir until the syrup sugars around the shreds of skin and cool and pack.

Household Hints.

Grated raw potatoes will lay dust and help clean carpets.

Old magazines or catalogues are fine for cleaning irons on.

Protect your polished floors by pasting small circles of felt on the legs of your chairs.

In making a plain omelet, it is better to add hot water than milk, as it makes it much more tender.

Boiled puddings should never be turned out the moment they are done. They are very likely to break if this is done.

All milk puddings intended to be eaten at luncheon should be prepared as soon as breakfast things are cleared away.

Cakes should not be placed in a cold place or at an open window to cool. The steam will condense and make them heavy.

When the hemstitching on bed linen breaks apart, cover it with a row of feather stitched braid, neatly stitched on at each side.

A good way to stiffen the bristles of hair brushes after washing is to dip them in a mixture of equal quantities of milk and water, and then dry before the fire.

Dry your crusts in the oven, put through the meat chopper and save as crumbs for stuffing poultry, etc. Melt one ounce of butter to stir into the cupful of crumbs when ready to use.

To remove stains from knife handles and also to keep the ivory from turning yellow, rub the handles with a cut lemon; afterward wash in soap and water and dry immediately.

For grease spots make a stiff paste with fuller's earth and vinegar. Roll it into balls, and dry them. Next damp the grease spots and grate one of the balls over them and leave it until it is dry, when the marks should be washed with tepid water. These balls are excellent to keep at hand for emergencies.

In order to "tilt" pictures properly, without putting nails under them, see that the screws are placed in the centre of the back of the frames, and if you have not a picture-rail the cord should just reach the top of the picture. Before driving the nail in the wall dip it in hot water and it can then be driven quite straight without breaking the plaster.

For potato puffs take some cold roast meat, cut very small, season with pepper and salt. Roll and mash some potatoes and make them into a paste with one or two eggs. Roll this out with a dust of flour, cut into rounds; put some of the minced meat on one half, and fold the other half over. Fry the puffs in boiling fat until golden brown.

In making stuffing for roast turkey take a quarter-pound of beef suet, minced, two ounces of minced ham, grated rind of half a lemon, one teaspoonful each of minced herbs, parsley and salt, one saltspoonful of pepper, one saltspoonful of pounded mace, one breakfast-cupful of the breadcrumbs, two well beaten eggs; a little milk if it is too dry. Mix thoroughly.

If you would have your fried eggs look pink and beautiful, fry them one at a time in a good deal of fat and give them your undivided attention. As they are cooking take a spoon and continually pour the hot fat over them until they are done. An egg that is a little stale is almost sure to break its yolk when it is put into the pan.

IN A FRIENDLY WAY.

"When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy and won't let the sunlight through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a fellow just to lay
His hand upon his shoulder in a friendly kind of way.

It makes a man feel curious and it makes the teardrops start,
And he feels a kind o' fluttering round the regions of his heart,
He can't look you in the eyes; he don't know what to say,
With your hand upon his shoulder in a friendly kind of way.

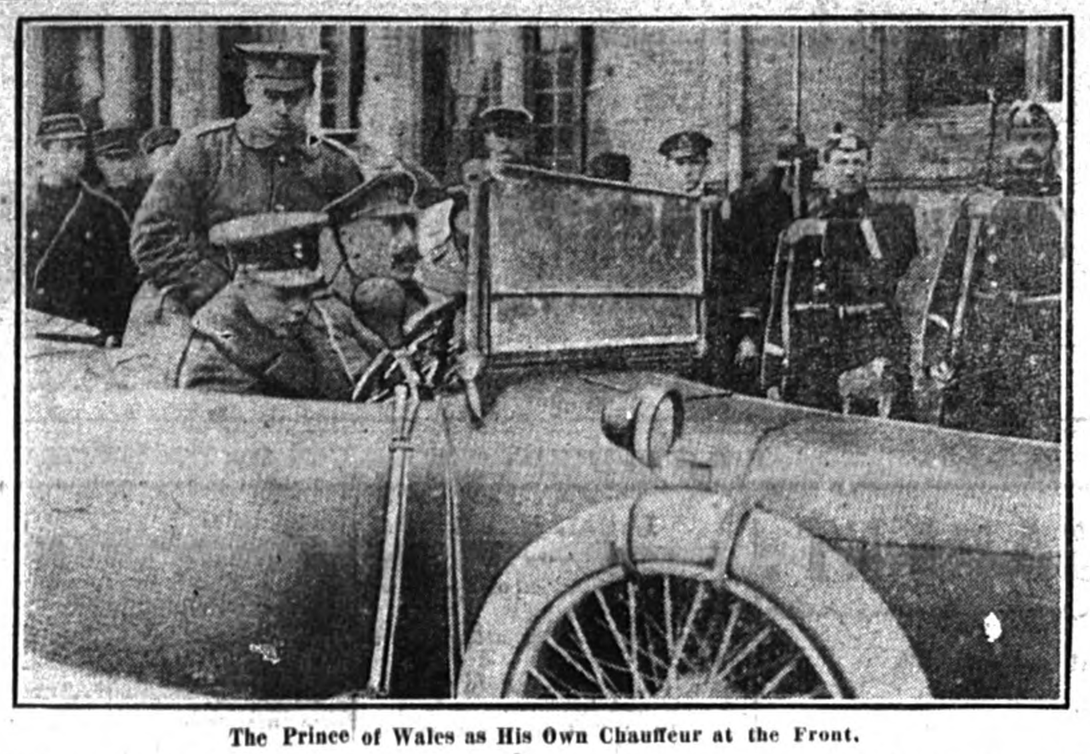
O, the world's a curious compound
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and little crosses, but a good world after all;
And a good God must have made it, leastways that's what I say,
When your hand is on my shoulder in a friendly kind of way."

A Diplomatic Tip.

At a time when it was thought that Germany wanted to get a foothold in Holland Bismarck and the Dutch Ambassador stood watching a review of the German army. As a well set up body of men marched past the Ambassador said: "Fine soldiers, but too short." Then came the Grenadiers, between six and seven feet tall; nevertheless the Ambassador's comment was the same as before: "Fine soldiers, but too short."

"What does your excellency mean?" asked Bismarck.

"I mean that we can flood Holland eight feet deep," replied the Ambassador.



The Prince of Wales as His Own Chauffeur at the Front.

The heir to the British throne is to-day at the battlefront in France as an aide-de-camp to Sir John French. He is here seen driving his own car, with Prince Alexander of Teck, our future Governor-General, as passenger.

HOME OF QUEEN ALEXANDAR

SANDRINGHAM THE FAVORITE ABODE OF ROYALTY.

Was Bombarded By German Airships—It Is Probably Worth Over $2,000,000.

As by sea, so by air, the Germans seem to fancy the east coast of England for their abortive, if annoying, raids. The attack on Sandringham was peculiarly exasperating—as, no doubt, it was intended to be. Sandringham Hall was not only the late King's favorite residence, but it is his widow's principal one to-day, while, as man and boy, his present Majesty has spent more days in that cheeriest of country houses than he has in any house in all his Dominions. It is curious how little the public generally seem to know about this favorite abode of royalty. The present writer had the advantage some years ago of going over this royal residence, and he characterized it unhesitatingly as quite the most charming house—we are not talking of a palace or of stateliness, for Sandringham is not the one, nor does it lay claim to anything of the other—of which he has ever seen the inside.

Sandringham was bought by King Edward, as Prince of Wales, in the year 1861, from Mr. Spencer Cowper, stepson of Lord Palmerston, probably the most popular premier of the Victorian era. The extent of the estate at that time was about seven thousand acres, but the late King added to it from time to time until now its extent is about twelve thousand acres. The price the late King paid for the original property was $1,100,000, but he expended money on it so lavishly, in the way of alterations and improvements, that is now worth at least double that sum—if, indeed, it is possible to set a marketable value on property which its royal owners have rendered unique.

What Sandringham Is.

The late King inspected countless estates before he decided on the purchase of Sandringham. And two main reasons finally decided him in favor of what came to be his best-loved home. First, situate, as it was, in Norfolk, it was a long way from Windsor, so that he would not be too much under his mother's eye when on his own demesne, nor would there be any difficulty of the "two Kings of Brentford" kind. Secondly, the County of Norfolk has always been famous alike for the quality and for the variety of its game—and King Edward loved shooting passing well, although he was never anything approaching the first-rate shot that King George is. Still, under his regime, the pheasant shooting and partridge driving at Sandringham came to mean shooting parties of the largest and pleasantest kind, at which the element of the old personal friends was predominant. The soil at Sandringham is of the rather rare kind on which both pheasants and partridges flourish.

In 1871 King Edward replaced the original mansion with the present Elizabethan brick and stone structure, and he largely added to the latter from time to time. Among other additions is the huge ballroom where it has been said, he would entertain "the whole county" at a ball. At Sandringham, indeed, there is almost everything to satisfy the taste of everybody. And the peculiar charm of the place, says one who has often stayed there, 'is that "while the racing man feels that he is not called on to profess a knowledge of gardens or Sevres china, the garden lover and the art collector knows that it is not incumbent on them to expatiate on the merits of racehorses or the pedigrees of shorthorns." Such is the atmosphere of the gracious English home which the Kaiser's merry men have done their futile best to demolish.

The Yarmouth Bloaters.

Yarmouth, another unfortified place in Norfolk which was favored with the attentions of the bomb-droppers, is the second largest town in that county, Norwich (where they make the mustard) being the largest. It contains about 52,000 people normally, but in the summer this population is multiplied many times, for Yarmouth is the most popular holiday resort on the east coast of England. It has one of the finest beaches imaginable, with a sea front promenade of nearly three miles and two remarkably fine piers. It is the principal fishing port of Norfolk: And its herring fishery is of world-wide fame. In one year as many as 500,000,000 herrings will be landed at this one Norfolk port.

The herring industry at Yarmouth naturally finds employment for a very large number of fishermen. Perhaps something like two thousand fishermen live in Yarmouth itself, and another thousand in neighboring villages, while several thousand Scottish fishermen will come down and make Yarmouth their base of operations during the autumn fishing. The curing of herrings is a subsidiary industry, which gives employment to thousands. Annually, about five thousand Scottish lassies will migrate to Yarmouth in the autumn to "kipper" herrings and to turn them into "bloaters." Altogether, in the autumn months the requirements of the fishing industry add about eleven thousand people to the normal population of the town.

Cromer and Sheringham.

Two of the other places on which the airmen of the "baby-killers" dropped bombs are Cromer and Sheringham, both seaside places. The former is the most fashionable watering place on the east coast, standing on high ground and sheltered by wooded and heathery hills. It has fine cliffs. And it is kept exclusive, by reason of the fact that the prices it charges for board, rooms, and the like, are as steep as its cliffs at their steepest point. Cromer has for long been famous for its crab fisheries. So famous has it become for that that nearly all crabs, whether caught there or not, are called "Cromer crabs." Lobsters, as well as crabs, are caught in large numbers both at Cromer and also at Sheringham, which latter place is a rising seaside resort some five miles west of Cromer. King's Lynn, another place where the German airmen dropped some of their souvenirs, is situate on the shore of the Wash. It is of great historic interest, its special corporate privileges dating from the days of King John. As late as 1722 more wine was imported into King's Lynn than into any town in England, with the exceptions of London and Bristol. Its shipping trade is still considerable.

A girl student, in taking leave of her college dean, said: "Good-bye, professor! I shall not forget you!" "Oh, I beg of you," replied the professor, "don't mention such a trifle."

The other day a dairy company's complaint clerk was called to the telephone. "This is Mrs. Mixin," said a woman's voice. "I want to know if your cows are contented?" "Wha-a-at?" asked the amazed clerk. The woman repeated her question. "I see that your rivals advertise that their cows are all contented, said she. "I will begin to take their milk unless I am assured that your cows are all happy." The clerk begged her to hold the 'phone a moment. Then he went away and gnawed a corner of his desk. When he returned to the 'phone he said: "I've just been looking up the books, madam, and I'm happy to say that we have not received a complaint from a single one of our cows."

THE NEW RULER OF EGYPT

PRINCE HUSSEIN SAID TO BE FOND OF DANCING.

Has Played Active Part in Agricultural Development of Egypt.

Orientals as a rule disdain to dance. They are content to employ men, and more especially women, to dance for their entertainment. These dancers are held in singularly low esteem.

This will serve to explain the attitude of most Orientals at European and American balls. They very, very rarely take part in the dancing themselves.

Under the circumstances, it is remarkable, and worthy of note, that the new ruler of Egypt, Sultan Hussein, should be passionately fond of dancing. And he is now in his sixty-fourth year. He is about five feet nine in height, square shouldered, lithe, wiry, slim waisted, small feet and hands and his legs slightly bowed, as those of a man who was accustomed to spend much time in the saddle.

A veteran diplomat contributes the following recollections of some years ago of Prince Hussein:

I found him a most agreeable, interesting, and amusing companion, save when he was wont to complain, in the most un-Oriental fashion, of the extravagances of conduct and of purse of his one and only wife, the Princess, Ain-El-Haat Hanem, daughter of Prince Achmet, and who was quite as Europeanized in appearance and manner as her escort.

The Khedive's Wife.

It cannot be said that Princess Hussein was a very devoted wife, and for her there was no such thing as the captivity of an Oriental harem, which even in those days—I am talking of a period between thirty and thirty-six years ago—had become a mere figure of speech, as far as the great ladies of Egypt were concerned.

She was most of the time away from her husband sojourning in Paris, at Trouville or at one or another of the ultra-fashionable thermal resorts of Continental Europe. She would go about entirely unveiled, did not hesitate to appear at the opera and at private entertainments in Paris in the most daringly decollete of dresses.

When his father Ismail was deposed and sent to exile, Hussein took his departure from Egypt.

He took up his residence at Paris where he spent a considerable portion of his boyhood and youth under the particular care of Napoleon III. and of Empress Eugenie, who were very fond of him and who had treated him with the utmost kindness. He was a welcome guest in the Foubourg St. Germain and at the leading Parisian clubs, and made his home, indeed, on the banks of the Seine throughout the whole of the reign of Khedive Tewfik, who took advantage of his absence from Egypt to encourage all sorts of stories to his detriment, regarding him as a dangerous foe.

Clear of Intrigues.

In this way Hussein was able to keep his skirts entirely clear from all intrigues in connection with the Arabi insurrection, that brought about the bombardment of Alexandria and England's military occupation of Egypt—intrigues in which so many members of the Khedival family were incriminated, and in which even Khedive Tewfik himself was so badly involved, that Lord Randolph Churchill repeatedly insisted in the House of Commons at Westminster on his deposition.

Not until Abbas Pasha succeeded to the throne on Tewfik's death did Hussein return to live permanently in Egypt and resume the occupancy of his palace at Cairo. Taught by his experience of what had virtually been many years of foreign exile, and realizing that the English were in Egypt to stay, he determined to refrain from antagonizing them in any way. He knew that it was within the power of Lord Cromer to send him out of the country at twenty-four hours' notice if he showed himself in any way inimical to the presence of the British, or to the British methods of administration.

So he made up his mind to refrain in the very strictest manner from politics and to resist the pressing invitations of his nephew, Khedive Abbas, of the Nationalists, of the foreign opponents to English views in Egypt, as well as the requests of Sultan Abdul Hamid, that he would adopt a political role

On the Banks of the Nile.

Instead he devoted himself entirely to the promotion of agriculture, and especially to the exploitation of his extensive estates in Upper and Lower Egypt. He assumed the Presidency of the Khedivial Society of Agriculture, which has for its object the encouragement of the adoption of more enlightened and modern methods of the cultivation of land. His activities in this connection naturally brought him into close touch with Sir William Willcocks, Sir William Garstin, and the other organizers of the new system of irrigation in the Land of the Nile, and so much mutual confidence and respect were engendered that Hussein may be said to have been working for the past eighteen or twenty years in close unison with them to increase the fertile areas of Egypt and her powers of agricultural production.

The newer generation of English officials in Egypt learned to trust him, and by his refusal to associate himself with Khedive Abbas in the latter's manoeuvres against the English and by restricting himself entirely and wholly to the fostering of agriculture he succeeded in winning the good will of Lord Kitchenen while the latter was British Plenipotentiary in Egypt.

CANADA CROPS IN 1914.

Final Report of the Census and Statistics Office.

Census and Statistics Office, Ottawa, has issued its final report on the yield and value of field crops in 1914. The report states that, in marked contrast to 1913, the season proved particularly unfavorable to the growth of grain. Persistent drought throughout the greater part of the Northwest provinces resulted in a yield per acre of the chief cereals lower than in any season since 1910 and lower than the average of the six years ended 1913. In Ontario and Quebec, though the grain crops suffered from a dry season, the conditions were not so unfavorable, whilst in the Maritime provinces a favorable season resulted in good returns.

For the whole of Canada the area estimated to be sown to field crops was 35,102,175 acres, as compared with 35,375,430 acres in 1913; but owing to the drought the total productive area in 1914 was reduced to 33,440,075 acres. Upon this area the total production of grain crops in bushels was as follows: Wheat, 161,280,000 as against 231,717,000 in 1913; oats, 313,078,000 against 404,669,000; barley, 36,201,000 against 48,319,000; rye, 2,016,800 against 2,300,000; peas, 3,362,500 against 3,951,800; beans, 797,500 against 793,300; buckwheat, 8,626,000 against 8,372,000; mixed grains, 16,382,500 against 15,792,000; flax, 7,175,000 against 17,539,000; and corn for husking, 13,924,000 against 16,768,000 bushels.

The yields per acre were in bushels as follows:—Fall wheat, 21.41 compared with 23.29 in 1913; spring wheat, 15.07 against 20.81; fall wheat, 15.67 against 21.04; oats, 31.12 against 38.78; barley, 24.21 against 29.96; rye, 18.12 against 19.28; peas, 17.64 against 18.05; beans, 18.20 against 17.19; buckwheat, 24.34 against 21.99; mixed grains, 35.36 against 33.33; flax, 6.62 against 11.30; and corn for husking, 54.39 against 60.30.

Computed at average local market prices the values of these crops in 1914 were as follows: Wheat, $196,418,000; oats, $151,811,000; barley, $21,557,000; rye, $1,679,000; peas, $4,895,000; beans, $1,884,300; buckwheat, $6,213,000; mixed grains, $10,759,400; flax, $7,368,000, and corn for husking, $9,808,000. For all field crops, including root and fodder crops, the total value amounts to $639,061,300, as compared with $559,771,500 in 1913, the increase of $86,289,000 being chiefly due to the enhancement of prices, which has thus more than counterbalanced the low yields of grain in consequence of the drought.

In the three Northwest provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta the production in 1914 of wheat is placed at 140,958,000 bushels compared with 200,262,000 bushels in 1913, of oats at 150,843,000 bushels compared with 242,413,000 bushels, and of barley at 19,535,000 bushels compared with 31,060,000 bushels. The wheat production of 1914 in Manitoba was 38,605,000 bushels from 2,616,000 acres; in Saskatchewan 73,494,000 bushels from 5,348,300 acres, and in Alberta 28,859,000 bushels from 1,371,100 acres.

Success is utter failure if achieved by the sacrifice of moral principals.

NOT GALLEYS OF FICTION

THE "HULKS" OF TO-DAY ARE OCEAN LINERS.

German Prisoners in England Occupy Very Comfortable Quarters.

Not only the homeless who tramp the wind-swept Embankment or who sleep on the stone pavements of London, but even the average workingman of England might well envy the comforts which the German prisoners in England are receiving. After visiting several places of detention on board ship I might say that if I were "broke" and friendless it would be a strong temptation to declare myself an "alien enemy" and be interned, writes an American correspondent from London.

A short while ago one of the London papers published a paragraph which was phrased, "The German prisoners at Newbury have been removed to hulks on the south coast." This immediately conjured a vision of the dank galleys of fiction or places of confinement like that typified in the horrible Australian convict ship.

Gruesome imagination was replaced by a more surprising sensation when I learned that these "hulks" consisted of the Cunard liners Saxonia, Ivernia and Ascania and other liners such as the Scotian, Canada and Manitoba.

My first visit was to three of the "hulks" at Portsmouth. Anchored well up in the inner harbor were the Ascania, Manitoba, and Scotian. The Scotian is reserved for military prisoners, the others being used for civilians.

A crew of six with the word Mainz on their hat bands rowed me out from the Admiralty pier, the military touch being provided by a "Tommy Atkins" seated in the stern with a loaded rifle. The men were survivors of the Mainz, sunk in the fight off the Bight of Heligoland. "Fine fellows," said one of the English officers to me afterwards. "I'd be willing to back them against any boat crew in the English navy."

Prisoners Have Regatta.

Incidentally this crew just walked away with two other prisoner crews in one of the most peculiar regattas in history. On Christmas Day a boat crew, composed of prisoners from each of the three ships, raced over a mile course. In each boat was an armed sentry urging his crew to the utmost efforts.

Aboard the Ascania, which is the flagship of the fleet, I found 1,037 prisoners. Her transatlantic steerage accommodation is 1,630, so she can hardly be called overcrowded. The prisoners have the entire run of the ship save the upper promenade deck, which is reserved for the English officers and soldiers. This also applies to the other ships.

The bulk of the prisoners are accommodated in the ordinary steerage manner save that they have in their bunks a superior sort of mattress, a soft pillow and three warm blankets.

There is no stint of either steam heat or electric light. Bathing facilities are extensive, and there is practically an unlimited supply of hot and cold fresh and salt water. The daily consumption of fresh water on the Ascania is from seventy to ninety tons.

The only complaint about the food was that white instead of black bread was served. Comparatively few Germans save those who have lived in England for many years care for white bread so on the three ships German bakers have been put to work and the prisoners are happy. Among the military prisoners there were complaints that the bill of fare did not include sufficient sausages and German dishes, so four German cooks have been put to work in the galleys to add distinctive German dishes. These cooks and bakers are paid regular wages.

The majority of civilian prisoners are waiters, barbers and people in that or lower strata of life. Those of a better class have cabins, but the food rations are uniform.

What Prisoners May Receive.

Prisoners may write two letters a week on War Office note paper. There is no limit to the number of letters or parcels they may receive. All letters sent and received are censored. All parcels are examined before being delivered, but aside from gunpowder, weapons, liquor, matches, electric flashlights, and similar things, there are very few things that a prisoner may not receive. As far as money is concerned prisoners may receive all their friends send them. The commandant encourages the prisoners not to have big sums in their possession on account of the danger of robbery, and urges them to deposit the money in the purser's safe and draw it as it is needed.

After the parcels and letters are examined they are distributed by prisoners, who have organized efficient post office of their own. Prisoners who arrive in a destitute condition as far as clothing is concerned, are more than generously treated. The authorities furnish without charge heavy frieze ulsters with broad collars and suits of a similar material. The underwear and socks are wool and the flannel shirts cost the Government just under a dollar each wholesale. The boots are heavy and well made.

Conditions aboard the two other ships are practically the same. The routine rations are alike. The Manitoba has 1,003 prisoners with a certified steerage accommodation of 1,603, while the Scotian has 1,228 with a steerage accommodation of 1,520.

On the Scotian the men and the non-commissioned officers occupy different parts of the ship, the latter having first-class cabins and using the first-class dining saloon for their meals. The military distinction of rank obtains strictly aboard the Scotian not by any insistence on the part of the English but on the part of the Germans themselves, to whom rank is rank whether in the fighting line or in a detention ship.

At Southampton there are two detention places ashore. One is at Shirley, one of the suburbs, where a large skating rink has been turned into a receiving station.

At Bevois Mount House, in another suburb of Southampton, is a place for German officers.

GREAT AGE OF THE EARTH.

Solid Crust Formed From 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 Years Ago.

In order to estimate the age of the earth different phenomena may be used. First, the separation of the moon; secondly, the solidification of the earth's crust, then the condensation of the aqueous vapor and the formation of oceans. The quantity of salt dissolved in these oceans and the thickness of the geological layers, especially those of a calcareous nature, afford further arguments.

According to George Darwin the moon was separated from our globe about 56,000,000 years ago. The age of the solid crust has been calculated by Lord Kelvin from the increase of the temperature in deep mines. In some regions the temperature is seen to increase about one degree for every 50 meters; in others, however, one degree for 100 meters. On the average the considerations of Lord Kelvin gave an age of 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 years in the solid crust of the earth.

The quantity of salt obviously increases in the oceans on account of the salt added by the rivers and of the evaporation of the water. The total quantity of this salt has been calculated and the quantities of the yearly supply of water are known for all the larger streams, as well as their percentage of salt. For these data we may calculate the annual increase of salt in the oceans and find how many years would be required for our present rivers to accumulate all the salt now found in the seas. According to Joly, about 90,000,000 years would be necessary. But obviously the rivers must exhaust the grounds which they drain, and formerly these must have been much richer in salts. This consideration must lead us to diminish the number of years required in a very sensible manner.

The age of the geological strata has been deduced from their thickness and the velocity of the process of sedimentation. Soilas estimates the total thickness of about 80 kilometers and the average rate of deposition of the layers at 30 centimeters per century. From these numbers we may find an age of 26,000,000 years for the collective deposition of all its geological layers. Calcareous rocks have been built by organisms and mainly by corals and mollusces. These have made use of the lime added to the sea by the rivers. Dubois has calculated on the one hand the whole thicknesses of these rocks and on the other the yearly supply of lime from the rivers. He concludes that 86,000,000 or 45,000,000 years would be required to produce the whole of this system.

RAGGING GERMAN OFFICERS.

Antwerp Boys Get Their Fun Out of Their Rude Conquerors.

The Belgian boys are getting their fun out of the German occupation of Antwerp, however, and their "ragging" of the hated invader affords the townpeople a good deal of amusement. A favorite occupation of the street game is this: A squad of about 20 little urchins, dressed in paper hats and leggings, and carrying wooden swords—a sight one may often see in this country—struts along the street under the command of a "captain." On the "company" arriving in front of the principal hotel where the German officers are staying, the "captain" calls "Halt!"—in German, of course, for the youngsters have learnt many of the German military words of command—and the "company" at once stops dead.

Having thus secured the attention of the German officers, the "captain" shouts out as loud as he can, "To Paris!" whereupon the whole of his "command" commence walking backwards. The whole thing is so cleverly carried out that one is bound to laugh—so long as you are not a German officer.

Limited Popularity.

"Is Jones a popular fellow?"

"Well, he is quite a favorite with himself."

NEWS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BETWEEN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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

At Saskatoon, over $80,000 in taxes was paid in December.

The civic budget of Saskatoon for 1915 is $153,000 less than in 1914.

There is a scarcity of calves in the Selkirk, Man., district this season.

At Deerwood, Man., Mr. Blanchard sold his half section of land for $10,000.

Up to the end of December, 2,250 alien enemies had been registered at Winnipeg.

An experimental farm will be started at Morden, Man., by the Dominion Government.

Cochrane, Alberta, gave a carload of buses for war purposes, also over $8,000 to different funds.

In Saskatoon during 1914, 526 men and women were trained in home nursing and first aid work.

At Sundre, Alberta, Neil Grant and Tom Siddon exchanged sisters as brides on the same day.

Melville, Sask., has a rink that accommodates 1,400 people — or about the population of the town.

Homstead entries in Saskatchewan for December fell off to less than half of what they were in 1913.

The Moose Jaw police force has been reduced by four dismissed and a sergeant cut down to the ranks.

The Livestock Association of Manitoba urged all farmers to hold their stock, and not sell on the present low market.

At Portage La Prairie, stamps sold at the local post office were 896 less during December, 1914, than for the same month in 1913.

The customary dog races held on the streets of Regina every New Year's morning were called off this year owing to lack of interest.

At Kenville, Man., rabbits are so numerous that they are a pest to the farmers. They have destroyed hundreds of fruit bushes in the gardens.

The Killam, Alberta, people have decided that their water system is insufficient, and are accordingly proceeding to have the town well renovated.

A man named A. E. Bedford, arrested, drunk on the street at Winnipeg, was taken to the police station and found dead in his cell three hours later.

Prof. Bedford, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Manitoba, says prospects for improved agricultural yields and better farming in the west were never brighter.

Charles Brooks, Constable Miller and several military men, seized more than 100 guns, rifles and revolvers from Austrians and Germans living around Stuartburn, Man.

Mrs. Kontel, of Headingly, Man., lighted a fire with coal oil on Dec. 16, being severely burned in the accompanying explosion. On Dec. 31 she died in a Winnipeg hospital.

Two brothers, Edward and Ernest Byce, near Enfoll, Sask., were alleged to have quarrelled. The latter is said to have fired a gun at the former, who retaliated by hitting his brother with an axe, severely wounding him.

Winnipeg will be paid $200,000 by the C.P.R., according to the promise of the company made August 12, 1907, to the effect that the amount would be contributed to the city when it had undertaken to provide a permanent water supply and the first check of $20,000 has been handed to the Mayor.

At the military camp near Calgary there was a court-martial on a young soldier who had enlisted in an infantry regiment. When a mounted regiment was wanted he deserted from the infantry and joined the cavalry. The court-martial sentenced him to be discharged.

Anything Else.

"You must push matters a little, James," said a chemist to his new boy, "by calling a customer's attention to this article and that article, you often effect a sale." "Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait upon an elderly person who wanted a stamp. "Anything else, mum?" inquired the ambitious boy, politely; "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, belladonna, mole destroyer——" The elderly lady deals over the way now.

In Utter Disgust.

"Willie!" exclaimed his mother, shocked and grieved. "How often have I told you not to play with that naughty Johnson boy!" "Mamma," said William, who appeared in a regrettable state of disorder, and with a bruised face, in utter disgust, "Do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

Envy.

"Oh, dear, I wish I was a turtle." "What an absurd idea! Why?" "A turtle has a snap."

A MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

An Unpleasant Day Spent in Saskatchewan.

The sides of the mountain were ragged and rocky, writes Mr. Washburn, and every few minutes we would trip over boulders, cutting our hands and barking our shins; but no crusader, bent on the capture of Jerusalem, was ever so keen on the job as our mountain climber.

By and by we got up to about ten thousand feet. I suggested that we could see the view from this point as well as from the top, but at this I got a look from our leader that nearly froze my blood in my veins. What had gone before was merely child's play to what was to come. Long fingers of ice and snow reaching down from the summit had to be crossed again and again. Every time we crossed one of these the expert would exclaim to us that a single false move would precipitate us to a sudden death, which looked perfectly feasible to me.

After we got over some dangerous ledges and on to firmer footing, with our hair standing on end,—I speak particularly of my own,—the mountain climber would sit down in great glee and explain to us how any moment we might be carried off with an avalanche, and back up his statement by a dozen anecdotes about sudden deaths in similar places.

Finally we came to an abrupt ledge of ice. "Ha!" said our leader. "We must cut our way in this ice step by step, but remember, fellows, a single false move, and naught but our crushed and mangled bodies will remain to tell the tale."

I did not want to be a crushed and mangled body, neither did "Doc," and in desperation we both said so. The mountain climber looked at us in disgust, and pointed out that another thousand feet would see us at the summit. We would go down through the annals of history as the conquerors of Mount Whatever-It-Was. We objected that we stood a better chance of going down into the ravine. Anyhow, we said that we would wait while he climbed up the annals of history to his own glory. The mountain climber was very much annoyed, and said he would go on alone, at which we all shook hands, and off he started. After twenty minutes of fiddling about, he came back and said he could not make it alone, so we turned and started for camp, which we reached at ten that night.

A MADDENED JAGUAR.

Most Dangerous and Powerful Animal in the New World.

There is a story of a fierce charge by an infuriated Mexican jaguar in an article that Mr. Harry H. Dunn writes in the Outing Magazine. A wooded hill, surrounded on two sides by water, and on the other two by grass cropped short by the village goats, was set on fire to drive out the beast, which had taken refuge there.

Animals began to come from the tangle. Parrots, disturbed from their midday rest, flew in green and red and yellow clouds. Monkeys fled through the tops of the trees. Rabbits, and rats, and mice scurried underfoot, and we saw one ocelot, a little spotted jungle cat.

Then came the jaguar. Crossing the sloping side of the hill, the tiger appeared to Felipe; and the fellow, proud of the 73 repeater I had brought with me from Mexico City for him, fired as the spotted apparition crossed an open space in the tangle. Ordinarily, Felipe is a good shot; but the rifle was new to him, and he managed only to put the slug in the cat's fore shoulder. The tiger screamed, and leaped straight up into the air. When he came down, all thought of flight had left him, and he headed for Felipe and myself. The Indian began to pump bullets at the tiger, and I remember noticing that the cat was not leaping or running, but trotting rapidly as a house cat trots unfrightened about its own home.

We were confronting the most dangerous and most powerful animal in the New World, with the single exception of the Kadiak bear, and I doubt very much if any bear in the world could whip a maddened Mexican tiger. The jaguar's mouth was open, and his tail streamed straight out behind; he did not lash it from side to side, as I should have expected him to do.

At ten yards, Felipe had emptied his magazine, dropped his rifle and whipped out his machete, when I found the tiger's forehead over the sights of the rifle. As the gun cracked, the jaguar halted, staggered forward a short step or two, sank to his fore shoulders, and turned over, dead.

A well-known Scottish architect travelling in Palestine recently, when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland. On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand and came near to whisper: "No the noo, sir; no the noo! Maybe after the kirk's oot."

TELLING FORTUNES.

What the Signs Mean in the Teacup Leaves.

Telling fortunes by teacups is great fun. As in crystal gazing a vivid imagination is absolutely essential. So, also, is a ready tongue.

There are, however, certain rules and signs in telling fortunes by teacups, which it will be necessary to learn if you want to have the means of entertaining others at your finger-ends.

When your guest has finished her tea get her to turn over the cup and place it upside down in its saucer before handing it to you.

Take up the cup very gently so that the arrangement of the tea-leaves is disturbed as little as possible, and then proceed to tell the fortune.

It is not to be expected on taking up the cup that the figures will be accurately represented, and it is quite sufficient if they bear some likeness to any of the emblems; the more fertile the fancy of the person who inspects the cup the more he or she will see in it.

Again, cleverness in noting facial characteristics and general tendencies will help wonderfully in giving an interesting and accurate fortune. Here are the signs:—

The leaf of clover—A lucky sign. If it is on the top of the cup the fortune is not far distant, but it is subject to delay if it is in the middle or the bottom. Should clouds surround it there may be something disagreeable attending it, but if it is clear the happiness is undisturbed.

The serpent—Falsehood and enmity and the sign of an enemy. By letter which is frequently near the emblem the initial of his name may be guessed.

The letter—If the letter is clear it denotes the speedy arrival of welcome news. If surrounded by dots money will come. If hemmed in by clouds bad tidings. If accompanied by a heart lovers may expect a letter.

The star—Denotes happiness in the clear part and at the top of the cup. If dots are about it is great good luck. Several stars denote children; but surrounded by dashes that they will give you trouble.

The dog—At the top of the cup, faithful friend. At the bottom, that the person will have to dread the effects of jealousy.

The lily—In the clear the lily betokens happy life, but if clouded it portends trouble from one's relations.

The cross—One or more adversities; if at the top of the cup the trouble will soon end, but if at the bottom the person may expect many trials.

The clouds—If they are lighter than darker good results from one's hopes, but if they are black give it up.

The sun—Great luck if it is in the clear, but in the thick it denotes much sadness, and if surrounded by dots and dashes an alteration will soon take place.

The moon—If it appears in the clear it denotes high honors, but in the dark sadness. If it is in the bottom of the cup the consulting party will be lucky both on water and land.

Mountains—If it represents only a mountain it means people of high rank, but several of them in the thick are signs of powerful enemies.

The tree—One tree only in the clear or thick part, lasting good health; several trees, that your wishes will be accomplished. If they are accompanied with dashes your good fortune will require some time to mature, but if they are dots it is a sign that you will make your fortune in the country where you reside.

The child—In the clear part, great friendship with some one of the other sex. In the thick, excess in love. In the bottom of the cup it stands for a great disaster in love.

There comes a time in the life of every man when he feels justified in kicking himself.

A wearied young lady hastened the departure of a tedious caller by remarking as she looked out of the window, "I think we are going to have a beautiful sunrise."

BRUTAL METHODS THE RULE

A PRISONER'S EXPERIENCE IN ANTWERP.

Imprisoned Because He Had British Passport and Very Badly Treated.

Some stories of life in Antwerp are related in the London Daily Telegraph by J. Marten, a Dutch gentleman, who had just returned to London from that city. I went to Antwerp on business on Dec. 16, he remarked, and took with me thirty letters, including some correspondence from a number of wounded Belgian soldiers to their parents and families in Antwerp and Brussels. On arriving at the frontier the Germans at once wanted to arrest me, because of the letters I had on me; but as I voluntarily surrendered these they let me pass. I got to Antwerp all right, but when I applied there for a passport to Brussels, I at once got into trouble. I should mention that my passport had been vised at Folkstone by the officials there, but the English mark seemed to have escaped the German examiner's eye until I applied for a passport to Brussels.

Fatal English Stamp.

The fatal English stamp on my old passport proved my undoing here, for the official, on seeing it, at once suspected that I was an English spy; and I was immediately arrested. The officer in charge of my case was a dog of a man. He told the sentry who marched me off that he was to shoot me on the least attempt I made to escape, and told me at the same time that I would be shot if I tried to run away—rather superfluous advice to an unarmed man in the company of a soldier with a loaded rifle and fixed bayonet. My guard was a very nice chap—a soldier from Alsace. I was kept waiting for four hours, and then food was supplied to my guard and myself. In the afternoon I was sent before the Military Governor, and was kept waiting an hour. I was then told I should be examined in the morning, and my guard was changed. The way I was subsequently dealt with was brutal. I was treated as a thief or a murderer. I was put in a cell, and my meals were served me by criminals.

Fed on Dry Bread.

I was fed on dry bread only, and allowed the small period of half an hour for exercise daily. On the fourth day I got my first dinner from outside, for which you may be sure I had to pay. All my money was afterwards taken from me. The stone cell in which I was placed was warmed, but not enough, and I was miserably cold. I was allowed a few books to read, but my chief occupation was wondering what would become of me. They wanted me to take a bath when I was first put into prison, but the water was so filthy that I shuddered at the prospect of bathing in it and refused. During all this time my firm, Messrs. Kino Brothers, of London and Amsterdam, had been using every endeavor to effect my release, and eventually the Dutch Minister at The Hague himself telephoned direct to the Military Governor at Antwerp demanding my freedom, and I was permitted to go.

The Children.

Be loving to your children. Bear with their failings. They come by them naturally enough. The parents are but too often reflected in the children. They resemble each other morally, as well as physically. The love we expect from them, first show them how to bestow. Never correct them when you are in anger. Punish them only to correct them; never to vent your malice or spite. Let them come to you with their confidence and with the burden of their sorrows. Don't freeze their warm young hearts by indifference to their hopes. Draw them to you in the bond of love, and let your heart beat against theirs as they come to you with their cares or confessions. Let them grow in the bright sunshine of your love, and they will flood your path with the sunlight of their affections.

If Catarrh keeps You Hawking Use "Catarrhozone"-The Quickest Cure

Nothing Known So Sure For Throat Weakness, Bronchial Trouble, &c.

No doctor attempts to-day to cure a genuine case of catarrh or bronchitis except by the inhalation method. Stomach dosing has been discarded because useless medicine so taken affects only the stomach—never reaches the seat of catarrh.

The advanced physician recognizes that only air can be sent into the lungs and bronchial tubes. Fill this air with healing medicaments and you solve the problem. No combination of antiseptics is so successful as Catarrhozone. It contains the richest pine-balsams and the greatest healers known.

One breath of Catarrhozone instantly circulates over the area that is afflicted with catarrh. Relief is instant—suffering stops at once—germs are destroyed—every taint of disease is removed. Think it over seriously. Here is a remedy that clears the throat, relieves hoarseness, coughing and bad breath. Irritating phlegm is cleared out, inflamed bronchial tubes are healed; throat and voice are strengthened.

Catarrhozone is pleasant and certain. You breathe Catarrhozone—you don't take it. Large $1.00 size is guaranteed; smaller size 50c, and trial size 25c, at all dealers everywhere.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 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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Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE. QUE.

No Compromise Possible.

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In the February number of the Contemporary Revien, Harold Spender, an English Radical journalist, suggests that rather than continue the war with the slaughter of perhaps millions of men, and the completing of the distruction of Belgium, it would be better to make peace on terms short of a crushed Germany.

It is true that the imagination is appalled by the losses that must be suffered by the Allies in attempting to crush a military force of perhaps six or eight million Germans. The power of modern armaments is such that defending forces have a three fold advantage over attachers, and the rolling of the Germans back across the Rhine will mean the rendering of a fearful toll of lives. But, having assembled their great forces, are Britain, Russia and France to acknowledge themselves unable to defeat one nation, Germany? What better is that than a draw? What better is it than an acknowledgemet that German militarism triumphs? What guarantee is there that Germany will not essay another war in convenient season, knowing that she can at least hold back all invaders? What about the triumph of European nationalism, the upholding of the rights and liberties of smaller States? Having completely baffled the aggressive aims of Germany should the Allies stop short a few steps of success that would repay them for their already great sacrifices?

To let Germany escape the disastrous consequences of her own astounding challenge would be a tacit admission that her militarism was too mighty to be smashed. It would be a virtual victory for the Germans. The only way the true prospective of war can be brought home to the Germans is an invasion such as Belgium has suffered. If the Allies were ever to get as far as the Rhine on the West, and well into Silesia and East Prussia on the East and there hold their ground while the British navy completes its campaign of starvation, the submission of Germany would not be long delayed. There is no sense in advocating compromises with Germany at present, because none is contimplated by the Allies. When the Allies close in on German territory on both sides Germany will see the game is irretrievably lost, and as by that time the starving process will be well forward the end may come suddenly.

Produce More And Waste Less.

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Just now the above is timely That we waste less is equally as important as that we produce more. Russia's lead against the alcoholic beverages may be among the influences promoting greater activity and more determined effort in all countries. Quebec's young manhood is now protesting against keeping bars open during the war. When the pressure is felt by all classes and the urgent need of economy is everywhere impressed, it is obviously the part of wisdom to present the needless squandering of economic force. A more careful and provident attitude is assumed by the Women's Christian Temperance Union toward the fruitless consumption of raw material. Officers of the Union are uniting in a memorial to all the Provincial Government asking that the use of grain for the manufacture of intoxicants be prohibited during the war. Conservation in these regards should have the earnment support of all. In Canada, where a bountiful contribution to the food supply of the Empire is produced every year, the economic need of such restrictions may not readily be discerned. Apart from their moral aspect, all important as it is, the urgency of the proposed restraints may not be at once acknowledged, but it should be remembered that there is a shortage in Britain and in the Allied nations which must be made good from Canada and elsewhere There is need for every bushel of grain, either for human sustenance or the feeding of stock. If a large quanity of farm produce is used up in making useless or worse than useless beverages there must be just that much less provisioning our men at the front and for the sustenance of the people whose fields have been devastated and whose factories have been destroyed The advice to produce more is fully appreciated in its significance to the individual producer and to the consuming public. The admonition to work less is equally important. While production calls for personal initiative and volition, the restriction of waste is largely a matter of Governmental authority. Under our form of Government there are no constitutional restraints. Collective authority is supreme. Waste can be suppressed at any time without waiting for judical interpretations. If grain is being wasted when it is needed in the exigencies of war the obligation to prevent is at once incumbent. Governmental advice to produce more can be supplemented by Governmental mandates to waste less

THE LATE MR. ALEX. CALDER.

Dalesville has lost one of its most highly esteemed inhabitants in the person of Mr. Alexander Calder.

Mr. Calder was a person of unique personality, though not enjoying the privileges that young men have in our time, he worked himself to have the good will and esteem of every person in the surrounding country.

It was but a short time ago that the School Commissioners of Chatham presented him with a Morris Chair and a framed copy of a Resolution accepting his resignation from the Board having completed 46 years of continuous service

His views were strong and fearless and he could never be dissuaded from accepting a course which he believed to be right.

We honor him more because he had no one to back him in his early days, but he fought a battle which any young man might proudly copy. He had some natural gifts, which he used to the utmost and his life will ever be an inspiration to those who were privileged to know him.

Even though, on account of old age creeping upon him, he was retired from active public life yet he was keenly interested in every topic of the day and it was a great pleasure to turn in off the dusty road to hold conversation with a man who, though weak in body, had a mind so active and alert.

There is no telling what Mr. Calder may have accomplished had he had the educational advantages that fall to the lot of the young men of to-day.

He died at the ripe old age of 81 and he leaves a wife and four daughters and three sons to mourn his loss.

He was an active Orangeman having been a member for over 50 years and for 45 years he was Master of the Dalesville Lodge.

His illness was brief, only two days, and it is only now we begin to realize the loss that the community has sustained through the removal of our friend and neighbor from his earthly activities.

The Revs. Mr. White and Mr. Forsythe officiated at the funeral, but at the graveside the Orange Order took charge of the ceremonies, which were conducted by Mr. Cooper, of Brownsburg, the Master of Dalesville Orange Lodge. At least 50 Orangemen were at the graveside to pay their last respects to their much honored brother and it was remarked as the remains were laid to rest that his funeral was one of the largest ever known in the history of Dalesville.

LOUISA

Mr. A. Tomalty spent Tuesday last in Lachute,

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Creswell spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

Miss Myrtle Tomalty and her brother Roy spent part of last week visiting in Lunany.

Master R. G. Tomalty and his brother Lyall spent the week-end, as guests of Messrs L. and H. Hall.

Academy Exams.

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GRADE II ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Honors—Marjorie Mount 90

Class I—Estelle Inglis 86, Bessie Hammond 85, Irene Scott 83, Ervin Center. Allison Rodger 76, Wilma Joss 75

Class II—Kathleen Bradley 72, George Clark, Angus Hay 67, Constance Banford, Carswell McClure 66, Annie Drennan 65, Edgar Hammond 61.

Class III—George Calder 51.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

GEOMETRY.

Honors—Verda Kettyle, Isabella Bennett 95, Edwin Johnson 90.

Class I—Amy Bates, Enid McCullough 81, Doris Campbell, Nora Rodgers, Alma Gordon 80, Alice Cameron 78, George Bain 75.

Class II—Aggie Hay Susan Kelly 73, Ena Peet 72, George Hammond 71, P. Gordon 67, Keith Douglas 66, Myrtle McGregor 65, Osborne Lackey 60.

Class III,—Jean Higginson 58 Ruth Todd 56, Kenneth McConnell 51.

GRADE III MODEL.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Honors,—Violet Roger 98, Edna Conlin 97, Jessie Berry 95, Annie Silverson, Isabel Wason 93.

Class I,—Hazel O'Brien Mina Dixon 86 Katie Jones 85, Violet Grey George McCormick 84, Clarence Rodger 83, Stuart Hay. Ethel Boyd 82.

Class II,—Mabel Rodger 74, Ruby Miller 73, Ralph Robinson 71, Myrtle Berry 70, Kenneth Morrison 66, Edith Beers 65, Percy Robinson 64, Lila Cruise 63, James McCullough, Douglas Bradford 62, Hattie Giles, Willie Cruise 61.

Class III.—Ruby Robinson 59 Donald Beers 58, Lawrence Gordon 56, Maud Painter 54.

GRADE II MODEL

SPELLING & DICTATION.

Honors,—Doris Hammond 98, Grace Mount, Dora Barley 96. Jessie Paul 95, Percy Carpenter, Mamie Graham 92, Alfred Hunter, Melvin Burke and Elsie Lackey 90.

Class I—Harold McFaul, Kenneth Hay 86, Inez Sutton, Ernest Baldwin 85, Stanley McNaughton, Jean Campbell 84, James McGibbon 83, James Calder, Joseph Dodd 82, Lyall Middleton 80, Samuel Graham 75.

GRADE I MODEL.

MENTAL & RAPID ARITHMETIC.

Honors,—Eddie Barker, K. Christie and K. McOuat 100, Olive Boyd 97, Mary Boa, Ross Muir, Ray Boyd and C. Burwash 95 Emma Smith 94, Bruce Bradford, Ruby Rodgers 83, Edna Bampton, May Boyd, Oscar Duffy and John Paul 90.

Class I,—Angus Kinmond 85, Laura McPhail, Genevieve Murphy 80, Ella Giles 77, Norman Bates, H. Dobbie anp Wilhelmina Shaw 75.

Class II,—George McCoy 67.

Class III,—Anna Scott 55.

GRADE IV ELEMENTARY.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Honors,—Ryckman Alexander 91.

Class I,—Margaret Jones 89, Arthur Lackey, Margaret McOuat 84, James McKimmie 79, Evelyn Hamilton 77, Ivan Carpenter 76.

Class II,- Florence Hunter 74. Gerad Hammond 72, Jessie Hay 70, Mabel Garrard 67, Henry Murphy 66, Linnie Thompson 65, Douglas Patterson 62.

Class III,—Ian Hay 59, Roy Chambers 57, L. Demerse 50.

GRADE III ELEMENTARY.

SCRIPTURE.

Honors,—Lillian Hamilton 92.

Class I,- Clifford McFaul 86, Kenneth Campbell, W. Cottingham 82, Albert Darlington 79, Gordon Cruise 77.

Class II,—Muriel Burke 72, James Hay 81, Florentine Cyr 64.

Class III,—Herbert Darlington, A. Scott 59, Lillie Bradford 55, Myrtle Hunter 54, Nellie Cowan 52, Elmer Ryan 51, Harry Bull 50.

GRADE II ELEMENTARY.

SCRIPTURE.

Honors,—Ivan Bennett 91.

Class I,- Ruth Byron 85, Gordon G. Cruise 81 Lawrence Cruise 77, Ida Bampton 76.

Class II,--Kenneth Elliott 69, Harold Window 61, Evelyd Creswell, Howard Morrison 60.

Class III,—George McGibbon 68, C. Staniforth 53, Lilly Paul 50.

GRADE I. ELEMENTARY.

ARITHMETIC.

Honors—Willie Grandmaison, E. Stewart 98, Donald Hay 96, Jean McOuat 85, Willie Miller 93, Lloyd Somerville 90.

Class I,—Mildred Hammond, M Scott 88, Charlie Miller 83, Linton Armstrong. Hugh Cunningham and McKiddie 81, Mary Cruise 85.

Class II—Harold, Calder 70, Inez McKiddie 66, Agnes McPhail 60.

Class III,—Lea Dion.

WEDDING BELLS.

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HEWITT—HOSGOOD.

—o—

A very pretty, but quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. Geo. F. Hosgood, of Brownsburg, on Wednesday last, Feb. 24th, when his daughter Miss Emma Ann was united in marriage to Mr. Jno. William Hewitt, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. H. McConnell of Lachute Miss Katie Hamilton was the bridesmaid, while Mr. Fred Hosgood acted as best man. The happy couple were recipients of many useful and pretty presents, and left on the evening train for a short visit in Montreal.

STYAN—DOLPHIN.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on the 18th inst., at the home of R. L. Styan, 423 Maryland St., Winnipeg, Man., when Sydney D., son of the Rev. Mark Styan of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Dolphin, second daughter of Mr. James Dolphin, of Montreal, Que., Rev. James R. Hughson, pastor of Grace Methodist Church officiated, assisted by Rev. Mr Styan who also gave the bride away, Miss Edith Styan played the wedding march from "Lohengrin" as the bridal party entered the drawing-room. The bride looked charming gowned in cream duchess silk and carried a bouquet of bridal roses, she was attended by Miss Myrtle Styan, sister of the groom, wearing pale blue crepe and carrying pink carnations. The groom was supported by Mr. Alex McGregor. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl pendant, to the bridesmaid a cameo ring, to the groomsman a cameo scarf pin. After the ceremony the guests retired to the dining-room, which was tastefully decorated with streamers of ribbon and cut flowers, and partook of a sumptuous repast. A large number of beautiful and costly presents bore testimony to the popularity of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Styan left on the evening train for a brief trip to points out West.

A few fine costumes, left at very low prices to clean out.
W. BANFORD & SON.

DALESVILLE

—:o:—

Mr. E. Barker spent a few days in Montreal this week.

Rev A. E. White, of Quebec, visited at the Manse this week.

Misses M. Conlin and J Earle visited friends here on Sunday.

Mrs. H. Moseley, of Brownsburg, visited friends here on Tuesday.

Miss Alma Dixon, of Rawcliffe, spent the week-end at her home here.

Miss Ida Fletcher, of Brownsburg, visited Mrs. J. Graham this week.

Mrs. J. S. Dixon and Mrs. R. S. MacArthur were in Rawcliffe on Monday.

Miss Myrtle Lalanne, of Dunany, visited Mrs. A. J. Campbell during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kennedy and family were guests of Mrs. M. Graham on Sunday.

Miss M. MacKenzie was the guest of Miss Alice McGibbon the latter part of last week.

Misses O. Boyd and V. Grey, of Lachute, were guests of Miss Alma Dixon on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs Chas. Vary and Miss L. Conlin visited Mrs. Valley in Louisa, on Saturday last.

Pastor White will preach at Dalesville Sunday morning, Feb. 28th at 11 o'clock and at Mount Maple at 3 p.m.

Mrs. Spencer, of Morden, Man., spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Wm. H. Morrow, prior to her departure for the West.

The Tea-meeting held on Friday evening last was a great success. Large numbers from Lachute, Stayner ville, Mabel, Ogdensburg and Brownsburg gathered at an early hour, the church being well filled. The ladies served an excellent supper to which all did ample justice. The programme was quite lengthy and consisted of solos, duets, choruses and recitations. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Giles and Mr. Goldsworthy, of Lachute, assisted with the singing, which was appreciated by all. The recitations by Misses M. Barker, M. Murdoch, A. Morrow, J. MacArthur and Master R. Graham were also enjoyed by the audience. The proceeds amounted to about $50.00.

McFaul Bros.

4,000 Yards Print, excellent patterns. Regular value 14c for - - **10c**

New Cotton Crepe Goods. Good value at 15c for **12½**

Splendid Selection Steel Clad Galatea. Just the thing for Ladies' and Children's Clothing. Extra value 15c for - - - **13½**

New Spring Dress Goods. Old quality, old prices.

New Silks, 36 in. wide. Splendid selection of patterns and colors and best of all old prices and quality.

Our $1.00 House Dress is a wonder. All colors and sizes Hurry up and secure your supply before stock is broken up.

McFAUL BROS.
WEST END

Desjardins' Footwear

Is now recognized as the Best, both as to Quality and Comfort.

These are two things you need to look to when buying your Boots and Shoes, and we are SPECIALISTS in the Fitting Line. Just try us and see.

The Boot Store, 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

Temperance Column

Red Rum.

We were standing at the counter of a sumptuous bar-room. "Gentlemen," said Barclay, "pardon any seeming unsociability, but I cannot drink liquor."

"If you can't drink with us you can't trade with us, that's all," said Todd, banging his fist down on the table by way of emphasis.

Barclay's face became very white. He saw the chance of recouping his fortunes slipping through his fingers, but he said, very slowly, "Then the deal is off, gentlemen."

An embarrassed silence followed. "If you care to know why I will not drink liquor I will tell you."

We took seats at a table. Barclay fumbled in his pockets, saying. "I have a few picturesque exhibits which go with the story. The first is this." He drew from his inner waistcoat pocket a great leather pocket book, and from one of its many compartments extracted a newspaper clipping, and, holding it up by one corner, allowed it to unfold itself, and then put it on the table before us. "That's 'Exhibit One,'" he remarked, eyeing us curiously to see how we took it. For a moment at the great black words whose heavy lines covered the top of the column like a mourning band:—

"GUILTY!"

That was the word.

The sub-caption ran on in the "sky-rockety" style of the small western town: "John Barclay, convicted of murder in the first degree." And then, oh horror! "A most spectacular aerial performance anticipated. Sentence postponed through respect for the prisoner's aged mother who dropped dead in the courtroom upon hearing the verdict."

"That's nice stuff for a man to read about himself," said Barclay, with a groan.

He folded the slip, put it back where it belonged, and produced another.

"Exhibit No 2," he said, in a matter-of-fact way; that looks more like business." It read: Barclay to be hanged on the twenty-first instant." It was dated "the fourteenth," many years ago.

"Gentlemen, the immediate cause of those two most unflattering notices was murder. The prime cause was—well, what is 'murder' spelled backwards?" Without waiting for an answer, he traced the letters of the word with his pencil in the order suggested:—

"RED RUM!"

"Gentlemen, the rum that I drank murdered my mother. I knew that my intemperance,—nay, my brutal debauchery, was killing her by inches. At that time," continued Barclay, "my mother and I were living in a boarding house. Our landlady was a person of uncertain temper. I had been on one of my cattle-trading trips and, upon my return, was regaling 'the boys' with a little up-country gossip and some hot rum. There the scene ends. When I slowly awoke, or recovered consciousness, it was still dark, but I felt that I was in a strange place. Something, a certain subtle, inner consciousness that goes on recording our actions when the brain itself is incapacitated, seemed striving to tell me that some awful disaster had befallen me. I started up and stood upon the floor. It was hard and cold. An awful shudder ran over me. I spread out my arms to their full length, and, to my horror, touched the two opposite sides of my room at once,—stone walls.

"I was thoroughly terrified. Going in the direction I believed the door to be in, I put out my hand and thrust it through what seemed a hole, but later proved to be one of the interstices between iron bars. I must have dropped in a faint. When I next came to, it was broad daylight. The jailer stood at the door, looking in and evidently waiting for me to awaken; for, as soon as he caught my eye, he exclaimed:

"'Remember! Anything you say may be used against you.'

"A great dread sat, like a lump of ice, on my heart. I begged him to explain. Anything but that awful suspense!

"Then he told me I had murdered my landlady.

"My trial was put down for a date about a month away, and my mother secured the ablest counsel in the country to defend me; but, best of all, she came to me in my agony and put her hand upon my forehead, and then kissed me and told me that she believed me innocent. But her woman's heart broke when, later, the jury told her she had been mistaken.

"Gentlemen, I used to believe all lawyers rascals until that time. But the way that man worked for me was nothing short of sublime. He labored with me day in and day out, striving to recover from the sensitive plates of my memory the pictures printed on them between the hours of eleven p.m. and two a.m. on the night of the murder. But it was no use. Evidently the films of memory had been temporarily desensitized by the stupefying influence of the alcohol. Anyway, nothing could bring the dreaded pictures of that awful period to the surface.

"I shall not bore you with the harassing details of the trial. It was shown, however, that I had been discouraged in the landlady's room. I was on the floor, in a drunken sleep when the officers arrived, and was completely dressed, even to my overcoat and hat. Near my right hand, as if I had but recently relaxed my hold upon it, lay my pistol. One of the cartridges had been discharged, and the bullet found in the landlady's body fitted the empty shell.

"The case finally went to the jury. You have seen the newspaper clippings. The verdict killed my mother who had never once left my side during the trial, except at night,—and then only to resume her place the first thing in the morning. She had been hoping against hope. When mother dropped dead, I offered a silent prayer of gratitude that she had not lived to witness the last act.

"On the morning of the twenty-first, as the clipping says, I was brought before the judge, an old friend of my father, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. Gentlemen, there's an experience not many ever had and lived to tell of it. I tell you, words are feeble when one tries to describe it.

"Talk about timely rescues in the dramas,—all nicely planned to occur with the regularity of clockwork,—why, they actually had that awful black cap drawn over my face, and the noose adjusted before the governor's 'stay' arrived. I heard a commotion in the crowd and wondered rather impatiently what the delay was about. Then hands removed the cap and noose, and I was led back to my cell.

"Presently the head jailer came to me and told me that a fire had taken place in the neighborhood the night before, in which two strange men were so badly burned that death was but a matter of hours with them. One of the men, when he was told that he could not live, sent for the minister and confessed to having committed the murder I had been convicted of.

"On my release from prison, I was met by my old enemy, rum, who exclaimed: 'Mighty close shave you had, my lad but don't be discouraged—keep right on as you have been doing, and you will get there yet. I don't know but we ought to swing you, anyhow; for, if you didn't kill one, you certainly did the other.' Which was true. I killed my mother.

"Gentlemen, that is my story. That is why I no longer drink rum."

Todd extended his hand. "The deal is on," he said.

ORILLIA AND "MADE-IN-CANADA"

Orillia Paper Advocates Keeping Money Circulating Near Home

The Orillia "Packet," one of the brightest of Ontario's weeklies, recently had the following editorial on the "Made-in-Canada" idea:

"The Orillia Furniture Company is promoting the buy-at-home idea by making use of a pay envelope which calls attention to the fact that "last year Canadians bought $618,000,000 worth of foreign goods half of which could have been made in Canada"—or in other words $1,000,000 a day which went out of the country might have been spent at home to keep Canadian factories busy. Why should not the same principle be extended a step further to "Made-in-Orillia" articles? Our merchants and people generally grumble more or less loudly if the factories are not running full blast. But do the grumblers do what is in their power to keep our home factories busy? Take the matter of furniture for instance. We have in Orillia a factory whose goods are commanding a ready sale in all parts of the country—to such an extent that it has worked more steadily during the last eighteen months than any other furniture factory in Ontario. Yet the Furniture Company might have spent much more money in wages if all the furniture of the class sold in Orillia had been of their manufacture. How often have those who clamor for industries, or talk about making Orillia grow, enquired for, or given a preference to Orillia furniture. Similarly, why should those who want a motor car of the class manufactured by the Fisher Motor Company go out of town to buy it when they can obtain the best value for their money by purchasing the "Made-in-Orillia" article, and factory service at their door—to say nothing of doing their share to make the motor works permanent and prosperous. On the same principle the farmer from any of the surrounding townships who buys Tudhope carriages, or Tudhope-Anderson wagons, implements or stoves is helping to build up the home market for his own produce, and to add to the value of his own farm. The buy-at-home principle should not be confined to dry goods, and groceries."

The remarks of the Orillia "Packet" would bear repetition in almost every town and city in Canada.

WE'LL SEND THE FIRST

few doses of Gin Pills to you free—if you have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble. After you see how good they are—get the 50c. size at your dealer's.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited Toronto

267

STAYNERVILLE.

Misses M. and E. Davis spent Sunday with Miss A. McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dixon spent Sunday with Mrs. A. Steele.

Mrs. A. Divine was the welcome guest of Mrs. Wm Nichols on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart were the guests of Mr. Robert Silverson, on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cresswell visited his sister Mrs. D. A. McKenzie on Monday last.

Masters Lawrence and Johnnie Lawson of Montreal, are visiting their cousin, Master George McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Kempffer and family, of Staynerville, visited Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien on Sunday last.

A large number of people here attended the tea-meeting in Dalesville. All report a very good time.

GRENVILLE

During Lent, there are to be special services in the Anglican Church every Wednesday evening, conducted by the Rector.

The body of the late Mrs. Peter Beauchamp was brought from Montreal for burial on Wednesday morning of this week. The deceased lady had been staying for some time with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Cowan, and had never fully recovered from a fall sustained a couple of years ago. The funeral service was held in the French Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Mr. Judeau, of Montreal.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society provided an excellent entertainment on Wednesday evening, when the Canadian Jubilee Singers came to Grenville. In spite of the very unfavorable weather, a large audience listened to a good programme of plantation melodies and popular music, interpersed with readings.

Sunday-school workers are to have an opportunity next Sunday of hearing the Secretary for the Province, Rev. John G. Fulcher. At eleven o'clock he will speak in the Baptist Church and at seven o'clock in the Methodist Church. He is expected to tell of the recent Convention in Montreal, and it is hoped that all all friends of Sunday-school work will rally to hear him.

Circuit Court

Canada
Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonnne No. 687

MERILL A. DORION, of the Village of Ste. Scholastique, District of Terrebonne, Merchant.

Plaintiff.

vs.

FABIEN PRESSEAULT, formerly Cheesemaker of the same place and now absent.

Defendant.

It is ordered to the Defendant to appear within a month
Ste.-Scholastique 20th February, 1915

GRIGNON & FORTIER,
C. C. C.
J. A. C. ETHIER,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

3 5

NOTHING BETTER FOR WEAK WOMEN

"I Never Spent Any Money That Did Me So Much Good as That I Spent for Vinol."

Bellefontaine, Ohio.—"I wish every tired, weak, nervous woman could have Vinol for I never spent any money in my life that did me so much good as that I spent for Vinol. My nerves were in a very bad condition, making me very weak, tired, and worn out and often drowsy headaches. I had tried cod liver oil, doctor's medicines, and other preparations without benefit.

"One day a friend asked me to try Vinol. I did and soon my appetite increased, I slept better and now I am strong, vigorous and well and can do my housework with pleasure."—Mrs. J. F. LAMBORN, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Nervous, weak, tired, worn-out women should take Mrs. Lamborn's advice and try Vinol for there are literally thousands of men and women who were formerly run-down, weak and nervous, who owe their good health to Vinol.

It is the medicinal, tissue building elements of the cod's livers, aided by the blood making, strengthening influence of tonic iron, contained in Vinol, which makes it so efficient in all such cases.

Thos. Christie, Lachute.

COAL and WOOD FOR SALE.

Give your order at once for next Season.

Harry Ayers
Lachute Mills, Que.

THE BLOOD IS THE STREAM OF LIFE

Pure Blood Is Absolutely Necessary To Health

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" PURIFIES

These Wonderful Tablets, Made of Fruit Juices, Are The Best Of All Tonics To Purify And Enrich The Blood.

Pure, rich blood can flow only in a clean body. Now, a clean body is one in which the waste matter is regularly and naturally eliminated from the system. The blood cannot be pure when the skin action is weak, when the stomach does not digest the food properly, when the bowels do not move regularly, when the kidneys are strained or overworked.

Pure blood is the result of perfect health and harmony of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives", by their wonderful action on all these organs, keeps the whole system as clean as Nature intended our bodies to be clean.

"Fruit-a-tives" tones up, invigorates, strengthens, purifies, cleans and gives pure, rich, clean blood that is, in truth, the stream of life.

"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.

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.

R. A. DRAPEAU,
ADVOCATE,
PAINTER HOUSE,
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,
LACHUTE, - QUE.

DR. HENRI DORVAL
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST
Specialist on Spectacles & Glasses
451 ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL
Fromt 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

Men's overcoats, some choice line on hand, latest styles.
W. BANFORD & SON.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

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

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

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of the advertisement will not be paid for.—643g8

GEOFFROY BEDARD

THE TAILOR.

GENTLEMEN—I wish to advise you that I have received my Spring and Summer Suiting, Panting and Summer Overcoating.

Now—is the right time to place your orders when I have a full stock.

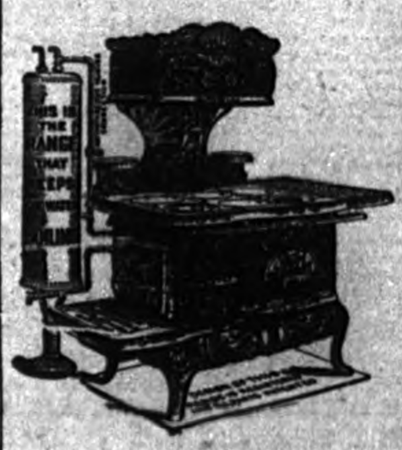
You all know that there has been a very large increase in all woollen goods, but having placed my orders before the increase and having bought much heavier than usual and having obtained the largest cash discounts I am in a position to give you much lower prices than ever before, and if you take advantage of the present stock you will get the benefit of the low prices.

Leave your orders early and get the pick of the paterns.

I keep as usual a full line of Gent's Furnishing, Hats and Caps.

I also have a special department for cleaning and pressing suits on short notice and moderate prices.

Main Street, - Lachute.



Stoves! Stoves!

Happy Thought Ranges

—:o:—

McClary Furnaces.

—:o:—

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

G. Y. Deacon, - West End, Lachute

Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874

Head Office: - Ottawa, Canada.

Capital Paid Up - - -	$ 4,000,000
Rest and Undivided Profits -	4,978,299
Total Assets over - - -	50,000,000

Board of Directors:

HON. GEORGE BRYSON, President. JOHN B. FRASER, Vice-President
SIR HENRY N. BATE, DAVID MACLAREN,
RUSSELL BLACKBURN, DENIS MURPHY,
SIR HENRY K. EGAN, HON. SIR GEORGE H. PERLEY,
E. C. WHITNEY.
GEORGE BURN, General Manager.
D. M. FINNIE, Asst-General Manager.
W. DUTHIE, Chief Inspector.

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. B. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

Hay and Straw at Close Market Prices

W. J. BOYD, *Licensed Auctioneer*
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued).

"I do not suppose it would; but where is the nearest stopping-place?"

"Ah Lyonsmere, six miles beyond. The accommodation train leaves here at ten minutes of one will meet it."

"Good!" said Southwood. "Confusion seize this thing—how heavy it is."

He stood upright, with the ponderous musical instrument weighing him down, as the world was supposed to weigh down Atlas.

"The signor will now know how to pity the poor man!" said Allegrini, with a sinister grin.

And so the tall and long-bearded gentleman, in broadcloth, diamond studs, and fine linen, who had sneaked into the organ grinder's squalid home, came out therefrom so different that his own mother, had he possessed any such living relative would scarcely have recognized him, and started slowly down the dusty road, his shoulders bent to the true organ carrying angle, his dark eyes looking furtively out from under the brim of his Tyrolese hat, and Pounce chattering and mewing upon the extremest top of the organ.

It was well that he had allowed himself plenty of time to reach the little wayside station, where the only other waiting passengers were two workmen with their dinner-pails, a fat woman with a market-basket, and a stiff man with a white neck-cloth, who read a small duodecimo, and looked like a clergyman, for the weight of his unusual burden was so great that he was compelled to move moderately, and the sultriness of the burning noontide by no means added to the convenience of things. As it was, he reached the station just before the train steamed up to the station at Lyonsmere, where he stepped nimbly on board the express.

"Can't take that thing in here," said a brakeman, repulsing him as he was about to enter a passenger-car.

He smiled, muttered a few words of artistically broken English, and proffered a silver coin. The brakeman looked at it, glanced stealthily around, to make sure that no one was observing him, and pocketed it.

"There ain't no objection to your going in the baggage-car," said he. "Look alive! Run down the platform and jump aboard lower down!"

As Southwood scrambled into the baggage-car, the organ weighed him backward, and Pounce skilfully balancing himself on the top of the rail, two men in plain black emerged from the smoking-car, and spoke a whispered word or two to the conductor, as they glanced keenly around the compartment.

"Next train at two-thirty, sir!" said the conductor, touching his cap.

The men descended to the platform, the conductor gave the signal of starting.

"Dog's-head!" said he to the baggage-master who sat upon a pile of valises, with a blank book in his hand.

"Eh?" said the baggage-master. "Been through the train?"

"Yes."

"So that's what made us two minutes behind time?"

The conductor nodded his head.

"There's a big villain of a forger somewhere in hiding between here and the Branch," said he, "and all the police are on the alert. They've offered a thousand dollars reward!"

"Wish I had it," said the baggageman. "Now look here. Which is the lot of trunks for the next station?"

While the Italian organ-grinder, who had been sitting with "his chin in" his hands, and his eyes fixed with the meaningless, half-comprehensive stare of a grown-up child on the face of the interlocutor, called Pounce to him with a whistle, and began to feed him with bits of broken cracker as if his monkey's appetite was the only matter of importance to the world.

Three hours later, still with the organ and monkey, Leon Southwood toiled up a narrow street, not exactly in the limits of the Five Points, but near enough to be called certain german to it—a street where the uneven pavement presented a constant succession of pitfalls to the uninitiated, and where foul and noisome gutters festered in the stirless atmosphere. Here and there bearded-looking men, in their shirt sleeves, sat or stood in the open doors, while women leaned from the windows, and children tumbled over one another under the very heels of the horses belonging to itinerant venders of cabbages, stale bananas bruised oranges, and clams, who worked their way along, patronized everywhere by a stream of untidy women, who seemed to spring up, as if by magic, from every door and cellar-way, and disappear with equal celerity and completeness.

At last he stopped before a discolored brick archway, through which a narrow alley led to a tall tenement house in the rear.

"Daddy Soper's rheumatism better?" he asked, carelessly, of a ruffianly-looking man, with beetle brows, and one eye tied up in a bandage, who stood there, with a short stump of a pipe in his mouth. The man started a little, and looked keenly at him.

"Any relation of his?" said he.

"Fellow," answered Southwood, easing the organ a little in its uninterrupting weight on his scarcely accustomed shoulders.

"Then you're welcome," said the man, with a jerk of his elbow in the direction of the alley-way; and Southwood, having exchanged the set of passwords, passed through, entered the tenement house, and slowly ascended flight after flight of shelving, uncarpeted stairs. At last he reached a door at the very top, where he tapped softly.

"Who's there?" demanded a hoarse voice.

"A friend," answered Southwood.

"Give the key-note," spoke the voice again.

"Wind is in the south!"

"Be—— it's southy!" cried a different voice; and Larry Haughton himself, seedier and more dilapidated than when he last appeared before our readers, opened the door to admit his ancient comrade.

Revere was smoking at an opposite window, looking more like a German Jew than ever, and two or three strangers sat at a round table in the middle of the room intent on a greasy pack of cards, while glass mugs of lager stood around, and a pungent odor of Limburger cheese pervaded the air.

Into this cluster of boon companions Leon Southwood, late "the glass of fashion and the mold of form" in the glittering circles of Long Branch, made his way, unstrapping the organ, and setting it down in a corner. Then he seated himself, wiped his forehead with a pocket-handkerchief, and possessing himself of the nearest glass of beer, drank it eagerly.

"Down on your luck, eh?" said Haughton, watching him, while Revere nodded as indifferently as if they had parted only three hours ago.

"And no less," said Southwood. "I'm blown! Split open! Give me some more beer. And can't a fellow get a mouthful to eat? Give the monkey something, too. He's a rum little customer, I know, but I don't want him to starve."

Poor little Pounce! He had visited many a peculiar locality in the course of his professional wanderings with Pietro Allegrini, but he never had found himself in such dubious company as this. For this tumble-down old tenement house was one of the worst burglars' dens in all the city of New York

CHAPTER XXXV.

The morning which dawned after the night of the famous ball at Long Branch brought a new complexity of despair and grief to more than one of the partakers in its brilliant whirl. Fenella Ferrier, driven nearly beside herself with rage, and at the same time blindly exultant in the revenge she believed herself to have consummated, was several degrees noisier and less refined than usual.

"You would have let him escape," she cried to her husband, as in a superb morning toilet of Swiss muslin and rose-colored ribbons she strode up and down the room like a tragedy heroine on the stage—"the man who served me such a contemptible trick—the man who stole twenty-five thousand dollars of my papa's money—and all because he is married to Leslie Ford!"

"Would you wish your cousin's husband to become a prison convict, Fenella?" asked Lucian, sternly.

"A fig for the relationship," recklessly returned Fenella. "My cousin, indeed—a scheming adventuress—a girl who dares to flaunt herself here as a belle and a beauty. My goodness! you should hear what Miss Calderon says about her. Why, she fairly stole her husband away from Miss Calderon, when they were as good as engaged—a pretty husband, indeed! I should think she must be proud of him now!"

"Is it her fault, Fenella, that Edmund St. Just has turned out to be a villain?" reasoned Ferrier. "My dear Fenella, if you can not be womanly, at least be logical."

"I don't care," angrily retorted the bride. "It serves her right for having cut the ground from under another woman's feet! And it's not the first girl whose beau she has tried to steal away either," with a vindictive toss of the head. "But, of course, you will take Leslie's part—the men are all bewitched about her. It's a fine thing to be a gentleman's beauty, to be sure."

To this taunt Mr. Ferrier deigned no reply, and after waiting a second or two his wife began again.

"If you had handed him over to the police at once, he would have been safely locked up by this time, and papa would have had some chance of getting back his twenty-five thousand dollars. I can't think what possessed you to let him go, St. Just, indeed! And rich! And fashionable!"

"Fenella," said Mr. Ferrier, "Leslie is your cousin. She is in very great trouble. Do you not think that it would be the part of a true friend to go to her, to offer to be of use?"

"Lucian," exclaimed Fenella, her voice rising to a scream, "are you crazy? I shall not go near her! Do you suppose I want to identify myself with the wife of a runaway forger? Do you suppose I am going to swear eternal friendship to a woman who will be the contempt and derision of the whole place by noon? Where are you going?" as her husband rose.

"Out on the beach."

"And leave me?"

"In your present mood I think I am better at a distance from you, Fenella," he answered, coldly.

Mrs. Ferrier burst into angry tears.

"A polite way of treating your wife," she sobbed out. "And it's all Leslie Ford's fault. I'll telegraph to papa. I'll ask him to come here after me! I'll tell him just how shamefully you are behaving."

And Mlle. Celine, the French maid, hurried to the rescue, with cologne and sal volatile, just as Lucian Ferrier closed the opposite door behind him.

Nor was this the first time that the young husband felt that he had purchased pecuniary ease at altogether too exorbitant a price.

In the meanwhile, poor Leslie, sitting alone in her room, was trying to accustom herself to the terrible fact that she was the wife of a forger!

When first awakened, after the short and fevered sleep into which she had fallen, all dressed as she was, her head resting on the sofa, and the roll of bills yet lying on her lap, she scarcely knew where she was or what had happened. The roses were wilting in her hair, the diamond circlets flashed in the soft folds of her costly lace shawl, and one white glove lay on the floor at her feet, while the other was still upon her hand.

Alas! poor Leslie! it was an awaking bitterer than death itself!

But as she gradually comprehended the strange and unexpected situation in which she found herself, the necessity for immediate action impressed itself upon her mind.

She rang the bell; Nathalie, the maid, answered it—and Leslie thought it could hardly be her own imagination, that gave her the idea of a certain pitying insolence in the girl's manner.

"Nathalie," said she, "give me a black silk dress. Take off these jewels."

Nathalie looked around as if expecting to see some one else.

"It is true, then, madame?" she said, in a lowered voice.

"What is true?"

"That monsieur has gone!"

"Who says he has gone?" asked Leslie.

"Everybody!" cried Nathalie, clasping her hands theatrically. "Oh, madame, it is of the most terrible! The whole place is ringing with the tidings most lamentable that monsieur is a forger—a fugutive from justice! In vain I protest that it is all a base fabrication—no one credite my poor assertion!"

"You may save yourself the trouble of contradiction, Nathalie," said Leslie, her voice unconsciously quivering. "It is true."

"Mon Dieu, madame! But then, in such an instance as this, madame must remember that a poor girl has her character to look to!"

"Do you mean that you are going to leave me?"

"For the protection of myself, madame, I must."

Leslie bit her lip.

"So be it," said she. "From this moment you are discharged."

And, with trembling hands, she counted out the amount of Nathalie's wages (salary, that refined young lady was in the habit of phrasing it), and scarcely listened to the loquacious adieus which Nathalie rained upon her.

"If you will have the goodness to send a servant here from the hotel office, with my bill, I shall be greatly obliged," she said, curtly, as she shut the door in Nathalie's protesting face.

Hurriedly exchanging her costume for a plain black silk, with only a liese ruffle at the throat and wrists, and no ornaments, she took out the splendid dresses and jewels which had of late been showered upon her in Midas-like plenty, the expensive ornaments and costly books.

"Lizzie," she said to the chamber-maid, who chanced just then to enter the apartment, "is Madame Diane in her apartment this morning?"

"She was, ma'am, when I took fresh towels into her room, half an hour ago," answered the girl.

Mme. Diane was a handsome, overblown French woman, with a soupcon of Jewish blood in her ancestry—a lady who, while occupying one of the best apartments in the hotel, and outdressing most of the guests, kept a strict eye to business by supplying half-worn toilets to economically minded ladies, who wished to shine at small expense, during dresses of capricious belles, who were tired of them, or desired to realise a little money by prompt notice, or even hiring out dresses by the night, a series of transactions by which Madame Diane made a snug little sum of money. Nor, as was popularly rumored, did Mme. Diane disdain to do a little private pawnbroking, when occasion offered, being always ready to advance money on any temporary loan in the way of diamonds, rich lace, or precious stones.

To this convenient personage Leslie Ford now applied in the hour of her extremity, and in a very few minutes Mme. Diane rustled, beaming, into the room.

"Ah, my poor friend," she cried, seizing Leslie by both hands, and giving her a kiss that smelled strongly of onion stew, "I have heard all! Accept my sympathies—my heartfelt condolence!"

"Pardon me, Madame Diane," said Leslie, "but it was not for this I sent for you. I wished to see you on business matters exclusively."

"Ah!" Mme. Diane's face sharpened down into an expression of the intensest vigilance. "Excuse the impulses of a heart which has ever been attuned to the tenderest sympathies—and let me know in what I can be of use to you?"

"I wish to sell my dresses, lace and jewels," said Leslie. "And if I could also dispose of these books, photograph album, carved ivory roots, and Sevres china, I should be glad. What is the most you can give me for them?"

Mme. Diane pulled a pearl-mounted memorandum book from her pocket, and put a gold pencil case to her lips, preparatory to a rapid inventory and rough estimate of this tempting quarry. She held up the dresses to the light, examined the style and quality of their trimmings with the eye of a connoisseur, examined the lace through a magnifying glass, and handled every jewel and ornament separately. Presently she broke the silence.

"By the single one or lump?" said she.

"I wish to sell them altogether," said Leslie, rightly divining that "the lump" meant wholesale.

"I will give you twenty-five hundred dollars for them!" said Mme. Diane, with a nod.

"My husband said the diamonds alone were worth more than two-thirds that sum," said Leslie, her heart failing within her.

"Ah, ma fille, I dare say he may have paid that for them out of the store," said Mme. Diane, patronizingly. "But to sell an article at second-hand—if one gets half price one must be satisfied. And really, I am doing the liberal thing by you, Mrs. St. Just!"

"I think they are worth more than you offer, madame," persisted Leslie.

"Eh, bien!" said Mme. Diane, with a shrug of her shoulders. "It is not a compulsory matter. I offer what I can afford. If any one else will do better by you, I do not object. I waive my claims."

Leslie hesitated a moment. She knew very well that she was being swindled, but there seemed no alternative left to her. Money she must have. The elegant relics of her brief honey-moon were, in themselves, of no more value than so many cobwebs and bits of splintered glass and to dispose of them here and at once, was infinitely better than to drag them about with her, wheresoever she might be compelled to go.

"Come," said Mme. Diane, perceiving her client's irresolution, "I will not be hard upon you, ma petite. Say twenty-six hundred cash down!"

"Very well," said Leslie. And so the bargain closed.

As Mme. Diane swept out of the room, her face radiant with the consciousness of the bargain she had driven, a servant came with a bill made out in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund St. Just.

"Six hundred dollars!"

Leslie shuddered at the amount; but there was nothing for it but to pay, which she did, feeling painfully that the money was received with but scant courtesy.

"Everybody knows it," she murmured to herself, the crimson tide of shame mounting to her temples, as the man went out. "And those who do not despise me look upon me with a pity which is nearly as galling."

Counting the roll of bills which St. Just had thrown into her lap just before he made his retreat out of the open window, she found that her little store of money amounted to nearly three thousand dollars.

"It is not a large sum, compared with what my husband has stolen from them," she thought; "but even this slight restitution will lift some of the sickening weight off my soul."

And rising, she took the money in her hand, and made her way toward the office of the hotel.

It was like the old Indian torture of running the gantlet. The halls and verandas were full of people, some of whom had just come out from breakfast, and others were enroute to hear the band play. A significant whisper and thrill went by, as she glided along the broad corridor, with crimsoned cheeks and downcast eyes, and she thought she never should reach the office.

(To be continued.)

WHEN BREVITY WON.

How a Salesman Secured a Large Order.

A travelling salesman tells the following story in the Sunday Magazine: After a discouraging fortnight I reached a large mill town in my territory early one Monday afternoon. I made a few calls on some of the shopkeepers, and learned that Peter Campbell, owner of one of the most unpretentious stores in town, sold more soap than all the others put together.

"He supplies about all the mills in the place with soap," I was told; "but he's a quaint old codger, a Scotsman, who'd as soon waste a dollar as a word. His only objection to the Imperial's man, with whom he does all his soap business, is that he talks too much."

I found Campbell a man of seventy odd years old. He was doing a nice little business with the sole aid of a chap of sixteen, who acted as driver, errand boy and assistant salesman. I waited until Campbell had finished tying up a bundle for a customer, then slowly aproached him. He took me in at a glance, from the top of my derby to the tip of my shoe, and the following conversation ensued:

Campbell—Buy?

Myself—No; sell.

"What?"

"Soap," handing him my card.

"Satisfied—Imperial."

"Beat 'em, deliveries prompt, terms right."

"Imperial'll do."

"Ship trial order, guarantee satisfaction, money back."

"See your stuff."

At his last words, I opened my grip and showed him my attractive line without a word. He carefully handled every sample in the case, smelled it, ran it over his face, almost bit it, observed the price with an occasional shrug of his shoulders and a grunt. Then he abruptly left me and went into his office, a mere hole in the wall, with a desk and chair in it. I nervously packed up my case, wondering if by chance he would give me a good order.

After a wait of ten minutes, he returned with a paper in his hand. Giving my back a resounding whack, he handed me the paper, and said:

"Order—rush—come again."

With a hasty handshake I was off, and when, at the corner of the street, out of sight, I finally opened my order, I was staggered. It was a whopper, my first big one, and the beginning of my success as a soap salesman.

TRAGEDIES OF THE WORLD

GREATEST OF ALL HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

This Earth Has Seen Greater Slaughters Than That of Present War.

There is no doubt but that the present European war will be classed among the greatest of this particular world's tragedies, but there have been others—many, in fact—far worse than the slaughter in Europe.

Man has lived on this planet at least 1,000,000 years. What man did a million or a half million years ago we have practically no means of knowing. He may have written long detailed histories of his deeds, but time is a rigid destroyer, and the only thing we can do is to study the few relics which have been preserved from the ravages of the elements and be satisfied with the little actual knowledge given when we find the bones of a man alongside those of some wonderful beast. Finding these in the centres of huge rocks, rocks which nature must have taken ages to make, we concoct a story of the early days of man, but that is all..

An Awful Disaster.

Coming down to the historical period we first come to one of the greatest of all historical mysteries, the destruction of Atlantis, the total disappearance of an entire continent, with a loss of 26,000,000 human beings. Atlantis was a moderate-sized continent, said to have been west of the Straits of Gibraltar. One day it was teeming with human beings, the next day it had sunk completely into the ocean. This is supposed to have happened at least 10,000 years ago, because it is mentioned in the Egyptian Book of the Dead, and that particular Bible is known to have been written at least previous to the year 7350 B.C. The submerging of the continent is also mentioned in the Assyrian books of 6500 B.C., likewise in Chinese books of 7000 B.C. Later, in our period references to the awful disaster were made by Homer, Horace, Plato and others. It is one of the greatest mysteries in all human history, but the contour of the ocean where the continent is supposed to have been gives color to the belief that such a continent did sink in that locality.

The flood of the Hebrews was supposed to have happened in the year 3338 B.C., and to have destroyed more than 100,000,000 human beings.

In the year 580 B.C. Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar and the loss of life totalled more than 500,000.

In comparing great battles the attack of Xerxes against Greece in 481 B.C. is entitled to rank. Xerxes marched forward with an army of 600,000 warriors and a navy of 4,200 ships. When the battle was ended Xerxes had only 58,000 men left. The loss of life in this war amounted to more than 1,000,000.

Darius III., of Persia, fought the Greeks in 341 B.C., at the battle of Granicus. In that one battle Darius lost more than 100,000 warriors and slew more than 80,000 Greeks.

195 Million People Died.

Probably the greatest tragedy in the world began in the year 330 B.C., when the bubonic plague appeared in Asia and continued until it had destroyed the lives of 195,000,000 persons.

The Plains of Lombardy ran blood in 102 B.C., when the Teutons were attacked by the Romans. The Romans killed more than 100,000 warriors outright, losing an almost equal number. When it was seen that the Romans had won, all the women and children, numbering about 130,000, killed themselves, the mothers first killing their children and then taking their own lives in order to prevent capture and worse from the Romans.

Mithridates, king of Pontius, is rarely mentioned nowadays, but in the year 88 B.C., he was the terror of the world. He killed his own family, slaughtered seven different kings and their courts, marched through Asia and left everywhere trails of dead. He invaded Greece and there slaughtered nearly 500,000 human beings, then he marched against Rome with awful carnage. In his own army he lost only 85,000 men, but he is thought to have killed at least twenty times that number of his enemies.

The Emperor Titus was counted one of the greatest soldiers ever produced by Rome, and for his almost miraculous slaughter he was entitled "the joy of the world." In the year 70 Titus made Jerusalem a charnel house. It is estimated that during the siege

He Killed 2,500,000 Jews.

Finally the living behind the walls of Jerusalem became so weak they could no longer throw their dead over the walls, and then Titus marched in with his victorious army. When the sun set Titus had killed every man, woman and child in the place, and his soldiers actually waded ankle-deep in blood in the gutters.

One and one-half million troops were engaged in the battle of Guagamelica between Alexander and Darius. Three quarters of both armies are said to have been exterminated. This was in 331 B.C.

Burgundians under Radagaisus swept towards Rome in 406. They formed an army of a quarter of a million men, and killed every human being in their line of march. It is estimated that these Burgundians killed at least 1,000,000 men, not to mention women and children. Stilecho met the gigantic army, then consisting of 240,000 warriors, and slew every one of them.

Attila, the Hun, the Scourge of God, started from some portion of Asia in the year 434 with an army of 1,000,000 warriors. They laid all Europe in waste, and chroniclers declared that during his terrible career Attila and his men slaughtered several millions of human beings, the conservative estimate crediting him with 3,500,000 in eight months. On the Plains of Chaldon Attila left by actual count 106,000 dead upon the field.

The Crusades for the recovery of the holy tomb from the infidels began in the year 1096, and comprise one of the most terrible dramas in the history of the world. It is estimated that no fewer than 6,000,000 human beings were killed during these crusades.

During One Crusade

it was decided to send innocent children to accomplish the deed which guilty men might not be able to do. As a result 32,000 children were lost at sea, while an equal number were killed or made slaves on land.

Bubonic plague appeared in Europe in 1302. It had started in Asia, where more than 200,000,000 of human beings perished. After reaching Europe the plague lasted twenty years, and during that period it carried off 40,000,000 persons. When it began Norway had a population of 2,500,000, when it ended this great population had been reduced to fewer than 300,000.

Black death became epidemic in Asia and Europe in 1425. In a few years this black death had carried off 25,000,000 persons in Europe and 85,000,000 in Asia. In streets and roadways the dead decayed where they happened to fall. During the 800 years up to this period the plague is estimated to have killed more than 900,000,000 human beings in Europe and Asia.

When the Jews lost the upper hand in Spain there were 1,500,000 of them living in that country. They were given three days in which to leave Spain or suffer death. Of the 1,500,000 only about 200,000 were able to flee within the 72 hours, and all the others were slaughtered.

PREDICTION OF A SURGEON.

Says the Kaiser Will Die in Battle or Asylum.

In the "Revue de Psychotherapic," of Geneva, Switzerland, Dr. Neipp, vice-president of the Swiss Academy of Medicine, publishes a curious analysis of the physical and mental characteristics of the two allied emperors. He considers these two potentates, who are politically and morally responsible for the catastrophes under which the world is now suffering, to be medically scarcely answerable for their acts.

"The case of Emperor Francis Joseph is simple. With an extraordinary robust physical constitution, he possesses a nervous and sensitive equipment below the average. His retreating low forehead, small brain capacity, and thick skull are apparent signs of this inferiority. He seems never to have understood, and hardly to have felt, what has been going on around him. The most fearful domestic tragedies and public dramas have left him with an untroubled digestion and a mind free for ordinary occupations and amusements. After summing up a technical diagnosis of his case, Dr. Neipp predicts that the Emperor-King will probably vegetate for a few more years after the inevitable dismemberment of the monarchy, and end his days in senile imbecility.

"The case of the Kaiser is more complicated. Here we have a nature exceptionally endowed with intellectual faculties enough to have made him a good officer or public servant if he had been born in private life. But his childhood and youth were passed in the intoxication of the Prussian triumphs of 1866 and 1870, which turned his head, until Teutonic pride was cubed in his brain, at the same time that will-power degenerated to such a degree that it was not equal to restraining the abnormal growth of unbridled ambition. To do him justice, it must be allowed that this pathological condition of the Kaiser's intelligence is probably due in a great measure to his state of physical health, arising from hereditary taints. The symptoms of congenital ailments are numerous—one arm atrophied, swellings of the joints, and ear trouble. The Kaiser suffers from agonizing headaches and frequent insomnia."

Dr. Neipp concludes that if Francis Joseph is a victim of want of will-power, the Kaiser is a hyperacute slave to caprice, and liable to intermittent attacks of melancholy, madness, or dangerous lunacy.

The professor is of opinion that the Kaiser will either put an end to himself in battle or finish in an asylum.

Gossip.

"Bliggins seems to be remarkably fond of mushrooms."

"He isn't. His married life is so unhappy that he keeps eating mushrooms in hope that he will get a toadstool by mistake."

Barn Roofing

Fire, Lightning Rust and Storm Proof

Durable and Ornamental

Let us know the size of any roof you are thinking of covering and we will make you an interesting offer.

Metallic Roofing Co.

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MANUFACTURERS

TORONTO and WINNIPEG

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MACHINERY FOR SALE

Contents of Large Factory

Shafting one to three inches diameter; Pulleys twenty to fifty inches; Belting four to twelve inches. Will sell entire or in part.

No reasonable offer refused

S. FRANK WILSON & SONS

73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND TRADE MARK

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.

$500 FOR A NAME

This is the beautiful new perfume, made in Canada, endorsed and used exclusively by Mde. Pauline Donalda, the famous Canadian Prima Donna.

We want a suitable name for it, and so will give.

$500 IN CASH PRIZES

as follows:—

$400.00 for the best name.
50.00 for the best description of the perfume.
25.00 for the second best name.
10.00 for the second best description.
5.00 for the third best description.

and ten $1.00 prizes for the next best descriptions.

The winner of the contest will be decided by a committee of Montreal's leading advertising men and their decision will be final. Should two or more contestants send in the winning name the prize will be equally divided, and an additional prize to the value of $5.00 will be given each successful contestant. No employees or members of this firm shall enter the contest. The contest closes at midnight, March 31st, 1915.

HOW TO ENTER:—To enable every contestant to try the new perfume before submitting their suggestion for a name, we make the following Special Offer:—For one dime, ten cents, we will send one of our Special Souvenir Bottles of the Perfume—regular 25 cents size—together with Free Contest Slip, and One Premium Coupon. All for 10 cents. It is necessary to have the Free Contest Slip to enter.

Write to-day. You will be delighted with the perfume, and have a chance to win the big prize.

RODGERS, GRAY & STEWART, PERFUMERS

Dept. W.I. 232 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.

ALMOST EVERY ONE NEEDS A TONIC

Almost everyone — man, woman and child—needs a tonic at some time. It is often said that a man is lazy because he takes little or no interest in his work; but the truth is he is not well. He needs a tonic. The same is true of a woman who does not hustle over her home work, but only feels fit to be in bed. She is not merely tired, but ill. A dull pain in the head or back, poor appetite, loss of strength with low spirits and loss of interest in life show that you need a tonic to brace up the nerves and give you a new lease of life. The proof is that when the right tonic is taken all the trouble quickly disappears. The one tonic—the only tonic—for weak and ailing men, women and children is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which speedily bring back abundant health, strength and energy. They have done this in thousands and thousands of cases as is proved by the following. Mr. Ed. A. Owen, Burdett, Alta., says:—"About two years ago my health was in a wretched condition. My whole system seemed to be run down and the doctor seemed puzzled at my condition. I had no appetite, exertion would leave me breathless, and I was troubled much with dizziness. All the medicine I took did me no good, and I was steadily growing weaker. My mother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before I had taken them very long I began to feel like a new man, and continuing their use, I was restored to complete health. I now recommend them to all run down in health as they are the best medicine I know of."

Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

VISION.

Dr. James L. Hughes, Toronto.

To see is greater than to know,
So I shall pray
That I may see a clearer glow
Of truth each day.

Though I know all that man has known
Blind I may be;
There is some glory I alone
Have power to see.

My vision, I must surely see,
Or fail to do
My work to make the future be
More grandly true.

Faith should be ever turned to sight,
So I shall try
To find new stars to give fresh light
On life's wide sky.

A Test for Maple Sugar.

A quick way of determining the purity of maple sugar, which has recently been put into practical use, depends upon the difference in electrical resistance of impure and pure sugar. Standards of resistance were determined by sending a current through a solution of pure sugar, and then by making similar tests with sugar adulterated by the ordinary methods. It is not only a simple matter to determine whether the sugar is or is not adulterated, but the form of adulterant is also usually indicated by the degrees of resistance.

OUR NATIONAL DISEASE

Caused by Tea and Coffee.

Physicians know that drugs will not correct the evils caused by tea or coffee and that the only remedy is to stop drinking it.

A doctor says:

"I was a coffee drinker for many years, and often thought that I could not do without it, but after years of suffering with our national malady, dyspepsia, I attributed it to the drinking of coffee, and after some thought determined to use Postum for my morning drink. (The effects on the system of tea and coffee drinking are very similar, because they each contain the drug, caffeine.)

"I had the Postum made carefully according to directions on the pkg. and found it just suited my taste.

"At first I used it only for breakfast, but I found myself getting so much better that I had it at all meals, and I am pleased to say that I have been relieved of indigestion, I gained 19 pounds in 4 months and my general health is greatly improved.

"I must tell you of a young lady. She had been in ill health for many years, the vital forces low, with but little pain. I wrote her of the good that Postum did me and advised her to try it.

"At the end of the year she wrote me that she had gained 40 pounds in weight and felt like herself again."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor,, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

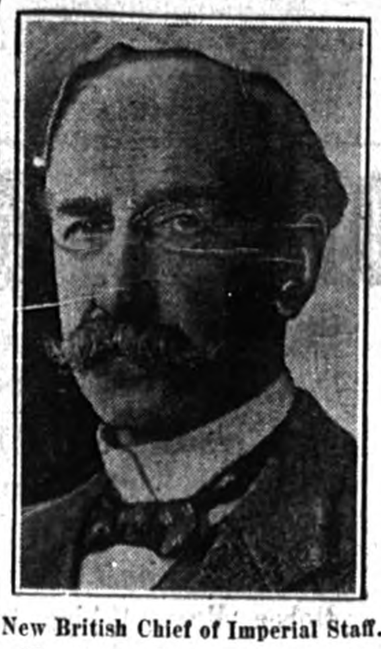
Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of cold 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.



New British Chief of Imperial Staff.

The photo shows Lieut-Gen. Sir James Wolfe Murray, K.C.B., appointed chief of the Imperial General Staff in succession to the late General Sir C. W. H. Douglas, G. C.B. Born in 1853, the new chief of the Imperial General Staff was educated at Glenalmond, Harrow, and the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1872. As Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel he served in the Ashanti War of 1875, being in command of lines of communication. He was commanding lines of communication in Natal during the South African campaign, and was twice mentioned in despatches. Colonel in 1899, he was created K. C.B. in the following year. He was Quartermaster of India in 1903-4, Master-General of the Ordnance 1904-7, and, in command of the 9th (Secunderabad) Division, India, 1907-11.

BABY'S BATTLES

Baby's battles for health can be easily won if the mother will constantly keep at hand the means of aiding her little ones when the emergency may arise. Baby's Own Tablets should be found in every home where there are small children. The Tablets are a gentle but thorough laxative. They break up colds; relieve croup; prevent constipation; cure indigestion; promote sleep, and in fact cure all the minor ills of little ones. They are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COMMANDER SAMSON.

Kaiser Offers $5,000 for Him, Dead or Alive.

"A flying Captain Kettle," is the term applied to Commander Samson by his colleagues in the British Naval Air Service, for the brilliant aviator, with his small, well-knit frame and pointed beard, bears a remarkable resemblance to the well-known sea captain of fiction. His feats in the present war have so impressed the Kaiser that he has offered $5,000 reward to anyone who will bring him to Berlin alive or dead.

Commander Samson is one of our cleverest naval flyers, and a short time back he did much to organize the Naval Air Service of Great Britain, which is generally recognized to be the most efficient in the world. When the commander first became associated with this branch of the service it practically existed only in the form of a blue-papered docket resting in a pigeon-hole at the Admiralty. That was little over a year ago, and now the British seaplane service is a solid bulwark between Britain and its foes. Night and day its members are guarding Britain's shores from invasion by hostile aircraft, as well as conducting transports across the English Channel, Commander Samson has had much to do with this rapid growth. In addition to being a clever organizer and commander of men, this famous naval man is a born flyer, and few men can handle the great 120 horsepower seaplanes of the navy so skilfully. These machines weigh over one ton, and they have to be landed on ocean rollers at a speed of sixty miles an hour. On one occasion Comander Samson, through the reflection of the waves, misjudged the drop to water and dived underneath it. The force of hitting the water at high speed crashed him against the engine at his back, but, though stunned by the fall,, he managed to fight his way through the wires and struts which threatened to strangle him and reach the surface alive.

His past training as a sailor has resulted in the commander developing into a typical "handy man." In the early days of the war he forsook his flying for a short while and took command of an armored motor-car. It was this vehicle which succeeded in annihilating a brigade of German cavalry by dashing into them at a great speed, mowing many down with the car itself, whilst the gunners behind the shot-proof walls accounted for the rest.

Although bearded, Commander Samson is in the early "thirties," and he is considered to be the ideal type of aviator, for the recklessness of youth in his case is leavened by the experience of years.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

"What are you anyway," contemptuously inquired Mrs. Peck during the quarrel, "a man or a mouse?" "A man," answered Henry Peck bitterly. "If I were a mouse I'd have you up on that table right now yelling for help."

She Was In Bed For Seven Weeks

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MADAME BERUBE.

Montreal Lady Tells How, After Four Years' Illness, She Found a Complete Cure For All Her Troubles.

Montreal, Que., Feby. 1st (Special)—Madame J. Baptiste Berube, residing at 1393 Logan Avenue, this city, asserts that after four years' suffering from kidney disease she has been completely restored to health by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had a pain in my left side around the heart," Madame Berube says in her statement. "I suffered constantly with headache and backache, and for seven weeks I was in bed with kidney disease and feebleness. The doctor could not help me, so I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"After the first box I was some better. I continued to use Dodd's Kidney Pills till now the palpitation has left me, and I am a well woman, able to do my work. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me and I recommend them to all persons who suffer as I did."

Notice how many women are rising to tell their suffering sisters they can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills. The reason is that nine-tenths of women's ills spring from diseased or disordered kidneys. Every woman whose kidneys show signs of weakness should use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Navigation Explained.

The Gurkas, who came from India to France to take their place in the British firing line, were sometimes very amusing during the long voyage to Europe. When they had been at sea two whole days without seeing land, writes an English officer to the London Times, they became very much disturbed in mind. "Without doubt, the captain of the ship has lost his way," they said, but they counseled together and decided at last that all was well. Some one asked them how they reached this decision. They led him to the stern of the vessel and pointed to the long wake of water boiling behind them, and said with a smile as broad as the greatness of the discovery, "Without doubt he follows the path."

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

Wellington's Blunt Phrase.

Certainly most of Wellington's remarks about the British soldier are not likely to be echoed by any commander-in-chief of the present day. But there is one, uttered to Mr. Creevey before the battle of Waterloo, which with all its bluntness is thoroughly appropriate to the position to-day. They were watching a British infantry soldier entering a park at Brussels. "There," said the Duke, pointing to the man; "it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it, and I am sure."—London Chronicle.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Another Rumor.

"I have some astonishing news for you, Maria," said Brown. "In addition to the war Britain is on the eve of a great strike, in which thousands upon thousands of hands will be involved." "What a dreadful thing!" ejaculated his unsuspecting victim. "When is it to take place?" "This very night, my dear," answered Brown, gravely. "At midnight thousands of clock hands will point to the hour and it will strike twelve."

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon, Pigeon & Davis, patent solicitors, Montreal, report that 99 Canadian patents were issued for the week ending January 12th, 1915, 73 of which were granted to Americans, 18 to Canadians, and 8 to residents of foreign countries.

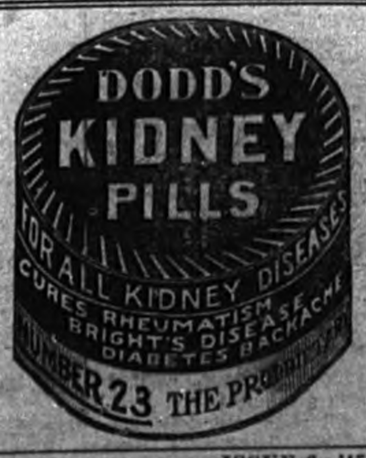
He Had.

"Have you ever thought seriously of marriage, sir?"

"Indeed, I have; ever since the ceremony."

A Wind's Fancy.

"The wind," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "was blowing at a terrific velocipede."



Joint and Muscle Pains Banished by Nerviline

IT CURES RHEUMATISM.

Thousands of people, chuck full of the joy of living—happy, glad, bright people, that Nerviline has cured of their pains, all tell the same wonderful story of its power to drive out the aches and tortures of rheumatism and kindred ills.

"My goodness, but Nerviline is a miracle-worker," writes Mrs. Charlotte Chipman, mother of a well-known family residing at Mount-Pleasant. "Last month I was so crippled up with sciatica and muscular rheumatism as to be almost unable to do a bit of housework. My joints were so stiff and the mucles so frightfully sore that I even cried at times with the pain. For years we have used Nerviline in our family and I just got busy with this wonderful, good old liniment. Lots of rubbing with Nerviline soon relieved my misery and I was in a real short time about my work as usual."

No matter where the ache is, no matter how distressing the pain you can rub it away with Nerviline. For forty years it has been curing lumbago, sciatica, backache, colds, chest trouble and all sorts of winter ills. Keep a large 50c. family size bottle handy and you'll be saved lots of trouble and have smaller doctor bills. Small trial size 25c. at dealers everywhere.

"Doctor" Jellicoe.

When Mr. Churchill told the British House of Commons that the health of the sailors was nearly twice as good as in times of peace he raised a cheer and a laugh. He might have added that "Doctor" Jellicoe was very largely responsible for this happy state of affairs, for certainly no commander-in-chief has ever more jealously watched over his men than the present commander-in-chief of the grand fleet. His first care is food supply, second clothes, and third recreation; and Lady Jellicoe seems to be acting as a remarkably energetic member of his "staff" on shore to see that he gets all he wants in the way of comforts for his "chickens."

The Cigarette and War.

The cigarette has already figured in many stirring scenes, and even in the shadow of death it has been Tommy's close friend. Who will forget the gallant commander of the Formidable going down coolly smoking his last cigarette? Who will forget the sailors lighting their pipes when they knew their ship was doomed? "Give us a smoke" has been the last words of many a dying hero. It has brought a smile to the wounded Tommy and has comforted him in pain and hunger since the war began.

DEATH REPORTED

An old offender that hung on for years. Nothing touched his stony heart but Putnam's Corn Extractor and out he came, root, stem and branch. All corns cured just as quickly when Putnam's is used; try it, 25c. at all dealers.

KETTLE VALLEY RAILWAY.

Links Up the C.P.R. with United States Railways.

What the completion of the Kettle Valley Railway will mean to transcontinental traffic, both freight and passenger, was explained by Mr. J. J. Warren, the president of the company, who has been spending a few days' east. For years past the Canadian Pacific Railway has been wrestling with the problem of reducing grades in the Rocky Mountain section, and it is probable that it will continue to struggle for years to come. Even in days when expension work is necessarily restricted and curtailed, orders are given, for example, to push the work on the Rogers Pass tunnel to completion. But with the Kettle Valley Railway and the Kootenay Central Railway in operation the Canadian Pacific will have alternative routes from the main line, which should at once make much more economical the handling of trains to the Pacific Coast. The Kettle Valley line in Southern British Columbia, which links up with railways in the United States, and with the Canadian Pacific, which has running rights over it, will make an admirable alternative route by way of the Crow's Nest Pass, as its grades nowhere exceed 2 per cent., while the Kootenay Central has an average grade of less than 1 per cent. The Kettle Valley line will also be of great value to the fruit growers of the Okanagan Valley, as it touches Penticton and Summerland, and puts them into direct touch with the mining districts of Southern British Columbia. As a scenic route the line should prove attractive to tourists, as the southern end of the Okanagan Valley is by far the most picturesque portion of this favored section of British Columbia. By early summer the full passenger service will be in operation, and Mr. Warren expects that a large volume of the transcontinental travel will be diverted to his line.

Once a ferryman was asked by a timid lad in his boat whether any persons were ever lost in that river. "Oh, no," said he. "We always finds 'em again the next day."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

It's a shame what bad little boys think of good little boys.

TOWN IS SAVED BY RABBI.

Promised German General That People Would Be Good.

Rabbi Salomon Bamberger, of Luenheim, a small town near the frontier of Alsace, says the Hebrew Standard, has been instrumental in saving the town from destruction by the Germans. Some of the inhabitants having been found guilty of espionage in the interests of France, the German general imagining that there were several more traitors, threatened to burn the town.

The inhabitants became so terror stricken that Rabbi Bamberger decided to make a personal appeal to the general to spare the town. Attired in his canonicals and wearing his Tallis and Tephillin, the octogenarian rabbi proceeded to the general's quarters and offered himself as a hostage for the loyalty of the population. He reminded the general of God's promise to Abraham that Sodom would be spared if ten righteous men could be found. The general was so touched by the rabbi's earnestness that he decided to abandon his cruel intention, at the same time refusing to accept the rabbi's offer to be hostage for the townspeople's good conduct.

Up in the Air.

"What are Betty and Jack quarrelling about now?"

"Oh, it's one of those wireless quarrels, I guess."

"Wireless quarrels? What do you mean?"

"Words over nothing, you know."

When a Woman Suffers With Chronic Backache

There is Trouble Ahead.

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion.

In the stores, factories, and on a farm are weak, ailing women, dragged down with the torturing backache and bearing down pains.

Such suffering isn't natural, but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kidneys.

The dizziness, insomnia, deranged menses and other symptoms of kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they require the assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which go direct to the seat of the trouble.

To give vitality and power to the kidneys, to lend aid to the bladder and liver, to free the blood of poisons, probably there is no remedy so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For all womanly irregularities their merit is well known.

Because of there mild, soothing, and healing effect, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe, and are recommended for girls and women of all ages. 25 cents per box at all dealers. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and butternut.

Unfair Advantage.

James—The rain falls alike on the just and the unjust.

Jones—True, but the unjust man is generally provided with the just man's umbrella.

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

His Discovery.

"I find," confessed skimpy little Mr. Meek, "that I do the housework easier and quicker when my wife is not at home to help me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

One Way Out.

"I wish I knew how to get rid of trouble."

"I'll help you out. I know a fellow who's always looking for it!"

LOW FARES TO THE CHICAGO EXPOSITIONS.

Via Chicago & North Western Ry.

Four splendid daily trains from the New Passenger Terminal, Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Choice of scenic and direct routes. Double track. Automatic electric safety signals all the way.

Let us plan your trip and furnish folders and full particulars.

B. H. Bennett, Gen. Agt., 46 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The Cause.

"How did you lose your hair?"

"Worry! I was in constant fear that I was going to lose it."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
And a fit of laughter gits ye,
An' yer spine is feeling proud,
Don't forget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feeling blue,
For the minute that you fling it
It's a boomerang to you.

You don't have to be a high flyer to demonstrate that riches take unto themselves wings.

BOILERS

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

POLSON IRON WORKS LIMITED TORONTO

Engineers and Shipbuilders.

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.

FARMS FOR SALE.

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

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

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

FOR SALE.

REGISTERED SHORTHORN AND Holstein Calves. T. J. Morrison, Durham.

NURSERY STOCK.

STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, POTATOES. Catalogue free. McConnell & Son, Port Burwell, Ont.

MALE HELP WANTED.

LEARN BARBER TRADE — ALWAYS sure employment at good wages; few weeks required to complete course write for full particulars and catalogue to-day. Moler Barber College, 219 Queen East, 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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PIGEON, PIGEON & DAVIS
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INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD TONIC

Makes Hens lay more eggs. Also keeps them healthy and vigorous. Sold in 25c., 50c. packages by dealers everywhere. Write for our New Book, "International Poultry Guide." Free. INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO. Limited, TORONTO, ONT.

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HARNESS

Prices must go up this spring, as leather is advancing rapidly. Buy now before the advance.

CATALOGUE FREE

Gives factory to farm prices on Harness, Harness Parts, Hardware and Horse Goods.

The HALLIDAY COMPANY Limited
FACTORY DISTRIBUTORS
HAMILTON, CANADA

ENGINE FOR SALE

New Wheelock 18 x 42
Automatic Valve

Complete operating condition, flywheel, frame, belt, cylinders and all parts. Can be shown running at present time.

Will sell at less than half cost price.

S. FRANK WILSON & SONS
73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

FOR colds in the chest or sore throats; for rheumatism or stiffness; for sprains and cramps. Capsicum "Vaseline" brings quick relief.

CAPSICUM Vaseline

Trademark
Made in Canada

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.; "Vaseline" Analgic, for neuralgia and headaches; pure "Vaseline," for piles, chilblains, etc., and others.

AVOID SUBSTITUTES. Insist on "Vaseline" in original packages bearing the name. CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Consolidated. For sale at all Chemists and General Stores. Free booklet on request.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Consolidated)
1880 CHABOT AVE., MONTREAL

G. L. Meikle & Co.

On Monday, February 15th, we are putting on Sale for the balance of month

1,500 yards of English Prints,

Regular 15c to 18c for

12 1-2 Cents.

500 Yards Art Sateen

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15 Cents.

White Front

G. L. MEIKLE & CO.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

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FOOTWEAR

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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.

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.

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397 Victoria Avenue,
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Montreal, P. Q. Westmount
Tel. Westmount 4849.

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.)

they reaped the reward of their abnegation and devotion.

At last the woman gave herself up to him in complete and entire abandonment without fear and without reproach; and at last the man took what was his own without the shadow of a reservation. She shrank from no pressure of his arms; she turned her face away from no touch of his lips. They two had proved their right to surrender by their ability to conquer.

Speech was hardly necessary between them, and it was not for a long time that coherent words came. Little murmurs of endearment, little passionate whispers of a beloved name—these were enough then.

When he could find strength to deny himself a little and to hold her at arm's length and look at her, he found her paler, thinner and more delicate than when he had seen her in the mountains. She had on some witching creation of pale blue and silver; he didn't know what it was; he didn't care—it made her only more like an angel to him than ever. She found him, too, greatly changed and highly approved the alterations in his appearance.

"Why, Will," she said at last, "I never realized what a handsome man you were."

He laughed at her.

"I always knew you were the most beautiful woman on earth."

"Oh, yes, doubtless when I was the only one."

"And if there were millions you would still be the only one. But it isn't for your beauty alone that I love you. You knew all the time that my fight against loving you was based upon a misinterpretation, a mistake; you didn't tell me because you were thoughtful of a poor woman."

"Should I have told you?"

"No, I have thought it all out. I was loyal through a mistake, but you wouldn't betray a dead sister; you would save her reputation in the mind of the one being that remembered her, at the expense of your own happiness. And if there were nothing else I could love you for that."

"And is there anything else?" asked she who would fain be loved for other qualities.

"Everything," he answered, rapturously drawing her once more to his heart.

"I knew that there would be some way," answered the satisfied woman softly after a little space; "love like ours is not born to fall short of the completest happiness. Oh, how fortunate for me was that idle impulse that turned me up the canon instead of down, for if it had not been for that there would have been no meeting—"

She stopped suddenly, her face aflame at the thought of the conditions of that meeting; she must needs hide her face on his shoulder.

He laughed gayly.

"My little spirit of the fountain, my love, my wife that is to be! Did you know that your father had done me the honor to give me your hand, subject to the condition that your heart goes with it?"

"You took that first," answered the woman looking up at him again.

There was a knock on the door. Without waiting for permission it was opened; this time three men entered, for old Kirkby had joined the group. The blushing Enid made an impulsive movement to tear herself away from Newbold's arms, but he shamefully held her close. The three men looked at the two lovers solemnly for a moment and then broke into laughter. It was Kirkby who spoke first.

"I hear as how you found gold 'n them mountains, Mr. Newbold."

"I found something far more valuable than all the gold in Colorado in these mountains," answered the other.

"And what was that?" asked the frontiersman, curiously and innocently.

"This!" answered Newbold as he kissed the girl again.

(THE END.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Mr. [illegible] free and [illegible] girl, is [illegible] by her uncle Armstrong, love with her.

CHAPTER II. [illegible] thrills the [illegible] Armstrong [illegible] out.

CHAPTER III.—[illegible] of a [illegible] wife follows [illegible] hurt that he [illegible] to prevent [illegible] while he went [illegible]

CHAPTER IV.—Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them.

CHAPTER V.—While Enid is bathing in the river in fancied solitude, a big bear appears on the bank and is about to plunge into the water to attack the girl when a shot rings out and the animal is killed by a strange man.

CHAPTER VI.—Enid is caught in a storm which wipes out her party's camp. She is dashed upon the rocks and injured. The strange man who shot the bear finds her unconscious and carries her to shelter.

CHAPTER VII.—Members of the searching party realizing that Enid is lost in the storm institute a frantic search for the missing girl.

CHAPTER VIII.—No trace of her is found and word is telegraphed to her father, James Armstrong is asking the father for Enid's hand when the telegram arrives expressing the belief that the girl is dead. Armstrong says he will find her, and Maitland agrees to their marriage if he succeeds.

CHAPTER IX.—Enid regains consciousness in the hut of the man who has rescued her from the bear, and he dresses her foot which had been severely injured.

CHAPTER X.—The girl spends a fairly comfortable night, but her host in the next room a restless one as he lives over days that are gone. He has some secret in his life.

CHAPTER XI.—Morning finds Enid refreshed and ready for the substantial breakfast the man has prepared for her.

CHAPTER XII.—Her rescuer goes in search of Enid's party, but returns at nightfall alone and unsuccessful. In his absence she discovers books which show him to be a man of education.

CHAPTER XIII.—Enid finds that she must remain in the mountains until her foot is better and the mountain trail passable, or permit her companion to leave her alone for a week while he goes in search of help. She decides to have him remain with her.

CHAPTER XIV.—A whole month passes before Enid's foot is thoroughly well and in the meantime she discovers that she is in love with the strange silent man who intrudes himself as little as possible on her notice.

CHAPTER XV.—The man comes to a realization of his love for her, but naturally in that strange solitude the relations of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strained.

CHAPTER XVI.—The stranger tells of a wife he had who is dead, and says he has sworn to ever cherish her memory by living in solitude. He and Enid, however, confess their love for each other. She learns that he is the man who killed his wife in the mountain.

CHAPTER XVII.—Enid discovers the writer of the letters to Newbold's wife to have been James Armstrong. Newbold decides to start to the settlement for help.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The man is racked by the belief that he is unfaithful to his wife's memory, and Enid is tempted to tell him of the letters in her possession.

CHAPTER XIX.—Armstrong, accompanied by Kirkby and Robert Maitland, start out on a systematic search for some trace of Enid. They find a note that Newbold had left in the deserted cabin, and know that the girl is in his keeping.

CHAPTER XX.—Newbold returns from hunting game and sees a man near the hut. It is James Armstrong, who has at last located the missing girl, and he enters the cabin.

CHAPTER XXI.—Armstrong pleads his love for Enid, but she reminds him of his affection for Newbold's wife. He grows insulting and Enid orders him from her presence. Newbold returns opportunely.

CHAPTER XXII.—He discovers the truth about Armstrong and would have killed him but for the interference of Kirkby and Maitland, who came upon the scene.

CHAPTER XXIII.—It develops that Armstrong was engaged in a plot to separate Newbold and his wife. He clears the woman's name and afterward ends his own life.

CHAPTER XXIV.—The story ends happily. The love of Newbold for the helpless Enid, whose life he had saved and whom he had guarded from harm in the mountain hut, is rewarded with the friendship of the father and uncle of the beautiful girl who becomes his wife.

THE RETORT SUITABLE

He was not a good card-player. He admitted it—his game was pin-pong. But that was no reason why his partner should be so disagreeable whenever he made mistakes.

After a particularly glaring error, the pestering partner turned upon him with real anger.

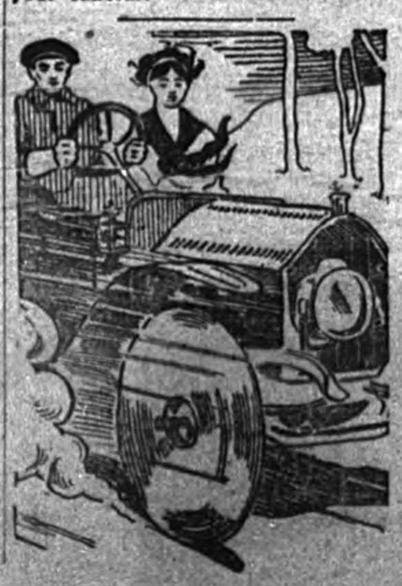
"Why didn't you follow my lead?" he asked.

"If I followed anybody's lead, sir," exclaimed the novice hotly, "it certainly wouldn't be yours!"

His partner snorted, and subsided. But, in the next hand, he threw down his cards in desperation.

"Look here!" he cried. "Didn't you see me call for a spade or club? Have you no black suit?"

"Yes, I have!" retorted the novice, with warmth. "But I'm keeping it for your funeral!"



NO NEED TO WORRY.

May—Goodness gracious, we'll be smashed up in a minute!

Motorist—All right, my dear, don't excite yourself. The firm I bought this car from agreed to keep it in repair for a year.

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