

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XLI

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1916.

NO. 37

Preserving Fruits

We have a splendid big shipment of
Plums, Peaches, Grapes Etc.
You can get your supply of Winter Apples
from us. Your choice of varieties.
Splendid line of Neillon's Chocolates.

Fruitbaskets for Sale (wholesale or retail).

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

DEATHS

KELLY.—At his late residence Grenville, Que., on Sept. 28th, 1916, John Kelly in his sixty-fifth year.

GORDON.—At Hill Foot, Lachute, on Sept. 28th, Hannah Shaw, dearly beloved wife of John Gordon, of East Settlement, aged 74 years.
Asleep in Jesus.

A Concert in aid of the Red Cross work will be held in the Stone Hall, Lachute, on Friday evening Oct. 13th. A good programme is being prepared. Candy and refreshments for sale. Admission 25c.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, has decided that in place of a gift of jewels to be given her in Germany and an appeal has been made to our Branch of the Red Cross. The smallest offering will be thankfully received and as the fund will close on Oct. 13th it is hoped that many will respond at once. Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Alexander Pres. of the Red Cross.

Water Taxes now Due.
Notification is hereby given that the water taxes are now due. The town officer intends to start out on his rounds of collection by the 1st of October, so those indebted will have same in readiness.

Millinery opening.
Miss Lavigne announces her Fall Millinery Opening at her parlors on Main St. opposite Post-office, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3, 4 and 5. All the latest designs in the Millinery Art.

We have also stocked a full line of Ladies' Wear that will make your visit interesting.

You are invited to come and see our Special Display of Trimmed Hats at very low prices from \$2.50 up at H. E. BURWASH, Reg'd. 30-6

Full Overcoats and Raincoats, for Men in large assortment at present.
W. BANFORD & SON.

NOTICE.

I am offering my beautiful residence for sale at a sacrifice any one desiring a home in every way up to date would do well to consult me before looking elsewhere.

W. H. POTTER, Lachute.



AUTO LIVERY
Telephone - - 83
A. E. BISHOP

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement
Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cleland spent the week-end in Grenville.

Mr. Ross Todd, of Kazabazna, spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. Mathieu, of Montreal, is spending a few days in town this week.

Mr. V. R. Lamontagne, of Quebec, was in town the early part of this week.

Mrs. P. R. McElbannon returned on Tuesday from a visit to Hawkesbury.

Miss Etta Murdoch, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mrs. Geo. G. Adler.

Mrs. Paul Jousse and son, of Vankleeb Hill, were the week-end guests of Mr. T. Jousse.

Miss Louise Hampton, of Vancouver, is the guest of her parents for a few weeks.

Miss Jean McConnell, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mrs. Henry Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Whaley, of Notre Dame de Grace, were week-end guests of Mrs. Alex. Peers.

Mrs. Tombs returned to Montreal on Saturday last after spending the summer months in town.

Corp. R. Carpenter and Pte. T. Hammond of the 5th Pioneers, spent the week-end in town.

Mrs. Wm. Deacon who has been spending the summer in Morin Heights returned home on Friday.

Pte. George Clarke, of the 24th. Batt., spent the week-end with his parents Mr. and Mrs. S. Clarke.

Miss Mary Palliser, of the Royal Victoria Hospital staff, Montreal, is spending a few weeks.

Miss M. McGregor, returned home on Saturday last after a two months visit with friends in the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Paterson returned on Saturday after spending a pleasant month's holiday in Ottawa.

Mrs. Norman Smith was in Ottawa a few days last week attending the funeral of her father the late Mr. Barr.

Services at the Anglican Church on Sunday, Oct. 8 are as follows.—Lachute at 10.30 and 7. Brownsburg at 7. Louisa at 3.

Capt. John Earle and his brother Edmund, with Miss Paterson returned on Monday last from a pleasant trip out West.

The marriage of Miss Ruth T. Albright to Mr. Buchanan H. Robertson will take place quietly October 14th, at Christ Church, St. Andrew's East, Que.

The Secretary of the Lachute Bible Society acknowledges receipt of a further sum of One dollar, collected by Miss Hammond, bringing the total collection up to \$150.00.

Miss Margaret Hills returned on Saturday after an absence of two months spent with friends in Winnipeg and from there motored with her brother to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Mrs. Robert English and son Selbourne, of Parkhill, Ont., left for their home on Friday last, after a pleasant week's visit with their many relatives and friends in Lachute and vicinity.

CARD OF THANKS.—Mr. John Gordon of East Settlement, and family, desire to thank all the neighbors and friends, for their great kindness to them during their recent sad bereavement.

Mr. G. V. Deacon has made a great improvement to his property by enclosing the East side of his veranda in glass. He is displaying a very fine line of ranges which may be seen in the enclosure to great advantage.

Mrs. McDonald and children who have been spending the past two months in town the guest of her sister Mrs. A. Beers, returned home to Merriton, Ont., on Monday last accompanied by Mr. Norman Beers.

Among those attending McGill University Montreal, for the coming winter months are the Misses Cameron and Ellnor Hay, Miss Ada Patterson, Miss Lila Giles, Miss Irene Scott and Messrs. John Calder, Alex. Murray, John Smith, Carswell McClure.

Some forty five members of the varied Oddfellow Lodges in Montreal paid a visit to Lachute last Saturday in company with the degree team of Lansdown Lodge, who conferred the 2nd and 3rd degrees upon six new candidates. The occasion was one in which our respected townsman Mr. Robt. McArthur paid his official visit to the Laurentian Lodge as Provincial Grand Master and the consequent honors were duly accorded him.

The second annual meeting of the Lachute branch of the Red Cross Society took place on Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. W. W. Alexander presiding. Mrs. Alexander was re-elected as president, with the following officers to assist her: Mrs. P. Monette, vice-president; Mrs. Robert McFarl, secretary; Mrs. Harlow Giles, treasurer; Mrs. Wm. Banford, buyer; and Mrs. R. A. Drapeau, keeper of stores.

The branch also agreed to contribute \$200 towards the maintenance of four beds in the Princess Patricia's Hospital for wounded Canadian soldiers at Ramsgate. A similar contribution was given to the Duchess of Connaught's hospital in London when it was opened.

It was also decided to hold a tea in aid of the Red Cross on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 17th. Admission 25c.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. J. Drysdale on Thursday last.

Miss Hansen gave a very good paper on the Missionary situation, giving what she claimed should be the attitude of all missionary workers.

Promptitude, preparedness, prayerfulness and personal responsibility for its success. She quoted a poem "Another Year."

Mrs. Dr. Murphy gave an able account of the year's growth of the Missionary Society. Mrs. Hayden, the president, urged that as try to put into practice Miss Hansen's message. After the business was over Mrs. Drysdale served light refreshments.

The next monthly meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. George Joss, in October.

The Sunday School Rally Day services of the Methodist Church will be held next Sunday, Oct. 8th. The special speaker will be Mr. J. H. McComb of Montreal. Mr. McComb is the superintendent of one of the largest Sunday Schools in Montreal.

Rev. John Garvin, of Montreal, will preach in the evening.

Mr. Ed. Darlington preached last Sunday at Caumet, Chatham and Grenville for the Rev. A. S. Doggett, who was badly hurt in a recent runaway.

The Annual Union Thanksgiving Service between the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist Churches, will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Monday morning October 9th at 11 a.m. The preacher this year will be the Rev. F. J. Hayden R.A. of the Methodist Church. The offering is to be donated to the Protestant Institution for the Insane at Verdun, Que.

CAPTAIN J. E. TODD.

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. David Todd, that their son, Capt. J. E. Todd, of the 5th Mounted Rifles, has been obliged to return to hospital for treatment. He was recently discharged after suffering from shell shock.

PTE. H. J. G. HOOKER.

Pte. H. J. G. Hooker, of the Mounted Rifles, reported as wounded in yesterday's casualty lists, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hooker, of Centreville, and was employed for 16 years on the farm of Mrs. Albert Mitchell, at Lachute, before going to the front. His parents were notified yesterday that his wounds consisted of a badly lacerated leg. He crossed with the Mounted Rifles, under the late Lt.-Col. Baker, M.P. for Bromie, but was transferred to the platoon Erle Todd, Lachute. He escaped injury while participating in several actions, but developed rheumatism and was in consequence placed on transport duty for a time.

PTE. STANLEY PAUL.

Mr. John Paul, a farmer living about two miles from Lachute, was notified that his son, Pte. Stanley Paul, of the 23rd Middlesex Regiment, was in an English hospital suffering from wounds. Pte. Paul made several efforts to enlist with the Canadian forces, but under the strict medical requirements at that time, he was rejected, because of minor defects. He went to England and there succeeded in donning the khaki. He has two brothers with the Canadian forces, Clarence being with a Mobile Veterinary Section and James being with the 6th Battery, Siege Artillery, whose arrival in England has just been announced.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE JOHN KELLY.

John Kelly, a prominent citizen of Grenville, and at one time mayor of that place, died Sept. 28th, 1916, in his sixty-fifth year. Mr. Kelly had been a superintendent on the construction work of the present Carillon and Grenville Canal, and had since carried on a forwarding and lumber business. Two sisters and one brother survive.

THE LATE MRS. JOHN GORDON.

The death of Mrs. John Gordon on Thursday last has cast a feeling of gloom over the whole community in which she spent her whole life of 74 years.

The deceased had been in poor health for several months but the intense suffering of the last few weeks was borne with the greatest patience, and prayer that God would take her home, away from all this awful pain. The loss to the family and friends will be long mourned, as the deceased was beloved by old and young.

She was taken to her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Scott of Hill Foot, Lachute, three weeks before the end came, and all that loving hands and tender care could do, was done by husband, and family, and she passed to her long rest peacefully, on Thursday afternoon, in the presence of husband and children. The funeral was held from the residence of her daughter, to Lachute Cemetery, and was very largely attended. The floral wreaths were beautiful.

The late Mrs. Gordon was born in East Settlement, and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw. She leaves to mourn her loss a loving husband, two daughters Mrs. John W. Scott, of Hill Foot, Mrs. Frank Black, of Montreal, and three sons, William of Jerusalem, John of Vide Sac, and Ernest of East Settlement.

Ladies' Coats

For Fall and Winter have arrived and are on Sale already

We have some choice samples of this Season's styles. The prices too are reasonable considering the flight of wool prices. We have also received our first lot of Costumes for Fall.

It will be a pleasure to us to show these goods whether you need them or not.

W. Banford & Son Lachute.

Hay, Flour and Feed,

In Large or Small Quantities

Bread, Cakes & Confectionery

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Ice Cream made to order.

Fruits in Season

Fine Assortment of Ganong's Chocolates.

Splendid Line of Picture Post-cards.

We are agents for Caldwell's Celebrated Meal and Calf Meal.

You should try it. The best on the market.

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80.

Baker & Confectioner.

School Time Again!

With the Re-Opening of Schools comes the necessity of book requirements, and as usual we are to the front with a plentiful supply of books, pencils, pens, etc. to fit you out for your duties.

We also wish to draw attention to every other department of our store which are well stocked and well assorted. Our prices are Always Right.

Phone your order to No. 2.

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET,

LACHUTE

THE WATCH WITH ITS OWN ARMOR PLATE

YOU who know what discipline and endurance mean will find a friendly kinship in this sturdy, durable Waltham. Here is embodied accuracy you can depend on at all times and strength that will withstand plenty of rough usage. Sets up snug to the wrist ready for instant service. Notice the protecting rim of metal that keeps the crystal from breaking. Come in and see this serviceable Waltham Military Wrist Watch today.

The Waltham

T. JOUSSE
Main Street - Lachute

Also Full Open Face and Pocket
Strap styles from \$10 up.

Eyes Scientifically Tested. We are agents for the Edison Phonograph and Waterman Fountain Pens.

A Marvellous Cure

Looking straight ahead of him, a rather curious expression on his face, Leslie Joyce came out of the recruiting office.

He had failed to pass the medical test.

The doctor had regarded him with obvious surprise, when he had professed himself unable to read the letters on the card on the wall, but he made no comment. He was a busy man, with no time to give to special tests, and, beyond a little grunt, he expressed no sign of dissatisfaction.

Joyce showed one of the sergeants waiting outside the room his blue form with the word "Rejected" scrawled across it; and then, picking his way through the crowd of determined-looking waiting young men, he reached the street.

As he stopped for a moment to light a cigarette, a girl on a bicycle came round the corner.

She was a pretty girl with coppery hair and big, wide-open hazel eyes, and the simple holland frock she wore suited her slim young form admirably. "Hallo!" she called out gaily, catching sight of him. She slowed down, and jumped off her machine. "I was just wondering if I should come across you. Well, is it Private Leslie Joyce now?"

He raised his straw hat and took his cigarette out of his mouth.

"Well," he said hurriedly, "I've been up before the doctor, and—and they won't have me."

For some reason he averted his eyes. "What do you mean?" asked the girl quickly. She seemed genuinely surprised. "Won't have you? Why, surely you're quite fit and strong, aren't you?"

She looked him over as she spoke. To all outward appearance he was a perfectly healthy, well-built, strong young man. He was tall, finely set up, broad-shouldered, and, judging by his lean brown hands and sun-tanned face, he was in excellent physical condition.

"It's not that. I'm all right in one way," he said. "It's my eyes. Can't understand it, but I couldn't manage the test at all."

He appeared to find something awkward about the explanation.

"Your eyes?" she said. "But I thought your eyesight was quite all right? It has never worried you at cricket, or tennis, or anything like that, has it?"

He shook his head. "That's just it. My eyes are all right in some ways, but apparently in others they're not."

She nodded. "It must be. But what about glasses?" They take men with glasses now, you know. Besides, if you can't get in as a fighting man, why not try another branch—the Medical, the Army Service, or something of that sort?"

He appeared to have anticipated the question of glasses.

"Yes, of course. I know there is still a chance for me with specs. I mean to run up to town to see a specialist chap on Saturday. I'm not very keen on any branch but the actual fighting one, if I can possibly get in somehow."

"Good!" said the girl approvingly. "Go to a good man and tell him he must put you right!" she laughed.

She put her right foot on the pedal of her bicycle.

"Oh, I almost forgot," she said. "Jim has got four days' leave from the Front, and we expect him home this afternoon. Come to dinner; I know you'll like to see him."

"Thanks awfully!" said Joyce. "Is he all right? Good! I shall love to see him. At seven, then?"

For some reason Leslie Joyce frowned to himself several times before he reached the bank where he worked. He was very fond of Annabel Leigh, but as for her brother Jim—"Confound it!" he muttered when he thought of Jim Leigh.

It was on Saturday night that the Zeppelin dropped its explosive bombs on Barrgate.

The Leighs were sitting out on the lawn when Jim's quick, war-accustomed ears first heard the hum of the gas-bag's engines.

"Hallo!" he said quite calmly and coolly. "That's not a plane, I'll bet my boots. Better take cover, all of you. Come on, mater."

He took his mother's arm, while Annabel and Leslie Joyce, who had got back from his visit to the London eye specialist in time to join them at dinner, followed. They had got indoors, when Mrs. Leigh discovered she had left her bag outside.

"I'll get it in a second!" volunteered Joyce.

And, taking no notice of Jim's warning, he ran back to the lawn.

As he did so, from out of the blackness of the night hurtled a bomb. It fell into the kitchen garden, beyond the lawn, at the precise instant Joyce was stooping to pick up Mrs. Leigh's bag, and for a moment he was conscious of a bright flash, followed by a sort of minor earthquake. The ground seemed to rise up and hit him in the face, and there after all was black to him.

When he woke up, someone was bending over him.

"Steady on, old chap!" said a voice—Jim Leigh's voice—out of the blackness. It was curiously dark and black all round him. "How do you feel?"

"A bit cheap!" he admitted. "What happened? It's awfully dark, isn't it?" Jim sat down on the bed beside him. "Oh, they just missed you when you

went back for the mater's bag. You remember, don't you? You were laid out. No, don't touch that bandage, old chap."

Joyce had put one of his hands up to his head. He had on a bandage covering his eyes. Jim caught his hand and moved it away. "Better keep that on till Muirhead comes and has a look at you," he advised soothingly.

"Muirhead?" asked Joyce. "You don't mean Muirhead the eye-man?" There was just a trace of anxiety in the question.

"Yes," admitted Jim Leigh. "We thought we'd better try and get him, as he's got your case in hand. You were telling us at dinner how you went up to see him, and how he said he couldn't quite make out your trouble, you remember. Annabel is trying to find his number to get through on the trunk 'phone to him."

Leslie Joyce, fully conscious now, considered matters swiftly for some moments.

"What's the hour?" he inquired.

"Just half-past nine," Jim told him.

"Half-past nine?" repeated Joyce. "Oh, then, I've only been knocked out about half an hour!" He seemed to think for a couple of seconds. "I say, you know, I hardly think it—It's necessary to send to town for Muirhead. He's frightfully expensive, isn't he?"

"Yes; but in the matter of this sort—" suggested Jim.

"Just as you like, however. Still, don't you think you'd better see someone?"

"Why?" interrupted the other, a little nervously. "You don't think—think there's anything seriously wrong, do you?"

"Eyes are very funny things," replied Jim diplomatically. "I've had a look at yours, and although I'm not an expert, it seems to me that—that—well—er—"

His floundering speech frightened Joyce, and once again he put his hand to the bandage.

"Good lord!" he exclaimed, a sudden dreadful thought frightening him. "Good lord, man, you don't mean to tell me I'm—I'm blind?"

The other did not answer.

"I wonder—that is—would you mind taking this bandage off?" Joyce whispered in a voice which struck him as singularly unlike his own.

Jim Leigh stood up, and leaning over him began without a word to undo the bandage. There was a suggestion of reluctance about the way he set to work.

"There you are!" he said quietly, when it was off.

Leslie Joyce uttered a cry of horror. His worst fears were confirmed. He could not see anything at all.

"My heavens!" he exclaimed frantically, sitting up. "I'm blind!"

He began to struggle off the bed. Jim Leigh gripped him by the arm.

"Stop where you are!" he ordered authoritatively. "Can't you see anything? Hold your hand up! Can you see it?"

Joyce did as he was bid.

"I can't see anything—anything, I tell you!" He almost shouted; he began to groan. "Good lord, it's a judgment on me! A judgment!"

"A judgment?" said Jim, holding him tightly. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I've been fooling you—all of you—about my eyes. There was nothing wrong with them. But I didn't want to join the army—thought there were plenty without me. I was a shirker—anything you like. I wanted a way out that would save my face, so I fooled the doctor—pretended I could not see the letters on the wall. I failed on purpose. Then I lied to Anna—to your sister, I mean. Then I lied to all of you. I never saw Muirhead at all!"

"I guessed most of this," said Jim quietly, from what you said Muirhead told you. I happen to have studied eyes, you know. Made rather a speciality of 'em at Guy's, as a matter of fact."

There was silence for a second or two, and then Joyce spoke.

"Well?" he said. "Well, are you going to give me away?"

"That depends," answered Jim, "on what you are prepared to do."

"Do?" queried Joyce. "What do you mean? What can I do?"

"You might join the Army yet," said the other reflectively. "You have just said you wish you had."

Joyce broke in wildly.

"Don't talk such rot! How can I join the Army? I'm blind, you fool, blind!"

As he finished speaking Jim Leigh got off the bed, tip-toed to the electric light switch, and turned on the light. Then he turned round and looked into the blinking eyes of the other man.

"That's right! Have a good look round, old chap!" he chuckled. "And kindly observe how skillfully I have put away, or covered up, every light object in the room. Jolly thick curtains those are, too."

Leslie Joyce looked round, and then, in tense relief, he uttered the one word, "Spoofed!"

"Spoofed, as you say, agreed Jim. "Now, what about it? Am I to give you away?" He moved towards the door.

"For Heaven's sake," exclaimed the still bewildered Joyce, "don't hush like this, man! Where are you going?"

"To find Annabel," replied Jim. "I'm going to tell her not to worry about that call to Muirhead, that you can see much better than you could. A sort of marvellous cure, you know—what?"

"Tell her—tell her anything but the truth!" pleaded Joyce, with sudden earnestness. Then he became vehement. "I won't have those friends

dropping their beastly bombs on my friends and me without doing something in return! If they won't take me for a soldier at one place, I'll try another. I'll—"

"Good man!" said Jim approvingly. —London Answers.

"BRING RUIN TO NATION."

Prophecy Concerning the Kaiser is Being Fulfilled.

A correspondent tells an American newspaper that in looking over some old papers he found a copy of the Saturday Evening Post, dated November 19th, 1898, containing an article headed "What is prophesied concerning the Kaiser." From that article he clipped the following extract:

"The German Emperor is very fond of being photographed, and is astonishing his photographers by the rapidity with which he changes his dress. The other day he had no fewer than forty separate portraits taken of himself in his pilgrim's dress. As if this were not enough he had a couple of cameras simultaneously levelled at him, the Empress seizing the opportunity while her husband was in the view to secure some portraits on her own account. The imperial pilgrim, if tradition goes for anything, should enjoy himself while yet he can. It is an old tradition of the house of Hohenzollern that three Emperors of the house will reign in Germany in one year, and that the third will have seven sons and will bring ruin to the nation as well as an end to his empire. The first portion of the prediction was fulfilled when the present Emperor came to the throne, his father, the Emperor Frederick, and his grandfather, the old Emperor William, both having died within the year prior to his accession."

WAR TO END THIS YEAR.

Peace Will Come Suddenly, Asserts Mme. de Thebes.

The Paris correspondent of the Berlingske Tidende, of Berlin, has had an interview with Mme. de Thebes, well known French clairvoyant and astrologer, in which she emphatically states that the war will end before the new year. She it was who said in 1913 that the year 1914 would be the year of great heroism, and despite much shedding of blood and tears would be a great year for France and place her in the front rank of the nations. Mme. de Thebes at first declined to be interviewed, but she finally consented to give him the following message:

"Germany has opened the eyes of the world and has given us all a great lesson in military efficiency and preparedness. We will always have war. Of course, it is nice to dream of peace, to preach peace and to wish for peace, but as long as there are two men left on the earth conflicts will take place. It is the same with nations. The wolf will devour the lamb when he gets the opportunity."

"I have predicted that the war will end this year, and I desire to say now, despite all circumstances and arguments to the contrary, that peace will be declared before the new year. And peace will come suddenly and unexpectedly. The roar of the guns will cease over night, and the soldiers on both fronts will be called home to peaceful pursuits. Fate has so decreed it."

SOME STRANGE BRIDGES.

One of Them, in Britain, Goes Back to the Ninth Century.

Probably no town in the world has such strange bridges as Srinagar, the capital of Cashmir, in India. The city is built on the banks of the River Jhelum, which is crossed by many wooden bridges lined with old and dilapidated shops and houses with balconies and lattice windows. Some of these are very insecure, and look as if they might at any time fall into the river beneath.

Timber has always been largely used for building bridges, and the earliest one of this kind on record is that which Julius Caesar made across the Rhine, and which he describes in his "Commentaries."

The roofed Kapellbrücke, at Lucerne, is one of the interesting. It crosses the River Reuss diagonally, and has a hundred and twelve triangular paintings beneath the roof, recording the heroic deeds of the old Swissers and the sufferings of their patron saints. In the midst of the Kapellbrücke stands an octagonal tower, which formed part of the fortifications of the town in the thirteenth century. The bridge was built in 1333.

One of the curious and ancient bridges in Europe is that at Croylund, in Lincolnshire, which is supposed to date from the ninth century. No road now passes over and no water under it. It consists of three pointed arches, which meet in the centre, and the ascent is so steep that only foot passengers can go over it. Upon the bridge is a seated figure in stone of a robed Saxon king.

To Tax Gourmands.

The French Government is proposing to tax heavy diners. Those luxurious ones, who even in war time eat big meals at restaurants, will have to pay, according to the terms of the measure, five per cent. on the amount by which their bill exceeds one dollar (five francs).

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

IS THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM IN YOUR GROCERY ORDER —SEE THAT YOU GET IT— COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS

RODE PICK-A-BACK ON CAPTURED HUN

BATTLE ANECDOTE TOLD BY A YORKSHIRE OFFICER.

This German Dugout Was Decorated With Most Luxurious Taste.

Our wounded soldiers have little to offer to the seeker after tragic gloom or infernal horror. They entered on the present offensive in the spirit of good sportsmen. From their point of view the push is a "Great do." "As good a show as ever I saw." "Some shindy, I can tell you." "Hot stuff," or "A little bit of all-right."

Take the case of a second lieutenant in a Yorkshire battalion, who before the war gave his days to office work and his leisure to outdoor sports and amusements. He landed at Southampton as a stretcher case, by reason of the shrapnel wound in his right thigh. This is how he sees his own particular bit of it:

"There's no doubt it's a great show. There's bound to be ups and downs, of course, and in some of the Boche regiments there's a good deal of snap left. But, on the whole, I think we've got 'em now; I don't fancy they'll ever get the upper hand again. I don't want to brag about our chaps, but they are immeasurably superior to any Sauerkrauter. They're real sportsmen. You can't make them throw their hands up and cry 'mercy'!—they really don't know how it's done."

The Rest Went On.

"It was as we climbed out over their parapets, making for their second line, that I got my leg punctured. But it didn't hurt a bit, and I went right on. Our chaps were in whooping fine form. And then, only a few yards further, came that confounded sharp that messed up my thigh, killed my second sergeant, and wounded two or three more. My platoon sergeant wanted to stay with me, but of course I wouldn't have that. What he really wanted was to get on. 'You get on, an' give 'em hell!' I told him, and on he went with the platoon."

"I was in a bit of a small shell hole. However, after a bit I wriggled back to that Boche front line and crossed it into a shallow sap. I was resting there when, if you'll believe me, I saw a Boche officer come climbing cautiously up out of a big dug-out we'd put six bombs in. He was a captain. He had a bomb in one hand and a rifle and bayonet in the other; and he was peering first one way and then the other, like a burglar. 'Oh, you beauty!' I thought. And just then he snuggled down against a gap in their parapet (back wall of a trench) near the dug-out and bedded—his rifle comfortably for firing at our chaps in his second line."

Four Officers Sniped.

"You can bet I was glad I had my rifle and plenty of ammunition. I believe in the good old service rifle. Never did bother with revolvers and things. So I got a beautiful bead on this chap, and a second later he was—I wonder where dead Boches go!—I charged my breech again, and no sooner done than my next target bobs up—a lieutenant. I got him while he was looking at his captain; I aimed for his shoulder blades, but the old gun kicked a bit and I got him through the head. Seemed I might as well be in a grouse butt, and nothing less than officers for targets, mind you. Well, to cut it short, two more lieutenants came up from that same dug-out, making in all three lieutenants and one captain, and I got 'em all."

"And when a private came up, with never a weapon of any sort in his hand, and the fear of God in his white face. 'You're a Boche,' I thought. 'Probably a batman (servant), but certainly a Boche; and you ought to be shot, but you've got nothing in your silly hands.' It was too much like a sitting bird, you know. Couldn't manage it. 'Here!' I shouted at him. And do you know, he fell just as if I'd shot him."

"I tried hard to remember some German. Well, I managed to clamber back to that trench and poke the Boche with the butt of my rifle till he found himself a little and stood up. I meant to see that blessed dug-out. Perhaps they've got their blooming general staff there, I thought."

"Dieser Dugout"

"I had to get the Boche's help, but couldn't think how to tell him in German what I wanted. Finally, I made him understand. 'Look here, Boshy,' I said, 'Ich vill sehen dieser blooming dug-out. Got that?' Then I said, 'Donnerwetter!' and grinned at him to show there was no ill-feeling, and he managed to make connection."

"That dug-out was a bit knocked about, you know, by our six bombs. But right at the back of the lowest corner there was a sharp twist to the right and a door, with broken glass panels, taken from a farmhouse by the look of it. Through that we went along a passage, turned to the left, down four steps, and into a regular boudoir. Dug-out! Why, there was a Turkey carpet on the floor and beautiful tapestry curtains to the

bunks. Never saw anything like it.

"There were three cases of beer; very good stuff too. I had a bottle myself right away. There were about a hundred eggs, two cut hams, pate de foie gras in little jars, sausages, several boxes of cigars, a case of champagne, a gramophone, and lastings of cakes and chocolate. There were an electric bell, a smart typewriter, and in one of the bunks I found a lot of ribbons and things from ladies' dresses and a pair of ladies' gloves."

Pick-a-Back on the Hun.

"I took a despatch case and all the loose papers on the table, and got the batman to help me back again to daylight. There wasn't a living soul to be found in the trench, so I got the batman to take me pick-a-back and carry the despatch case while I stuck to my rifle."

"He made quite a good job of carrying me till we got close to the old sap we used to call 'Rimmel's' because of its high scent, on our own front. And there he got a chance bullet through his left knee—rather a narrow shave for my own leg—and simply crumpled up like paper. He wasn't really meant for war, that batman."

"I'd a lot of trouble dragging him into our lines, my thigh being rather nasty just then. But I got him into cover at last, though by that time he had another bullet in his shoulder, and weeping from sheer funk. Then one of our own bearers got us, and I was all right, and so was the batman."

BONE THERMOMETERS.

Going Out of Style—Only a Fraud, Anyway.

It is a fortunate thing that bone barometers are going out of style. The people who always felt everything in their bones were forever feeling many things that nobody wanted them to feel. It never rained on a holiday, the washerwoman never failed to come, the bugs never ate the roses, company never appeared unexpectedly, nothing unpleasant ever happened without the person who had bones declaring that she had known it all the time; that she had felt it in her bones.

If the bone barometers could have been trained to predict sunshine and good crops they would have been very good things to have and would never have gone out of style, but a bone barometer was always falling. And at last it has fallen almost out of sight.

Of course, bone barometers were frauds anyway. They never predicted anything except in the vaguest manner until it had happened and nobody cared what they had to say about it then, or at least if anybody did care, it was too late to do anything but care. Grandmothers, as pleasant and useful as they were in other ways, were often the most determined of bone barometers. Anybody who remembers a day when there was going to be a picnic and it rained will remember that grandmother said that she had told you so, although, as a matter of fact, she had been busy making cookies and frying chicken the whole day before with never a word about rain.

It was a source of wonder and interest that grandmother should have known that there was going to be a cyclone or a flood or an earthquake in some far-off locality, but the fact that she knew it was going to rain and spoil the picnic and never said a word about it till afterward was enough to make one lose faith in the prophecies of her bones, and may account for the fact that they are going out of style just as grandmothers are in so many other ways.

Of course, it was not always grandmothers. There were many bone barometers among the loafers that used to sit around the stove in the village grocery store or over the register in the city corner drugstore. And the things they felt in their bones were enough to make the world rheumatic, with all the scandals, the misfortunes, the wars and the crop failures. It is not, you see, so much the things themselves that matter as it is the way we feel about them, and there is no sense at all in feeling things in your bones before they happen and then feeling them in other places after they happen.

LOYAL TO BRITISH RULE.

Natives Grateful for Defeat of the Mad Mullah.

A letter has been received by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society in London from native headmen at Aden, expressing appreciation of the assistance of a British naval force in repelling a recent hostile attack by the Mad Mullah.

When the Mad Mullah had captured Descoray and was about to kill off the inhabitants timely help came from a British ship. In the words of the headmen:

"The continuance of fire was most effective and so terrific that the brute Mad Mullah had to run away from his fortified position, and we believe he will no more try to come back to the place."

"Surely we have found in the commander a saviour of our place and people. May God give him long life and prosperity to enhance such heroic works."

GIVE SHIELDS TO SOLDIERS

VERY THIN STEEL WILL STOP A POINT-BLANK BULLET.

Sir Conan Doyle Argues That Attack Should Be Put on Level With Defence.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous English author, writes the following letter to the London Times: To the Editor of the Times:

Sir,—It is a year now since you were good enough to allow me to express some views about body armor in your columns. Since then, so far as I know, nothing has been done, but now we have got so far that the Minister of War admits that something of the kind may some day come along. To me it seems the most important question of any, and I earnestly hope that you will use your influence to keep it before the notice of the authorities.

Upon July 1 several of our divisions were stopped by machine-gun fire. Their losses were exceedingly heavy, but hardly any of them were from high explosives. The distance to traverse was only about 250 yards. The problem, therefore, is to render a body of men reasonably immune to bullets fired at that range. The German first-line trenches were thinly held, so that once across the open our infantry would have had no difficulty whatever.

Like That of a Roman Soldier.

Now, sir, I venture to say that if three intelligent metal-workers were put together in consultation they would in a few days produce a shield which would take the greater part of those men safely across. We have definite facts to go upon. A shield of steel of 7-16 of an inch will stop a point-blank bullet. Far more will stop one which strikes it obliquely. Suppose such a shield fashioned like that of a Roman soldier, 2 feet broad, and 3 feet deep. Admittedly it is heavy—well over 30 lbs. in weight. What then? The man has not far to go, and he has the whole day before him. A mile in a day is good progress as modern battles go. What does it matter, then, if he carries a heavy shield to cover him?

Suppose that the first line of stormers carried such shields. Their only other armament, besides their helmets, should be a bag of bombs. With these they clear up the machine guns. The second wave of attack with rifles and possibly without shields then comes along, while the heavily armed infantry, after a rest, advance upon the next one. Men would, of course, be hit about the legs and arms, and high explosives would claim their victims, but I venture to say that we should not again see British divisions held up by machine guns and shrapnel.

Why Can It Not Be Tried At Once?

Nothing elaborate is needed. Only so many sheets of steel cut to size and furnished with a double thong for arm-grip. Shields are evidently better than body armor, since they can be turned in any direction of form a screen for a sniper or for a wounded man.

The present private contrivances seem inadequate, and I can well understand that those who could afford them would shrink from using a protection which their comrades did not possess. Yet I have seen letters in which men have declared that they owed their lives to these primitive shields. Let the experiment be made of arming a whole battalion with proper ones—and, above all, let it be done at once. Then at last the attack will be on a level with the defence. Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

BRITAIN LEADS AS BUILDER.

Constructs More Merchantmen Than Any Other Nation.

Great Britain, although hampered by the drain of war and a big naval construction programme, still leads the world in building merchantmen, according to a statement issued by the United States Bureau of Navigation at Washington, D.C. Her shipyards have under actual construction now 423 steel merchant ships of 1,423,335 tonnage, and would have more but for the fact that private yards are engaged in building war vessels.

The entire world in 1915 launched 743 merchant ships of 1,201,638 tonnage. Of these, eighty-four, of 177,460 tonnage, were launched in the United States.

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WHAT JAPAN IS DOING IN THE WAR

CLOTHES AND ARM RUSSIAN
SOLDIERS.

Military Observer Astonished to Find
What She Is Doing for
Czar's Soldiers.

The extent to which Japan is clothing, shoeing, arming and munitioning the Russian army was forcibly presented to a military observer who has just returned to Paris from a trip along the Russian front.

"I was astonished," he said, "to find great numbers of Russian soldiers clothed from head to foot in uniforms made in Japan, not only the tunic and trousers, but even the leggings. They carried on their shoulders Japanese guns. Their cartridge belts were filled with cartridges made in Japan. Their leather belts and buckles were from Japan. And the stout hob-nailed shoes they wear are from hides gathered in Korea and made into shoes in Japan. So that, there you see a Russian soldier in Japanese clothes, Japanese shoes, with Japanese gun, Japanese ammunition and Japanese accoutrement.

Korea Aids With Hides.

"It is strange," he went on, "that Russia went to war with Japan over Korea, and now Korea, the source of all the trouble, is supplying Russia with the shoes in which her soldiers are marching to victory. Korea is a great grazing country and is providing a vast reservoir of raw hides which the Japanese are rapidly turning into boots, shoes, saddles, and leather furnishings.

"How did these supplies get from Japan to the Russian front?" the observer was asked.

"It was noted," said he, "that about the only vital point where the Germans had not been able to send their submarines was in the waters of the East China Sea, the Straits of Korea and the Sea of Japan. These are the waters separating Japan from Russia and the Asiatic mainland, and the routes over them, commercial and military, are open and without menace."

All Sorts of Arms Supplied.

"What sort of arms and munition is Russia getting from Japan?" was asked.

"All sorts," was the reply, "from the service rifle and small field pieces up to the big 12-inch guns. The Japanese 12-inch is a terrible weapon, and they are content not to make any of the 14-inch and 16-inch guns, as they consider, from a military standpoint, that the immobility of the monster gun offsets its advantages, where the 12-inch is a mobile gun and very deadly."

"It is said that French and Japanese officers are now furnishing the expert direction of the Russian artillery fire, which has made it so effective. Did you see any of these officers?" was asked.



Two Fellows

are trying to
get ahead
It's easy to see who'll win.
If you have any doubt
about tea or coffee holding
some people back—in fact
many—leave the hesitating
class, stop both tea and coffee
ten days, and use

POSTUM

This delicious pure food-drink, made of wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, has a delightful, snappy flavor. It is free from the drugs in tea and coffee and all harmful ingredients.

Postum is good for old and young, and makes for health and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co. Ltd.
Windsor, Ont.

"No, and the report is not correct," said the observer. "The Russian artillery officers are directing their own fire and are getting splendid results. The only Japanese and French officers are those temporarily assigned to explain the workings of a new piece, just as an expert is sent along to explain any complicated piece of machinery. Japanese experts accompanied the big 12-inch Japanese guns, not to manoeuvre them in action, but to explain how it was to be manoeuvred. That is the extent of their help, and the Russians should get full credit for what they have accomplished in operating their artillery. No, the Japanese have done remarkably in arming, clothing and munitioning the Russians, but they have not had a chance to do the fighting."

PALE, WEAK GIRLS.

Grow Into Weak, Despondent
Women—How to Overcome
the Trouble.

Healthy Girlhood is the only path to healthy womanhood. The passing from girlhood to womanhood lays a new tax upon the blood. It is the overtaxing of the blood that makes growing girls suffer from headaches and backaches, from paleness and weakness and weariness, from languor, despondency and constant ill health. Unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood and a life of misery. Nothing but the blood building qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can save a girl when she undertakes the trials and tasks of womanhood. That is the time when nature makes new demands upon the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood to meet these demands. In this simple, scientific way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give growing girls new health, and makes their dawning womanhood bright and attractive.

Miss A. Sternberg, Haileybury Road, New Liskeard, Ont., says: "I have much reason to be grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they restored me to health, if, indeed, they did not save my life. In 1914 I began to feel run down, and the doctor who was called in said that mine was a bad case of anaemia. I lost flesh, always felt tired, and I got so nervous that I could scarcely hold a cup to take a drink. My heart would flutter alarmingly. The doctor did not seem to be able to help me at all and my family and friends all thought that I was in a decline and could not recover. I was in bed for some weeks when an aunt came to see me and urged that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My father got a supply, and by the time I had taken three boxes there was a noticeable improvement, and from that on I steadily progressed toward recovery. I continued using the pills for some time longer, and they restored me to my old time health and strength. I shall never cease to praise this medicine, and to urge all weak run down girls to give it a fair trial, as I have proved in my own case their great merit."

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

A JEWISH ARMY CORPS.

British Plan Inducement to Hebrews
to Enlist.

A middle way has been found toward the solution of the problem of what to do with the many thousands of Russian and Polish Jews living in Great Britain who have escaped military service in the Czar's army and do not come under British conscription laws. In London, Manchester, Liverpool and other big cities are huge colonies of these exiles, a large proportion of them being of military age, who naturally have come to be regarded with no favorable eye by their English neighbors whose menfolk are engaged in war work.

After some agitation the Government proposed to enact a law by which Russian Jews of military age should be forced to enlist in the British army under threat of being sent back to Russia, where they would be liable to heavy penalties as defaulters from military service. This project aroused a storm of disapproval, though ably defended by Home Secretary Samuel, himself a Jew. The basic fact upon which the opposition rested was that England had always harbored political refugees, and a large number of the exiles in question came under that broad classification.

Mr. Samuel, while not withdrawing his original proposal, has now hit on a compromise. Reason and persuasion, as the Manchester Guardian puts it, are to be substituted for threats and force. A responsible leadership of the Russian Jews, Samuel announces, has been formed, which will conduct an active recruiting campaign in London and other centres, and definite inducements will be held out to the Jews to voluntarily enlist.

Almost all of them are aliens and the high naturalization fee of £5 (\$25) plus law fees is as a rule quite beyond their resources. Mr. Samuel proposes that any one who enlists before September 30 shall, after three months' service, have his fee remitted if he desires to be naturalized.

Another part of Mr. Samuel's new proposals is even more interesting. This is the idea of forming a special Jewish Corps. This has already been done in a limited way with the Zion Corps. Something of the same sort also has been done in France.

Every woman thinks she is a prima donna when it comes to putting a baby to sleep.

FLIERS HAVE TIME TO WATCH SHELLS

UP AMONG THE CLOUDS IN AN
AEROPLANE.

"Sail for Hours Without Putting a
Hand on the Lever,"
Says One.

The hardest part about flying in war is the thinking that a flying man has to do. Here's the idea in an English flying man's own words:

"There isn't enough to keep a man's mind busy in the air since the war has developed the aeroplane. In the old days of the aeroplane there were so many things a flying man had to watch that he didn't have time to worry about what might happen to him. But in these days sitting in your machine is about like sitting on a log and waiting for something to happen.

"We don't have to use our hands as we used to. There is only one lever, and you don't have to watch that very closely. You can fly for hours without having your hand on it. You can write or read or smoke, and unless you touch the lever to change its position you will fly along at the same level indefinitely owing to the self stabilization of the machine.

Look Down; Watch Shells.

"So, with your attention only mildly occupied, you keep looking down over the edge to see what's happening. You get to watching the wires and wondering what would happen if a bullet cut one of them. You look at the frail all-iron and consider how frail they really are. Sharpnel is breaking below you and around you, perhaps. There's no use of trying to dodge it, for by doing so you may only run into it.

"So there you sit imagining all sorts of horrible possibilities. You've been told to go to a certain place and then return. Your route is all laid out for you and your duties are so simple and easy that while you're performing them you have a thousand times too much spare time for thought and worry. As for myself, I'd much rather have the aeroplane a less simple affair, just to have my attention occupied. An imagination is a curse to a flier."

And then there's the problem of the whirling compass. An airman flies into a cloud; suddenly the finger of his compass begins to whirl around like a clock gone mad. Scientists say it doesn't whirl, but so many English airmen have had the experience that even the scientific men are wondering whether the phenomenon isn't worth studying.

The Whirling Compass.

Here's a flying man's side of it: "My compass finger has whirled like a top when I have gone into a cloud. It's enough to turn you demented. It's bad enough, goodness knows, to be lost in a cloud, but to have your compass go back on you at the same time is too much. Our scientific instructors tell us that the compass doesn't change, but that we lose our heads when we get into the mist and change our courses without realizing it, so that the compass indicator changes naturally.

"But in some clouds your compass doesn't change. It remains as steady as it was in the sunshine. Why should a flier jiggle his course unknowingly in one cloud and not in another? My opinion is that there are certain kinds of clouds that are charged with electricity. In such clouds your compass goes crazy. In other words, where electricity is not present your compass behaves itself."

How High the Clouds?

How far are the clouds above the earth?

As high above as we wish to climb. But the chief question with a flying man is how low the clouds are. A crack English flyer told the correspondent something about low clouds.

"You may be walking along the street on a heavy day, and, looking up, may think that the clouds are miles high. As a matter of fact they may be only 200 or 300 feet above you. That's the kind of a day that the airman dreads. I've been lost in a cloud in France and come down out of it only to find myself flying around among the church steeples of a French town, with good chances of killing myself."

"In a cloud you can never tell whether you're over the enemy's lines. You may come right down onto his trenches before you know it. Clouds, the low kinds, are the most deadly things we have to fear."

FLEXIBLE SOLES OF WOOD.

Hungarian Inventor Has Solved a
Difficult Problem.

Barna S. Kohlener, a Hungarian captain of cavalry, whose military usefulness was ended when he lost an arm, has devoted himself since his incapacitation to inventing a wooden-soled shoe that shall have the virtue of flexibility, and announces that he has solved the problem, the hardest that has confronted wooden-soled shoe enthusiasts.

His invention is a sole that, instead of being made of one solid piece of wood, is constructed of a number of layers joined together by heavy oils or fats that thicken and grip the pieces of wood together. After countless experiments Capt. Kohlener declares that wooden soles constructed in this manner have the elasticity of leather, soles, and, in addition, can be made of old and worn material worked over.

Old age commands respect except in jest and poultry.

BRIGGS' FLY MATS
ARE CLEAN
NO STICKINESS
ALL DEALERS
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THE NATION'S FUTURE Depends Upon Healthy Babies

Properly reared children grow
up to be strong, healthy
citizens

Many diseases to which children are susceptible, first indicate their presence in the bowels. The careful mother should watch her child's bowel movements and use

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

It is a corrective for diarrhoea, colic and other ailments to which children are subject especially during the teething period.

It is absolutely non-narcotic and contains neither opium, morphine nor any of their derivatives.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Makes Cheerful,
Chubby Children

Soothes the fretting child during the trying period of its development and thus gives rest and relief to both child and mother.

Buy a bottle today
and keep it handy

Sold by all druggists in Canada and
throughout the world

The Right Word.

"Ma husband's very polly, ma'am. He's got dat exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamatory is from exclaim, which means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am, dat's what it is. He hollers if anyone goes near him."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Instructions Obeyed.

"Why, Freddie!" exclaimed the mother of a precocious five-year-old, "Aren't you ashamed to call auntie stupid? Go at once and tell her you are very sorry."

"Auntie," said the little fellow, a few moments later, "I'm awful sorry you are so stupid."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.
Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N.B.,
Sept. 17, 1904.

Not to be Fooled Twice.

Judge (interrupting long-winded lawyer)—Can't you take it for granted that I understand an ordinary point of law?

Lawyer (coolly)—Your Honor that's the mistake I made in the lower court, where I lost my case.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Why She Objected.

"I hear that Florrie has broken off her engagement with you, old chap," said one man to another.

"Yes," replied the second.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry to hear it. Whatever did she do it for?"

"Just because I stole a kiss," said the disconsolate one, sadly.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed his friend. "Surely she must be crazy if she objects to her fiancé stealing a kiss from her."

The abandoned one sighed deeply. "But that's just the trouble," he said. "I didn't steal it from her!"

Complete.

"Do you mean to say you only paid \$50 for that frock?"

"Yes; but that, of course, was without the trimmings."

"How much were the trimmings?"

"A hundred and fifty."

TRENCH ALONG SEA LINE.

Germans Have Formidable Defences
on Belgian Coast.

A correspondent who has just been permitted to visit the Belgian coast reports on the formidable defences that have been raised there. A long line of barbed wire entanglement stretches along the coast, and an endless series of long slender ships' guns protrude from the coarse grass of the dunes, and behind the dunes crouch the heavy howitzers.

Underground dwellings of bomb-proof concrete form part of the great trench along the entire coast, he says. "No spot is unguarded. Everywhere the endless line is occupied by sailors.

"Here and there one comes across an enormous unexploded shell, hurled ashore by one of the big British warships, and which now forms the ornamental centre of a flower garden.

"What one sees in the way of destruction is the work of the fast torpedo destroyers, which have on occasion halloed smaller shells on the guns. The corners of houses are gnawed away; here and there a gable exhibits great holes. But the damage is not very bad, at least not in Ostend and Zeebrugge; much less than one would have supposed. Even on the seaside the towns appear to be little damaged. The big bath hotel of Ostend is untouched, and the great glass Kurhaus shows no breakage in its innumerable panes.

"The real work of destruction begins where the French land guns have been able to have their say. Middelkerke is a mass of ruins. It is a remarkable fact that 600 people continue to crouch there. The school is even still attended by 80 children. But every house has its underground refuge, such as the soldiers construct in the front lines.

"Middelkerke is now in such a state that the Germans no longer take up quarters there, but prefer to live in dwelling holes borrowed in the dunes."

THE POPULAR LAURENTIANS.

A Holiday Resort of Unsurpassing
Beauty.

Lovers of beautiful mountain and valley scenery, towering rocks, thick forests, pleasant glades, flower-clad vales and plains, rushing and placid rivers, roaring waterfalls and babbling streams could not do better than to select the Laurentian Mountains reached by the Canadian Pacific, as their holiday resort. So prettily situated are all the spots where the holiday-makers make their headquarters that it is embarrassing to choose the one that might be best suited to the taste of the individual. But all are enchanting, from Shawbridge—the first of them—to Mount Laurier—the last. Within easy reach of any of the resorts there is excellent trout and bass fishing to be had. The rivers and lakes are clear and sand-bottomed generally, and are well suited to the requirements of the swimmer and bather. Row boating, motor boating, and canoeing are favorite pastimes, and on a fine calm evening it is exhilarating to sit by the waters and listen to the laughter and merry chat of the parties who are on the waters. Golfing can be had at Ste. Agathe, Ste. Margaret and Val Morin. Tennis courts are attached to some of the better class hotels. Those who love mountain climbing can have a variety of spheres for this form of activity to select from and the expense of a holiday in the Laurentians is comparatively small.

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids,
Eyes inflamed by exposure to sun, dust and wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smearing, 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

Advice.

"What advice would you give to a young man just starting out in the world?"

"The first thing I would tell him would be never to forget that the boy who does the little things poorly will never get a chance to do the big tasks well."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

His Status.

"What are you, my man, a plain tramp?"

"You might say so, mum. Or if you wishes to follow the plan so prevalent these days of giving everything a special name—"

"Yes?"

"You might call me an inefficiency expert."

What He Objected To.

Wife (delivering a tirade)—As last my eyes are opened.

Hub (calmly)—I wouldn't mind that, my dear, if your mouth wasn't also.

Wise is he who has the cage ready for the bird.

**DODD'S
KIDNEY
PILLS**
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM,
BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
DIABETES, HASTACH.

Get the "Peaches" that are coming to you in the peach season—but be sure to eat them on **Shredded Wheat Biscuit with cream**, a combination that ensures good digestion, health and strength for the day's work. Cut out meat and kitchen worry and serve this ready-cooked, whole wheat food with the choicest fruit that grows—a dish for the up-and-coming man who wishes to keep at top-notch efficiency for work or play. Serve it for breakfast or any meal with milk or cream, with sliced peaches or other fruits.

Made in Canada

Her Reply.

Dora had just returned from Sunday school, where she had been for the first time.

"What did my little daughter learn this morning?" asked the fond father.

"That I am a child of Satan," was the beaming reply.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

A Careful Answer.

"Darling, if you had it to do all over again would you still want to marry me?"

"My dear, if I had it to do over again and decided to marry, you would be the one I would select."

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SEED POTATOES, IRISH COB- blers, Palawan, Caribbees, etc., at once. Supply limited. Write for quotations. H. W. Dawson, Brampton.

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insist on having an
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Years from now the Bell
Bulo will be giving good
service. It is built of
selected timber, treated with
wood preservatives, that
prevent decay. It has
strong, rigid walls, air-
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Therefore it lasts, simply
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well do anything else. Our
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a big knee like this, but your horse
may have a bunch or bruise on his
ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean it off without laying up
the horse. No blister, no hair
gone. Concentrated—only a few
drops required at an application. \$2 per
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and Book \$3 free. ABSORBINE, JR., the anti-
septic liniment for man, horse, dog, cat, etc., relieves
Rheumatism, Gout, Sprains, Bruises, Swellings, Burns, Itches,
Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle at druggists
or delivered. Made in the U. S. A. by
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Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

Machinery For Sale

Wheelock Engine, 150
H.P., 18 x 42, with double
main driving belt 24 ins.
wide, and Dynamo 30 K.W.
belt driven. All in first
class condition. Would be
sold together or separately;
also a lot of shafting at
a very great bargain as
room is required immediately.

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

ED. 7. ISSUE 37-19.

En Passant.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

* The fear of fate is evidence of an excess
of caution mingled with a doubt of one's
own ability to succeed.

Scott confessed, when he contemplated
launching his "Lady Of The Lake" upon
the doubtful waters of public opinion, he
had a feeling summed up in this,—If I
fail it is a sign that I ought never to have
succeeded. The fact that he consulted
his friends and had to persuade them in-
to the adoption of his hopes may have
influenced him in deciding to risk his
reputation, already established as a prose
writer of magnetic power, by stimulating
his resolution to "Put it to the touch
and quell the waves of doubt which beset
him."

The result proved the wisdom of the
venture, as results have a habit of doing.
After the gaining or losing it is easy to
weigh up and value what is left or added,
and to say,—this was wise or that was
foolish. The difficulty is always in
forming an even estimate beforehand of
the actual outcome of the enterprise.

The over cautious fear their fate and
miss the tide through their hesitation as
often as the too adventurous wreck their
chances by hurried and precipitous action.
They daily with fate until it beats them
down, and thereafter the voyage of their
lives is bound in shallows and in miseries.
A notable example of this spineless
condition resultant upon over caution is
seen in the attitude of Greece in relation
to the war. Trying to face both ways
through sheer inability to stand firm and
test her fate, she has been a pitiful figure.
Shrinking, timid and afraid, and
even the spirit of a mouse at bay, she has
continued to hesitate in spite of the most
convincing proof that her inaction was
more perilous than the worst punishment
defeat could bring in its train.

A time has arrived in the affairs of
Greece when sitting on the fence must
cease. Her vacillation and indecision
have been worse for the allies than her
actual defiance. Geographically situated
as Greece is, it has become impossible for
that country to continue as she has gone
on up to now.

Had she in the beginning gone with
our enemies against us she would have
been of more use to us as an enemy. By
such action she would have prevented the
Gallipoli failure by simply making it an
impossible adventure, together with the
Balkans deploy which followed it. Even
when the Salonica expedition began to
give promise of success, Greece had to be
guarded against as a possible foe, and a
continual outlook kept for indications of
treacherous design and intent. This had
become an intolerable condition of
things which had to break some way, and
now when the eleventh hour has passed
Greece is reported to have fallen off the
fence, the position having become untenable
by reason of the fence itself having
collapsed.

Clearly the situation is one of the
King's own making. The Greeks them-
selves eager for war are splitting up into
detached bands and joining the allies.
The navy is disintegrating and the bits
are drifting towards the allies, while the
king is asking if the terms offered him
over a year ago still hold.

They do not. And he is not the man
to make terms with if they did. Veni-
zelos has undertaken to make the best of
the mess which the king has made of
things, and even his best will be poor
under the distracting circumstances
which have settled upon the country.
Torn and broke, Greece is the prey of
the king's lack of grit and leadership,
and her future will have to be decided
for her. If at the last moment Con-
stantine accepts the inevitable, to keep
his job, his adhesion can only be a half-
hearted and doubtful deal, and still
Greece will be of little use in a brother-
hood of strong nations like Belgium,
England, France, Italy, Russia, Rou-
mania and Serbia. Had Greece at the
psychological moment joined a winning
combination, what would she have stood
to gain for herself?

With the success of the allies an in-
dependent Greece would have been
assured, with ascendancy and influence on
the Aegean coast established by the
ultimate freeing of the Dardanelles and
the throwing open to trade of the Medi-
terranean and Black seas.

By joining Germany and Turkey, and
in the happily remote event of their
winning, she would at least have escaped
the fate of a less an enemy and would
have shared in any plunder that had the
power to hold afterwards. In any event
her position would be better than it is
at present had she thrown her weight
however slight it may have been, of one
side or the other while it was worth any-
thing. Alas! Her Greece is undone.
Her opportunity has passed and her
future is marred because she has "leaved
her fate too much and her deserts are
small."

Bulzarak had more courage. She de-
clined to rank as our foe, and as a foe
she dealt with, because her enemy is

openly avowed. Roumania followed on
similar lines and as an ally will be en-
titled to participate in the victors' success.
Turkey, even, ranged herself on one side.
Her intrigues with Germany may have
boded her to her real interests, but any-
way, she declared herself.

After the war, when the map of Europe
is being reconstructed, Greece may find
it hinted that a certain range of moun-
tains from Monastir to Mount Olympus
would make an excellent natural Serbian
frontier. She may also learn, much to
her chagrin, that Serbia is in need of a
"Window on the sea," and that just
such an aperture could be found in the
neighbourhood of Salonica. She may
depend upon it that the future peace of
the Balkans will concern the whole world,
and will be decided with a view to per-
manence by those qualified to vote on
the subject. It will be futile to argue
then and if Greece has no voice in the
matter, that will be the outcome of King
Constantine's stupidity.

The former relations between Greece
and Britain are a sufficient promise that
Greece shall not sustain any great or
permanent evil beyond that inflicted
on it by a weak and vacillating mon-
arch. When her dark days are over and
the sinister influences of the Hun and the
Turk are eliminated from her schedule
of national life, it is probable that under
the leadership of a competent head a re-
constructed Greece will emerge into the
light. A country with a history like
that of Greece is not to be everlast-
ingly fit subjects assume her high place
in the world.

BUBBLING WITH OPTIMISM Baron Shaughnessy Strikes Hopeful Note



BARON SHAUGHNESSY

WHILE in Vancouver, Baron
Shaughnessy, President of
the Canadian Pacific Rail-
way, gave a most interesting ad-
dress lasting almost half an hour to
the members of the Vancouver
Board of Trade. During his re-
marks, which were listened to by
several hundred members of the
Board of Trade as well as by po-
pular business men connected
with the board, Lord Shaughnessy
briefly referred to what his com-
pany had done for Vancouver and
Victoria, to the position of the
city after the war, the question of
immigration and the duty of the
citizens of Vancouver as well as of
the entire Dominion in furthering
the interests of this country.

Prefacing his address with a brief
reference to the gentlemen who had
accompanied him on the trip to the
coast, Lord Shaughnessy alluded to
the Vancouver of twenty-five years
ago.

"When you look around," he said,
"and see the changes that have
taken place at that period, you feel
no doubt as we all feel that we are
all entitled to a great deal of credit
for the present conditions here.
You have your splendid wharves,
your large ocean-going tonnage,
your magnificent streets and resi-
dential section, your splendid busi-
ness blocks, and if I might be per-
mitted to say it, probably the finest
hotel on the continent." (Ap-
plause.)

"I think, too, that you will admit
whatever little differences we may
have had from time to time that,
during all these years your work-
ing partner, the C.P.R., has never
been significantly nor narrow. I think
too, that if our friends and neigh-
bours across the gulf in the city
of Victoria, where at present
business is not as brisk as it may
be, a situation that we are expe-
riencing in many localities on the
continent, but I think that Victoria,
which has made such marked pro-
gress and has been so exceedingly
prosperous in recent years, will al-
so bear testimony to the earnestness
with which your partner assisted
in forwarding all their good works."

"The policy of the Company in
Victoria and at other points served
by the company's lines has been one
of creation and improvement. Some-
times probably we have overdone
the mark and have anticipated the
future, but we did it with an im-
plicit confidence and there was only
a little while to wait when every-
thing would grow to what we had
been providing for in Vancouver as
elsewhere. The last three or four
years have been years of depression
in business, not in Vancouver alone
but throughout the country. Prob-
ably this may be attributed to a de-
gree of over-confidence and no doubt
to some extent to over speculation,

hand and foot for a time by a shifty ruler
like the one misnamed Constantine.

LINKSMAN.

Prohibition Will Come.

One of the most notable delegations
that have waited upon the Premier of
the Province was that of Wednesday last,
when between four and five hundred
friends of temperance presented them-
selves before Sir Lomer Gouin in their
plea for a dry Province. The large
number of delegates from all over the
Province was somewhat of an agreeable
surprise, but it showed conclusively the
deep interest that is being manifested,
and keepsake that prohibition will be in
force in the near future. It was brought
out in the splendid addresses of Sir
Francis Leclercq, Bishop Roy, Judge
Lafontaine, S. J. Carter, Rev. Dr.
Johnson, J. W. Roberts and Mrs. San-
derson and others that out of 1158 munici-
palities in the Province 974 are under
local option, out of 78 counties 46 are
under no license, and out of 18 cities a nine
are in the enjoyment of prohibition, and
the Premier was urged to keep abreast
with the splendid advance and grant the
request of the delegation and as the
President of the W. C. T. U. (Mrs.
Sanderson) said, "Sir Lomer, Someone
in these Legislative Halls is going to
bring in a bill for the prohibition
measures, so why not let it be in your
government."

J. H. Roberts, the indefatigable sec-
retary of the Dominion Alliance, pleading
for the helpless and the weak, advised
that the government would have the fifth

culty in finance to face, but we take the
higher ground that 'tis folly to destroy
men in order to get revenue. 'Tis not
revenue, but righteousness that exalteth
a nation.

The Premier promised to take up the
matter and trusted the delegation would
retain the same confidence in the govern-
ment which he knew would act in the
best interests of the country.

Auction Sale.

There will be sold by Public Auction
at the residence of
P. GOYETTE, Brownsburg.
Saturday, Oct 14th, 1916.

The following effects,—1 mare seven
years old, (sound) 1 gasoline engine
three horse power, (stickney) 1 single
express, 1 buggy, 1 rack sleigh, 1 set
of xpr. harness, 1 washing machine
and wringer, (can be used with
gasoline power) 1 washing machine
and wringer, 1 grind stone, 2 cross-
cut saws, (one for wood and one for
cutting ice (new) 1 ice cream freezer
complete with three cans, 2 Quebec
heaters, 1 steel baker, oven with
capacity of 60 loaves, also the fittings
of 10 bedrooms, besides a quantity of
other furniture, also a lot of crockery,
Good Edison Gramophone with 40
records.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp.
TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over
that amount 6 months credit on
furnishing approved joint notes.
M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

Wanted!

Construction Men
Saw-Mill Men & Bushmen
Chauffers

Come and join
the
242nd
Canadian
Forestry
Batt.

Lt.-Col. J. B. WHITE
Commanding

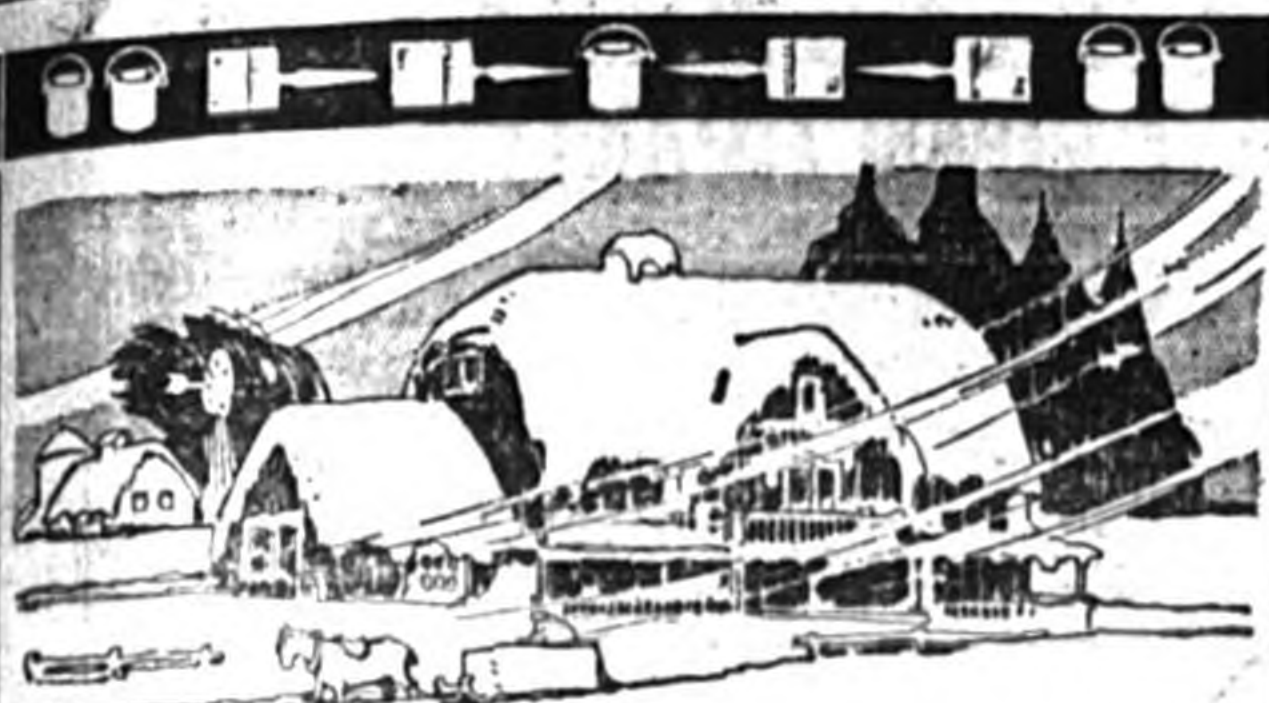
HEADQUARTERS

382 Sherbrooke Street, - West
Montreal
or to MAJOR S. E. SMITH, LACHUTE.

Men joining this Battalion will
be assured of a "fair deal" as the
commanding officer is an expe-
rienced lumberman, besides being
a thoroughly qualified officer and
thoroughly in sympathy with the
men who work for him.

"About the future we have no
doubt whatever. If we continue as
we are, conserving our resources,
avoiding unnecessary expenditure
until we can afford it better, if we
conclude that our success is going
to be dependent entirely on our
own efforts and that any assistance
we get from other causes must be
considered extraneous and not
essential, if we make up our minds
that we are going to be equal to any
country in the world, that of our
ability to do things, there is no
question, there will be no doubt as
to the position of Canada in the
future. I have not a doubt that
there are in this room many young
men who will see this country with
a population trebled at least, and
even larger figures might not be ex-
cessive if we perform our duty as
I have remarked." (Applause.)

A hearty vote of thanks was ac-
corded to Lord Shaughnessy on the
motion of Mayor McBeath, seconded
by Sir Charles Herbert Tupper.



Defies the Frost King

King Winter is armed with countless millions of ice-hard snow-crystals, driven by the full force of winter winds; his destructive work is aided by rapid changes in temperature, which freeze tiny particles of water in the pores of unprotected woodwork, tearing the wood fibres apart as freezing water splits a wrought-iron pipe. In the course of a long Canadian winter he can cause irreparable damage to an unprotected silo, barn or home. He attacks in vain, however, the building protected with

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT

The pure white lead (70%) and pure white zinc (30%) which it contains, serve as a thin but effective metallic armor-plate, defying all the forces of natural decay for many years.

The superiority of B-H "English" Paint is due both to the purity of its ingredients and to our special methods of manufacture. These produce a paint, which on account of its smoothness and marvellous fineness, spreads easily and penetrates far into the fibres of the wood.

Paint Your Buildings This Fall

GEORGE PAUL, Lachute,

HARDIE & CO., Brownsburg.

are our local agents. See them for color cards, prices and complete information

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON LIMITED

MONTREAL - HALIFAX - ST. JOHN - TORONTO - WINNIPEG

Canadian Northern Railway.

A general change of time will be made on the Canadian Northern Railway, commencing Sunday, Oct. 8, 1916, when the following train service will be in effect:

9:30 a.m. daily except Sunday for Epiphany, Rawdon Joliette, Shawinigan Falls, Grand Mere, Garneau et. Riviere a Pierre, Quebec and intermediate stations. Buffet parlor car, 3:45 p.m. daily except Sunday for Epiphany, Joliette, St. Jerome, Montfort, Huberdeau, Lachute, Lakesbury, Rockland, Ottawa and intermediate stations, commencing at Ottawa, for Toronto, and in Toronto on Mondays, Wednesdays and

Fridays for Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and all points in Western Canada. 5:00 p.m. daily except Sunday for Epiphany, Rawdon Joliette, Shawinigan Falls, Grand Mere, Garneau et. Riviere a Pierre, connecting Saturdays only at Riviere a Pierre for Chicoutimi, Roberval, etc.

BIRTHS.

KYLE.—At 783 Shuter street, on Sept. 24th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Austin Kyle, of Cambria, Que.

MILLER.—At Mirabel, Que., on Sept. 27th, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon W. Miller a daughter.

Let us be your Tailor!

We extend a cordial invitation to the Male Population of this County to call and visit us when in need of a new suit or Overcoat.

We are agents for the
Semi-Ready Clothing.
and
Crown Clothing Company

Every attention and courtesy given to all orders. Satisfaction Guaranteed

L. Guilbault

Merchant Tailor, BROWNSBURG.

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 house-hold, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

O. S. LAFLAIR & Sons, Limited.

Subscribe to The Ottawa Journal

J. S. Giles, Agent

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. W. LEP NE, Sub-Agent.

NOTICE

Public Notice is hereby given that Jacobus A. Jacobs, Capitalist, of the City of Montreal, George Darsereau, lumber merchant, of the Village of Grenville, John Y. Kendall, cartage contractor, of the City of Montreal, Saul R. Melkman, Financial agent, of the City of Montreal, and Louis Lorenzo Legault, Advocate, of the Town of Lachute, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session, for an act incorporating the petitioners as a railway company, under the name of "The Grenville, Harrington and Northern Railway," with power to expropriate lands, for the right of way of said Company, to construct, build, operate and maintain a railroad to be operated by steam, electricity or other power, from a point near the village of Grenville, in the County of Argenteuil, and passing through the Townships of Chatham, Grenville, Harrington, Arundel, in the County of Argenteuil, deSalaberry, Grandison, in the County of Terrebonne, Pontbony, Amherst, Clyde, Joly in the County of LaSalle, to a point near the village of Lachute, County of Lachute, and to authorize the said company to exercise all the powers incident thereto, and for other purposes.

L. L. LEGAULT,
Solicitor for Petitioners.
Lachute, 26th September, 1916.

A choice lot of Imported Wash Goods to be opened end of week such as we offered the last two years at low prices.

W. BANFORD & SON

ST. ANDREWS

Miss Mary Walsh has gone to Belleville to visit her aunt Mrs. Charles.

Mr. Arch. Graham has imported a very fine horse from Waterloo, Que.

Mr. Fred W. Gates has accepted a position in the Factory at Brownsburg.

Miss Marguerite de Boncherville, of Prattelboro Vermont is visiting her mother.

Mrs. Norman McGregor who has been summing here returned to New York last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Almoick, of Montreal, are spending a couple of weeks at their "shack" at the Bay.

Mr. D. Randall's auction sales at Carleton on Friday and Saturday of last week were very largely attended.

Mrs. Euclide Boileau has purchased a building lot from Dr. Legault, situated between Dr. Legault residence and Mr. Nelson Hydes.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. J. A. MacKay has been obliged to go to the Hotel Dieu Hospital Montreal to undergo an operation.

Mr. Allan Jones of the Westmount Rifles spent Sunday with his parents this is the third of Mr. Jones' sons to don the Khaki.

The ratepayers of the Bay have at last obtained a conveyance for the transporting of the Scholars. Mr. Geo. Perks has the contract.

Messrs. Lafleur of Lachute has been the successful tenderer for the Roman Catholic Church his price was Twenty thousand Five Hundred Dollars which includes the Presbytery both buildings to be fitted with hot water system.

Argenteuil Marble & Granite Works

MacDonald and McColl Proprietors

Headstones and Monuments of all kinds
Estimates Given on Application. Satisfaction Guaranteed

We are also General Contractors and can quote you on all brick and Concrete work. Cement floors and sidewalks a specialty. Our many years of experience ensures good workmanship. Phone No. 6.

Macdonald & McColl, Contractors
Main Street, Lachute

Staple Dry Goods.

Bleached and unbleached sheetings, both twill and plain, White and Grey Cottons, Pillow Cottons, Fast dye shirtings, Prints, Etc.,

Took's Shirts and Collars, Men's and Boy's Balbriggan shirts and Drawers.

We are fairly well stocked in Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes, Etc.

We recommend our Tea at 40c. and 45c. Japan, Ceylon or Black.

HARNESS! Buggy, Express, (single or double), Heavy Lumber, etc. etc. All parts kept in stock.

GILES BROS.
Main St. - Lachute

BROWNSBURG

On Sunday next the Rev. F. J. Hayden will give his Special Address on David Lloyd George the British of War and a Man of Prayer. All are welcome.

The Methodist Ladies Aid met at the home of Mrs. John Campbell on Wednesday last. After the business was over Mrs. Campbell served a lunch and a very pleasant time was spent. The Meeting in November is to be held at Mrs. Walter McVicar's.

Are we going to be behind other places, which has not only sent their boys away to the front with a hearty farewell, but has given them a real welcome home when they have had the good fortune to return? If not then let us give three cheers for the brave little one armed hero, W. P. Piley, God Bless Him, who has lost his arm in trying to do his bit to protect us all from a cruel and inhuman enemy. I am sure we have the patriotic spirit alright, but have we the grit to carry it out, if so then let us all help, we cannot give him back the arm he has lost, but we can do the next best thing, give him an artificial one; with perhaps a little surplus for pocket money, if any responsible person will take this matter up, I shall be pleased to forward him \$5.00 towards that purpose.

I beg to remain your respectfully
A Mother.

The first Annual General Meeting of the Brownsburg Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society was held in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, Brownsburg on Thursday afternoon, September 28th, Mrs. F. H. Hooper, President presiding.

After thanking the members of the Society and all those who helped so untiringly in their efforts to ease the suffering of the brave lads who gave up everything for their King and Country the president called upon Mrs. J. K. Thomson, Sec'y-Treasurer to submit the financial report for the year, which follows:—

INCOME.

Members	\$ 74 00
Associate members	27 25
Advisory Board	14 00
Brownsburg and District Pat.	
Col. Ass'n.	1800 00
Young People Soc. Concert	52 35
Carol Singers	29 73
English Church S. S. Entertainment	10 00
Mr. Newling Picture Show Entertainment	40 50
Mr. Goyette Picture Show Entertainment	22 75
Lachute Masonic Lodge	25 00
Mrs. Moseley, Proceeds from Tea	10 00
Afternoon tea in Church	16 20
Sir Geo. H. Perley	90 36
Hockey Games	11 50
Goods Sold	26 43
Returned Cheques (T. Eatons)	60 00
Bank Interest	1 74
Cash Discount allowed	1 67
Total	\$2303 47

EXPENDITURE.

Supplies Purchased	\$1082 50
Mrs. purchases	10 80
Can. Red Cross Society	221 60
Prisoners of War Fund	600 00
Stamps, Freight charges, etc.	9 67
Cleaning Church	6 00
By Balance	395 01
Total	\$2303 47

The President then submitted the following statement showing the work accomplished by the Society in addition to the cash donations mentioned above, which was considered highly satisfactory.

Articles shipped 1st Quarter	4 71
" 2nd "	16 49
" 3rd & 4th "	3 017
Total	5 137

CASH DONATIONS:

2nd Quarter Prisoners of War Fund	\$200 00
Filling Comfort Bags	100 00
3rd Quarter Prisoners of War Fund	200 00
Filling Comfort Bags	100 00
Four beds in Ramsgate Hospital	200 00
Total	\$800 00

The Question of the Hour!

Warm Underwear for Ladies, Men, Boys & Children.

If you want the best buy "Starfield's" and hurry up as these goods will be scarce and higher in price.

Ladies' Coats for Fall and Winter.

"Northways" make the best that money can buy. The prices are right considering the high prices of raw material.

Invictus Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen. Fit, Finish and Wear guaranteed.

Remember, the only place the above goods can be bought is at McFAUL BROS. We are well stocked with all reasonable goods and the early buyer will have the advantage of better selection and lower prices.

McFAUL BROS.
WEST END

Requete

Les soussignés, Electeurs Municipaux, ayant la qualité requise, de la municipalité de St-Pierre, dans le Comté de Deux Montagnes, demandent, par les présentes, qu'il soit tenu un bureau de vote, au nom de la Section quinquiesme du Chapitre Cinq-ens du Titre quatre-ens des Statuts Révisés de Québec, 1909, pour décider si les Electeurs Municipaux de la Municipalité acceptent ou non, en vertu et en exécution de la dite Section, le Règlement suivant, que nous soumettons, par les présentes, à leur adoption, savoir:

"La vente des liqueurs échantillonnées et l'émulsion de Biscuits en conséquence, sont par le présent Règlement et prohibés dans la municipalité de St-Pierre en vertu et en exécution de la Section quinquiesme du Chapitre Cinq-ens du Titre quatre-ens des Statuts Révisés de Québec, 1909."

EN FOI DE QUOI nous avons apposé nos sceaux aux présentes, à St-Pierre, ce trentième jour de Juillet, en l'an de Notre-Seigneur, mil-neuf-cent-seize.

Electeurs

God. (x sa marque) Anguignon, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry, Curé) Elus Farmer, Helle Lalonde, Adélaïde Saurin, Charles Lefebvre, Maurice Lalonde, Pierre Lalonde, Ambroise (x sa marque) Sauvé, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry, Curé) N. Turpin, Kustache St-Martin, Joseph Shaffer, Napoléon Lalonde, Calixte St-Jacques, H. Nédard, Godfrey x sa marque Anguignon, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry, Curé) Léonard Lavoie, Danté, Arthème, Camille Mainville, Alphonse Lefebvre, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry, Curé) Joseph Lefebvre, Joseph St-Pierre, Adélaïde Lalonde, Hyacinthe x sa marque Lavoie, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry, Curé) L. L. G. Lavoie, Joseph Lefebvre, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry, Curé) J. B. Raymond, P. x Lavoie, Dumas, Lavoie, William Lavoie, Diédonné Lavoie, J. B. Carrière, Lavoie x sa marque Durocher, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry) Pichon x sa marque Carrière, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry) Orlan Lavoie, Gabriel Lavoie, Paul Lavoie, Alphonse Lavoie, J. B. St-Jacques, Paul Lavoie, L. L. G. Lavoie, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry, Curé) H. Lavoie, J. B. Lavoie, Wilfrid Waddell, Pierre x sa marque Bouchon, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry) Ernest Lavoie, J. Lavoie, Gilbert x Lavoie, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry) Alfred x Lavoie, (énoins A. Dubreuil, J. B. Aubry) Napoléon Lefebvre, J. Massy, Edouard Lavoie, William St-Pierre.

Déclaration

NOUS, SOUSSIGNÉS, Alphonse Dubreuil et J. B. Aubry, de St-Pierre, déclarons solennellement que les noms apparaissant au bas de la requête ci-jointe, sont les signatures des personnes ainsi nommées; que les dites signatures ont été apposées et jointes à la dite Requête en notre présence à St-Pierre, à la date mentionnée, et dans la dite Requête par les dites personnes elles-mêmes; que les dites signatures sont des signatures municipales de la Municipalité de St-Pierre et ayant les qualités voulues au nombre de trente au moins.

Et nous faisons cette déclaration solennelle la et par devant nous, notaire public et sachant qu'elle a la même force et le même effet que si elle était faite nous-mêmes sous l'empire de la loi de la preuve de Québec.

Et nous avons signé.

(Signé) Alphonse Dubreuil

J. B. Aubry, Père.

Déposé devant moi à St-Pierre ce vingt-neufième jour de septembre, 1916. (Signé) J. B. Raymond, Notaire, C. C. S. pour le District de Terrebonne.

Je soussigné, J. B. Lemire, secrétaire de la Municipalité de St-Pierre, certifie que la présente requête, avec attestation des signatures ci-dessus, a été remise en vingt-neufième jour d'août, mil-neuf-cent-seize.

J. B. LEMIRE Sec. Trés.

AVIS PUBLIC.

Province de Québec
Municipalité de St-Pierre.

Aux Habitants et électeurs municipaux de la municipalité de St-Pierre.
Avis public est, par les présentes, donné par J. B. Lemire, Secrétaire Trésorier, que la requête ci-dessus signée, comme et apparait ci-dessus, et demandant que le Règlement compris dans la dite requête, soit soumis à l'adoption des électeurs de cette municipalité, un vœu de la section quinquiesme du Chapitre Cinq-ens du Titre quatre-ens des Statuts Révisés de Québec, 1909, m'a été délivré et a été reçu, par moi, le vingt-neufième jour de août, 1916.

Qu'en conséquence, une assemblée des électeurs municipaux de la Municipalité de St-Pierre aura lieu le dix-neufième jour de septembre 1916 à dix heures du matin, à St-Pierre, dans la salle des énonces du Conseil, aux fins de tenir un Bureau de Vote dans le but de décider si le Règlement soumis par la dite requête, et qu'il apparait ci-dessus, doit être adopté ou non, par les électeurs municipaux de cette Municipalité.

Donné à St-Pierre, ce troisième jour du mois de septembre, 1916.

J. B. LEMIRE,

29-9 Secrétaire-Trésorier.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

THANKSGIVING DAY EXCURSIONS.

Single fare. Going and returning Monday, October 9th, 1916.

Fare and one third. Going Saturday, Sunday and Monday, October 7th, 8th, 9th, 1917. Returning until Oct. 10th.

General change of time will be made October 8th, 1916.

M. ROBY, Agent Lachute.

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd).

When they had all gone, the host stood looking at the empty chairs. They seemed, as it were, typical of the weary, empty hours of his life, and for the first time a wholesome distaste of it all swept over him. Day in, day out, an everlasting whirl—wherein he and his companions turned night into day and spent their lives in a hollow round of gaiety, in which scandal, cards, women and wine were the chief features. And at the end! What would be the end?

Then he shook himself from his unaccustomed reverie; Adrien Leroy, the popular idol of fashionable society, was not given long to introspection.

"What next?" he asked himself. It was Norgate who answered the unspoken query, by announcing that the motor was at the door.

As Adrien descended the stairs, Jasper Vermont entered the hall below him.

"Ah, just in time!" he said with his amiable smile. "You're off to the Park, I suppose?"

"I don't know yet," returned Adrien evasively. "What do you think of the motor?"

"Worthy even of Adrien Leroy," replied Jasper, with the faintest suspicion of a sneer, which, however, passed unperceived by his friend. "By the way," he continued, as they walked to the door together, "I have just left Ada in tears, poor girl; repentance followed closely on repelition. She vows solemnly to refrain from onions and patchouli for the future, and begs for the return of your favor."

Leroy smiled gravely at his companion's flippant tones.

"You make an eloquent advocate; but there's little need for pity in her case; her tastes are natural to her class. I was to blame for not realising it before; but she'll be well set up for the future," he said, and forthwith dismissed the subject from his mind.

"But, Jasper, what of this chestnut entered for the steeplechase?"

Vermont's dark, restless eyes dropped for a moment; then he said lightly:

"Do you mean that Yorkshire screw? Oh, he is alright! Can't run the course, I should say, let alone the last rise. Nothing can touch the roan. If I weren't a beggar, I'd cover 'King Cole's' back with guineas."

"Do it for me," said Leroy carelessly, as he climbed into the waiting Daimler, which was the latest purchase.

"What, another thousand?" asked Jasper almost eagerly.

"Two, if you like," said his friend, as the chauffeur started the car, and with a smile to Vermont he took his departure.

Vermont stood looking after him, his gaze almost evil in its fixity; then he turned and passed up the stairs. In the dining-room he found Norgate, clearing away the cards and glasses, in no very amiable humor.

"Has there been a luncheon party?" queried Mr. Vermont.

"Yes, sir," answered Norgate aggrievedly; "Mr. Shelton, Lord Standon and Mr. Paxhorn."

"And bridge?" murmured Mr. Vermont inquiringly.

"Yes, sir; and from what I heard, I believe Mr. Leroy lost."

"Ah," commented the other softly, "I fear Mr. Leroy always does lose, doesn't he?"

"He's made me lose my time to-day with his fads and fancies," grumbled Norgate, removing the folding card-table; "what with bringing in street wenches at one o'clock in the morning; and they mustn't be disturbed, if you please."

Jasper Vermont was instantly on the alert. He was not above encouraging a servant to gossip, and, although Norgate was not given to err in this direction as a rule, upon the present occasion his grievance got the better of him, and Vermont was soon in possession of such slight facts as could be gleaned.

CHAPTER V.

Johann Wilfer, Jessica's adopted father, was a German by birth, and the son of an innkeeper in one of the tiny villages on the banks of the Rhine. In his youth he had studied as an art student at Munich; but, finally, by his idle and dissolute behavior, so angered the authorities that he had been compelled to return home. Tiring of the rural life there, he finally obtained from his parents sufficient money to come to London to try his fortune.

Here he soon obtained some work from the smaller art dealers, which enabled him to live in comparative comfort, and had it not been for his unreliability and his love of drink he might have risen to be a good artist.

Wilfer was a handsome young fellow. In those days, and while on one of his wandering tours in Kent he met and won the heart of a simple little country girl, named Lucy Goodwin. Lucy believed her lover to be everything that was good, and trusted him even to the extent of her betrayal; so that, under some pretence, young Wilfer was able to entice the girl to Canterbury, where, a few weeks later, he deserted her.

She was the only daughter of a

widower, a clerk in the employ of a country bank, who broken-hearted at his daughter's ruin, threw up his situation, changed his name to that of George Harker, and fled to London with his beloved child. Here he found it extremely difficult to obtain work. His savings soon evaporated, and alas! further trouble was in store for him; for one afternoon a smooth-faced gentleman appeared at their quiet lodgings. This was none other than Jasper Vermont, who in a long private interview with the unhappy Harker informed him that he had heard of Lucy's escapade, and threatened to proclaim her shame, if Mr. Harker failed to comply with a proposition he was about to make to him. The business which he suggested was one entirely abhorrent to the ex-bank clerk; but with money running short, and the thought of his daughter's misery should her secret be revealed, what could the father do but submit?

The result of this interview was that, a month or two later, a new money-lending firm sprang up in a narrow street in the City, under the title of Harker's Ltd., and none of the numerous clients who patronized it ever recognized that the manager, Mr. Harker, was speaking the literal truth when he repeatedly asserted his own impotence in the business. Everyone believed the story to be a fictitious one, invented to assist him in his extortions.

Time passed on, and Lucy's pretty face and modest ways, perhaps her very sadness, which clung to her in never-ending remorse, caught the heart of a simple-minded man, one John Ashford. He was a flourishing grocer in a village on the banks of the Thames, and was then staying in London on a visit. After a hard struggle with herself the poor girl returned his love, and ventured to become his wife.

Wilfer, from enquiries made by Mr. Harker, was supposed to be dead. None, she thought, knew her secret except her father, for Lucy believed that Vermont had employed Mr. Harker out of friendship and sympathy, and did not know until long after her marriage that she, and therefore her husband, were in his power. So she ventured to grasp the happiness held out to her, thus strengthening the chain which bound her father and herself in slavery to Jasper Vermont's will. For if they feared disclosure before, how much more did they dread it now, when Lucy was married to a man who prided himself upon his good name and untarnished respectability!

Johann Wilfer, however, was not dead, nor had he left London. He had become a member of a gang of ingenious rascals, who lived by imitating the less known gams of the old masters, and palming them off on the credulous public and wealthy collectors as genuine. The impostures were very cleverly manipulated, and quite a little system was instituted to bring them to perfection. Mr. Wilfer's part of the undertaking was "toning"; that is, giving to the imitations the necessary mistiness and discoloration supposed to be produced by age.

He did very well at this business; so well, indeed, that he took a house in Cracknell Court, Soho, and if he could have restrained himself from the drinking of beer and spirits he would have been in comfortable circumstances.

This perpetual intoxication eventually made its mark upon Mr. Wilfer's countenance, and converted his face into a caricature—with its mottled skin and bleary eyes—of the good looks which had won Lucy Goodwin's heart in former times. His language had also degenerated as well as his looks. All trace of German accent had been carefully obliterated, in order that no suspicion should be aroused when selling a faked picture. He played the part of a Cockney so frequently and so well that that particular accent seemed, as it were, to be his mother-tongue.

As the years went by even the gang became tired of his habitual intoxication, and only occasionally gave him employment, so that he turned his attention to scenery painting for the stage. In this way, when engaged at the Rockingham Theatre, he met Martha Feltham, Ada Lester's dresser, and by means of boasting of his wealth finally persuaded her to marry him. It was in this manner that Jessica had first come under his sway.

When Ada found that her sister would never recover from the mental shock inflicted by Jasper Vermont when he told her that their marriage was illegal, she had made arrangements to get the child out of the house. Naturally the little girl was an eyesore and an embarrassment to her; especially as Julia—blissfully ignorant that she herself was the mother—was always worrying her sister as to the reason of Jessica's presence. Accordingly, when Ada, by reason of her improved position and higher salary, moved away from the Bloomsbury lodgings into a house of her own, she gave the child over to the care of her dresser, Martha, now Mrs. Wilfer, and had always paid regularly for her board and keep.

Mr. Wilfer did not object to this

addition to his income, though he still worked occasionally for the picture gang; and it was on one of their jobs that he came within the reach of Jasper Vermont.

One day he had been sent to play the usual proceedings on Mr. George Harker, presuming, naturally enough, that being a moneylender he was rich, and hearing that he had a liking for "old masters."

Johann Wilfer saw Mr. Harker, and notwithstanding the changes which time brings to us all, and the entire transformation of name and surroundings, recognised him as the father of the girl whom he had once so cruelly deceived.

The old man never having heard the name of Lucy's betrayer—for she had purposely kept it from him—knew nothing of his visitor, and eventually purchased the picture, after consulting with Jasper, who discovered the imposition at a glance, but saw in the poster a possible new tool.

He instructed Harker to obtain a written guarantee of the genuineness of the picture, and Wilfer, being half-intoxicated at the time, for once forgot his usual caution, and gave the required pledge. With that in his possession, Jasper Vermont had Wilfer in his power, and only left him undisturbed because he saw no present opportunity of using him.

But when he wanted him he knew that he had only to exert the authority which the warrant gave him, and Johann Wilfer would be his obedient servant, as many better men were already.

The picture he intended—through Mr. Harker—to compel one of the firm's wealthy clients to take as part of a loan, a well-known trick of the worst class of money lenders.

Quite unconscious of the sword that hung over him, Mr. Wilfer, after a bout of hard drinking, went home, and it was in his drunken frenzy that he had struck Jessica. She, bruised and frightened, fled into the streets, where Adrien Leroy found her.

Left to himself—for his wife was away for a day or two—Mr. Wilfer fell into a deep slumber, in which he remained for the rest of the evening. (To be continued).

WOMEN AUTO DRIVERS.

Accepted By British War Office After a Month's Test.

Since last August, when Lady Londonderry started the Women's Legion to supply trained women cooks to British home camps and convalescent hospitals, about 2,000 have been successfully employed. The formation of a motor-transport section of the Women's Legion in April of this year has had similarly successful results, and it is now officially recognized by the War Office as a civilian subordinate branch.

The commandant of this section of the Women's Legion is Miss Christobel Ellis, a cousin of Lord Howard de Walden, who has been in Serbia with the Red Cross and has driven a motor transport for some weeks at the front. She hopes to obtain for the work women who may have to earn their own living after the war, and who would find a congenial occupation in the driving of light vans. Already about 200 women have been placed, not all in War Office work, but some in munition areas and some working for hospitals. All expenses of training both the camp cooks and the motor-transport section are covered in a private fund subscribed by Lady Londonderry's personal friends. Training for the motor-transport section is given free at certain garages and motor schools with which the Legion has made arrangements.

The work done for the War Office so far has been in connection with the Army Service Corps. The women drive light cars only and are drafted into service units for home service. The Army Council was asked in April to try the women for a month. They agreed, and during the month's test the women were given cars which could not even be described as second best. The women, however, accepted all difficulties as part of their test, and it was reported that their work was "excellent," and that in many cases the cars were kept cleaner than they had been by the men.

The War Office rates of pay are regarded as satisfactory. Superintendents get 52s. 6d. (£13.12) a week and travelling expenses; head drivers or squad leaders, 40s. (£10) a week and overtime to drivers returning to the garage after 6 p.m.; mechanic drivers, 35s. (£8.75) a week and overtime; probationer drivers, 25s. (£6.25) a week, 35s. (£8.75) when actually driving, and garage washers, 25s. (£6.25) a week.

So far the girls employed are the daughters of country squires who have suffered losses during the war, the daughters of garage owners and the like. After the month's probation, when an agreement for a year or the period of the war is made, the drivers will wear a khaki uniform with Army Service Corps numerals, for which there will be a special grant from the War Office of £6 (£30) in the case of superintendents, squad leaders or head drivers, and £3 (£15) for mechanics, with a smaller renewal grant. Small army overcoats, exactly the same as those worn by the men, will also be a Government issue.

His Choice.

The judge looked over at the prisoner and said:

"You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impaneled."

Hogan brightened. "Well, thin," he said, "yer Honor, O'll fight the small man wid wan eye, in the corner ther' forinst ye."

Fondly Recalled.

Artist—What's the matter? It's a good joke, isn't it?

"It's a very good joke. The first time I heard that joke I laughed till the tears rolled down my pinafore."

The Farm

Phosphorus for Alfalfa Fields.

Quite a number write that they have fields of alfalfa with a fairly good stand that are still unprofitable. Some of these fields are overgrown with broad-leaved plantain, dock and other weeds. Some of them are full of fox-tail and some are becoming infested with blue-grass, writes Joseph E. Wing in Breeder's Gazette.

Almost any field can be made profitable, providing the land has good drainage. I suspect that where the plantains are coming in badly there is lack of drainage. This may need attention before marked success can be attained. Possibly, however, the plantains are merely an indication of the weediness of the ground, and poor cultivation of former crops. Broad-leaved plantain is a hard thing to cultivate out of alfalfa, but it can be done by the thorough and vigorous use of the alfalfa harrow. This should go across the field in two directions, and perhaps a third time in a diagonal course, which will result in taking out practically all of the plantain. The docks will have to be taken out with the hoe or mattock, taking care to cut them low enough so that they will not sprout again. Blue grass is easily enough taken out with the alfalfa harrow, and fox-tail grass, which is now just sprouting, can readily be subdued by the use of the same implement.

If the alfalfa is small and unprofitable after it has the ground to itself, look for the cause in lack of fertility in the soil. Practically all of the land in the corn belt is benefited by applications of more phosphorus. Alfalfa especially revels in phosphorus, and from our experience and observation on many other farms, we know it pays richly to go over unproductive meadows with an application of basic slag or acid phosphate, as soon as the first crop is off the ground or as soon as the second crop is off the ground or as soon as the second crop is taken. We apply about 400 pounds to the acre for top dressing. It is marvelous how this treatment with phosphorus will cause the alfalfa to spring into new life with hush vigor that it gets ahead of annual grasses and overshadows the weeds.

One cannot very well renew unproductive alfalfa by top dressing with stable manure. It is more apt to cause a growth of weeds than to stimulate the alfalfa, but use of mineral fertilizers, acid phosphate for nearly all soils, basic slag where it can be had, and muriate of potash for the lighter black soils, will result in fine vigorous thrifty alfalfa. I saw a splendid illustration of this on a nearby farm recently. H. C. Rogers, my neighbor, has a farm splendidly adapted to alfalfa, which he grows quite largely. His cutting this year for the first crop must have averaged about two tons to the acre. It was established two years ago, and has had annual applications of acid phosphate, at the rate of about 400 pounds to the acre. One small field, however, of the best land on the farm, was given no treatment. It last year produced very heavy crops of hay. This year the growth was so much inferior to that of the treated parts of the field that it was estimated that there was a difference of 200 per cent. The plain truth is that alfalfa draws heavily upon the soil for both phosphorus and potash. Furthermore, the bacteriologists tell us that phosphorus is especially stimulating to the nitrifying bacteria which live upon the alfalfa root.

We can grow alfalfa anywhere in the corn belt without artificial fertilization, but we can grow it with several times the profit if we will attend to this matter. It is no big job to go over an alfalfa meadow when the first crop is taken off, or earlier in the spring, and give it 400 pounds to the acre of acid phosphate or basic slag, because it can be put on with a wide fertilizer distributor that merely drops it upon the top of the ground. It can be done when teams are not busy, if early in the spring, and the result will be alfalfa in its maximum thrift and profit.

I know an alfalfa field in the south that last year produced two tons to the acre at the first cutting. The subsequent cuttings were also heavy, and the owners of the field naturally concluded that the land was extremely fertile, and this year neglected to give it treatments. It had had in the past years applications of 400 or 500 pounds of acid phosphate annually. This year with a perfect stand the yield of the first cutting was about three-quarters of a ton to the acre. This, however, was on soil naturally marked deficient in phosphorus, and no such tremendous falling away will likely be seen on land in the corn belt.

Make Your Farm Self-Sustaining.

In answer to an enquiry as to the cost of production of milk, sent out to 300 dairymen in the State of Louisiana, only 10 replies were received at the University Dairy School, some of the non-respondents explaining that they considered the questions an intrusion into their private affairs. However, the ten answers were tabulated and analyzed, and the information afforded is interesting, even if it does not suffice for a representative

Let Him Help Himself To CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

It will do more than satisfy his craving for "something sweet"—it will supply the food elements needed to build up his little body and help him to gain in health and strength.

"Crown Brand" is a wholesome, nourishing food—as well as the most delicious of table syrups.

The recipes in our new book, "Desserts and Candies," will tell you just how to use it in many novel ways. Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

Dealers everywhere have "Crown Brand" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—and 3 pound glass jars.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, PORT WILIAM.
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup, Benson's Corn Starch and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.



Horse Talk.

As weaning time comes near be sure to teach the colts to eat grain. Let them eat first with the mother, and then in a little manger all their own.

If two colts are weaned at the same time, they usually get along better. The youngsters when alone suffer from loneliness.

Keep a watchful eye on the colts at weaning time and be sure that they do not become constipated.

A little ground flaxseed in the grain mixture will help to keep the bowels in good condition.

Never let the weanling run down in condition. Many people fail to realize how serious this loss is.

For perfect development a colt should carry its colt fat to maturity, then you will have style and "bottom." Handle the colts a little every time you go in the stable. Pat them all over, let them expect to feel your hand on their bodies.

Never tease a colt, meanness can easily be developed by teasing. Petting will bring out the best in a colt, teasing the worst.

While petting them, be firm, and teach them to obey, but always use kindness.

A light leather halter, made to fit with a short piece of strap attached to the halter ring to take hold of, is a good way to teach the colt to lead.

Take hold of this strap often when in the paddock, and pull the colt first one way and then another, but not roughly, and in a short time he will respond, with no danger of arousing opposition.

A good way to teach a colt to walk up promptly, is to take the halter in the right hand and with the left tap from the back with a light whip.

BLACK CATS AS MEDICINE.

Nourishing Food For Invalids, Say Chinese Doctors.

"Black Cats and Dogs served up at a Moment's Notice." This is the announcement that may be found placarded up outside any restaurant in Canton, China.

The Chinaman with a particularly weak digestion selects this dish from the menu with all good faith, for the Chinese doctors regard the flesh of cats and dogs—especially the black ones—as a most nourishing food for invalids, with excellent medicinal properties. Cats of the black variety are specially bred for culinary purposes.

But the new ruler of the Celestial Empire is not a lover of the aristocratic dishes of his country. Fried locusts, birds'-nest soup (the actual nests of the birds of the seashore), grilled seaweed, ancient curried eggs—quite black inside—and other "delicacies" beloved by the nobility do not appeal to him. He shows Western tastes in preferring the food of the Chinese peasant, which consists mostly of rice, fish, and the really appetizing crab salad.

Penman's

STYLES

IN these days of short skirts hosiery is a most important part of one's costume. It is because they are so very important that most people buy Penman's, for in so doing they know they are receiving maximum value in every way.

There is a line made by Penman's specially for you.

Penman's Limited
Paris



About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Tested Recipes.

Mexican Pickles.—Select four quarts green tomatoes, six large peppers, three onions, all chopped fine. Put a layer of this mixture in an earthen jar, then a layer of salt alternately, and let remain overnight. Then drain the water off, and add one tablespoon each of peppercorns, mustard seed and whole cloves. Simmer the whole for twenty minutes in three quarts of good vinegar, and set away in a cool place. After three weeks pour off the vinegar and add as much fresh in another week the pickles will be ready for use.

Fresh Pineapple for Occasions.—Take a very fine ripe pineapple, pare it and cut carefully all the eyes; then with a silver fork strip all the pulp from the core. To one pint of this add one and one-fourth pounds of lump or crushed sugar and stir occasionally until all the sugar is dissolved. Put in glass fruit jars and screw down the covers as tight as possible. This keeps a long time and is delicious.

Rhubarb Marmalade.—Wash and pare rhubarb and cut in one-half-inch pieces; there should be two quarts. Add one quart of sugar, cover and let stand overnight. In the morning put in stewpan. Add grated rind and juice of one orange, one-half cup seeded raisins, cut in small pieces and one-half cup English walnuts, broken in pieces. Bring all to boiling and let simmer until thick. Seal in jars.

Chutney Sauce.—Select twelve green, sour apples, two green peppers, six green tomatoes, four small onions, one cup seeded raisins, one quart of vinegar (if strong dilute), two tablespoons mixed spices, two tablespoons salt and two cups brown sugar. Remove seeds from peppers, add tomatoes and onions, chopped fine; raisins, spices, sugar, salt and vinegar. Put on and let simmer slowly for about three-fourths hour. Then add the apples and cook until they are tender but not mushy. Put in bottles and seal. Delicious relish for meats.

Honey to Keep Without Candying.—To keep honey all the year round without honeying, it is only necessary to place the honey, which has been strained previously, in a pan or pail, which may be placed inside of another one, putting two or three bits of wood under the pail containing the honey, to prevent it from burning on the bottom. Then fill the outer pail with water and just bring it to the boiling point, skimming off the foam and foam which gathers upon the top. As soon as it comes to the boiling point remove from stove, and after a few minutes skim and pour into jars to cool. Cover tightly and place in a cool cellar. It will pay for the trouble.

Cucumber Pickles.—Over one-half peck of small cucumbers pour a boiling brine made of five pints of water and two cups of salt. Stand twenty-four hours, drain and wipe and cover with five pints of boiling vinegar. Again stand twenty-four hours and drain. To fresh vinegar add two green peppers, chopped, one-half pint white mustard seed, one-half ounce each of whole cloves, cinnamon, allspice, ginger root and alum, two pounds of brown sugar and one tablespoonful of celery seed. Scald and pour boiling hot over the pickles. Do not tie the spices in a bag. The cucumbers will shrivel up when the vinegar is poured over them, but after standing for a fortnight they will be plump, firm and delicious. They will keep indefinitely stored in covered jar or crock.

Canned Sweet Peppers.—Cut off the stem end, remove the seeds with a pair of shears and cut the pepper round and round in a long strip, one-fourth of an inch wide. Put the strips into a deep dish and pour over enough boiling salt water to cover them. Close the dish with a cover and let the peppers stand all night in the water. Turn them out into a colander and let them drain dry. Put to a quart jar and pour over them one and one-half cups of boiling hot vinegar, to which has been added one cupful of sugar and two small pieces cinnamon stick. Let the peppers stand for three days, then drain off the vinegar, heat boiling water and pour over them again, then seal. Use only the red peppers with a few of the green. It will take two dozen peppers to fill a quart jar. These canned peppers are much superior to the imported "pimento," and should be used more generally than they are in salads, sandwiches and Spanish food. It is well to wear rubber gloves preparing the peppers.

Watermelon Rind Preserve With Sage and Lemon.—Take the rind of a melon, pare and cut in small pieces through a coarse meat or fruit chopper. Place in a preserving kettle, cover with water and boil about an hour until fruit seems tender. Scrub or large lemons thoroughly and the number of oranges. Cut in pieces, remove seeds and run through chopper. After fruit has been boiled, add tender add oranges and lemon.

Measure up two-thirds the amount of sugar in same measuring cup in which the fruit was measured. To fruit, boil for one hour (not fast) and stir fruit occasionally

so it does not stick to the bottom. Lower the flame at the end of an hour and if the syrup seems to boil down too much add a little water now and then. Stir all thoroughly, mix water with syrup. This preserve will require often lifting and stirring to keep juice evenly distributed with fruit. The proper proportions of sugar to melon rind are twelve cups of sugar to eighteen cups of rind. When preserve is finished if rind is not sufficiently heavy one cup of sugar may be added and boil a short time, stirring well.

Pickling Wisdom.

When pickles are under consideration the most important item is vinegar. All things taken into account, it is best to use the vinegar obtained from cider, since many of the colorless varieties are often made with an acid that is injurious to the stomach. The difference of cost between the cider vinegar and the white is not much.

Nearly all vegetables that are made into pickles, especially gherkins, cucumbers and onions, require a preliminary soaking in brine. Half a cupful of salt is usually allowed to four quarts of the pickles. These are placed in a stone crock, the salt strewn over them, water is poured in until it covers them, and a weighted plate is laid on top to keep the pickles from floating. This is left for several days. When the pickles are removed from the brine they should be looked over to see if there are any soft or spotted ones.

All pickles should be closely watched after they are put up, at least for a month or so. This to ascertain if they are keeping well. They should not be eaten unless they have had at least a two months' mellowing, although longer than this is safer still.

Sweet pickles are usually made from peaches, pears, plums and watermelon rind, and, except when the fruits must be peeled, they are less trouble to prepare than the tart pickles, since they do not have to be laid in brine before preparing. Spiced currants, gooseberries, cherries and grapes may be put up a little at a time, as one has the fruit and the leisure for the task. Other fruits may be spiced.

Here is a good recipe for spiced grapes: Remove the skins from the grapes, put the pulp over the fire and stew gently until it can be rubbed through a sieve, thus removing all the seeds. Weigh the pulp, and to every five pounds of this add a pint of cider vinegar, four pounds of brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon and two of ground cloves. Stew together until it is very thick. Pour into jelly glasses and seal.

Kitchen Measures.

It is so much easier to measure ingredients than to weigh them out that the housekeeper saves time and work by acquainting herself with certain equivalent weights and measures. Without staggering her with an array of items and figures, which nine women out of ten forget, here is an equivalent table that any housekeeper can keep in mind.

A cupful of flour or milk means half a pint.

Two scant cupfuls of butter packed tightly make a pound.

Ten eggs of ordinary size make a pound.

Four even cupfuls of dry flour make a pound.

A gill of liquid is a half-cupful.

Two cupfuls (one pint) of water or milk make a pound.

The juice of an ordinary lemon is about a tablespoonful. A breakfast cupful of bread crumbs equals about four ounces.

Useful Hints.

The cleverness of a cook is gauged by her use of leftovers.

Tired, aching feet may be refreshed by soaking in hot water.

Stale bread crumbs are crumbs freshly grated from a loaf of stale bread.

One of the secrets of successful coffee is to wash the pot every time it is used.

Enamelware can be cleaned with soap and whiting rubbed on with a damp cloth.

Never dry a silk blouse before ironing it.

It is a good plan to oil stout walking shoes with kerosene and vaseline, half and half, before going on a wet tramp.

Fresh fruits and green vegetables supply the iron and mineral matter necessary to the general well-being of the system.

A simple salad is made with any kind of seasonable fruit sliced, served on lettuce leaves and sprinkled with chopped nuts.

When you want to thread a sewing machine in a hurry, remove the spool already on it, but do not unthread the machine. Put a new spool in place, tie the two threads together and pull the thread gently through to the eye of the needle. Break off the first thread and thread the needle.

If you can get a horse at a bargain—drive the bargain.

THE GOLIATH OF ENGLAND IS BEER

A MORE TERRIBLE ENEMY THAN GERMANY.

It Has Killed an Army Greater Than That Under Arms To-day.

Arthur Lee, in the London Daily Mail thus condemns the drink evil in Great Britain:

There is some hope for those who love our land. The Government is picking up a pebble to throw at our great Goliath. It is like a miracle to read that the Government has dared to touch the pot of beer that all these years has been more terrible than Germany, more powerful than the Church of England, and more sacred than the Front Bench of the House of Commons.

A British Government that was not afraid of beer would be a spectacle indeed for gods and kaisers. A British Government that could conquer beer would make Consuls jump for joy, and Germans fly for their lives. For it has been the unwritten law of governments since most of us were born that you must not touch this thing.

You may take a man's house in England now, you may take his motor-car, or his workshop, or the business he has built up during fifty years, or the money he has saved for his old age; you may take away his liberty and his only son, but you must not touch his beer. If you are the Government of the greatest empire on the earth, if the fate of human liberty is in your hand, and if a pot of beer stands in your path, you must not kick it out. Let it be; it is the holy thing of England.

And what is this thing before which kings and governments bow down? What has it done for us in these bitter days, in the days in which we should have found the strength we need so sorely now?

If it is true, as it is, that in fifty years we have thrown away an army as great as we have under arms to-day, it is beer that has consumed quite half of it. It has cut down the flower of our manhood less quickly, but not less horribly, than German shells are doing now.

Sapper of Strength.

It has bred weak joints, weak muscles, weak brains and little stunted bodies with feeble minds, where we should have had men fit for soldiers and women fit to make a soldier's home. It has chained our men in slums that are not worth fighting for; it has put a millstone round the neck of industry so that we have lagged behind our enemy; it has poured our wealth into the gutter; it has written "rejected as unfit" against the names of half a million men who were willing to join our army now in France.

And how did our beer-god help us when the hour of peril struck at last? It is just a year since it imperilled our national safety, and we are not likely to forget it. This time last year, with the fate of Europe in the balance, the beer-god stalked abroad in every street and factory and dockyard, and held away so mightily that the director of transports warned the Government that supplies to the army and navy might stop; the director of naval equipment warned the Government that shipbuilding might come to a standstill; manufacturers of explosives warned the Government that they might not be able to deliver the goods; and Admiral Jellicoe warned the Government that the efficiency of the fleet was imperilled.

So this thing has served the army and the navy. And what of the people? What of all those millions of

people with shillings and pounds to spare and save that they will want so badly soon? Alas! their gold is being eaten up. The Moloch who consumed the lives of little children has a rival in this thing that stalks through our streets consuming the people's vital strength. It is not open to dispute that, with the money lost through drink, we could pay off, as the war goes on, 5s. of every £1 the war is costing us; it is not open to dispute that something like this is actually being done in Russia now, where the people who saved sixpences in peace time under vodka rule are giving up vodka for their country's sake and saving sovereigns.

Only in England.

But, happily, enemies do not have their way in Russia—or in France. It is only in England, in the land the noblest men on earth would die for, that this foul enemy of our race can work its will. If our ships are wanted for the war, and we must go short of something, we must sacrifice the books and papers that build up our minds, we must sacrifice the food that builds up our bodies, but the poison of the national life must come in. It does not seem to have occurred to a single member of the House of Commons to ask why we should give up sugar and paper for beer, when the tonnage of all is about the same, and the things we give up are helping England, and the thing that comes in freely is helping our foes. Mr. McKenna preaches economy. Lord Selborne urges us to grow more food; but Mr. Runciman imperils the fruit of all our orchards, and makes tons of it not worth the picking, by keeping out sugar to let in beer. The fruit must perish on the trees, the child must even lose its sweets, but its father may have the beer that too often sends him home to beat it.

It is the English madness; it is the mystery of war. Even we in our old age, when this traitor has perished with all others, shall hardly believe it. Who outside an asylum can believe this simple truth about the power of beer in England—that, depending on foreign sources for our food, we set aside as much land for beer and whiskey as for bread with this result: that if the German navy could blockade us our children would hunger for bread in two months, but our men could drink beer for a year or for ever?

LONG STRUGGLE AHEAD.

French Premier Does Not Anticipate an Early Peace.

A difficult and prolonged struggle before the war is ended is prophesied by former Premier Viviani, in the French Cabinet. In an address before the general council of the department-council of the department of Creuse, held at Gueret, he said:

"Although victory is certain, it will require hard and prolonged efforts to break Prussian militarism and prevent recurrence of its crimes. There can be no peace before the attainment of victory, before adequate reparation is made and before justice triumphs."

In an address before the General Council of the Department of Aube, Bienvenu Martin, the former Minister of Justice said:

"The French will not submit to the peace of the German Emperor, who boasted he would force his adversaries to accept peace on bended knees. They will accept only such a peace as assures them legitimate reparations, as well as their independence and security, and they will bear patiently all sacrifices in order that, in conjunction with the efforts of their faithful allies, such a peace may be imposed."

When prosperity turns a man's head it makes a pitiful sight of him.

Do not try to make a guest feel at home unless you know what sort of a home he has.

THE FASHIONS

Two striking models adopted by the younger set are reproduced here. In one of white and blue linen, the waist and upper part of the skirt were of white linen and the sailor collar, cuffs and lower part of the skirt were blue. Very large pockets were placed on either side. The larger the pockets the more up-to-date the dress, now-a-days. This dress, like many of the



White and Blue Linen Combined.

present models, hangs from the shoulders and is therefore ideal for sports. The other dress is in Russian style. It is of rose-colored silk jersey with black collar, cuffs and belt, and but-



Graceful Russian Dress.

toned all the way down the front with small black buttons. The waist has box plaits in the front and back stitched as far as the waistline and left free

below it to give more fullness to the lower part.

Colored embroidery and beads are particularly favored for trimming the darker dresses that are brought out on cooler days. Purple on black, and gold or mustard color on dark blue, give exceptionally good results. White glass beads on dark blue serge is another very effective suggestion.

The Popular Hats.

Any number of white and colored felt hats in both small and large shapes are worn at present. The trimming is either a ribbon band, plain or plaited, or fruit or flowers cut out of silk or velvet and placed against the crown or on the brim. White hats of silk or satin with a flange of chiffon around the brim are also considered very smart. Some are trimmed with a large bow of white satin directly in front.

The mid-season hats used for other occasions than sports are in large sailor or shapes, also in small and medium sizes. White satin crowns with black velvet brims are highly favored, as well as the all-black and all-white hats. Sometimes the order is reversed and the crown is made of black velvet with the brim of white satin or straw. The trimming used on this type of hat is generally a wig fancy or ribbon arranged in some attractive manner. Color is introduced in some of the large black hats for semi-dress wear, especially in those for the younger girls.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall dealer or from the McCall Company, 70 Bond St., Toronto, Ontario.

IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE.

Authorities Are Studying How to Re-establish the People.

The Inter-Ministerial Committee, of Paris, of which Leon Bourgeois is the moving spirit, together with the prefects of the departments concerned, are studying how life in the invaded districts of Northern France is to be restored after the war. It will be a prodigious task.

In the first place the sanitation of the country must be taken in hand. Imperfectly buried bodies, poisoned wells and ponds, masses of decaying matter in ruined villages and towns would quickly become centres of contagion. Large quantities of disinfectant chemicals will be required.

For some time supplies of food and other necessities of life will have to be provided and already 80,000 hundred-weight of flour, 20,000 hundred-weight of foreign wheat, and quantities of condensed milk, chocolate, soap, candles, and other stuffs have been stored in preparation at Dunkirk. The inhabitants of the invaded departments will begin to receive distributions directly they are delivered. The first credit of about 6,250,000 francs has been voted by Parliament to allow the Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce to make the necessary purchases.

The housing problem will next arise. Millions of bricks with quantities of wood and iron are being got ready and 5,000 transportable houses are being prepared for temporary shelter. Evidently this will not meet the whole need, for there are 100,000 refugees from the Department du Nord alone scattered about France. Many of these, however, will not wish to return at once. All could not do so. Rather it will be sought to organize their return gradually so that the privation, disorder, and discouragement may be minimized. The way will necessarily be led by those who have means, influence, and intelligence to commence the restoration of business and industrial life. Stocks of machines and goods and quantities of automobiles are being gathered for this happy event. Old army horses will be given to the farmers, together with assistance in obtaining hand labor.

The reconstruction of the local administrations, posts, transport, legal, and municipal services and so on is also being actively planned.

"The North is like Lazarus," said a little refugee. "We shall see its resurrection."

DUG-OUTS FOR DOGS.

The Three Breeds Mostly in Use in the Fighting-Line.

The introduction of dogs into the fighting-line is due to a young French lieutenant, who brought the dogs over from North-Western Canada and the Labrador last year, when the question of transport among mountainous parts became a question of such serious importance.

The dogs were first utilized in connection with drawing loads over difficult passes by sleighs, etc. They now draw their loads on light railways which run regularly to and from the trenches, and they find no difficulty with the steepest incline or the heaviest load.

The Labrador, Canadian, and Alaskan are the three breeds mostly in use, though the last takes first place for endurance and pluck. His energy never flags, and, according to a French soldier, "he works until he drops from sheer exhaustion."

Behind the fighting-line the French have instituted training-camps for the purpose of instructing the dogs in their various duties. Here they are taught how to guard advance trenches against enemy attacks, how to carry messages, how to jump trench-parapets, how to scout, patrol, and act as sentries. Their comfort is an important consideration, and dug-outs for doggies are as well screened and comfortable as Tommy's own.

Rice, horseflesh, and military biscuits form their chief diet, and, judging from the truly excellent condition of the dogs, they thrive on it.

Nurseries for the puppies are erected close to the fighting-line. Last year the dogs were some 250 strong, but their numbers have now greatly increased, and it is no unusual sight to see puppies playing unconcernedly about on the mountain slopes, within close range of the German guns.



Machine Gunners Wear Gas Masks on British West Front
A BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH from the Western front showing British machine gunners wearing their gas masks in action.

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Buy at COST

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Supply of Groceries and Provisions, Cured and Cooked Meats, etc.
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your privilege to become a Shareholder and reap the PROFITS.

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And when your company leaves they vote you "the ideal
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Records from 75 cts. up.

New list of records every month. Come in and hear them.
Needles and Albums always in stock. Repairs promptly
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Fresh Stock of Lowney's Chocolates always on hand.

Our Ambition is Your Satisfaction

We have received a large assortment of Spring and Summer
Tweeds of the Latest Designs and Best Quality.

All suits made by me keep their shape and appearance till
worn out.

Come in and see our new stock of Ready-to-wear Clothing.
Exceptional this Spring.

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Marble and Granite, first class work
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Satisfaction guaranteed in all
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Terms to suit Purchasers.

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**Just Received
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**They are from the Tudhope-Carriage Co. of Orillia, so come
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**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XLI

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1916.

NO 38

Preserving Fruits

We have a splendid big shipment of
Plums, Peaches, Grapes Etc.
You can get your supply of Winter Apples
from us. Your choice of varieties.
Splendid line of Neillon's Chocolates.

Fruitbaskets for Sale (wholesale or retail).

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

DALESVILLE

Miss Maudie Seale spent the week-end here.

Mr. T. Davis spent a few days here this week.

Miss Burns of Weir visited Miss B. Tomalty last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McArthur of Montreal spent the holidays here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McPhail visited Mrs. J. McArthur on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. L. Robinson and M. J. Thorburn visited Mrs. J. McArthur on Sunday.

Misses K. and E. Silversen, of Lachute are spending this week at their home here.

Mrs. J. Campbell spent a few days in Mabel with her daughter Mrs. J. McKenzie.

Pastor White will speak at Dalesville at 11 a.m. Sunday Oct. 15th, and at Brownsburg at 3 p.m.

Mrs. J. Graves, Miss M. McArthur, and master H. McArthur visited Mrs. H. Graham on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell, and little daughters and the Misses P. and S. Out of Brownsburg, spent Thanksgiving in Plantagenet.

Be sure to go to that Chicken Pie Supper at Dalesville Baptist Church next Thursday Oct. 19th, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 40c Children 20c.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A brick house and lot on Foundry Street. Easy Terms. Lot 178 feet x 65 feet.

Apply to THOMAS WILSON, 10-20, Arundel, Que.

A Concert in aid of the Red Cross work will be held in the Stone Hall, Cushing, on Friday evening Oct. 13th. A good programme is being prepared. Candy and refreshments for sale. Admission 25c.

Fall Overcoats and Raincoats, for Men in large assortment at present.

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Give your order at

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CRESWELL'S

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LOCAL NEWS

Miss Marion Slater spent Thanksgiving in Ottawa.

Mr. John Hay M.P.P. spent Tuesday last in Buckingham.

Mr. Lorne McArthur, of Ottawa, spent the week-end with his parents.

Miss Katie Giles left on Friday for a few weeks visit in Montreal.

Mr. Walker McArthur spent the early part of this week in Montreal.

Dr. Alexander and family are spending this week in London, Ont.

Mrs. Moody and son Hilliard are spending this week in Ottawa.

Dr. and Mrs. Drew motor-d to Plattsburg, N. Y., for Thanksgiving.

Miss Mabel Posa spent the holiday in Montreal the guest of her parents.

Miss Lila Giles and Miss Lindsay, of McGill spent Thanksgiving in town.

Miss Milly Davis, of Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Deacon this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Giles and daughter Catherine spent the holiday in Ottawa.

Miss Edna Earl, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guest of Mrs. W. H. Potter.

Miss Pearl Wheatly, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Miss Katie Jones.

Messrs. Geoffrey Beland and De Salle motored to Plattsburg for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stanforth and family spent Thanksgiving in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Flood, of Montreal, were the guests of Mrs. John Simon this week.

The Misses S. and R. McElbion spent the holidays in Ottawa the guests of Mrs. Higgins.

Mrs. Fish and daughter Vida, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Lister for the week-end.

Rev. Mr. Lackey and son Oswald, returned on Friday last from a trip to the West.

Misses Reid and N. Giles of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Henry Giles for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen and son, of Montreal, spent the week-end at their cottage in Upper Lachute.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker and family of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Jas. Campbell for Thanksgiving.

Miss Marjorie and Master Harold Carpenter, of Banff, Albt., are visiting friends in town and vicinity.

Mrs. Speir and Miss Speir and Miss M. Spurke, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Veillard for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Jossue and family and Mr. T. Jossue spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Montreal.

Messrs. A. D. McAllister and G. Pollock of Montreal spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pollock.

Miss Myrtle Rice, of Montreal, and Miss McKenzie of Vankleek Hill, were week-end guests of Mrs. John Rice.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Todd, and master Winthrop, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guests of Mrs. Jas. McKimmie.

Mr. J. A. Pollock returned home on Friday last after a very successful operation at the Montreal General Hospital.

The Misses Louisa and Hazel Bradshaw of Montreal spent the week-end the guests of their cousin Miss H. Matthews.

Mrs. Thos. Patterson and Miss Lizzie Patterson, of Montreal, were guests of their sister Mrs. S. E. Smith over the Thanksgiving.

The Ladies of the Baptist church will hold a sale of work and home cookery and afternoon tea, Thursday Nov. 9th, in the Victoria Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamb and daughter, of Buckingham, and Miss Norah Christie, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Geo. Christie for the holidays.

Miss Jessie Morrison, of Westmount, Dr. and Mrs. Rutherford and daughter, of Hawkesbury, were the guests of Mrs. J. R. McQuat for Thanksgiving.

Miss Amelia and Mr. Howard Miller, of Ste. Juste, Miss Paton, of Montreal, Miss Mary Hope, of McDonald College, and Mr. Stanley Hamilton, of Petit Brule, were guests of Mrs. John Hope for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Carkner announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ruby M. Shaw to Mr. John K. McKimmie, of North River, Que. The marriage will take place the latter part of Oct.

Mrs. John Turner, Mrs. H. Giroux and daughter Dorothy, Miss H. MacKerith, of Montreal, and Mr. and Mrs. H. MacKerith and family, of Brownsburg, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John MacKerith for Thanksgiving.

The Rev. F. J. Hayden conducted a Thanksgiving service at the Lachute Methodist Church. It was well attended, despite the inclement weather. The offering, amounting to \$27.25, was forwarded to the Protestant Hospital for the Insane at Verdun.

Why not send your friend or loved one a nice greeting card this year? It is a pleasing way to remember them far or near, and we have a very choice stock from which to make your selection. Call at the Watchman Office or phone No. 27 and we will call on you.

Lachute Academy again on top.

Ranking of the Protestant Superior Schools of Quebec for the year, 1915-'16.

For ten consecutive years Lachute has borne the enviable reputation of heading the list in the schools of this Province. For this high standing Principal Chas. McUrney and his efficient staff of teachers are to be congratulated also the Board of School Commissioners who have labored in conducting the affairs of the school.

The following is the ranking of the Protestant Superior Schools of the Province of Quebec, as laid before the Protestant Committee at its meeting last Friday, by the sub-committee on Superior Schools. The Grant is made up of what is known as the Basal Grant and the Bonus. The basal grant for an Academy is \$300 and for a Model School \$100. Every school, no matter what its work receives the basal grant, but a bonus is not given to any school that does not gain at least 60 of the possible marks.

ACADEMIES.

Name of school.	Gen. Per.	Grant
Lachute	86	\$471
Sherbrooke	85	470
Lachine	83	466
Granby	82	464
Huntingdon	80	460
St. Lambert	80	460
Coaticook	78	456
Ormatown	78	456
Strathcona	78	456
Macdonald College	77	454
St. Francis College	77	454
Lennoxville	73	446
Cookshire	71	442
Ayer's Cliff	70	440
Gault Institute	70	440
Aylmer	69	438
Cowansville	68	436
Verdun	68	Special
Shawville	67	434
Buckingham	66	432
Danville	66	432
Waterloo	66	432
Longueuil	65	430
Norton	65	430
Inverness	63	426
North Hatley	62	424
East Angus	60	420
Magog	60	420
Taterville	60	420
Knowlton	59	418
Bedford	58	416
St. Johns	54	410
Windsor Mills	54	410

MODEL SCHOOLS.

Aberdeen	85	\$235
Royal George	79	229
Bury	74	224
Hatley	74	224
Bulwer	72	222
Howick	72	222
Sawerville	72	222
Arundel	71	221
Beebe	71	221
Leeds	70	220
Mansonsville	70	220
Scotstown	70	220
Three Rivers	70	220
Clarenceville	69	219
Hull	69	216
Shawinigan Falls	68	218
Kingsbury	67	217
Lake Megantic	67	217
Milan	67	217
Brownsburg	66	216
Como	65	215
Gould	65	215
Kingsey	65	215
Parnham	64	214
LaTuque	64	214
Stanbridge	64	214
Kinnear's Mills	63	213
Maisonneuve	63	213
Marbleton	63	213
Rawdon	62	212
Freighsburg	61	211
Barnston	60	210
Dunham	60	210
Hemminford	60	210
Maple Grove	60	210
South Durham	60	211
Ulverton	60	209
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Joliette	55	205
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St. Andrews East	54	204
Thetford Mines	54	204
Dixville	53	203
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Back in England from Hun Prison with Twenty-Two Wounds

It was with a great sigh of relief that Mr. Palliser, K. C., received a cable message on Tuesday last, from his son, Lance-Corp. Charles C. Palliser, giving the facsimile message: "Am in England."

Another cablegram from Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley, of the Red Cross in London, read: "C. Palliser arrived Millbank Hospital, London."

Lance-Corp. Palliser had been a prisoner of war in Germany since he was officially reported missing in the severe fighting on June 24. In a letter from a German prison camp, dated August 8th, he stated that while all of his twenty-two wounds were healing well, the most severe injury, a bullet hole through his elbow, had made the arm very stiff. He was under the impression at that time that prisoners not sufficiently disabled to be exchanged were being sent in large numbers to Switzerland to be interned, where they were cared for by the British Red Cross, and he intimated that one of these two courses would be followed in his case.

Ladies' Coats

For Fall and Winter have arrived and are on Sale already

We have some choice samples of this Season's styles. The prices too are reasonable considering the flight of wool prices. We have also received our first lot of Costumes for Fall.

It will be a pleasure to us to show these goods whether you need them or not.

W. Banford & Son Lachute.

Hay, Flour and Feed, In Large or Small Quantities

Bread, Cakes & Confectionery Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Ice Cream made to order.

Fruits in Season.

Fine Assortment of Ganong's Chocolates.

Splendid Line of Picture Post-cards.

We are agents for Caldwell's Celebrated Meal and Calf Meal.

You should try it. The best on the market.

Robert Hamilton,

Baker & Confectioner.

Phone. 80.

School Time Again!

With the Re-Opening of Schools comes the necessity of book requirements, and as usual we are to the front with a plentiful supply of books, pencils, pens, etc. to fit you out for your duties.

We also wish to draw attention to every other department of our store which are well stocked and well assorted. Our prices are Always Right.

Phone your order to No. 2.

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET, - - - LACHUTE



THE WATCH WITH ITS OWN ARMOR PLATE

YOU who know what discipline and endurance mean will find a friendly kinship in this sturdy, durable Waltham. Here is embodied accuracy you can depend on at all times and strength that will withstand plenty of rough usage. Sit up snug to the wrist ready for instant service. Notice the protecting rim of metal that keeps the crystal from breaking. Come in and see this serviceable Waltham Military Wrist Watch to-day.

Waltham

T. JOUSSE
Main Street - Lachute

Also Full Open Face and Pocket Watch styles from \$10 up.

Eyes Scientifically Tested. We are agents for the Edison Phonograph and Waterman Fountain Pens.

HAVE YOU A POLICY IN THE Crown Life INSURANCE CO.?

About the House

Useful Hints and General Informa- tion for the Busy Housewife

Chicken Dinners.

Supreme of Chicken.—Take the two portions of chicken, place in a well-greased casserole, squeeze a little lemon juice over, and sprinkle with salt. Cover and cook in the oven until done. Dish on a bed of mashed potatoes and pour a good white sauce over.

Casserole of Chicken.—Take the necessary number of joints of the chicken and fry them a golden brown in butter or in clarified dripping. Drain them thoroughly, and then put them in the earthenware casserole with enough stock to cover the meat. Slice two onions and two carrots, and add a little parsley, eight peppercorns and one clove. If there is no meat stock to hand, use water or vegetable stock, with two teaspoonfuls of glaze or meat extract. Cook gently in the oven for one and a half hours. Strain the gravy, thicken it with a little flour and butter, cook all again for 20 minutes, and serve in the casserole.

Fricassee of Chicken, Rice Border.—Boil about 1/2 pound of rice in one pint of chicken stock or water. Cook until the rice is tender, then add a spoonful of butter, pepper and salt; then grease a border mold and fill it up with the rice; steam till wanted. Make a good white sauce, using 1 1/2 ounces of butter; melt this in a stewpan, then add 1 1/2 ounces of flour, mix smooth and then nearly one pint of milk by degrees, pepper and salt to taste; stir over the stove until it boils. Cut the chicken into joints after steaming it to cook it; put the chicken into the sauce, and then turn out of the rice mold. Fill the centre with fricassee of chicken, sprinkle the top with chopped parsley, and serve.

Chicken Souffle.—Take the meat from the two chicken legs and put it through the mincing machine about three times, then pass it through a fine wire sieve. Make a sauce with one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, half a pint of milk, pepper and salt; stir it until it boils, then add the chicken, and when quite cold add three yolks and three whites of eggs whipped to a froth, stir in lightly and put into a soufflé dish which has been greased and tied round with a greased paper to come halfway above the dish. Steam for half an hour. Serve with little leaves of chervil placed on the top. This makes quite a large soufflé, sufficient for six persons. It should be very light, and it rises enormously. Remove the greased paper before serving and serve immediately, or the soufflé will be spoiled.

Chicken Cutlets from the Remains of the Soufflé.—Flour a pastry board, and put the remains of the soufflé on it; press it out with a knife and shape it into cutlets; egg and breadcrumb, and fry in a little oil in a deep pan of fat. Drain and serve in an entree dish on a lace paper. Make cutlet bones of parsley stalks, and serve the cutlets with or without a centre of peas or string beans.

An Appetizing Hash.

First of all, fry an onion, finely chopped, in one ounce of margarine or dripping, till it is a golden brown, then add one ounce of flour, and after stirring well together for five minutes add half a pint of stock, well flavored with vegetables, two or three cloves, salt if necessary, and four tablespoonfuls of ketchup.

Stir for a few minutes over the fire, then flavor further with a teaspoonful

or more of brown sauce or meat extract. Let the sauce boil fast over the fire so as to reduce it a little, then add some browning. Strain the sauce into a small shallow stewpan and put it on one side to get cold.

In the meantime, cut some meat, and not too small, slices from your meat, letting them be all as much as possible of the same size, and remove every particle of skin, fat, gristle or burnt portion, as it is the later which gives the "warmed-up" taste that is so unpleasant.

When the sauce is cold, lay in it the pieces of meat, cover up the saucepan and in about half an hour's time put it at the corner of the stove, warming by very gradual degrees. If allowed to boil, the meat is sure to be tough.

As soon as it is thoroughly hot, it is ready to be dished up, with the sauce poured over it, and it should be surrounded with fingers of bread, fried a golden color. The addition of a little finely chopped parsley greatly improves the look of the dish.

Correct Coffee Making.

What every woman knows is that good food is easier to spoil in the cooking than poor food. A bad egg or a steak is difficult to make worse, no matter how it may be cooked.

And by the same philosophy the most difficult teas or coffees to brew well are the highest grades that come from the gardens of the East, where the fancy sorts are grown. The deduction to be drawn is simple. If one intends to cook casually, the thing to do is to buy the cheapest food to be found. But if the care is to be used that makes of cooking a fine art and a safeguard to health, then good food is required as a basis.

Whenever you see on a package of coffee directions reading "boil (so many) minutes," it is fairly safe to assume that the content is an indifferent article. The rare bouquet that is nature's gift to the product of favored areas of the East is entirely vanished, and, what is even worse, the injurious principle of coffee is extracted by boiling.

The moral is that if one uses an old-fashioned coffee pot the coffee should be ground quite fine (not pulverized), and fresh cold water should be boiled in another vessel. When the water comes to a hard boil pour it upon the coffee and stir a little until the floating coffee sings. If the result is thin or otherwise unsatisfactory, one may be certain that the coffee dealer is providing inferior coffee. Made after this manner, coffee is a wholesome beverage. But if coffee and cold water are brought to a boil together, or if in the process of brewing the mixture is boiled at all, the ingredient "cafein" is liberated and caffeine is not in the catalogue of healthful foods.

Some Cooking Terms.

There are many terms in cooking that are as unintelligible to the young housewife as Sanscrit. To read about letting one thing saute and another "marinate" doesn't, in the words of current slang, "mean a thing in her young life." Here are a few terms of this kind explained by a woman who knows all about it.

To marinate means that you make a sort of brine of spiced vinegar or lemon juice, or vinegar and oil, and let the article stand in it for a couple of hours, for flavoring purposes.

Stock is the essence extracted from the meat.

A roux is butter and flour cooked together and stirred to a rich cream. A white roux is made with uncooked flour, a brown roux is made with flour that has been browned by stirring for a few minutes in a pan over the fire.

Saute means to fry or heat lightly in hot fat or butter, not deep enough to cover the thing cooked.

Salmi is a warmed-over dish of game, slightly seasoned. Any left-over piece of game treated in this manner is dignified by this name.

Rissoles are meat cakes made into rolls, covered with pastry and fried. Rice is also used to cover them.

Useful Hints.

Always look clean and loveable.

Do everything on the right day when possible.

Bedrooms should be carpeted in the middle of the oor only.

Keep your house clean and tidy, especially your living room.

Have a place for everything and keep everything in its proper place.

To purify cistern water put charcoal in a bag and hang it in the water.

If the handles of table knives are discolored rub with brickdust and vinegar.

When packing bottles rubber bands slipped over them will prevent breakage.

When white oilcloth is stained by coffee try rubbing with common baking soda.

See that plates and dishes are wiped underneath before being placed on the table.

Get up early on busy days: It is easy to work when it is cool and quiet.

A hot-water bottle should be only half full. It is then soft and comfortable to use.

When a suede bag or purse becomes greasy looking, rub it with fine emery paper.

To scour kettles use coarse sandpaper in place of sandpaper. It gives much better satisfaction.

Never put table linen in soapuds until the stains have been removed by pouring boiling water through it.

To remove a blood stain soak in cold water or in water with salt. When stain is nearly gone use soap and water or starch paste.

Stains in carpets may be removed by rubbing the parts with a lemon cut in half, and at the same time dabbing with a soft cloth.

The house always indicates the temperament of the tenants. If it is bright, clean and nice, so are they; if higger-mugger and dirty, they are that also.

Try using a worn shaving brush for applying stove blacking. The soap that is in the brush helps to make a good polish as well as makes it easier and quicker done.

If a joint is to be carved on the table spread a napkin under the dish so that the cloth will not be splashed. When this is done the napkin must be removed at dessert.

Before using soda for laundry purposes it must be completely dissolved in boiling water. If it touched the clothes undissolved yellow marks would be left—in reality, burns.

A cheap floor stain is made by dissolving permanganate of potash in warm water, giving one or two coats to the boards, and when thoroughly dry polishing with beeswax and turpentine.

AN UNDERGROUND REFUGE.

A Great Maze of Corridors and Rooms Under a Church.

According to the Boston Transcript's "Cosmopolitan," a sapper, who was a London architect in the days before the war, told a queer experience of his in a town not far behind the line. A bombardment was expected, and he was told to visit the houses, find out which had cellars, and make a plan showing the position of all the cellars in the place. The job took a week and when he had completed his plan an old Frenchman said to him, "Have you heard about the catcombs under the church?"

That sounded promising, and, guided by the cure, he found the overgrown entrance in the churchyard. Descending some steps cut in the rock he found himself exploring an astonishing maze of corridors and rooms, all cut out of the solid chalk. The whole thing was beautifully finished and complete, and in the great rooms, or caves, there were actually sloping beds carved out from the walls.

The passages extended so far that he was afraid to explore them, fearing that he should lose his way. "It was all very fine and romantic," said the sapper, "but it was a tremendous job to make a plan of it. It was really the work of a mining engineer." However, his captain was pleased with the result. There was room to house the whole population of the town very comfortably in these almost forgotten excavations.

The underground refuge was very ancient, made—the story ran—during one of the mediaeval wars between the English and the French. It was curious that it should have come into use when Englishmen and Frenchmen were fighting side by side.

How Many Can Answer This?

"I say exactly what I think," exclaimed the vociferous man.

"How interesting!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne. "Do you think of what you say before you say it or do you admire the way it sounds and then think it?"

Envy and jealousy make people do a lot of foolish things.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG FORESAW THE WAR

DID NOT WANT TO GO TO INDIA
LEST HE MISS IT.

Cool, Steady, Tenacious, Religious and
Scotch Is the Commander-
in-Chief.

Lord Esher, a peer who has a wide knowledge of war and statescraft and of men also, publishes in the Paris Matin the following appreciation of Sir Douglas Haig, the British commander-in-chief:

"I first knew General Haig in the years immediately following the South African war. He had been chief of the staff to Sir John French. I was a member of the Parliamentary Commission that inquired into the conduct of the war. General Haig was a witness, and gave his evidence in a striking manner, showing great knowledge and capacity. When in 1905 I was presiding over a committee of three, with Admiral Lord Fisher and Colonel Sir George Clark as the other members, to reform the War Office and the organization of the army, I obtained valuable assistance from Sir Douglas Haig, especially in creating a general staff. Up to the year 1905 the British army possessed no general staff. When my committee recommended its formation the personality of General Haig, then only 44 years old, and very junior in the army, had so impressed itself upon the British Government that there was a wish to appoint him as chief of the general staff, making the appointment practically permanent as was the custom in the German army. But the prejudices of seniority and rank were too great, and an older officer was named. The army suffered but not General Haig.

Foresaw the War.

He became inspector-general of cavalry, and subsequently went to India as chief of the staff to the commander-in-chief. When offered that post he remonstrated strongly, so convinced was he that a war between France and Germany was imminent, a war in which Britain would be on the side of France, and in which it was the wish of his heart to take a part. After invaluable work in India, where his reputation stood high, he England to take up his command at Aldershot. This was the highest post, in peace, that any soldier could occupy, and the outbreak of war found him there.

In command of the First Corps during the retreat from Mons, and later as the chief of the first army in Flanders, his merits were described many times by Sir John French in army orders and public despatches. When Sir John's health led to his regretted retirement, General Haig was designated at once by the sentiments of the army and by public opinion in England as his successor. Sir Douglas Haig was born in Edinburgh 54 years ago. He was educated at the University of Oxford, a rare privilege in a soldier's career. He is Scottish throughout his being—religious, steady, and cool, with a judgment unbiassed by prejudice or passion. His ideal is that of a high-minded man and an accomplished soldier. He has attained to both of them.

His Military Record.

Not a breath has ever sullied his private character, and his military record is of the highest merit. An

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND.
MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM



excellent horseman and a fine polo player when he rides among his troops, accompanied always by two or three aides-de-camp and an escort of 17th Lancers, the regiment that he formerly commanded, he looks a cavalry leader as well as a commander-in-chief. He does not despise the panoply of war—and he is right. The army admires a gallant appearance in its leader. But it is as a staff officer, learned in the history of war, accomplished in all its manifold exercises, that Sir Douglas Haig stands almost alone among contemporary soldiers. He has studied his profession deeply. He has put aside all competing interests. He has resisted all temptations to divert his attention to other pursuits or to pleasure. By day he has for years labored at the detail of war, and by night he has dreamed of it. So far the battle of the Somme is the fulfilment of his dreams and the outcome of his labors.

A master of detail, no detail has been left unconsidered. Method, decision, and perseverance are his mots d'ordre. They are being exemplified on the plateau between Pozieres and Longueval. The German general staff have met their match in Sir Douglas Haig. In the growing confidence of his troops, in the loyalty of his army commanders, in the clearness of his own vision, and in his Scottish tenacity lie the hopes of victory. His admiration for and faith in the armies of France are the bonds that tie together the allied efforts on the Somme, which can only have one result the utter defeat of the common enemy. With General Joffre the British commander is in close sympathy. He speaks the French language with ease and distinction. He remembers that his ancestors, the Scottish Archers, served Louis XI, and France, and he is proud as a Scotsman to command the Imperial armies of Britain to-day. No one recognizes more clearly that in serving France his troops are safeguarding the moral interests of the whole civilized world.

Diplomat.

"Sir," said the angry woman, "I understand you said I had a face that would stop a street car in the middle of the block."

"Yes, that's what I said," calmly answered the mere man. "It takes an unusually handsome face to induce a motorman to make a stop like that."

It is unwise to go out walking in a driving rain.

Sometimes a man who pretends to love his enemies goes back on his best friends.

FROM OLD SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER
BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going On in the Highlands
and Lowlands of Auld
Scotia.

Pte. J. Clark, of the Highland Light Infantry, the well known Scottish League footballer, was among the wounded brought to Glasgow.

Lance-Corporal J. Darling Brodie, of the Australian contingent, was instantaneously killed while attempting to board a motor lorry at Dalkeith.

A motor car accident occurred in Drygate, Glasgow, when the car ran into a crowd of children. Eleven of the children were injured, many seriously.

Sergeant Allardye, of the London Scots, son of Mr. Charles Allardye, Nethergate, Dundee, has been awarded the Military Medal for saving the life of an officer.

The death occurred recently suddenly, at his residence, Dermistoun, of Dr. George Mines Connor, a well known practitioner of the east end of the city of Glasgow.

A deputation of women munition workers from the Clyde have arrived in Paris, and will inspect the great munition works of France, also the devastated towns and villages.

The death has occurred at Kelso in his 78th year of Mr. John Brown. He was justice of the peace for Roxburghshire, and for a long period a member of Kelso Town Council.

The Hon. James Montgomery Beck, the eminent American lawyer, speaking at a luncheon in his honor in Glasgow, appealed for a strengthening of British-American fraternity. There has just passed away in his 78th year, Robert Winning, who served 21 years in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and served through the Indian Mutiny campaign.

Mr. John W. Angus, ex-chief constable of Greenock, died recently at the age of 75 years. He was well known throughout Scotland as an authority on police work, and the administration of the criminal law.

Owing to the Tay and the Tummel being so high, in the Perth district, alarming flooding has taken place. Glencarse Station was converted into an island, while at Burnside, Scone, a dwelling house collapsed, several of the occupants being rescued with difficulty.

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FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1916

The WATCHMAN will be published
every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

Go a line for Poetry accompanying
Memorial Notices.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE QUE.

En Passant.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING—always a subject of general interest—has recently assumed proportions of the first magnitude. The great and rapid increase in the price of all articles of daily consumption is a matter requiring immediate consideration, and it won't wait. It was stated in the newspapers the other day that enquiries are about to be made into the subject. With all due deference to those actuated by a desire to probe into the causes of the phenomenal increase in the cost of provisions I would ask what they expect to discover and what good any enquiries will do.

If I were a farmer and a bear went on the prowl on my farm I would instinctively reach for my gun. Afterwards, when this particular member of the bear family had been dealt with it would be interesting to get down the encyclopedia and read up the subject of bears of all sorts, and to find out the best method of curing bearskins, but in the meantime, while the bear on my farm continued to inhabit his hide, I would be chiefly concerned in getting him out of it.

That is just how I feel about the high cost of living. I want it to stop now, and I will promise to read whole reams of reports and enquiries into its causes.

We know as nearly as need be the main causes already. Rapacity, greed, and the instinctive tendency of mortals to profit most when the chance presents itself as favourable. These are the immediate and discernible causes, and they are enough to be going on with. The other day a munitions operative grumbled to a shopkeeper about the excessive price demanded for something he wanted to purchase. "But you get the war bonus don't you?" said the shopkeeper. "Yes. Well, I have to get mine too."

High prices are always to be expected in war times. We all know that, and we know why. We also know that shopkeepers and dealers are only human, but what we don't know is how a twenty per cent increase in wages is to pay a forty per cent rise in the price of food and the general cost of living.

The shopkeepers answer to the extortion is invariably "I have to pay big prices myself." Quite likely, but who makes the most out of it? A prominent newspaper recently answered that question by publishing an article on high prices. It headed the article "Food Robbers buy Automobiles," and quoted from a correspondent as follows:—

"I enclose a few examples of prices here, and am sure you will agree with me that has Barabhas been alive now and in business in this town he would never have learned his reputation. Many tradesmen here could give him an easy start."

I would not say that the shopkeeper does not have to pay higher prices. He doubtless has. The middleman too has to make his extra bit, and from him we can trace back to the producer who also is on the alert for his corner. The whole gang is in it, yet the public keeps on grumbling—and paying.

A stage has been reached in this matter where we feel convinced that "something ought to do something soon." As a beginning I would suggest co-operation. In a community like ours it ought to be easy. Let a few earnest men and women wage earnest and thrifty housewives—contribute to find out who sells most for the money and spread the news. Some enterprising tradesmen would then find the best markets at which to buy and it would follow that some producers in the neighbourhood of honesty would be found willing to forego inflated figures for speedy settlements and rapid turn over. It can be done. I would go the length of publishing the names of suppliers and their prices for standard goods, principally foodstuffs. It only waits a beginning. Despite the war, prices are inordinately rushed up and will stay there just as long as the public will stand for it and no longer.

I should be glad if those who feel as I do on the subject would write to the "Watchman" giving their views, and if I am not greatly mistaken a start could be made right away to do what we all wish to see done.

LINKSMAN.

ST. ANDREWS

Miss VanCourtland is visiting friends in Ottawa.

Mr. Guy D. war was visiting friends in Montreal last week.

The Misses Hattie and Bessie Wales spent a couple of days in Montreal this week.

Mr. J. Harry Barclay, of Bedford Indiana spent a few days with his mother last week.

Among the visitors who spent Thanksgiving were noticed, The Misses Hunter, Mrs. H. R. Thompson, and Messrs Hill, I. K. E. Walsh, and Mr. Fair and family.

Mrs. Douglass Ross and baby girl of Winnipeg are visiting her mother Mrs. Wm. McEwen, Riviere Rouge.

We were sorry to hear last week from Mr. McClintock that his son Arthur had been wounded at the front, this is the second time that Arthur has been wounded we hope it is not serious.

Riviere Rouge has the wedding fever certainly, as on Saturday the 14th Miss Ruth Albright will become the bride of Mr. B. H. Robertson and on Saturday the 21st Mr. Jas. J. Burwash will marry Miss Hazel Dawson in Montreal, we offer congratulations to both these couples and hope the weather will be favorable.

Mrs. (Rev) R. G. May gave a "kitchen shower" at the rectory on Friday evening last in honor of Miss Ruth Albright a very enjoyable time was spent, a unique feature of the Shower was that each article was accompanied by a piece of original poetry which caused a lot of amusement to the gathering.

MABEL

Miss Mason spent the holidays as the guest of Mrs. Lloyd.

Mr. Lawrence Warwick has returned from a six week's trip to the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Warwick of Brownsburg visited Mr. Wm. Warwick on Sunday.

Mrs. Campbell of Dalesville spent the holiday as the guest of her daughter Mrs. James McKenzie.

The Ladies' Mission Circle of the Grenville Baptist Church, met at the home of Mr. R. McKinnis this week.

Mr. Salter Clark, of Lachute, and his son Pte. George Clarke, of "Kitcheners Own," Montreal, were visiting friends here.

We read with pleasure of the safe arrival of the 148th and other Battalions in England. We have a special interest in the 148th as our young friend Private Harold Mason is in that unit and we hope for his safe return.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Boa and family, also Mr. A. Dolg, of Lachute, motored to Mabel recently and called on Mr. John Mason. Quite a number of our farmers attended Mr. Boa's Holstein Sale and over \$900.00 worth stock came up this way.

Miss Silversen spent Thanksgiving in Dalesville and is now attending Teacher's Convention in Montreal.

Mrs. W. J. Warwick visited her daughter Mrs. J. Heatlie, of Ogdensburg, last week, the Misses Alena Warwick and Eva Mason also visited Mrs. John Heatlie recently.

A Chicken Pie social will be held at the home of Mr. John Mason, Mabel, on Tuesday evening Oct. 17th the proceeds are in the interest of the organ fund. Admission 25 cts.

GRENVILLE

Miss Abigail Stewart has gone to Ottawa to spend the winter months.

Miss Lydia Crooks, of Montreal, was the welcome guest of her mother recently.

Miss Ida Cameron was the welcome guest at "Riverside Cottage" on Tuesday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McDougall, of Ottawa, were the welcome guests of Miss Jessie Murray on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Weymouth Gaudy, of Montreal, were the welcome guests of the former's mother over the holiday.

The new railroad now under construction here, is progressing with great rapidity, and is expected to reach the mine before hard freezing sets in.

The Rev. Mr. Denny of Sault St. Marie is at present the guest of Mrs. McIntyre, and it is rumored that he is to return home with one of our most popular Grenville "Belles."

The Misses Violet Gray and Elsie Gauley, of Pine Hill, spent the week-end in Grenville. Pte. R. Grey, of Montreal, and Miss Adelaide, of Papineauville, spent the week-end with her parents here.

BEECH RIDGE

Mr. Wm. Smith spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Montreal.

Mr. Douglas Bradley spent a pleasant holiday in Montreal visiting his many friends at Mackay Institute.

Among those who journeyed home for the holidays were Miss Effie Cooke, Miss Kathleen Bradley and Miss Gertrude Funchion.

The new barn of Mrs. Wm. Hum, which has been erected by the neighbors and friends of the surrounding district, is almost completed. It reflects great credit on the committee who had it in charge, and to the whole community who showed the kindly spirit to those in trouble.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

General Change of Time will be made Sunday October 8th, 1916, when the following Fall and Winter service will be in effect. Leaving Lachute, 1:44 a.m. Daily except Sunday for St. Jerome, Joliette, L'Epiphanie, Montreal, and intermediate stations. Connecting at Joliette for Grand Mere, Shawinigan Falls, Riviere a Pierre Jct. and intermediate stations.

7:21 p.m. Daily except Sunday for Hawkesbury, Rockland, Ottawa, Belleville, Napanee, Toronto. Connecting at Toronto Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, for Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and all Western Points.

For further particulars apply to Depot Ticket Agent, Lachute, or write JAS. MORRISON, Ass't, General Passenger Agent, 230 St. James Street, Montreal.

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A. E. BISHOP

FOREST GAME IN MARITIME PROVINCE



IN the summer season the Province of New Brunswick is a happy land, where the sunny hours speed away on the feet of delightful dreams. In the fall she is lovely in her rich dress of brown; and in the winter, when she is arrayed in her robe of virgin whiteness, she is far and charming; and if she is a cold, her admirers do not feel that her chilliness is a chilliness of heart.

This favorite Canadian haunt is preeminently a land of the holiday-maker and sportsman. St. Andrews, where is situated the popular Canadian Pacific Algonquin Hotel, and many other seaside places are loved haunts of the bathers and outdoor game player during the holiday season of June, July, August and September. No sooner have the summer holiday folks and fishermen left the province than the hunters of the big game take their places, for at the opening of the big game season large numbers of hunters of both sexes appear with their guns and enter the thick forests of the land. New Brunswick is one of the most popular of the Canadian provinces for big game hunting. Moose, caribou and deer are plentiful in this region.

A magnificent specimen of big game is the moose. When fully grown he weighs over 1,000 lbs. His massive antlers are long and generally average six feet in width. He may be found in twelve of the fifteen counties of the province. It is only the hunting folks and the wary guides who know how to hunt the moose. There is the "calling" done early in the season, and the "still hunting" done later on—in the cold weather. In September and October the moose is often surprised and shot wading in the lakes and rivers, feasting on the roots of water plants. While pursuing the moose, the hunter can distinguish between the tracks of the male and the female, for the male leaves round tracks and those of the female are somewhat

pointed. Fredericton, Havelock, Newcastle, Bathurst, Campbellton and Perth are good starting points.

A graceful antlered monarch of New Brunswick is the caribou. He weighs about 600 lbs. on an average. It is a delightful sight to watch him stride at a walking rate, or trot, or gallop over the country. A full grown caribou stands from four and a half to five feet in height. Of this animal there are two varieties, the woodland and the barren ground species. The woodland is somewhat taller than the other and its color is darker than the body, but the horns are lighter. It is generally found in herds of about half a dozen. The barren ground caribou travels in large herds, and its coat is light.

This kind is noted for its merry or halting in New Brunswick the places where the hunters are likely to achieve the best results are North West Mountains, Restigouche, Upsalquitch, Nepisiguit, and Tobique Rivers. The starting points for these areas are Newcastle, Campbellton, Bathurst, Chatham and Perth, all of which are reached by the Edmundston Branch of the Canadian Pacific.

There are few localities in New Brunswick where a deer may not be located. Like the moose and the caribou he gives those who follow him an interesting and pleasant

sport.

Sportsmen desirous of hunting the big game of New Brunswick may secure good accommodation at the homes of their guides. Good hotels and boarding houses are also available.

The season for the hunting of the moose, caribou, and deer opens on September 15th and continues to November 30th. Shooting on Sunday is prohibited by law. Non-resident hunters must be accompanied by a licensed guide. The license to kill one bull moose, one bull caribou, and two deer costs a bona fide resident of the province \$3 and a non-resident \$50. Hunting with hounds is forbidden.

This year the opening of the big game season was marked by the exhibition for sale on the St. John market of moose and deer meat. In recent times there has been a considerable reduction in the number of moose amongst the larger New Brunswick game, and the people are becoming alive to the necessity of being more careful. Indiscriminate shooting is being checked to some extent at all events, and it has been suggested that the sale of the meat of big game on the markets should be stopped to discourage the hunter who hunts for the purpose of making money.

The Place of World-wide at- traction is "Nevada"

The Banner Gold County of California

NEVADA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, has been well named the Banner Gold Mining County of the United States.

Its history began in the year 1849, when thousands of the hardy gold seekers who came to California thronged its ravines, canyons and river banks, and enriched themselves to a far greater extent than any of the recent explorers of the Klondyke.

Since that period it has continually held its own, and is still producing millions of dollars annually, and has added over two hundred millions of dollars to the wealth of the world.

Nevada County is in the County of California and is not a part of Nevada State. It is here that profitable mining is carried on in its greatest state of perfection. All the modern methods of mining and milling have been taken advantage of. Throughout this County are found the best and latest types of mining machinery. There are many fine hoisting and pumping plants, magnificent mills and reduction works, which, with the natural advantages of cheap power, plenty of water and timber, good communication affording cheap supplies, and a satisfied labor community with the fact that actual values have been stored by nature in Mother Earth, make this County the Great Gold Mining County which it is.

Grass Valley and Nevada City Mining Districts are famed the world over. It has been stated by well-known geologists that these districts contain more gold quartz veins than any other given area of like radius in the explored world. Many of these veins are being profitably mined, but hundreds only await the Capital to make them gold producers.

The United States Geological Department and the California State Mining Bureau have issued extensive detailed folios, which can be referred to regarding the mines and mining of this County.

The Empire Mine, of Grass Valley, is the oldest quartz mine in the State now being operated, and is one of the best, having a gold production of over a \$11,000,000. Its vein has been traced to a depth of 3,000 feet on the incline without decrease in size or value.

Although some portions of the County have been explored with a fair amount of thoroughness, there are thousands of claims and prospects that have never been worked. These present fine opportunities for development in virgin ground with the chance of uncovering ore bodies as great and rich as those described above. The ledges are still, in a large number of cases, in the hands of the original locators, who have not the capital with which to develop their wealth.

Paint that House this Fall



Protect it from the destructive effect of a winter's snow and ice—save valuable time next spring for other work. Fall painting pays. But be sure you choose the right paint—one that will give your buildings the years of protection that you've paid for.

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is made according to the formula which scientific tests and many years of experience by practical painters prove to be best to meet Canadian weather conditions.

Formula: 70% Pure White Lead
30% White Zinc
100% Pure Paint

It contains 70% of Brandram's B.B. Genuine White Lead—of standard purity for over 100 years—and 30% of pure white zinc—thus combining, in the proper proportions, pure lead and pure zinc, and making a perfect paint. You take no chances with B-H "English" Paint. Be sure you get it! There are cheaper paints, but none more economical when covering capacity and length of wear are considered.

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Calgary and Edmonton and return..... \$48.00
To Saskatoon and return..... \$44.75
To Regina and return..... \$43.75
To Winnipeg and return..... \$40.00
Every Tuesday until October
J. S. GILES, Agent.

There is a Job Lot of Ladies' Shoes at One Dollar and Forty Nine Cents on offer just now.
W. BANFORD & SON.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS
Calgary and Edmonton and return..... \$48.00
To Saskatoon and return..... \$44.75
To Regina and return..... \$43.75
To Winnipeg and return..... \$40.00
Every Tuesday until October.
M. ROBY, Agent, Lachute.

Our Ladies' Coats and Costumes for Fall and Winter are now in.
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Let us be your Tailor!

We extend a cordial invitation to the Male Population of this County to call and visit us when in need of a new suit or overcoat.

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Every attention and courtesy given to all orders. Satisfaction Guaranteed

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RANGES

AND

COMFORT

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

O. LAFLAIR & Sons, Limited.

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J. S. Giles, Agent

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. W. LEPLANE, Sub-Agent.

NOTICE

Public Notice is hereby given that Jacob A. Jacobs, Capitalist, of the City of Montreal, George Dan-sereau, lumber merchant, of the Village of Grenville, John Y. Kendall, cartage contractor, of the City of Montreal, Basil H. Melman, Financial agent, of the City of Montreal, and Louis Lorenzo Legault, Advocate, of the Town of Lachute, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session, for an act incorporating the petitioners as a railway company, under the name of "The Grenville, Harrington and Northern Railway," with power to expropriate lands, for the right of way of said Company; to construct, build, operate and maintain a railroad to be operated by steam, electricity or other power, from a point near the village of Grenville, in the County of Argenteuil, and passing through the Townships of Chatham, Grenville, Harrington, Arundel, in the County of Argenteuil, deSalaberry, Grandis, in the County of Terrebonne, Ponsby, Amherst, Clyde, Joly in the County of LaSalle, to a point near the village of LaSalle, County of LaSalle, and to authorize the said company to exercise all the powers incident thereto, and for other purposes.

L. L. LEGAULT,
Solicitor for Petitioners.
Lachute, 26th September, 1916.

A choice lot of Imported Wash Goods to be opened end of week such as we offered the last two years at low prices.
W. BANFORD & SON

BIRTHS.

BAILLIE.—At 212 Parkdale Ave. Buffalo on Oct. 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson Baillie, a daughter.

DEATHS

BANFORD.—At L'Original, Ont., on Sept. 30th, 1916, Joyce Hamilton, wife of Wm. Banford in her ninety third year. Interment at Cassburn cemetery.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patents business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marlon & Marlon, Quebec Bank Bldg. Montreal and Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

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NOTARY PUBLIC,

Money to Loan. Farms for Sale
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Headstones and Monuments of all kinds

Estimates Given on Application. Satisfaction Guaranteed

We are also General Contractors and can quote you on all brick and Concrete work. Cement floors and sidewalks a specialty. Our many years of experience ensures good workmanship. Phone No. 6.

Macdonald & McColl, Contractors

Main Street, Lachute

Staple Dry Goods.

Bleached and unbleached sheetings, both twill and plain, White and Grey Cottons, Pillow Cottons, Fast dye shirtings, Prints, Etc.

Took's Shirts and Collars, Men's and Boy's Balbriggan shirts and Drawers.

We are fairly well stocked in Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes, Etc.

We recommend our Tea at 40c. and 45c. Japan, Ceylon or Black.

HARNESS! Buggy, Express, (single or double), Heavy Lumber, etc. etc. All parts kept in stock.

GILES BROS.

Main St. - Lachute

Auction Sale.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

P. GOYETTE, Brownsburg.

Saturday, Oct. 14th, 1916.

The following effects:—1 mare seven years old, (sound) 1 gasoline engine three horse power, (stickney) 1 single express, 1 buggy, 1 rack sleigh, 1 set of express harness, 1 washing machine and wringer, (can be used with gasoline power) 1 washing machine and wringer, 1 grind stone, 2 cross-cut saws, (one for wood and one for cutting ice (new)) 1 ice cream freezer complete with three cans, 2 Quebec heaters, 1 steel bakera oven with capacity of 80 loaves, also the fittings of 10 bedrooms, besides a quantity of other furniture, also a lot of crockery. Good Edison Gramophone with 40 records.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash over that amount 6 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.
M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

GUSTAVE BERUBE, Roussillon

Monday, October 16th, 1916.

The following effects:—Five beds, 3 sets of springs, 3 mattresses, 1 range 1 Quebec heater with oven, 1 dresser, 3 washstands, 1 desk, 4 tables, 2 rocking chairs, 10 kitchen chairs, 1 clock, 1 washing machine and wringer, 1 crock churn, 2 wash tubs, 1 sewing machine, about 8 cords of stove wood about a 10x10 ft. spruce 1 inch lumber, pots, pails, dishes, pictures and garden tools, and other articles unmentioned.

Sale to commence at one p.m.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash over that amount 4 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.
W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Question of the Hour!

Warm Underwear for Ladies', Men, Boys & Children.

If you want the best buy "Stanfield's" and hurry up as these goods will be scarce and higher in price.

Ladies' Coats for Fall and Winter.

"Northways" make the best that money can buy. The prices are right considering the high prices of raw material.

Invictus Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen. Fit, Finish and Wear guaranteed.

Remember, the only place the above goods can be bought is at McFaul Bros. We are well stocked with all seasonable goods and the early buyer will have the advantage of better selection and lower prices.

McFAUL BROS. WEST END

Head-quarters for Haying Tools.

Scythes, Snathe, Forks, Scythe Stones, Grind Stones

Grind stone Fixtures, Hay Rakes, Fork Handles

and Ferrules, Horse Forks, Horse Fork Carriages,

Stop Blocks, Pulleys, Pulley Hooks, Horse Fork

Rope, Rope Hitches, Mowing machine Sections,

Rivets Etc, Etc.

T. McQuat & Son, Lachute Mills.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

GEORGE H. STANFORTH,

Mountain View Farm, Lachute.

Thursday, October 26th, 1916

23 milce cows (many of these due to freshen in February,) 1 bull two years old Ayrshire, 1 mare four years old, 1 horse three years old, 1 colt two years old Clyde, 7 pure bred Plymouth Rock cockrels (macdonald college stock,) 1 top buggy, 1 light cutter, 2 rack sleighs, 1 set of buggy harness, 1 set of cart harness, 1 set of heavy double harness, 1 grain grinder, 1 plow, 1 sower, whiffletrees, neck-yokes, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes. four per cent discount per annum off for cash.
W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

The New Bridge.

In order to relieve the Town Council of any responsibility in the matter we publish the following letters which are explanatory of the delays created in its erection.

Quebec, October 2nd, 1916.

John Hay, Esq., M.P.P.,

Lachute.

Dear Mr. Hay,

I have received your letter of September 29th, regarding a bridge at Lachute, and will take up this matter at once with the Phoenix Bridge Company.

Yours truly,

L. A. TASCHEREAU.

THE PHOENIX BRIDGE

AND IRON WORKS.

Montreal, October 4th, 1916.

Mr. Louis A. Vallée,

Engineer,

Dept. of Public Works and Labour,

(Translation)

SIR,—We beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 2nd. Inst, enclosing copy of a letter received from Mr. John Hay, of Lachute, member for Argenteuil. We have taken notice of the contents of these two letters and, in answer, must tell you that we are a little bit surprised to see that Mr. Hay writes you in such a way, as we have constantly given reason why the steel was delayed first to the contractors, Messrs. Lafleur & Bernier, after to Mr. Calher, the Mayor. The reasons are as follows: We had no beams of 9 inch for the floor. Those beams were to be sent from the United States on May last. However, we had only promises. A car of 9 inch beams arrived in Montreal at the end of the month of August. But we could not have the delivery from the Canadian Pacific before the 25th. September, that is to say more than four weeks after the car had arrived in Montreal. On receiving the beams, we have immediately prepared the material and, as we could not get car from the Canadian Pacific, we have shipped this material, Monday last, the 2nd, by the Canadian Northern, what has brought us still useless expenses. The Municipality of Lachute must, moreover, do as all the others: Sustain the most abnormal conditions that we are actually going through. As this material has been shipped Monday last, we have informed the interested parties and, as soon as the car is there, we will send men to begin the erection. It is not all to ship the cars. Since a little while, we have to wait until two or three weeks before we get the delivery of these cars.

This is the reason why we are not willing to send men before we are sure that the car has arrived at Lachute.

We remain, Yours very truly,
The Phoenix Bridge & Iron Works Ltd.,
ONESIPHORE H. COTE,
Engineer.

Quebec, October 5th, 1916.

John Hay, Esq., M.P.P.,

Lachute, County Argenteuil.

SIR,—

I am transmitting you, herewith, copy of a letter we have received from Mr. Cote, engineer of the Phoenix Bridge and Iron Works, Montreal, explaining why they had to postpone the erection of the steel bridge in your Municipality.

Believe me, Yours truly,

LOUIS A. VALLEE,

1st Assistant-Engineer.

We are pleased to report that men are already on the ground adjusting the cranes, etc., and work is now progressing towards its erection.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

STUDENTS!
CHOOSE
and USE
**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**
THE PEN and the HABIT
THAT LASTS A LIFETIME
Sold at the Best Stores.

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Montreal.

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THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

Early for him, on the following morning he was aroused by a loud knocking at his front door. Now thoroughly sobered, he hurriedly dressed, stumbled down the rickety staircase, and opened the door, to find himself confronted by Miss Ada Lester. Her face was flushed, and the angry light Jasper Vermont had called up by his sneers at her vulgarity the previous evening still shone in her dark eyes.

"Where is the gal?" she asked abruptly.

"The gal!" he repeated, staring at her in stolid amazement.

"Yes—Jessica!" retorted Miss Lester, her jewels flashing in a chance ray of sunlight which had found its way through the dingy court. "Where is she?"

"She is not at home," said Mr. Wilfer. "She and Martha 'ave gone out for the day to Greenwich. If you'd wrote a-sayin' you was goin' to call I'd have made 'em stay till you came."

Miss Lester looked at him keenly.

"If you don't believe me," said Wilfer, "go upstairs and look at her room."

Ada ran past him up the stairs, and quickly returned.

"It's locked," she said.

"Of course; she's quite the lady—keeps the keys 'erself," sneered Johnna. "Look 'ere, 'ere's her hat and coat; there's one of 'er boots, so she must be comin' back afore long."

Miss Lester appeared convinced. She breathed more freely, as if a weight had been taken off her mind.

"Here," she said, putting some gold coins in his hand, "is something to make up for my troubling you. But I was real anxious to know if everything was right with the gal."

Wilfer—debauched and demoralised by drink—was disposed to look at the worst side of things; and from this point of view thought she meant the reverse of what she said.

"Would you be very much cut up," he said slyly, "if she wasn't able to trouble you any more, or answer awkward questions, miss?"

She turned on him with a fierceness that made him recoil.

"If anything happens to that gal," she shouted, "I'll turn the police on you. For, mind my words—I mean them—I shouldn't have cared yesterday very much, if I had learnt she was dead, but now I want her. Do you hear? I want her, and you take care she's alive and ready when I come for her."

Then, without vouchsafing any further information, she flounced away, leaving Mr. Wilfer staring blankly after her, and wishing for once that he had stayed his hand, instead of driving the girl into the miseries and dangers of the streets.

Little did Wilfer or Miss Lester imagine that Jessica had found safety and refuge in Adrien Leroy's chambers.

CHAPTER VI.

Love is the universal epidemic, effectual in all climates and conditions; there is no inoculation that will secure exemption from its influence; only given a warm human heart, and there is the natural susceptibility.

So it is from high to low. The little blind god takes no count of difference in fortune or rank in life. Dynasties fall, thrones totter to the ground, crowns tumble to dust on kingly heads; but love rules and lives on, immortal, triumphant, unconquerable.

Jessica had never heard of Romeo and Juliet, of Faust and Marguerite, or King Cophetua and the beggar maid. All she knew was that she loved, was conscious only that for a kind word from the lips of the man who had befriended her, for a glance from those dark eyes, she would have gladly given up all the other glories

the world could have put before her.

Poor Jessica, how sweet and yet how bitter had been the awakening in that gilded cabinet. How sweet to find herself there in reality, and not only in a dream no right there and that she must go!

That splendid golden room with all the wonderful undreamt-of things was not for her. She looked down at her wet, dirt-stained dress, at her worn, ragged shoes, at her cold, red hands, and shuddered. She had no right there. Should she take advantage of his goodness to remain and sully the beauty of his place—for to her it seemed little less by her unworthy presence? No, woman-child as she was, she shrank from the thought; then caught up her hat and arose, resolute.

"He will think me ungrateful," she murmured with half-closed eyes. "He will think—no matter, he will forget me before half-an-hour. I will go back to Johann and chance the beating. This is no place for one like me."

With a little graceful gesture she bent over the mantel and pressed her lips to the spot where Adrien had rested his arm; then with noiseless steps she stole from the room.

The sun was breaking through the morning mist, but she shivered as its warm rays touched her, and with a weary sigh turned towards Soho.

It was all over, the little patch of fairy-light in the dreary darkness of her existence, and as she reminded herself of this fact she shuddered again.

Looking back, she remembered but little beyond the days she had passed with Johann and his shrewish wife. This strange adventure had been the first ray of sunshine in her poor existence. No wonder that she was unhappy at parting with it.

Suddenly as she passed into Oxford Street she stopped, struck with an idea that sent her blood flowing into her pale cheek, flushing it into living beauty. Her large eyes grew thoughtful and full of a strange light.

"Why should I go back to Johann?" she murmured. "Can't I follow him—the kind gentleman? Can't I be his servant?"

The answer came quick enough from her inner consciousness. No, she must go back. Of what service could she be to such a man as Adrien? There was nothing for it but to return to Cracknell Court. So wearily, but still with that grace which Southern blood bestows, even though it runs in the veins of a gipsy, or such a street waif as Jessica, she walked on and reached Johann Wilfer's house.

Jessica knew that the man was not her father, but she knew little more than that. She had never asked him or Martha for any information about her parentage—indeed, had scarcely wished for any; it was enough for her that Johann gave her sufficient bread to keep life within her.

That gentleman was, at the moment

of her arrival, absent, engaged on business concerning the sale of the faked picture to Mr. Harker, and Martha was still away; so Jessica, pausing at the door of the living-room to ascertain that it was empty, softly ascended the stairs leading to the garret which served as her special apartment.

It was as small and as squalid as all the other rooms in that crowded court; but it was different from them in one respect—it was clean.

A miserable chair-odestad of the cheapest kind, covered with a threadbare quilt; a chair with the back broken off; a washstand on three legs, and a triangular piece of silvered glass, the remains of a cheap mirror, composed the furniture.

This peculiarly-shaped piece of common glass reflected the girl's beautiful face in all manner of distorted forms. The quilt just kept her from perishing with the cold. But yet the mirror, the bed, and the room itself were precious to her, for they were her own. Beyond its sacred threshold Johann or Martha never passed. She had a key to it; and to enter now she unlocked the door.

After the luxury of Adrien's rooms the mean quality of her own apartment struck the girl more forcibly than usual, and sinking upon the bed, she covered her face with her hands and gave way to a flood of tears. But the weakness did not last long; and after a moment or two, with a sudden gesture, almost Italian in its intensity, she flung back her head and rose from her crouching position.

"I will not think of the beautiful place. I will not think of him," she told herself passionately. "But, oh! will he be sorry that I ran away, or will he laugh, and ask that proud servant to see that I haven't stolen anything?"

She shook her head mournfully at her own distorted reflection in the cracked mirror, then she sighed and went downstairs.

Johann had returned, wonderful to relate, still fairly sober; but this was probably due to the necessity of maintaining at least the appearance of sobriety in his transaction on behalf of the gang concerning the sale of the picture.

He was counting the coins on the table, some of them gold—for Jessica's quick eyes caught the shimmer of it—and he looked up half fiercely, half contemptuously as the girl entered.

"Well, where have you been? You're like a cat, or a policeman—never to be found when you're wanted. There was a fine lady came to see you this morning—a real swell, my girl." He laughed coarsely. "But, of course, you were out of the way. Where had you got to?"

"Anywhere, nowhere," replied Jessica, who did not fear him when he was sober, though she hated him always.

"Ah, that's the style! The swell lady ought to have heard you talk like that. She'd say I was bringing you up well. Come here and let's have a look at you."

Jessica did not move, but stared at him steadily.

"What! You won't come?" he said with a grin. "Well, there's something for your obstinacy, you little mule!"

He flung a half-crown across to her, and Jessica took it up, then looked him questioningly in the face.

"You're thinking I'm mighty generous, eh? So I am, my girl—foolishly generous." He laughed mockingly.

"Well, what do you say if all the lo's for you, eh?"

"All for me!" repeated the girl stopping short in her task of making the mantelshelf neat; "all for me!"

"Yes, when you get it, little cat! All for you, indeed! Not it's for me; and I've a good mind to take the half-crown back. A fool and his money's soon parted; but he's more idiotic to part with other people's. I'm going out. I shall want some grub when I get back—arf a pound of steak, an' a pot of porter, an' don't forget the gin. Mind you remember now, or I'll break every bone in your body." With which forcible admonition the man shuffled out.

After a few hours he returned, not blindly drunk, but spiteful, ill-tempered, and stupidly brutal.

About the same time on that day Adrien Leroy was making his way in the new car through the crowded thoroughfare of Oxford Street.

"Soho? Yus, sir. Cracknell Court, just turnin' on the left. I'll show yer, sir," piped the ragged urchin.

whose heartfelt interest Leroy had purchased, along with his query, by means of a shilling.

Cracknell Court was small, evil-smelling, and teeming with children. Bidding the chauffeur wait at the entrance to the court, Adrien, to whom dust, noises, and evil smells were things of absolute pain, entered one of the dens and asked for Mr. Wilfer.

"There he is," said another urchin; and Leroy turned to face that individual, who was leaning against an open door.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Johann Wilfer?" he asked courteously.

"You are," returned Wilfer, taking the begreaved pipe from his mouth, and staring with bloodshot eyes at the handsome, high-bred face before him.

"Can you tell me if a young girl named Jessica returned to you safely this morning?" Leroy inquired.

(To be continued.)

The Farm

Importance of Good Feeding.

To the man who looks after his live stock nothing is more remarkable than the cumulative effects of good feeding. All of the grand pedigree herds have been built up quite as much by foods as by selection, and yet a well-bred animal will thrive on the food which will scarcely maintain a common one.

The fact that an animal has never been poor from its birth transmits to its descendants a greater aptitude towards fattening. When that has been continued for several generations the results become very marked. In feeding cattle there is no one dietary that is superior to all others. In countries like England feeding is a different matter to what it is in this country, where animals have to forage very much for themselves. It is possible to get an animal fat on a dietary where carbohydrates predominate, and equally so where proteins are in excess.

Animals fed with a preponderance of albuminoids are firmer and weight heavier in proportion to measurement than when fed largely on carbohydrates. The great art of feeding is to fetch up the albuminoids at the lowest cost, remembering always that the bulky farm foods—hay, straw and roots—are always deficient in albuminoids and are not economically fed alone.

There must be sufficient bulk to fill the animal, as well as the more concentrated food to furnish the highest nutrition. For this purpose any sound clean fodder will do, and wheat straw chaff is far better than inferior mouldy hay.

While good feeding is the only way to success, the particular foods used must always be decided upon by the individual, and their selection is one of those fine problems, the solving of which makes the business of the farmer so attractive, and on which depends a successful year or otherwise.

The root crop has done much for sheep, providing winter food, but there is a strong prejudice against roots for breeding ewes. This is not altogether warranted, for, under certain conditions where grass land is scarce, a very high percentage of lambs is obtained from ewes which are very largely maintained on roots, particularly on swedes. It is quite possible that the prejudice arises from want of a better system of management.

Naturally, a ewe cannot maintain herself and develop her lamb on swedes alone. She should have plenty of dry food. It is very important where sheep are put almost entirely on roots that dry food should be given at once. It is not necessary to give very rich dry food early. Almost any dry food will do so long as the sheep will eat it, and it is helpful and not expensive.

As a rule, the more nitrogenous matter the food contains the better. In cold weather there should be no sparing of food, especially to sheep in exposed places. If the sheep are in good condition at lambing all the better, but good condition does not imply flabby fat. The ewes should be in hard muscular condition and the blood strong from nitrogenous food.

After the Day's Work.
During the rush of the harvest sea-

Do ALL your preserving with

**Lantic
Sugar**

Pure cane. "FINE" granulation. High sweetening power. Order by name in original packages.

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This Book of printed and gummed labels for fruit jars, if you will cut a red ball trade-mark from a Lantic bag or carton and send it to

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son, when long hours are spent in the field, and the teamsters come in unusually tired at night, there is a strong temptation to hurry through the chores. Water and feed is considered by many to be all the attention the team requires. The horse that is not thoroughly cleaned to remove dirt and perspiration from the skin soon begins to show the effects of it. Lack of proper attention to the horse's comfort is responsible for more thin horses than is feeding too small an oat ration.

If a horse comes to the stable wet with sweat very little cleaning can be done with the comb and brush although the use of the curry comb aids in opening the pores of the skin. All harness marks should be sponged off and some horsemen go over the whole animal with a damp sponge to remove as much dirt as possible. It is not advisable to wash a horse at night although some drivers do so. Many stables are so hot during the summer months that a horse sweats if left in them at night, and under these circumstances cannot well stand the next day's heat. After being fed and cleaned the horse is fresher the next morning if turned on pasture at nights throughout the summer. However, it is not always possible to do so, and when the stable is hot the next best thing to do is to tie the horse outside with some bedding under him. The hay can be fed in the open as well as in the stable. To keep up with the farm work the teams must be kept as efficient as possible and in condition to do a fully day's work.

For two or three months during the year flies torment the horses and make it more difficult for them to do their work. Some horses are protected against the pests, but others are left to fight these tormentors themselves. Fly-nets made of heavy cord or leather laces were commonly used at one time and afforded a degree of protection. A light cotton or burlap sheet also serves the purpose of protecting the back and sides against flies, but is more heating than the netting. Some drivers rub a little fish oil around their horses' ears, neck legs and other parts where flies

persist in lodging, and claim that it proves effective in keeping off the flies. Not only are the horses benefited by some protection being afforded, but the driver has less trouble in handling them.—Farmer's Advocate.

Work the Colt.

Last spring I had three good horses and a two-year-old colt, and decided that the work of the old horse could be made easier with benefit to the colt. Early in the winter the colt was broken and used at light work. In the spring when doing my farm work I made a four-horse evenner from a piece of 2 x 4-inch elm, the end holes being five feet apart, the centre hole two feet from one end and three feet from the other.

The best team was given the short end of the evenner or three-fifths of the load. On the other end was put the colt, and the third horse, having two-fifths of the pull, but the colt's end of the doubletree was 22 inches long, against 11 inches for the other horse. This gave the colt four-thirtieths against eight-thirtieths for his mate, the other horses each pulling nine-thirtieths of the load.

As the colt became accustomed to the work the doubletrees were changed till he pulled about two-thirds as much as each of the others. This helped the other horses and was not harmful to the colt.—Wm. Hardy, in Farm and Home.

Salt For Sheep.

Let the flock clean up the rough places. They will eat right down to the roots of the weeds and exterminate them.

Be sure that the salt box in the sheep pasture is kept filled. The flock will not thrive if deprived of salt. Remember, that while you are feeding your flock you are feeding for quality and quantity of wool, as well as for the future lamb crop.

Flat turnips can be sown now and a crop raised for the sheep. Roots are essential for the successful handling of the flock.

A flock of uniform quality is a joy and inspiration as well as a sure profit.

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Underwear**

THERE are certain words in our language which sum up a number of qualities, and express them tersely. "Class" is one. "Efficiency" another. "Penmans" still another. This last one when applied to underwear means all the good things you want in the underwear you buy for yourself. Don't forget Penmans.

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JAN SMUTS IS A MILITARY STAR

ONE OF THE GREATEST GENERALS OF THE WAR.

Will Soon Present Britain With Germany's East African Colony

"Jan Christian Smuts will yet play a great part in South Africa. He is one of the cleverest lawyers in the country and a man of versatile attainments besides. He is personally a very simple man, and to meet him one would not suspect that he possesses so firm a will and so determined a character. Although scarcely thirty years of age and without the slightest previous experience of military affairs, he developed in the later phases of the war into a most brilliant general.

Fifteen years ago "Oom" Paul Kruger wrote this prophecy and characterized the Boer-British general, who, as indicated in the war despatches, is momentarily expected to give the final thrust to that part of the Kaiser's army which for two years has been fighting in the swamps and forests of German East Africa to retain possession of the last of the Prussian colonies.

To Smuts the lawyer will go the credit of adding to the British domain an empire four times as large as the state of New York. He will be acclaimed as one of the greatest generals of the war, and already in England the demand has been made that he shall be sent to the front in France, where his surpassing military qualities may be utilized in driving the Teutonic hordes back beyond the Rhine.

Ancestors Were Germans. General Smuts is a Boer whose ancestors, Germans, went to South Africa to escape religious persecution in Europe at the time the Huguenots swarmed to America. The British newspapers like to call him an Afrikaner—a man born in South Africa of British parents—but he calls himself a Boer and he is proud of the name.

Smuts is not quite forty-five years old and with the possible exception of Louis Botha, the South African Premier, and his co-worker in peace, war and politics, he is the biggest man in public life on the continent of Africa. South African admirers say Asquith and Lloyd George are not in the same class with the lawyer whom Kruger picked to be a great man.

Farmer, Lawyer, Politician.

Smuts was born on a farm in the Transvaal, ten years after his father had assisted in trouncing the British at Majuba Hill. He was anti-British up to the time he was ten years of age. Then he went to England for a university education in law. He returned pro-British, but did not practise it very long, because he began the practice of law by going into politics. In those days, which was about the time Dr. Jameson made his unsuccessful run across the border for the purpose of annexing the Boer republics to the British Empire, it did not pay a politician in the Transvaal to be very pro-British, so Smuts went out and shot a couple of Jameson's men and became anti-British again.

Smuts went into the South African campaign as a private and ended as a general and one of the peace commissioners.

Momentous Eloquence.

It was as one of the Boer peace commissioners, who met General Kitchenek and Sir Alfred Milner, the British commissioners, that Smuts rose to the rank of statesman. The commissioners had been unable to agree and the Boers returned to the convention of the national delegates to obtain new instructions, whether they should surrender unconditionally or return to the field and renew the war. For days the convention was at loggerheads. At length Smuts gained a hearing. He told them the truth about the situation, that it was impossible to fight longer, that they could expect no help from Europe or America, and that further resistance meant useless slaughter.

"Brethren," he declared in what is regarded among South Africans as one of the most eloquent and certainly one of the most momentous speeches ever made in that country, "we have vowed to stand fast to the bitter end; let us be men, and acknowledge that that end has now come.

"The future is dark, indeed, but we will not give up courage, nor our hope and trust in God."

Let the Kaiser Answer.

The brighter day was not long in coming. Within a few years the United States of South Africa rose out of the ashes of the war, and it comprises practically all the vast territory south of the Limpopo river. To-day the Boer republics are out of existence, but in their places has risen the Boer nation. The British Government gave the confederated colonies a parliament and a liberal constitution.

Louis Botha and Jan Smuts are the leading Boers, and consequently these two men, who wept as they signed away the independence of their countries fourteen years ago, are the greatest men in the white men's

Africa, the one a civil and the other a military dictator. One has gone beyond the borders of his country and has added to the British Empire that vast territory formerly known as German Southwest Africa. Smuts has gone afield and is about to present to his sovereign another huge territory, German East Africa. Then these brothers in politics, statesmanship and arms may feel warranted in turning their eyes toward Berlin and to wonder what are the thoughts of that same Prussian Kaiser who virtually promised Kruger almost a score of years ago to be his royal protector—and then broke his pledge.

GERMANY LEARNING TRUTH.

Newspapers Suddenly Admit the Defeat at Verdun.

Under the caption: "What has Happened to Germany?" the Daily Express says:

"Suddenly the veil is lifted and the true state of affairs is disclosed in the latest German newspapers. They admit defeat at Verdun and describe it not only as a military, but also as a moral, defeat, the percussion of which is at this moment felt so seriously in the Balkans. They clamor for peace and renounce any ambition of annexation. A veritable disease of truth telling has broken out among them."

The newspaper cites the Berlin Post as follows: "Falkenhayn's recall is an admission of defeat suffered before Verdun."

The Berlin Vorwaerts (Soc.) is quoted as saying: "A truce with England must be arranged even at the sacrifice of some of Germany's chief ambitions."

The Schwaebische Tagwacht (Soc.) says: "Even if the Russians and Italians and all their Continental allies were beaten England's naval supremacy would not yet be destroyed. We may go so far—unless a miracle happens victory will never be realized, not even by war that would last thirty years. The prolongation of the war will only plunge us into deeper misery and expose us to the gravest perils."

THE COSSACKS.

Pass Their Lives on Horseback in Service of the Czar.

The millions of Cossacks that serve Russia are divided into eleven voivodes or groups, among which the principal ones are those of the Don, Kuban, Orenburg, Astrachan, Oussouri, Transbaikalie and Terek. These groups have a double hierarchy, one side being civil and the other military. Established by several czars upon the territory that they occupy, they are always ready to vault into the saddle for the defence of the country. Their stanitsi or villages are their ostroghi or citadels of defence. There are no nobles among the Cossacks, as it is forbidden for anyone to acquire property apart from the possessions of the horde. Certain voivodes are practically communistic. Between the Cossack villages and the Russian peasants the division is complete. Ethnically the peasants and the Cossacks may be of like origin. The peasants conscientiously till the soil. The Cossacks pass their lives on horseback in the service of the Czar and disdain the labors in the fields. The number of sotnias or squadrons of Cossacks was fixed in time of peace at 894, with about 100 men in a quadron, a total of 89,400. But this number has been greatly augmented since the war began.

WONDER POWER OF COAL.

There is Remarkable Energy in a Small Lump.

The energy contained in coal is enormous. A pound of coal—that is to say, a piece about as big as a man's fist—in combining with oxygen, radiates heat equivalent to the energy of lifting about 10,000,000 pounds 1 foot high. Put otherwise, one pound of coal will do as much work as a powerful horse can do in five hours, remembering that the work done by a horse in one hour is nearly 2,000,000 foot pounds.

These estimates refer to the potential power of coal; but when we actually attempt to turn its heat into mechanical energy, we find that we can utilize only about one-eighth or ninth of its potential energy.

Coal also gives us innumerable chemical products. Sixty years ago Sir William Perkin extracted from coal-tar a beautiful mauve dye, starting a new branch of coal-tar chemistry, which has now grown to a huge industry.

From coal-tar we now extract not only an enormous number of dyes, but also delicate perfumes that rival the violet and the rose, delicious flavors, that appeal to the epicure's palate, explosives powerful enough to blow up a battleship, and drugs of all sorts—all from the decayed vegetation of primeval forests.

Convincing Proof.

Mother (at the party)—Why did you allow that young man to kiss you?
Daughter—Why, ma!
Mother—Oh, you needn't "why, ma" me. One side of his nose is powdered and one side of yours isn't.

Costs More.

"I've tried to teach my boy the value of money."

"Good thing."

"Well, I don't know. He used to have for ten cents, but now he wants a quarter."



Brings Down His Twelfth German Plane

SECOND LIEUT. GUYNEMER, of the French Aviation Corps, who recently brought down his twelfth enemy plane. He has taken part in many thrilling air battles, several times he had half-breath escapes from death. Guynemer is one of the most successful of the French aviators, already he has earned the title of the "Fokker Killer" and he is only a youngster.

SOAP RATIONS FOR GERMANS NOW

ONLY 1 1/4 OUNCES PER MONTH TO EACH PERSON.

Price List at Which People Are Allowed to Buy Clothing Published.

Clothing and soap now can be had in Germany only on the ration-card system. The new regulations came into effect on August 1. Clothes for both men and women can be purchased without special permit cards only if the articles in question are contained in a so-called "free list" of maximum prices. Anybody who wants a suit or a dress costing more than the moderate prices fixed must obtain special permission of the "Imperial Clothing Office" and assign valid reasons for such "extravagance." The object of these unprecedented and drastic regulations, of course, is to conserve the supply of textile materials for the clothing necessities of the army during the third year of the war.

Soap Cards. Soap is now allotted at the rate of 50 grammes (about 1 1/4 ounces) per person per month, including shaving soap, with an extra ration of nine ounces of "soap powder." Any child born on or after August 1, 1916, is entitled to a soap card on the above basis. Special allowances of four cards are allotted to physicians, nurses dealing with infectious diseases, dentists, veterinary surgeons, and midwives. Stokers, coal-heavers, and chimney sweeps are entitled to two extra cards.

This is the clothing "free list":

Men.	
Morning coat, waistcoat, and trousers	\$17 75
Tweed and sporting suits	15 00
Frock or morning coats	14 25
Two coats	8 00
Waistcoats	2 50
Trousers	4 50
Winter overcoats	20 00
Summer overcoats	17 75
Mackintoshes or Alpina coats	10 00
Women.	
Cloaks	15 00
Coat and skirt	20 00
Washing dress	10 00
Woolen blouse	3 75
Washing blouse	3 00
Woolen dressing gown	8 50
Washing dressing gown	5 00
Trimmed woolen dress	25 00
Skirt	6 25
Chemise	1 62
Nightdress	2 50
Knickers	1 25
Camisole	1 25
Dressing jacket	2 68
Washing petticoat	3 00
Kimono	2 50

A RUSSIAN MYSTERY.

What Did Government Want With 100 Japanese Monkeys?

A Japanese resident of Vladivostok named Arita, who has been in Japan for some time, left Tsuruga for Vladivostok recently with eighty-seven Japanese monkeys. It is stated that Mr. Arita received an order from the Russian authorities for one hundred pure Japanese monkeys, but as he was unable to collect the required number before his departure he went away with only eighty-seven.

On arrival at Vladivostok the animals will at once be entrained for Petrograd. The use to which the monkeys will be put by the Russians is kept a profound secret, though there is a belief that it is in some connection with the war. According to the Japanese papers, some say the monkeys will be sent to the front to be used for scouting purposes, while others assert that they are required for hospital purposes. This is the first shipment of "war supplies" to Russia since the publication of the new Russo-Japanese convention.

Not Sufficiently Pickled.

Barrys (at 1 a.m.)—Don't you think you'd better go home to your wife?
Jaggs—Not yet, ol' fel'. Le's have a few more. I don't want to be able to understand what she says.

QUESTION REASON OF THE WAR

GERMAN PEOPLE BEGINNING TO WONDER.

Believe That Country Was Pushed Into Something It Did Not Want.

The London Times says that Friedrich Naumann publishes in the current number of his weekly paper, Die Hilfe, an extraordinary article on the weakening of German popular opinion about the war, and the need of counteracting the present tendency. Herr Naumann writes:

"To-day there are people enough who no longer rightly know why we are still fighting. I was visited lately by a soldier who late in the war was taken up into the Landsturm. I know him well, and I know that by the very reason of his calling he understands the way of thinking of the simple people. He said to me: 'It must be explained to the people quite simply and intelligently why they are still fighting, because they do not know. I answered that two years are surely enough to make it clear to the thickest head. He, however, replied:

Agitation in Army.

"Two years ago all these people knew, but as they read the newspapers irregularly, have little knowledge of geography, and have no training in historical thought, even at the beginning they grasped by a general impression rather than detailed events. Meanwhile, all that has for them returned to a state of flux and become obscure, and now they are mentally helpless in the face of sacrifices of the long war. Hence, it becomes possible for agitation of the Liebknecht type to find its way into the very army."

Terrible Privation.

"I then made further enquiries among men and women, who by constant contact knew something of the way of thinking of small people, and this is what for the memory, especially when the people are suffering, and our experiences have been so manifold during this time. At the beginning the people had no real idea what war was, yet they were ready to conduct war. Meanwhile, death in the field and privation at home have become greater than any power of the imagination had previously conceived. Hence, the impression easily arises that one has been pushed into something which one did not really desire. The necessity of what is happening is questioned, and the longing that this abnormal state of things may cease, dims the eyes to the inevitable character of events. To this is then added the old and eternal mistrust of the small for the great and it is said:

"These people at the top need the war and that is why we have to endure it."

FRENCH ARMY TO SHAVE.

Beards Worn by Soldiers Ordered Removed.

The beard of the French soldier has been doomed in an army order which directs that the men at the front must shave all except moustaches. The order has been the signal for the outburst of a humorous and ironic discussion in the trench newspapers, to which some of the most famous artists, philosophers and literary men have contributed.

Jean Richepin, the dramatist, writing in the Fus, says:

"The beard has gone, but what is the difference to us? In place of it, it is courage that grows. Let the beard fall and French courage grow."

Edward Rostand celebrates the beard in verse as a symbol of "all the beauty of all of France, a soul, a jewel, a torch, a prod."

Maurice Barres gravely regrets the beard, which he says was a "heritage of long ago, in which the dead lived again, and which bound us mysteriously to the soil."

General Pierre Cherif, reasoning technically, excuses the measure because "the beard of a trooper weighs on an average 60 grammes. With 2,000,000 men at the front this brings the aggregate weight to 120 tons. It was natural that the staff should think of relieving the army of this considerable and useless weight. It was reasonable in creating heavy material to make in compensation light infantry."

STRAWBERRY LEAF FOR TEA.

Germans Hunt Substitute and Say They Have Found One.

The London Chronicle says the Royal Horticultural Institute of Berlin, has for some months been experimenting with various leaves to take the place of tea, which at eight shillings (\$4) a pound is too costly for the ordinary citizen. More than 20 different kinds of leaves have been tried, but only three were found to contain in some measure the aromatic and invigorating qualities possessed by tea. The leaves of the strawberry, blackberry and raspberry have given very satisfactory results.

The authorities who have been brewing the leaves have come to the conclusion that strawberry leaves are superior to all rivals, and that refined palates which have been refreshed with strawberry tea have no desire to return "to the much overrated and costly Chinese product."

FROM SUNSET COAST

WHAT THE WESTERN PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Progress of the Great West Told in a Few Pointed Paragraphs.

A bear raided the cook tent at Castle Internment Camp, Banff, and enjoyed a huge feast.

John Burns, the veteran contractor, of Nelson and Trail, died at his Nelson home last Friday, aged 65.

At Cordova Bay, Vancouver Island, W. J. Harris, 15 years old, saved a little girl from drowning.

Maple Bay residents are campaigning for the establishment of a post-office to handle their mail properly.

A daily mail service for all towns of importance along the route of the Kettle Valley Railway is to be established.

Two Indians while fishing near Port Essington, B.C., found the body of a Japanese fisherman who was drowned over a year ago.

A few "springs" are being caught at Cowichan Bay, and the bay is full of grilse just now. The big run is yet to come.

Chong Hing, a Chinese contractor, in Vancouver, chased a thief into a dense crowd and recovered a wallet containing \$1,400.

A representative of Australian dredging interests is in Vancouver to investigate the dredging prospects of the Fraser river.

There is yet no clue to the burglar who stole money and securities worth \$10,000 from the vault in the North Vancouver city hall.

The Pacific Great Eastern Railway has leased a car barge with a capacity of nine cars to operate between Vancouver and Squamish.

The Provincial Fisheries Department has finished the stocking of the principal lakes between Squamish and Clinton with trout fry.

The city of Prince George has taken over the electric plant of the Northern Telephone & Power Co., and will run it as a public utility.

A strike of graphite is reported in the Fraser Valley, and other minerals have also been discovered there, notably alunite, which has high potash value.

The fossilized remains of a prehistoric animal, somewhat similar to the alligator, were found near Morrissey in a body of shale uncovered by recent floods.

By a considerable adverse vote the Cranbrook ratepayers turned down the proposition to buy the St. Mary's separate school at \$6,000 for a high school building.

In order to avoid the possibility of spreading infection of infantile paralysis, the school holidays in British Columbia will probably be extended this summer by several weeks.

Mr. Harry Rhodes, of Vancouver, an employee of the B.C.E.R., when passing a newspaper office in that city, saw pictures of four of his nephews who had all been killed in one day's fight at the front. All were from Newfoundland. It was the first Mr. Rhodes had heard of their tragic deaths.

FEAR LANDING IN BELGIUM.

German Says This Allied Move Would Make Retreat Inevitable.

The fear that a large British army may be landed in Belgium and Holland to attack the German forces in Flanders and France from the rear and recapture Antwerp has been revived in Berlin. One of the foremost military writers says in the "Armee- und Marine Nachrichten" (Army and Navy News):

"The general offensive of the allies on all fronts keeps our armies busy. The British and French attacks on the western front, which have their centre and greatest force in Picardy, do not sufficiently disclose where our enemies intend to strike their main blow. It is possible and even probable that the 'big rush' on both sides of the Somme is only a feint.

The real intentions of the allies are probably disclosed by an article written by an unnamed French admiral and published in "L'Information" a few weeks ago. The admiral says that the new strategic plan of the allies is to exhaust the German power of resistance by attacking on as many fronts as possible, and he continues:

"We must create new fronts to compel the enemy to thin his lines everywhere. An effective way to accomplish this result will be the landing of a large British army on the coast of Belgium. This can be done, if the English sea power is fully used."

All signs point to it that we will have to fight the main British forces in Belgium and on the Dutch border before the winter comes. This would make a general retreat from France inevitable.

Appropriate.

"What is the name of your dog?"

"Macbeth."

"That's a curious name for a dog."

"He howls a great deal at night. I got the idea from that quotation, 'Macbeth doth murder sleep.'"

A poor man never knows how many relatives he has until he suddenly becomes rich.

A sure way to improve the memory is to do something that you would like to forget.

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Orders of \$25.00 and upwards to those not being shareholders
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—to give all your friends their kind of music, and to make
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And when your company leaves they vote you "the ideal
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Our Ambition is Your Satisfaction

We have received a large assortment of Spring and Summer
Tweeds of the Latest Designs and Best Quality.

All suits made by me keep their shape and appearance till
worn out.

Come in and see our new stock of Ready-to-wear Clothing.
Exceptional this Spring.

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THE TAILOR.

Main Street, - Lachute.

.. Head-Quarters ..

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No. 6 Dry-cell Batteries

also just received a carload of
STOVES and RANGES

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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 Saturday's Only.

J. D. CAMPBELL

Main Street, Lachute.

CLOTHES FOR BOYS



**BLUE'S
Wearbetter Suits
For Boys are
Second to None**

I carry a complete
assortment of sizes in
stock. Two pairs of
bloomers with every
suit.

Ready-made Cloth-
ing for Men, Shirts,
Sweaters, Underwear,
Socks, Gloves and Mitts

Footwear for every
member of the family
PRICES RIGHT

**BLUE'S
Wearbetter
SUITS FOR BOYS**

Boots Repaired.

Tel. 65

W. G. Staniforth.

LACHUTE MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

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

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

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

**.. Just Received ..
A car-load of Buggies**

**They are from the Tudhope-Car-
riage Co. of Orillia, so come
and take your pick**

**W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.
MAIN STREET. LACHUTE.**

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SURGEON DENTIST

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R. A. DRAPEAU,

ADVOCATE,

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LACHUTE, - QUE

DR. JOHN McO. DREW, B.A.

Physician and Surgeon,

Between the Bank of Ottawa

and W. G. Staniforth's Store,

Main Street,

Phone No. 6. LACHUTE, QUE.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Office over Banford's Store.

Absent Tuesday only.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.

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Main St., LACHUTE.

GAETAN VALOIS, L.L.L.

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Money to loan on security
Depositor of the late J. E.
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LACHUTE, - QUE

H. J. CRESSWELL, B.A., B.C.L.

NOTARY,

Main Street, - Lachute, Que.

The Watchman.

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XLI

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1916.

NO. 39

Preserving Fruits

We have a splendid big shipment of
Plums, Peaches, Grapes Etc.
You can get your supply of Winter Apples
from us. Your choice of varieties.
Splendid line of Neillson's Chocolates.

Fruitbaskets for Sale (wholesale or retail).

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

Red Cross Supper.

Last Thursday evening a very successful supper was held by the Willing Workers of Genoa and Jerusalem at the home of Mrs. John Miller.
The home was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the tables were bountifully laden to please both the eye and inner man. After supper home-made candy was sold. The proceeds amounted to \$50 which go towards aiding the ladies in their splendid work.

Tenders for Wood.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of November 14th, for quantity of good 3 foot and 2 foot Hard Maple and Birch for Lachute Academy.
G. A. CLUNIE, Sec-Treas.
Lachute School Commissioners.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A brick house and lot on Foundry Street. Easy Terms. Lot 178 feet x 65 feet.
Apply to THOMAS WILSON, Arundel, Que.

Don't Neglect! The Delineator for half price during October only 75 cents for a year.
W. BANFORD & SON.

A Concert in aid of the Red Cross work will be held in the Stone Hall, Cushing, on Friday evening Oct. 13th. A good programme is being prepared. Candy and refreshments for sale. Admission 25cts.

The Ladies of the Baptist church will hold a sale of work and home cooking and afternoon tea, Thursday Nov. 9th, in the Victoria Hall.

There is great difficulty in getting many lines of goods. Better secure your new Fall and Winter coat now.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Why not send your friend or loved one a nice greeting card this year? It is a pleasing way to remember them far or near, and we have a very choice stock from which to make your selection. Call at the Watchman Office or phone No 27 and we will call on you.

HOUSE TO RENT.—In rear of Mr. J. C. Wilson's residence. Good House. For particulars apply to R. Lavigne, Foundry St. Lachute.

During the month of October you can have the Delineator at half price only, 75 cents per year.
W. BANFORD & SON.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—With disc machine one Edison Amberola Cabinet Phonograph 44 inches high with 20 records. Almost new. Apply Box 44, Lachute, Que.

WANTED.—Two sisters or friends, one as General-Cook and one as House-Table-maid, must have experience and references. Apply MISS JACOBS, 4155 Sherbrooke St. Montreal, Que.

FOR SALE.—50 heavy all wool blankets slightly soiled at less than half price. Apply ALDERIC LAVIGNE, Lachute Mills.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement
Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Hazel McGibbon returned from a visit to Montreal on Tuesday.

Mr. Gordon Westwood, of Montreal, spent the week-end with his parents.

The Misses Maggie and Elizabeth McKinnon spent the week-end in Montreal.

Mrs. Prettie, of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. J. S. Giles for a few days this week.

Mrs. Cleary and daughter of Shawbridge are the guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Alexander.

Miss Winnie Riddell returned to Montreal, on Thursday after spending a few months with her parents.

Mrs. S. Goldsworthy and children returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. A. Pollock on Saturday last.

Mrs. Geo. Bader and Miss Ethel McAllough, of Montreal, were the week-end guests of Mrs. H. McAllough.

Corp. E. Riley of the 22nd Forestry Battalion, of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Robinson for a few days this week.

Mr. E. Marlington Lachute, offers for sale his Edison phonograph with 150 records. Bring along \$20.00 and it is yours.

Miss Murray Wilson returned on Saturday after spending a pleasant visit with friends in Montreal and St. Ann de Bellevue.

Principal McBurney was called away on Tuesday of this week by the death of his brother, Samuel McBurney, whose home was in Arundel, Vt.

Mr. R. A. Drapeau has just received word that his nephew Mr. F. Drapeau, of La Poudre, Que., has been wounded. He was on Special Service at the Front.

Rev. Mr. Tanner, Home Missionary Superintendent of the synod of Montreal and Ottawa will occupy the pulpit of the Lachute Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning next.

A Good Winner.

We are proud to report that honors have again come to Argenente through the success of Mr. J. H. Black, who has carried off 2nd Prize for his Champion Yorkshire Bull at the National Dairy Show in Springfield, Mass. Mr. Black was not long in disposing of same for the sum of \$4,000.

The sympathy of this community is extended to Mr. Robert Cruise M. P. of Dauphin, Man., who has just been informed that his son has lost his life on the battlefield. He was only 17 years of age but when his country called for volunteers to go overseas he nobly responded. He enlisted with a Manitoba Infantry Battalion and his brother is in France with the Mechanical Transport.

The outlook for the Red Cross Tea on Tuesday morning was anything but favorable. The ladies however went bravely on with their preparations and were rewarded by a moderately fine afternoon with occasional flurries of snow. The tea was well attended, the candy table well patronized, also many names written in the Booklets to go overseas, and the sum of \$67.00 realized. A few of the officers of the 245th Grenadier Guards were welcome guests at the Tea.

The sympathy of the community goes out to Mrs. Wm. Witham, of Brownsburg, in the death of her little daughter Emily Violet who died on Tuesday last after an illness of only a few days. This will come as a great shock to her father Pte. Wm. Witham, of the 148th, who has just landed in England. A memorial service will be conducted by Mr. Hamilton on Sunday afternoon next in the Methodist Church Sunday School of which she was a devoted and loved member.

On Sunday last the Methodist Sunday School held their Rally Day Services. The choir of fifty voices which had been trained by Mr. Thomas Anderson and the musical numbers which were rendered by Mr. W. S. Cameron added greatly to the service. Superintendent Mr. Thomas Hamilton presided and a special address on "Upboards" was given by Rev. F. J. Hayden. The church was beautifully decorated with maple leaves, and a special banner kindly loaned by Mrs. Hunter of Lachute. The collections were far in excess of previous years.

To have seen and tended the soldiers in the war has been the sacred privilege of Miss Jessie McCallum, who has just returned from France. She has been spending a short visit with her aunt Mrs. Beers and visiting her father's old home at Avoca. Nurse McCallum is home because of the nervous strain through which she has gone during the past 10 months, resultant from her duties at the base hospital and also from the shock of her brother's death, who it will be remembered was killed in action about six months ago. It is awful sad to hear the harrowing and pitiful tales unfolded by one who has seen it and helped to allay the suffering and agony of those who have gone forth to fight the battle of liberty. Nurse McCallum bore tribute to the noble work of the Red Cross Society and in visiting the different hospitals was told that it was simply wonderful how the Canadian Red Cross were able to keep up such huge supplies as were being sent.

This testimony from one who knows should lend encouragement and inspiration to our local branches of that noble institution not to tire in their good work, but to redouble their efforts in providing the things needed, so that the work of our noble nurses is made easier.

Mrs. A. Beers spent a few days in Avoca this week.

Announcement.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Kearn announce the marriage of their daughter Lydia to John F. Callanagh, of Boston, Mass. on October 7th, 1916.

Lachute Red Cross Report.

The Lachute Branch of the Red Cross wish to publish their Financial Report for the past year, ending Oct. 3rd. The books having been audited by Mr. J. A. Hise and Dr. G. A. Clunie.

Annual Members Fees.....	\$104.00
Associate Members Fees.....	21.00
Patriotic Committee.....	100.00
Town Council.....	40.15
Centerville Social.....	50.00
Masonic Lodge.....	65.00
Farmers' Banquet.....	30.00
Upper Lachute.....	30.00
Long Lake Club.....	25.00
Lachute Social Club.....	25.00
Young Girls Social Club.....	10.00
Academy Sports.....	25.00
Methodist Church.....	10.00
Calumet.....	10.00
Anglican Guild.....	6.00
St. Andrews Xmas Tree.....	251.00
Tag Day and Raffle.....	18.30
Booklet Sale.....	68.00
Proceeds from Tea.....	671.86
Smaller amounts under \$6.00.....	671.86

Amount spent in Supplies..... 1879.43
Cash in the Bank..... 302.38

Value of material on hand..... \$189.00

J. R. GILES, Treas.
The Red Cross Society wish to remind the sewers and knitters of Lachute and vicinity that work can be obtained at the Victoria Hall every Tuesday afternoon. Last year over 100 articles less were sent into provincial headquarters than during the previous year, so all who can are urged to help.
E. R. ALEXANDER.

ST. ANDREWS

Mr. Fair and family spent the week-end here.
Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McPhee, of Calumet, were also guests at the wedding.

Miss Tena Walsh spent a couple of days in Montreal last week.

Miss Pearl Dutoit, of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. R. W. Jones last week.

Mrs. Jones Sr., and three grandchildren, of Montreal, spent a couple of days here last week.

Mrs. Robt. Evans, of Silver Heights, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Campbell of Adamston, Ont.

The Euchre held in the Roman Catholic Chapel was largely attended by many of our citizens.

Miss Lillie A. MacMartin, of Montreal, spent a few days with her sister Miss K. E. MacMartin Queen St.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Barclay, of Notre Dame de Grace, attended the Robertson-All right wedding on Saturday.

The St. Andrews Red Cross Society held their annual meeting in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 19th.

Our Model School was closed Thursday and Friday last as the Teachers were attending the Annual Teachers Convention.

We hope Mr. James J. Burwash and Miss Dawson will have a fine day for their wedding tomorrow the 21st, in Montreal.

We are pleased to report that Justice MacKay who has been in the Hotel Dieu Hospital has returned home and is convalescent.

Mr. Robt. Jones received a letter this week from his son Ashton "somewhere in France" and says both he and his brother Owen are well and are right in the thick of it.

We offer our congratulations to Miss Eva Bradford our principal for the successful way she conducted Howick school 1915-1916 in bringing it up to 6th place.

Our popular butcher Mr. Arthur Fournier will be united by the bonds of matrimony to Miss Theoret, of Point Fortune, Tuesday, Oct. 24th. Congratulations.

Rev. J. U. Tanner, of Winchester, Ont., occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning and gave an interesting address on Home Missions.

Mr. W. J. Pitcairn and family, who have spent the last five years in Moose, Sask., expect to return to St. Andrews to reside in their house on Queen St., about November 15th.

While sawing wood with a Cirenlar on Tuesday Mr. Thos. Dobbie of the Bay cut his right hand very seriously, necessitating his going to the Hospital. Poor Tom is certainly unfortunate.

While suffering from an attack of brain-storm our amiable hotel-keeper Mr. Alderic Fortier ejected his family from his domicile last week and is at present enjoying himself all by his lonesome.

The wedding of Mr. B. H. Robertson and Miss Ruth Albright in Christ Church on Saturday last was largely attended.

Mr. Robt. Robertson acting as best man and Miss Gelia Albright as bridesmaid after a bountiful supper served by the Misses Albright, of Main St. Aunts of the bride the happy couple left for Quebec where they spend their honeymoon when they return.

Ladies' Coats

For Fall and Winter have arrived and are on Sale already

We have some choice samples of this Season's styles. The prices too are reasonable considering the slight of wool prices. We have also received our first lot of Costumes for Fall.

It will be a pleasure to us to show these goods whether you need them or not.

W. Banford & Son
Lachute.

Hay, Flour and Feed,
In Large or Small Quantities

Bread, Cakes & Confectionery
Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Ice Cream made to order. Fruits in Season.
Fine Assortment of Ganong's Chocolates.
Splendid Line of Picture Post-cards.

We are agents for Caldwells Celebrated Meal and Calf Meal.
You should try it. The best on the market.

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80. Baker & Confectioner.

School Time Again!

With the Re-Opening of Schools comes the necessity of book requirements, and as usual we are to the front with a plentiful supply of books, pencils, pens, etc. to fit you out for your duties.

We also wish to draw attention to every other department of our store which are well stocked and well assorted. Our prices are Always Right.
Phone your order to No. 2.

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET. - - - LACHUTE



THE WATCH WITH ITS OWN ARMOR PLATE

YOU who know what discipline and endurance mean will find a friendly kinship in this sturdy, durable Waltham. Here is embodied accuracy you can depend on at all times and strength that will withstand plenty of rough usage. Size up snug to the wrist ready for instant service. Notice the protecting rim of metal that keeps the crystal from breaking. Come in and see this serviceable Waltham Military Wrist Watch to-day.

Waltham

T. JOUSSE
Main Street - Lachute

Also Full Open Face and Pocket
Strap styles from \$10 up.

Eyes Scientifically Tested. We are agents for the Edison Phonograph and Waterman Fountain Pens.

About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Appetizing Cheese Dishes.

Cheese is a wholesome food that deserves at least an occasional place on the dining table. It would appear more frequently, perhaps, if the numerous attractive and unusual ways of serving it were more commonly known.

Cheese Salad.—Slightly warm one pound of cheese, then work it until it crumbles. Add one quarter of a teaspoonful of finely minced onion, two hard-boiled eggs, finely minced, two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. When you have thoroughly mixed all the ingredients, form the mixture into small balls, and serve them with lettuce leaves on individual plates.

Limpens Cheese (Belgian style).—Cut a small loaf of bread into slices and remove the crusts. Butter each slice, and cover it well with grated cheese, building up the slices one on another in two mounds in a deep baking dish. Boil a cupful of milk, and season it with salt, pepper and a dash of grated nutmeg; when the milk has boiled pour it over the bread; set the dish in the oven and let the mixture bake for a quarter of an hour, basting the bread frequently with the milk in the pan.

Fried Cheese Balls.—Mix half a cupful each of grated cheese and an equal amount of bread crumbs, add one well-beaten egg and a teaspoonful of a good relish. Roll the mixture into balls; dip them into beaten egg, then into very fine bread crumbs that you have lightly seasoned with pepper and salt. Fry the balls in deep, hot fat. If you like high seasoning, add a dash of Cayenne pepper to the cheese mixture. With a lettuce salad the cheese balls make an excellent garnish for veal.

Savory Cheese Rusk.—These are particularly appetizing as a luncheon dish. Grate one and one half cupfuls of strong cheese, add one teaspoonful of olive oil, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, and two tablespoonfuls of mild vinegar. Season it highly with a good relish and with salt and pepper. Add one eighth of a teaspoonful of soda and beat the mixture until it is very light and creamy. Spread it on rounds of rusks or on plain white bread and brown it in a very hot oven. If you wish, you can vary the receipt by using three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and only half a tablespoonful of the vinegar.

Cheese Rings.—Place one cupful of water, half a cupful of butter and half a teaspoonful of salt in a saucepan; when the water boils, add one cupful of pastry flour and stir the mixture until it leaves the sides of the pan. Remove it from the fire and allow it to stand until it is lukewarm, then add three eggs, one at a time, and beat each one thoroughly. Add half a cupful of stale grated cheese and place the mixture in a pastry bag that has a star tube. Line a biscuit pan with paper and shape the mixture into rings upon it. Sprinkle them lightly with grated cheese and bake them in a moderate oven until they are thoroughly done.

Making Use of Stale Bread.

Of all the left-over remnants of food from the kitchen bread is the most common, perhaps, and many pieces are daily thrown away which a little thought would turn to excellent use. If the left-over pieces are not utilized the same day, an excellent plan is to wrap them in pieces of waxed paper and store them in a stone jar. They will keep well for a week in this way.

Dried crumbs for stuffing and meat frying: Put the crusts and small pieces in a baking pan and dry in the oven without burning. They may then be put through the food chopper and stored in clean jars until wanted. They may be used as a basis for meat croquettes, poultry stuffing and other things.

French toast may be made from the whole slices of left-over bread. It is an excellent luncheon pick-up dish. Beat an egg and add a little milk. Dip the slices of bread in this and fry a nice brown in hot drippings. Serve with butter, jelly or marmalade.

Bread custard pudding: Cut the bread in dainty shapes and butter liberally. Make a plain custard of eggs, milk and sugar. Put in baking dish and float the buttered bread on top. Sprinkle with grated nutmeg and bake in a quick oven until brown. This is excellent.

To make croutons for the various soups so much relished in summer cut the bread in cubes and fry in butter or dripping just before serving with the soup. Add five or six to each plate of soup. These are delicious with almost any soup.

Bread jelly for invalids: Scald the stale bread freed from crusts. Mash to a paste until of mushlike consistency. Add a little sugar and flavoring, mold, chill and serve with cream.

Sterilized bread crumbs are especially valuable for the young children in the household. A jar should be kept filled with these. They may be heated when wanted and sprinkled in soft eggs, soups, milk, fruit juices

and, indeed, anything eaten by very young children where fresh bread is often positively dangerous.

Dried bread is also valuable for mixing with various other foods for feeding the household pets.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Green Tomato Sweet Pickles.—One peck of green tomatoes. One dozen large white onions. Six red peppers, coarsely chopped. One cup of sugar. One tablespoonful of ground all-spice. One tablespoonful of ground cinnamon. One tablespoonful of ground mustard. One tablespoonful of whole cloves. Three pints of vinegar. Slice the tomatoes the day before pickling. Sprinkle them thoroughly with salt, but not too heavily. In the morning drain off the liquor. Have ready the onions coarsely sliced. Take a kettle and put in a layer of tomatoes, then a layer of onions, and sprinkle between each layer the sugar and all the spices. Pour over them the three pints of vinegar, or enough to cover the whole well and boil gently until tender. The onions can be left out if the flavor is objectionable as the pickles are equally good without them.

Pepper Hash.—Twelve large red peppers. Twelve large green peppers. Fifteen onions. Take seeds from peppers. Chop fine in food chopper and pour over boiling water. Let stand five minutes and then drain. Make a weak solution of vinegar to two parts water (three-fourths pint vinegar to one and one-half pints water for the above amount of peppers and onions. Put in the chopped peppers and onions. Let boil, then drain again. Add one pint of vinegar, two and one-half cups sugar, three-tablespoons salt. Let all come to a boil, put in jars and seal.

Pickle Grapes.—Take ripe grapes, remove all imperfect and broken ones, divide large bunches. Put in earthen jar a layer of grapes leave (the tannin in leaves helps preserve the firmness of grapes). To four quarts of vinegar take two or three pints of white sugar, or more if desired, one ounce of cinnamon, half-ounce cassia and cloves, boil vinegar, sugar and spices together a few minutes, and when cold pour over grapes. By pouring the vinegar over the grapes cold you will avoid chocking them, and they retain their natural color.

Grape and Apple Jelly.—Take half-ripe grapes, stem and wash. To one quart of stemmed fruit add two medium-sized apples; core, but do not peel apples. Cover with water and boil until mushy. Strain through jelly bag. Let juice stand overnight, as this prevents formation of tartaric acid crystals. To each cup of juice add one cup of sugar; boil; while boiling take out from time to time a small quantity of the liquid and set to cool, and repeat this process until the samples sets to the desired thickness. Put in glasses, and when cold cover the top with a thin layer of melted paraffin.

Household Hints.

Every tidy housekeeper would like to keep her cooking stove clean and new looking. She can do so if she will wash the stove while it is warm with a sponge dipped in soap and water.

Charcoal on the shelf of the refrigerator will keep the refrigerator sweet and pure.

Then there is the silver that will tarnish. If the good housewife will lay a little camphor in the drawer where she keeps her silverware, she will at least help the trouble. In the event that she wishes to clean her silver, a mixture of equal parts of whitening and ammonia with a flannel cloth will do the work satisfactorily.

She will perhaps avoid falls when she goes to the cellar if she will paint the lower step white so that she can better see it.

As to sweeping, let her soak a newspaper in water, unfold it and lay it in the center of the room. Much of the dust will be absorbed. A little milk added to the water will give a polish to an oilcloth. A little turpentine in closets and drawers will prevent moths. A little sweet oil in the scratch of furniture will improve the bristle.

When you iron, if you will place your iron on a hot brick while you are ironing it will stay hot longer. If your irons are not clean, rub them on emery paper. If you will keep a paraffin candle with a white lawn cloth over the end and rub over the iron occasionally, you will thereby add luster to your linen.

Played "Home, Sweet Home."

A soldier who has been twice wounded, on the last occasion of injury was in the trenches when suddenly a man by his side was hit in the wrist. Clapping his hand upon the wound, he exclaimed:

"Got it! I've been waiting for this since last August." Then, putting his left hand into his pocket, he pulled out a mouth organ and played "Home, Sweet Home."

Who but an English Tommy could or would do that?



A True and Pretty Story of a Sympathetic Queen.

THE other day, Queen Amelle of Portugal was visiting one of the hospitals for French soldiers. After having spoken with practically every man in the different wards, she was taken to a room in which a little "pollu" lay dying. The doctors and nurses were greatly worried, because the poor man was to have been decorated that day, and the officer who should perform the ceremony had not yet arrived.

The "pollu" might lapse into unconsciousness at any moment—what should they do?

The Queen, on being informed on the cause of their anxiety, asked simply: "Shall I decorate him, before it is too late, though it is not correct under the circumstances?"

The doctors decided in the affirmative and Queen Amelle speaking lovingly to the brave little "pollu" pinned on the much coveted military cross. Then turning to the doctors asked if she might not also give him the "accolade." And gathering the dying man in her arms, she kissed him tenderly and lovingly on each cheek—and he? Well, he died that same night—happy and smiling peacefully, for had not a Queen and above all, a mother, lightened his last hours of darkness? And the Queen? Well, on leaving the hospital she met the officer whom she had misplaced officially for a few moments, and told him in frank and simple words what she had done. He, though at first surprised, was so charmed by her kind and sweet manner that he could only say "she had done the right thing, and that he was glad she had been there to do it."

THE ROMANCE OF AUSTRALIA

IT WAS ONCE CONNECTED WITH OTHER LANDS.

Island Continent Has Strangest Men and Animals in the World.

One of the oldest of all lands, Australia, is the youngest of all nations. She is the reality of two thousand years of wise men's dreams, the vast southern continent which they thought must be there to balance the land in the northern hemisphere. No one dared seek for her, for they thought that she was separated from the rest of the world by an equator of fire and demons and all-slaying mist.

She must be there, they said, and they drew fancy outlines of her on all their maps and globes, and showed her linked up to Africa and to America, and stretching unbroken to the South Pole. But when Diaz staggered around the southern foot of Africa, the Magellan found his way through open water round the southern-most point of South America, and Drake, following, got blown away into the boundless Southern Seas beyond, and none found southern land—then they gave it up, and struck Australia from the map. There could not be a southern continent after all, they said. But Australia was there all the time, with the strangest men and the strangest animals in the world, lying, as under a spell of enchantment, asleep within her borders of pearl and coral and her girdle of salt sea foam.

For long, long years Australia had lain preparing for the coming of man. Her history is written on—her wide bosom. Once she was part of greater land masses, connected, perhaps, by land bridges with Asia. Beneath the surface this vast continent was boiling. Burning mountains were heaved up and blew their heads off, and thousands of miles of lava and ash remain to tell the tale of her great volcanoes.

Where Were the Men?

But her fires died out, and more enduring mountains were formed, which, age upon age, epoch after epoch, have been attacked by heat and wind and rain, have been worn down lower and lower, their summits ground by the agencies of time into dust and powder. Their chemical properties, contained in the boiling lava from which they first solidified, were released with the slowly gathering debris, and this highly charged rubble of shattered rock and wind-lashed sand forms to-day, the barren deserts of Australia. But smiling verdure clad the greater part of these, and great forests grew. They sank beneath the sea, and more changed into coal. Gold and silver, tin and copper, diamonds and other valuable stones, formed in the rocks, and the precious metals tumbled from their beds as the mountains crumbled, forming the great nuggets that have since been found in the soil.

But where were the men? The men were not ready. They had not emerged. But the animals had. Warm-blooded animals which suckled their young had appeared upon the earth, and, roaming far, had reached Australia from other parts of the world. Then came the breakdown of the land bridges from Australia to Asia. The animals were shut up in a continent which had become an island.

The kangaroos and the wallabies, the bear-like koala, the egg-laying mammals, and many kinds of reptiles were imprisoned on the continent. These, and great birds which forgot how to fly, were the lords of this vast area of the earth. The animals remained

the very lowest type—animals which carry their young in pouches, which have the smallest of brains. There was no competition, no hard struggle for life, as in the busier world without, no need to improve. They developed on the old lines. Some grew to be giants, as big as any elephant, and then died out. The smaller types survived, though, of these smaller ones, the great kangaroo is bigger than the tallest man.

The story of the Australian animals is one of the wonders of the world. The huge continent experiences in its different ranges three climates—tropical, sub-tropical and temperate, so that we might expect to find there animals resembling those of Africa as well as of Europe. But there is nothing of the sort. There are no lions or tigers, or wolves, bears, cats, weasels—indeed, not a single flesh-eater except a little so-called cat. There is that, and there is the wild dog, or dingy, but he is a mysterious newcomer, not a native. There are neither apes nor monkeys; neither oxen, deer, nor antelopes; no elephants, rhinoceroses, pigs, camels, horses, hares or rabbits; no true mice, squirrels or porcupines; no hedge hogs or shrews. And yet, lacking all these creatures, Australian wild life is amazing.

A multitude of forms follow the kangaroo line of development; there are what are called kangaroo hares, kangaroo rats, kangaroo mice, simply because they suggest the forms of these originals in other lands. There were no flesh-eaters, other than the so-called cats, in Australia, before white man, and the domesticated animals arrived.

Wonderful Plant Life.

The plant life of the sleeping land was wonderful, too. The great feature here is the eucalyptus tree, of which there are 150 species, many of them unknown elsewhere. Like the animals, they took to being giants, and are often the tallest trees in the world, reaching from 400 to 500 feet. Their leaves stand upright, so that the sunlight passes between them and the trees yield no shade, but their properties are indispensable, and their wood is invaluable. They yield precious oils and gums, wood that white ant cannot destroy, wood that water will not rot and the deadly shipworm will not bore. Then there are the wonderful acacias, with their glorious blooms and perfume; and there is the famous bush or scrub which covers hundreds of square miles at a stretch.

There are trees whose blossoms are so brilliant that they seem to set hills on fire and can be seen miles out at sea. There are trees that have no leaves, and trees that are really giant grasses. There is a mahogany that makes railway sleepers and paves roads; there are palms and figs; there is a mistletoe which is not a parasite, like ours, but a true tree with blossoms of fiery scarlet. All these treasures of plant and animal life remained locked up in the enchanted land, waiting.

Then from somewhere, we know not from where, men appeared at last, naked, and cannibals. The lowest in the human scale, they lived, and still live, when away from white settlements, much the same sort of life as our old cave men lived in Britain hundreds of thousands of years ago. They had rough flint implements and tools, and their successors have them still; they do not possess houses, unless it be a rude, temporary shanty made of bark or twigs.

And yet these ancient savages made one of the most wonderful of all natural weapons, the boomerang—the curved piece of wood which, when cleverly thrown, circles strangely through the air, strikes dead a bird or an animal or, if it misses, returns to the thrower. And these boomerang men with their tools and flint and their fires made by friction, shared with the animals this continent of nearly three million square miles,

THE FASHIONS

A Forecast of the Fall Styles.

Before very long, thin summer frocks and light suits will have to be put away for the heavier fall garments to take their places. It often happens that the first chill winds catch us unprepared, and certainly there is nothing more upsetting than to realize that we had not given a thought to the coming of fall and were, consequently, not ready for the change in the weather.

The autumn styles are already well established, so no one need be afraid to make her selection in suits and gowns early, for there is no danger that they will not be in good style later. The suit models that have come over from Paris are as attractive as they can be. The coats are mostly three-quarter length and some of them are shorter. They reach to the hips, the fingers tips or the knees. The skirts are quite full; just as full as they were last fall, but not so flaring. The lines are straighter, as a rule, and the skirts just a trifle longer than they have been worn in the past seasons. Strictly tailored suits, of course, do not have very wide or long skirts.

Among the coat styles there are some Russian effects seen, which most women will be happy to learn. One of the favored models is fitted above the waist and quite full below it, and there are many variations of this idea.

A suit that gives promise of being very well liked on account of its generally becoming lines is illustrated here. It has deep pockets which are cut in one with the fronts of the coat, and a narrow belt going around the sides and back, but not the front. The skirt that completes this suit has pockets corresponding in cut to those on the coat.

In the other suit shown here, there is a suggestion of the Empire style, the return of which we have been hearing so much about lately. It comes in a modified form, having a panel in the front and back, and is certainly most attractive.

A wonderfully smart suit from Paris was made of navy blue gabardine, with a very long, full coat. The skirt also was very full. It extended up above the normal waistline, where it was attached to a blouse of brown and black checked silk with small



Long Suit Coats are Fashionable.

checks. The coat was lined with this silk, and when thrown open the effect of the whole costume was very striking.

Suit Fabrics and Colors.

There are charming suit materials for fall, which will perhaps make it difficult to decide on what to get. Besides the old stand-by, serge, there is its staunch companion, gabardine; then there are wool poplin, wool velours, broad-cloth, chevot, mixtures, and many fancy twills and suitings. For dressy wear, velvet, velveteen and satin will be very much in the foreground. The checked wool velours are very stylish in two tones, as, for instance, black and brown, tan and brown, and gray and brown. They are most practical, too, for they wear very well. The fashionable self tones are navy blue, dark brown, green, taupe, gray, burgundy, and black.

Fur for Trimming.

Did any woman fear that the fur on her suit last winter would not be fashionable this year? If so, let her fear be turned into joy, for fur is to be used even more lavishly than it was last winter. The bands of fur on skirts are wider, the fur collars on coats just as high and the cuffs on the

stretching 2,400 miles from east to west and nearly 2,000 from north to south. With this primitive living host for her keepers, the great land slept on; she slept, like Sleeping Beauty, until the prince should come. —"My Magazine."

sleeves just as deep. Rabbit and skunks, are the furs most commonly used, and there are also Hudson seal, beaver, fox, lynx, mole skin and ermine, all of which were used last winter.

And not only on suits and cloaks is there to be an abundance of fur trimming, but also on evening gowns. Even the very sheerest fabrics, such as net, Georgette crepe and chiffon, are to be decorated with fur. A very stunning evening dress of net had the skirt edged with a deep band of fur. The dress itself was elaborately beaded. Beaded fabrics, ma-



A Modified Empire Style.

talic embroidery and sequins are extensively used on evening gowns. The wonderful effects and beauty of these under the lights can readily be imagined.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall Dealer, or from the McCall Company, 70 Bond Street, Toronto.

LANGUAGE IN BELGIUM.

Germans Trying to Break Up the People Into Hostile Sections.

Race, religion and language will play an important part in the rearrangement of the map of Europe after the war. The Germans, who have always imposed their language with an iron hand upon the people that they have annexed, are taking advantage of the race and language divisions in Belgium to break up the Belgians into hostile sections. The Belgian people represent something of the physical conditions of their country, which is the product of the waters flowing down from the mountains. In this silt, which forms Belgium, are different strata of sand and clay that remain unchangeable. In the great Volk-wandering, which peopled Europe from Asia, the first flood to flow down the valley of the Rhine were Kelts, who peopled France and Great Britain. These Kelts are represented to-day in Belgium by the Walloons, who constitute probably more than half of the people of Belgium. They were the Belgae of which Caesar speaks. They speak a Walloon language, but generally speak French, and consider themselves akin to the French. After these Kelts had settled on the coastal plain, there came the wave of Teutonic immigration which filled up Germany, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. Apparently Teutons took full possession of Holland, but did not crowd the Walloons out of Belgium. These two elements have been living side by side for thousands of years, without much intermingling, and still maintaining their racial individuality, religion and language. The Teutonic Belgians speak Flemish and have more knowledge of German than of French. There has always been a jealousy and rivalry between the Walloon and the Flemish elements, with the Walloons generally in the saddle and the Flemings on foot.

Gen. von Bissing, who is the Military Governor of Belgium, is trying to take advantage of this feeling between the Walloons and the Flemings. He is trying to convert the University of Ghent into an exclusively Flemish institution. He has ordered that French shall disappear from all official communications, and even from the sign-boards and names of the streets, and be replaced by Flemish. Gen. Bissing's son is conducting a Bureau of Publicity to develop the Flemish language and the Flemish race spirit. The Vlaamische Post is a prominent paper published to convince the Flemings that their real enemy is not Germany, but the Walloons, and that they are far better off under the protectorate of the Kaiser. It urges a division of Belgium into Walloon and Flemish sections, with a separate Government for each. So far, the Flemings have bitterly resented Von Bissing's manoeuvres, and proclaim their loyalty to Belgium. More than 200,000 of them have been fighting bravely in the Belgian army for Belgium, and they will listen to nothing else than the expulsion of the Germans from their Fatherland.

Ten Sons Serving.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, of Foster road, Walthamstow, England, have ten sons serving their country. Married forty-one years ago, Mrs. Sullivan has had a family of seventeen—fifteen sons and two daughters. Thirteen of the boys are alive. The oldest is over forty, the youngest has gone to work in the coalfields till he is old enough to join up.

Sometimes people ask you for advice just to be pleasant to you.

The Captain's Burglar.

It was the first occasion on which James Haines had set forth as a night prowler after illicit gain.

As he slithered along a wet pavement in a quiet road he did not quite know what he was going to do. But he was keyed up to the pitch of housebreaking and theft, and only hoped that no constables, ordinary or special, would interfere with his business.

Now, Jim was not a wicked man—and if he contemplated crime, it was for the first time in his life—but he had had a long spell of illness and, though quite recovered now, he was practically penniless, and saw no immediate prospect of earning money. People had told him that in these days any man could get a job, but Jim had so far been unsuccessful.

In his home of two rooms there was a patient Mrs. Jim and a Miss Jim of some ten years. It was their existence that had brought him to his present decision.

The hour was very late, or, rather, very early, for midnight had long since been clanged out upon the clocks of the district. The only figure which Jim saw in the gloomy road was that of a policeman, who moved slowly away in the distance. When he had quite disappeared Jim began to look about him.

Some time had passed, and he had become not only more desperate, but had almost decided to give the thing up and return home, an honest if unsuccessful man, when, slouching past a small house, he saw that a big window on the ground floor was open by a foot or so.

It was a chance that he felt he could not miss, and some few seconds later Jim was inside the room.

His nerves were more than a little shaky, and he did not dare to use the small electric torch which he carried until he had pulled together the heavy curtains, which he was glad to find hung at the window.

As the moments went past, however, and no sound came to him either from the road or from the house itself, he became more assured—more like a real member of the profession, upon an apprenticeship to which he had just started.

Here and there about the comfortable sitting-room he moved on tip-toe, and as the tiny gleam of his torch showed him such alluring objects as silver candlesticks and cigarette-boxes, he almost forgot the risks which he was running in the prospect of having, on the morrow, money in his pocket and a plentiful supply of food in his home.

But things were not to go so smoothly as he had hoped, or as he had begun to think.

A box which he lifted slipped through his fingers and fell to the floor with a small rattle, which to Jim seemed very big indeed. Several moments he stood there motionless. Drops of sweat oozed out upon his brow.

Then, just as he had begun to congratulate himself that the result of his clumsiness had passed unnoticed, the door of the room was opened suddenly, and there was a little, sharp click. In a moment three electric bulbs had lighted the room sharply.

Jim, twisting round, looked towards the door, and there he saw a tall man in pyjamas standing watching him grimly. The tall man's face was very pale, but the pallor was not fear-born. On the contrary, it had come there as a direct result of bravery. The left sleeve of the pyjama jacket was empty, but in the right sleeve a serviceable, though at the moment rather weak, arm remained, and in the hand was a Service revolver, one of the few articles in his outfit which Captain Stanley Innes had brought back with him from Gallipoli.

This revolver was pointing now at Jim, and Jim did not like it.

"Don't, guv'nor!" he managed throatily. "Don't point that thing at me! It might go off!"

The other's eyes were opening and shutting slowly, as though he were very weary, but now he stirred himself to something of alertness.

"It might," he agreed. "That will depend upon you, my friend! Burglar—eh?"

"No!" Jim mumbled. "Struth, mister! I'm not that! This is the first time!"

"I know!" said Stanley. "It always is! Got anything in your pockets—anything from here, I mean?"

"No—not an article! I've just come in!"

"I thought so. You were fairly quiet, but not quiet enough. You see, unluckily for you, I'm not sleeping well these nights. I thought I heard the window being opened, and when you let something fall a minute or so ago you gave the game away altogether. Well, I've no pity for your sort, so I think I'll ring the bell. My sister or one of her maids will come and telephone for the police."

A look of very real terror showed in Jim's eyes, but in justice it must be said the terror which came to him then, came not because he was thinking of himself so much as because he was thinking of Mrs. Jim and Miss Jim.

"Mister," he pleaded, "don't you do it! Listen just a minute! I'm not going to lie to you. I'm going to tell the truth. I can hardly expect you to believe me, but I swear this is the first time I've ever done anything crooked! I've been ill and out of

work. I've got a wife an' kid. We've 'ad 'ardly any food for a couple of days, an' I was desperate. Don't send for the police! Give me a chance just this once! You'll never regret it! I'm not a thief, though I was trying to be. Let me off this time, sir! I'll go straight if you do! I'll get work somehow! I swear it!"

Something in the expression of his face, something in the tone of his voice carried weight, and Stanley more than half believed him.

"I'm going to sit down for a minute," he said. "You can sit down, too, if you like. I want just a word or two with you just before I decide what we are to do."

It seemed almost as though he averted a little on his feet while he spoke, and even Jim, consumed with fear for himself, noticed this.

"There's nothing wrong with you, mister?" he asked, eyeing Stanley very closely while the latter seated himself.

"Nothing," said Stanley politely. "Now, my man, the question is, what are we going to do about you? You've told the story that I expect ninety out of a hundred who are caught at the same game tell. Somehow I'm rather inclined to believe that—to a certain extent, at least—you are speaking the truth. You say that you've a wife and child, and that you're earning no money—that you haven't got a job?"

"That's right, guv'nor! I couldn't get a job."

"Why not? You may have been ill, but you look strong enough. How is it that you're not in the Army? That's where every fit man should be to-day. Did it never occur to you that you might provide for yourself and for your wife and child at the same time that you would be serving your country? Why aren't you a soldier?"

Jim grinned a trifle sheepishly. "Me?" he returned. "It never struck me that way. I am not a youngster, sir. I'm forty-three."

"Are you? Well, I believe you, but you don't look it. You'd pass for thirty-five any day. If your conscience will let you attempt to steal, won't it go the length of dodging the truth for once, and telling the recruiting-sergeant that you're say, thirty-eight? The country will look after your wife and child, and you can look after yourself and them at the same time. Now, I don't want to speak about myself, but we're alone together and our conversation won't go further. Do you see this?"

While he spoke he touched the empty pyjama-sleeve with his revolver.

"Yes," said Jim uneasily. "I do. You've lost an arm." Then light came to him suddenly. "I know!" he announced, as though he had really made a really staggering discovery. "You've been fightin' an' been wounded. That's it. I thought you looked a bit done-up somehow—a bit white in the face, like, if I might say so."

"You might," said Stanley. "Yes; I've been out fighting, and I'm proud to have been. I left an arm over in the Dardanelles, which is a place you will have heard of. Now, can you tell me why I or any other man should go out to fight and to risk his life while men like you should stay at home to break into houses and live the sort of life that is no good whatever to anybody? Can you tell me that? Think, man! Why should I fight for you?"

The final sentence had been spoken very slowly, almost faintly, and when it was finished Stanley's head fell on a sudden to one side, and his eyes closed.

The revolver dropped from his limp hand.

It was then that Jim did a most extraordinary thing. One would have expected him to make a bolt for it then, but he did not. Instead, he crossed swiftly to where the soldier lay on the chair, and, putting an arm about him, drew him quite gently to a more easy position.

And then, not sure whether the man who had fought for him and Mrs. Jim and Miss Jim was dead or had only swooned, he crossed to the fireplace and pressed an electric bell. And some minutes later, when Stanley came to himself, he found not only Jim by his side, but his fair-haired, anxious-eyed sister Kitty, too.

"I rung for her, mister," Jim explained, a little proudly. "You needed water."

Stanley looked at him reflectively. Then he turned to his sister.

"Kitty," he said, "this man wants to enlist in my regiment to-morrow. You will make a point of calling now and then to see how his wife and child are getting on, won't you?"

"Yes, of course," she told him. Then she turned to Jim.

"You're going to enlist?" she asked just a shade of incredulity in her voice.

There was a new light in Jim's eyes. "That's right, miss!" he returned. "Somehow, I never thought of it before, but this gent here, he's suffered cruel for me an' my mis-us, as well as for himself an' you, an' if he'll let me go I'll join up to-morrow, an' I'll send 'im a card when I've done it. If he'll tell me who to write to."

"Give him a card, Kitty," Stanley said, keeping his eyes steadily on Jim. And two days later he got a rather soiled postcard, on the back of which there appeared these words:

"Joined up. Hoping you are well."

—London Answers.

It Does.

Bogey—"Do you think that golf interferes with business?"

Green—"No, but business raises hob with a man's golf."

HUNS CONFRONTED BY BRITISH WORLD

NECESSARY TO BEAT DOWN GERMAN LIE FACTORY.

Gabriel Hanotaux's Tribute to the British Peoples to Help Win the War.

The following is a translation of an article by Gabriel Hanotaux of the French Academy, in the Paris "Figaro."

"The German papers write, apropos of the British offensive, 'It is a complete new army which now confronts us.' It would be more correct if they should say 'It is a whole world.'"

The reunion in Paris of the representatives of the British dominions has a meaning so great in the world's history that some day we shall look back on this reunion as one of the important factors in the actual crisis.

Mr. Asquith one day defined the British Empire as an ever-increasing community of freed men. These free men grouped themselves spontaneously, not only to save the Empire but to save the independence and guard the liberty of the peoples of the world, and this group did not confine itself within the limits of Great Britain; they transported to Paris and came, rendering homage, to the soldiers of this sainted universal cause.

"It is on bended knee, said the Canadian Senator Belcourt, that I offer my veneration to immortal France, who has always held in high esteem the rights of humanity—of civilization, and of progress."

These units are invincible in the present and will be indestructible in the future. The human species, throughout the world, is subject to the dictates of conscience; all the scattered peoples, who inhabit the world, speak unconsciously a common language. Germany, following the lead of her professors, her doctors, her junkers, has taken the false route aiming for the absurd programme of domination and of tyranny. She has sworn that by force alone she shall rule, but, if the force should fail her, what remains there.

The Lie Factory.

Besides, force is going to fail her—from then on—trouble, uncertainty, the anguish which exudes from her official communiques, working to create an atmosphere of calm—from then on—remorse, which even now is so transparent in the imperial proclamations, "I didn't wish for this!"

It is, that the official lie—the dynastic eye-wink—the imperial manoeuvre, which has for such a long time obscured the real situation, begins to be pierced by the German people, meant to bolster up their broken down morale, the "lie factory" defends itself by again lying. However, when the German people realize to a certainty that their communiques have lied to them—when they announced triumphantly the taking of Liege—then the victorious march to Paris—when they told of the victory of the Marne—when they were presented with the taking of Douaumont as the decisive victory in the capture of Verdun, and again, when they announced the great naval victory over the British fleet, etc., etc.

In all these great events the official communiques have lied—more than once. Berlin has had to take down her flags, hoisted in celebration of an officially announced victory—a victory flung to the crowd by the light of day—truth uncovers herself.

In this lamentable "address" to the Emperor himself from the balcony of his palace.

Many Hun Mistakes.

The German successes have always been "arranged" in such a fashion that they have kept up in the people a false confidence in victory. First, the coming victory—and then the final victory. They were mistaken about England. They were mistaken about Italy; they were mistaken about the fidelity of the French and the British colonies. They announced that the war would be of short duration—that it would not last six months and—again, they promised that there would be peace before Christmas of 1915, and later, they promised that everything would be over in the spring of 1916. They announced to him that he would not see the end of their financial and economical resources. They told him that the cravings of his appetite would be satisfied. They promised him an honorable and profitable peace, and the bitter reality is destroying, one after the other, all the meshes of this tissue of lies. They boasted to him of the "war map," but all he sees is the "daily bread ticket."

Now comes the terrible and crushing British communiques, falling, at two hour intervals, on the already jaundiced imagination of the population.

In truth, it was time to speak thus—high and clear, and to announce abroad the exact truth. We have been too modest and too discreet—our valor is obscured by our modesty, in ignoring our successes. They have lied impudently, and they still lie in saying that the British communiques do not tell the truth—for it is the very truth of these communiques, which affirmed and re-affirmed, begins to confound them. For the English are past-masters in the art of publicity. They understand the value of public opinion and they ad-

INSURES PERFECT BAKING RESULTS

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM - MADE IN CANADA

dress themselves to that opinion by repetition and insistence; thereby producing a species of hypnotism in the public mind.

A New World Rises.

Here is the policy that we should adopt, in answer to the German publicity campaign, which has, for too long a time, "manoeuvred" us. The English do not worry about the costs of announcements or telegrams—for they know it is money well spent. It is necessary that the light should penetrate to Germany herself, in order to destroy the artificial and subtle "lie factory," which has been methodically kept up till this day by the German press agents.

Yes, it is a new army—it is a new world which rises. The peoples of the British Empire, whose parliamentary delegates actually are re-united in Paris, represent and mean not only a force of inexhaustible resources, but also new methods. France has held on, in order that they should have time to prepare themselves—and here they are. They fight the fight in their own manner. They are a people a little rough. "Boche! You will learn to know them better. They are only beginning, and you shall see many more of them."

SERBIA'S BRAVE WOMEN.

The Many Duties Which They Are Expected to Perform.

Serbian women are a hardy race. Outdoor labor in the fields is a commonplace of their lot. Up first thing in the morning, the housewife is generally the last of the household to get to bed. The ordinary household duties are performed by her, and she does other work which is generally done by men. Her spinning and weaving provides the homespun for clothing. In Montenegro, which is a Serbian country, the women also make the shoes which are in general use. Serbian women are usually the potters of their land, making during the summer time a primitive kind of earthenware vessels. They shape them without the potter's wheel. Serbian carpets have not the fame or the quality of Turkey carpets; but their bright red Pirot rugs give brightness to their homes and are highly prized. These carpets are woven by hand by the women. How they manage so successfully puzzles a Westerner, for they generally work without patterns, and often without a shuttle. Yet their designs are almost invariably artistic and pleasing. The Serbians are thought to have learned carpet-making from the Turks, who on their part acquired it from the Persians.

The Serbian housewife is often doctor as well as nurse for her household. She is skilled in the use of medicinal herbs and in the practice of the art of massage. Altogether the women play so great a part in the everyday life of the Serbians that one wonders to learn that the birth of a daughter is not considered an occasion of much rejoicing, as is the case when a son is born.

Weddings in Serbia are most picturesque and interesting ceremonials. Love matches are not the rule, however, for marriages are usually arranged by the parents. In Serbia the men outnumber the women. Early marriages are the rule, and over fifty per cent. of the women marry before they attain the age of twenty. And many are married at sixteen, or younger.

SIMPLER FUNERALS NOW.

Protests in England Against Conventional Paraphernalia.

Since the war funerals in England have become simpler. Plumes and hearse, the brass-handled coffin, and other conventional rites of an expensive funeral have been strongly protested against recently.

The late Major Walton, of Brighton, ordered in his will that no gloves, hat-bands, scarves and cloaks, "or other disgusting paraphernalia of the undertaker," were to be worn at his funeral, and the horses used were to be brown, bay, grey or chestnut, and "not the usual undertakers' slab-sided Belgian horses, besides which no gentleman would care to be seen, dead or alive."

In another case in the eastern counties the body of a woman was borne on a farm wagon from the estate drawn by a pair of horses. Commending this style of funeral, a colonel writes in the Eastern Daily Press: "A hearse is an abomination of stamped tin and tinsel. Compare such a carriage with one of our best wagons cleaned and littered with clean straw, drawn by our best horses in cleaned harness, with all the brasses burnished and an old servant for driver. I have given my instructions to this effect some years ago."

DUCAL "POACHER" CAPTURED.

Anecdote of Canada's New Governor-General.

The Duke of Devonshire, the new Governor-General of Canada, owns, in addition to Chatsworth, his principal residence in Derbyshire, some half a dozen palatial establishments in various parts of England.

One of these, Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire, is visited by its notable owner comparatively rarely, and then only in the shooting season.

On one occasion, however, the Duke arrived there unexpectedly overnight, and in the morning early he went out alone with his gun, intending to try and kill a hare before breakfast.

After walking some time he came upon one in a secluded part of the estate, fired at it, and missed. A following shot with the second barrel, however, was more successful, and "pussy" rolled over dead.

His Grace secured his prize, then turned to retrace his footsteps, only to find himself looking into the barrel of another gun held at the "present" by a lad of about fifteen.

"Got 'ee, Mr. Poacher," cried the boy exultingly. "Now you mun come along o'me to yon house"—and he indicated by a movement of his head the gamekeeper's cottage, half-hidden amid the trees and tall bracken.

"Me feyther lives there. He'll ha' summat to say to 'e."

"Mr. Poacher" meekly obeyed, and in due course they reached the place, when the boy was scared nearly out of his wits by the discovery of the identity of his "prisoner."

But the Duke took it all in good part, and after complimenting his captor on his zeal, he presented him with a sovereign as a souvenir of his "capture."

KING'S FOURTH SON IN NAVY.

Prince George Is Now In His Fourteenth Year.

The latest list of candidates who have passed the qualifying literary examination for naval cadetships, and who will enter the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in September, includes the name of Prince George, their Majesties' fourth son, who is now in his fourteenth year. He appears in the list strictly in alphabetical order. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert, it will be remembered, both went to naval colleges.

Since the days of the early Georges it has been traditional for the younger son of the British Royal family to enter the Navy. Prince George possesses an accomplishment, which is curious for a boy—he is an expert knitter, and has knitted articles for charity functions which have won the admiration of feminine critics.

Prince George will commence his training at Osborne under the same conditions as a commoner, as was the case with Prince Albert, now a sub-lieutenant in the North Sea, and will spend the next few years in imbibing varied training considered essential for a naval officer. The first part of that period will be passed at Osborne, and in about two years the lad will go to Dartmouth. Finally, he will complete his course on a special training cruiser, and then will become a fully-fledged midshipman and will join a sea-going warship.

REPAIRING WAR'S DAMAGE.

Whole Towns Will Have to be Rebuilt When Peace Comes.

If anyone imagines that there has been exaggeration in the estimates of the probable extent of post-war rebuilding operations, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, he should consider the havoc in Northern France. Poland, Belgium, Serbia, and East Prussia also have suffered much devastation. But to show the magnitude of the destruction caused by the war it is sufficient to consider only what is taking place in Northern France.

The destruction of Verdun is philosophically accepted by the French as an unavoidable evil. But it is not so easy for them to view calmly the wrecking of historic and beloved towns and villages by the advancing British and French troops. The Germans report that the allies' heavy artillery is laying waste the country on the Somme front to a depth of twelve miles behind the German lines. Peronne and Bapaume lie in ruins. A large number of French villages have been wiped out. Systematically and relentlessly the allies' guns have destroyed every German supply basin and concentration camp.

When you get right down to knowing all the circumstances in men's lives the wonder isn't that some of them go wrong, but that so many are as decent as they are.

ENGLISH BOY DOING MAN'S WORK

MILKS SIX COWS, FEEDS THE CHICKENS AND PIGS.

Arthur French, Ten Years Old, War Worker and Subscriber to War Loan.

Jane Anderson, the distinguished American writer, draws this picture of the work of an English boy in wartime, when many ten-year-olds are taking the places of men:

This is the story of Arthur French, who is ten years old, and who is a war worker.

It was when Arthur was ten years old, or perhaps a little before that, that he started to do a man's work. It happened, as it has happened in so many English villages, that most of the men went to war; there was need of good labor—grave need. Above all, there was need for men for the farms. And so, quite suddenly, Arthur came into man's estate.

Perhaps there were sceptical people who thought that, war or no war, a small boy was not equal to the work which had to be done. And I have no doubt they said so, for people are unkind when success is not achieved. However, Arthur, who was ten years old, became helper to the farmer. And straightway Arthur's responsibility became the responsibility of a man; for it is not easy work, the work of a farm.

It is about half-past five that he goes down the white street of the village, whistling, on his way to the farmer's. At the farmer's Arthur goes straightway through the yard and out into the big field to drive in the cows, six of them, one after the other, through the wide gate.

Had No Holidays.

It is then that the work of the day begins. For Arthur milks these six cows, and then he carries the big milkpails up to the farmhouse.

Afterwards Arthur feeds the chickens and the pigs. Not by any manner of means the simple matter which it is reported to be. And there are other odd jobs to be done; a big farm where men labor from early morning to late night is not maintained by magic. And each day there is new work to be done; small tasks, each one independent of its predecessors.

It is after eight o'clock before Arthur comes in for his breakfast at the farm. After eight o'clock—and Arthur must be at school at nine. For although it is a man's work he has taken over, Arthur goes each day to school and returns at noon to his mother for dinner.

However, it is at the farm that Arthur has his tea. Because in the afternoon there is much to be done—work in the farmyard and in the fields and pastures. There are such important matters as sheep-shearing, and the cutting of the corn. In all of these Arthur has helped. I know that his summer holiday was the work he did in the cornfield. However, this is but one part of the story of a small boy of ten.

Helped War Loan.

For each morning, despite the other tasks which must be completed in turn, there is his own particular routine in the farmyard; he must feed the chickens, drive in the six cows from the field and milk them. It is, again, the work of the evening; only the sun, which showed above the tall hedges of the east, is round and golden above the wide hills of the west.

Which is, all in all, a very wholesome and adequate portion of labor for one boy of ten. And it has done its own part toward the shaping and moulding of those certain small currents of life which have their own intimate part in the building of courage, and honesty, and character, and such things. For Arthur, despite the fullness of his day, has had a lawful share of catastrophes which are the heritage of gallant, small persons of ten.

And this is the keynote of many things. Arthur French, aged ten, has invested five pounds in the war loan.

We May Now Walk on Air.

Walking on air is no longer an exaggerated expression. One of the new inventions to be placed on the market soon is a pneumatic sole put forward to share the popularity of the rubber heel. The new sole is presumed to take up the jar of walking. The new device is attached to the leather sole by plates and screws, and if punctured can be readily removed and repaired. Another genius, working along the same lines, has devised a pneumatic plug for use on the heel of a shoe. It is claimed that the new contrivances make not only for less nervous exhaustion among people but also a means toward safety on slippery pavements.

The world is three-fourths water, but you can't blame a cow for what happens after the milk gets out of her jurisdiction.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 20, 1916

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

See a line for Poetry accompanying Memorial Notices.

Address all communications to
THE WATCHMAN
LACHUTE, QUE.

En Passant.

I put it to any man living, the native of any "Spot of Earth supremely blest," if it is not a proud moment in his life when he hears spontaneous praise of his country and its people pronounced by a foreigner? A thrill of delight tingles in his veins and the hard heart of him melts when the characteristics or the natural beauties of his "Ain Coutree" are compared favourably with those of other lands less blest.

He may not show it: He may appear as stolid as an Indian, but he must feel at such a moment some echo, however remote, in his heart repeating "This is mine own, my native land."

A personal feeling of veneration and regard for the country in which he was born or reared or received the first rudiments of knowledge is a good thing for a man to possess long after he has sought other scenes. To lose it soon is a sign of a shallow nature, and even if it brings one into mild ridicule from ignorant people, he ought to hold it tightly. He usually does, and as the chasm of years widens the feeling seems to intensify and is passed on even unto the third generation. This latter is of course a matter of teaching, tradition, heridity, and poetic sympathy combined. The poetic side of the wanderer's love of country is readily seen in the songs and ballads of all nations. The exile carries with him echoes of native romance enshrined in the songs of his country. None who understand the language can resist the subtle sentiment of such songs as "Land of my fathers," "My ain coutree," "Men of Harlech," "Killarney," "Thou bonnie wood," "Flow gently sweet Afton" and hundreds of other songs typical of the old home sentiment. The skirl of the pipes, even the tinkle of a Swiss cow bell, will indicate the origin of the man to whose mind its significance whispers of the homeland.

On this continent where men meet on a more common footing than anywhere else, those sacred memories ought to command our sincerest respect, even admiration, and yet, it has to me always seemed an anomaly that the deepest feelings of patriotic sentiment should wait for the perhaps final separation and permanent exile, until it becomes intense. The men and women who have left the lands of their birth and ancestry, their family histories and traditions, seem to love their countries better than do those they leave behind. In many cases they are voluntary exiles. In most cases probably they are better off than they formerly were, and in the balance of cases it is safe to say they are certainly better off than they would have been if they had remained.

I once heard a Welshman say, after twenty odd years residence in the United States, and nearly ten more in Canada, during which time the world had prospered him,—"I want to lay my old bones in Carmarthen." Another instance of the longing to make the old land the last resting place was that of a man who to all intents and purposes had become a South African farmer. In his youth he became restive and shipped before the mast. He was heard of occasionally from various parts of the world then his wanderings were confined to South Africa.—Algon Bay, Kimberly, and Salisbury. After fifty years he revisited the scenes of his early youth and said one day to one of his kinsmen:—"I am going to Texas for a spell, then back to South Africa, and when I begin to feel a bit old I will come home, buy the old farm and settle down." He never came back. A Mauser bullet found him in the last Boer war. He had rushed back from the States to Africa where his wife and family were, and was killed within a month of his return.

I mention this to show that there are people who cannot bring themselves into line with the country in which their interests chiefly lie and where their lives are spent: People who turn their backs upon a country of their nativity, never to return, except on a visit, without becoming proper citizens of the land of their adoption, yet still carry concealed about them a yearning desire to die at the "home" which has long ceased to be anything to them but the recollection of an early stage of life.

I am not directing attention to the British born alone in this respect. Ever-Chinese, or in Europe, dreams of his ultimate return. Every Norwegian, from Stavanger to the Nord Kyn, who comes to Canada and has any recollection of a "fjord," has visions of again seeing the land of the midnight sun; Every Swede in this Dominion, born east of the Kjöens, has heart-hunger for the "svart skog" that rush to the sea; Every Swiss, and Italian who strays into Canada has his mind drawn as by a magnet to Lucerne, Constantine and the Tyrol; More or less every foreigner of other climes has some old home, or home, or desire, to "go something at his heart strings and awaken memories mixed with longing, but if he lets them dominate him too much he is in danger of not being so good a Canadian as he has every chance of becoming.

I wonder if the average Canadian dream

in exile of this land of the Maple?—and what songs kindle his fondest memories? Are the Canadian born less patriotic than other people? Considering the magnificent birthright they possess, the noble country they can call their own, they ought to be the most ardent lovers of home and, in word, and song, and deed. Can you imagine a land that can compare with it in natural beauty even only in the fall? Oh for a Canadian Scott or Burns to stir us up, to quicken our senses and open our eyes to what lies around us unhonoured and unused!

Surely we are not tainted with the spirit of the Yankee who said "You can't write poetry on greenbacks."

LINKSMAN.

(To be continued)

CORRESPONDENCE

Those Hearst Publications. Bar them From Canada.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—

The action of the British Government in barring the Hearst News Service from the Official Press Bureau, and from the use of all other mail and telegraphic facilities, will be universally approved outside of Germany. This embargo, however, only applies at present to the British Islands. The Hearst newspapers are still free to enter Canada, and are sold freely in the towns and villages of our fair Province and Dominion. There have been many protests against this, but so far, the Government has remained inactive. If anything were needed to awaken the Ottawa authorities to the danger of permitting the Hearst press free entry and circulation in Canada, the action of the British official press bureau in forbidding Hearst's representatives the use of all facilities for the transmission of despatches from Great Britain should supply the deficiency.

The British Official Bureau's decision is based on proof that news despatches sent from England are distorted in the American offices of Hearst and, appearing as "passed by the censor," create a most unfavorable impression against Great Britain. It is almost unnecessary to add that the changes made in the cables and other despatches by the Hearst men are for the purpose of assisting the enemy and injuring the ALLIES. Hearst is so strongly pro-German that he actually publishes a newspaper in the German language for the benefit of those who are able to read and appreciate his tirades against Great Britain and the Allies in the English tongue. The editors of that habitually appear in public as pro-German propagandists. The editorial articles in his publications are pronounced pro-German in tone, but the danger arises, as the British action in his case shows from the printed matter alleged to be "news," which is furnished by distorting and misrepresenting actual despatches from the seat of war. This work is done at New York by operators trained to do it deftly, to the end that thousands may be deceived. The apparent assumption at Ottawa that Canada offers a field for foreign publications calculated to create dissension and to foster discontent and lack of confidence in the progress of the war, which assumption alone can justify the admission of the Hearst papers, is astonishing enough, but when it is shown that the material used for these most unfortunate purposes by a paid German press agent is dishonestly acquired and deceitfully prepared, surely the last argument in favor of Hearst's Anti-Recruiting Campaign must give way. The Action of the British Government gives the Canadian Government an excellent lead. The "garbling" charged against Hearst people is an offence against Canada just as much as against Great Britain. It is, in fact, an offence against the whole of the Allies. If there is anything in the phrase "When Britain is at war Canada is at war," then Canada has now her golden opportunity to get rid of the Hearst papers for good and all. There is still time for Canada to put herself right in the matter, and any action taken in that direction, will, I venture to think, certainly meet with the approval of the country.

Thanking you for the use of your valuable columns,

Yours Faithfully,
(Rev.) Francis J. Hayden.
Lachute, Que.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

The following letter has been received from the Protestant Hospital for the lunatic acknowledging remittance of public collection on behalf of that worthy institution.

Montreal, Que., October 12th, 1916.
has McBurney, Esq. B.A.
Lachute Academy, Lachute, P.Q.
Dear Mr. McBurney,

I have your letter of 10th instant enclosing draft for \$25.00 donated to the funds of the hospital, and being the collection taken at the union service in Lachute on Thanksgiving Day, and I hereby express my sincere thanks and appreciation for this further token of your interest in our work. I am sending the draft to our Treasurer who will forward you his official acknowledgment in due course. Again thanking you,

I remain,
Very truly yours,
T. J. W. BURTON, M.D.
Med. Supt.

Circuit Court at Lachute.

The October term of the Circuit Court was held on Monday and Tuesday last, Judge Robidoux presiding.

The following is a list of the cases heard and decisions given:—

1. Ex parte, Anne M. y Drennan, petitioner for probate of the Last Will and Testament of the late William Thomas y Arundel. Probate granted. L. y Regan for petitioner.

2. Ex parte, Robert Willis, petitioner for probate of the Last Will and Testament of the late Dame Elizabeth Hammond. Probate granted. L. y Regan for petitioner.

3. Moose Campeau vs. J. B. Charbonneau. Action of damages for slander. En delibere. Mr. Legault for plaintiff. Mr. Ethier for defendant. This was an action for slander based upon the fact that at a meeting of the patrons of a cheese factory in River Rouge, an application from the plaintiff to be admitted as a patron of the factory was submitted by the proprietor of the factory, to whose admission the defendant objected, because the plaintiff had already been fined in River Rouge and had been reported to have been fined at Brown's Gore.

4. Dame R. Coyer widow L. Hamon vs. Laurin. Action for damages for having been ejected from Defendant's store in Grenville. Action dismissed with costs. Mr. Drapeau for plaintiff. Mr. Legault for defendant.

5. Trefle Rheume vs. Narcisse Rheume. Action on note. Judgment for plaintiff. Mr. Legault for plaintiff. Defendant in person.

6. Laporte, Martin Ltd. vs. Dalphon & Delorme T. S. Judgment according to the declaration of the Tiers-Saisi. Default. Mr. Legault for Plaintiff.

7. A Lavigne vs. Dalphon and Durocher, Tiers Saisi. Default. Judgment in favor of plaintiff with costs. Mr. Drapeau for plaintiff.

8. Guilbault vs. Dalphon and Durocher, T. S. Default. Judgment for plaintiff. Mr. Drapeau for plaintiff.

9. Gagnier vs. Dinelle. Continued to next term. Mr. Legault for plaintiff. Mr. Drapeau for defendant.

10. Drouin vs. Gagne & Gagne. Opponent. Judgment for plaintiff. Mr. Legault for Plaintiff. Mr. Drapeau for defendant.

11. Dame Jane Fraser vs. John Fraser. Continued to next term. Mr. Drapeau for plaintiff. Mr. Legault for defendant.

12. McVicar vs. Assed et al. Continued to next term. Mr. Legault for plaintiff. Mr. Drapeau for defendant.

13. Larose vs. Baudin. Action on account En delibere. Mr. Drapeau for plaintiff and Mr. Legault for defendant.

14. Lavoie vs. Desforages. Action in revindication of a dog. Judgment declaring the plaintiff to be proprietor of the dog, each party paying their own costs. Mr. Legault for plaintiff and Mr. Drapeau for defendant.

CUSHING

Mrs. E. O. Keatly spent Thanksgiving with her mother Mrs. J. Watson.

Miss K. Flood, of Montreal, spent the week in Cushing as the guest of Miss Wheelahan.

Miss Miron Weir spent a few days in Montreal last week attending the Teacher's Convention.

Mr. Fraser Watson left last week for

Proquos Falls Ont. where he has secured a position with the Abitibi Pulp Co.

Mrs. T. Davidson and son Webster who spent the week in Cushing guests of the former's sister Mrs. O. E. Leroy and Mrs. J. Watson intend leaving the latter part of the week for their home in Manion, Man.

The concert announced for Friday evening last at the Stone Hall was postponed until Monday on account of the rain but the weather man still proved disobedient and Monday evening were very unpropitious also however a considerable number braved the elements and had their reward as the concert proved one of the best of the many good entertainments gotten up by the young people of Cushing and a nice little sum was taken in which will be devoted to buying material for our Red Cross Workers.

THOMAS' GORE

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Lyster Jr. spent Saturday in town.

Misses Miriam and Gladys Patton spent Sunday visiting Miss Florence Hodge.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lyster spent Sunday the guests of his brother, Mr. Alex. Lyster Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith spent Sunday in Hill Head the guests of his sister Mrs. Robert Pollock.

Mrs. Alex. Lyster Sr. and daughter Edith spent Saturday evening the guests of the Misses L. and O. Lyster.

Mr. and S. J. Lyster and little son, Walter of Montreal returned home on Monday after spending last week the guests of his father Mr. Samuel Lyster.

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith on Saturday were:—Mr. Robert Bos and son William, of Hill Foot, Mr. Norman Drysdale, of Lachute, also Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel J. Lyster of Montreal.

MABEL

Miss S. MacAdam is visiting Miss Gene MacAdam.

Miss Silversen, of Daleville, is the guest of Mrs. Jas. Murdoch for a few days.

Mrs. Clark is in Chute-au Blondeau, visiting her brothers Messrs D. and J. MacAllister.

A number of the ladies from here attended the "Misses' Shower" given by Mrs. Kempfer, of Starnville, in honor of Miss Chambers, of St. Philippe, whose marriage is to take place shortly. One and all offer her congratulations.

The Chicken Pie Social which was held at the home of Mr. John Mason, was a success although the roads were in a bad condition. Mr. Lloyd in moving a vote of thanks to the host and hostess kindly remembered their eldest son who is doing duty overseas. Proceeds amounted to \$14.75.

Mural Decorations In C.P.R. Station At Vancouver

The walls of the noble and spacious waiting hall of the C. P. R. station at Vancouver have recently been beautified by a series of mural decorations representing the principal mountain scenery from the line between Calgary and the coast. They are the work of Mrs. Adelaide Langford, whose training has well qualified her for this species of work, which is in a class by itself. Mrs. Langford studied in the Slade School of London, England, one of the most celebrated institutions for artistic training, and she also is a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Among her teachers in former years were Professor Tonks, whose name is well known in art circles; Prof. Froer, whose abilities as a watercolorist are known in two hemispheres, and Mr. H. Vanderpool, whose book on the "Human Figure" is one of the best ever published on figure-drawing. Mrs. Langford was also a member of the International Jury on art works at the St. Louis Exposition, and holds several medals. It is perhaps to be regretted that architectural exigencies led to the placing of the panels to be decorated so high that they are liable to escape the notice of the ordinary observer, though this is but following the example of many edifices of the kind both on this continent and in Europe. Still to people of average powers of vision, this series of fine mural decorations need present no difficulty. They will find that the laws of mural decoration have been adhered to. The general tone of the interior they ornament has been borne in mind by the artist, who has subdued her colors so that they harmonize with and seem part and parcel of their surroundings. They are broadly and simply executed, and will bear examination by the aid of a field glass, so as to bring them within the range of the convention which decrees that the proper distance at which to look at a picture is three times its greatest dimension.

Following the frieze around from the northwest corner, westward, the following list will help to make the series more intelligible. The first picture is:

Mount Stephen and Kicking Horse River, as seen from Field. This is the gateway to the famous Yoho valley, and a favorite stopping place for tourists. The winding waters of the river are particularly well shown.

Lake Louise, Lagran, as seen from the chateau. Those who have visited this place do not forget its quiet peace and grandeur. Here we get sight of the splendid glacier, which, as it flows, produces the beautiful green water of river and lake.

The Falls at Banff are depicted with much vigor of handling, and the mountain background melting into the distance is excellently treated.

Mount Temple, as seen from the main line of the C. P. R., near Lake Arta.

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The Place of World-wide at- traction is "Nevada"

The Banner Gold County of California

NEVADA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, has been well named the Banner Gold Mining County of the United States.

Its history began in the year 1849, when thousands of the hardy gold seekers who came to California thronged its ravines, canyons and river banks, and enriched themselves to a far greater extent than any of the recent explorers of the Klondyke.

Since that period it has continually held its own, and is still producing millions of dollars annually, and has added over two hundred millions of dollars to the wealth of the world.

Nevada County is in the County of California and is not a part of Nevada State. It is here that profitable mining is carried on in its greatest state of perfection. All the modern methods of mining and milling have been taken advantage of. Throughout this County are found the best and latest types of mining machinery. There are many fine hoisting and pumping plants, magnificent mills and reduction works, which, with the natural advantages of cheap power, plenty of water and timber, good communication affording cheap supplies, and a satisfied labor community with the fact that actual values have been stored by nature in Mother Earth, make this County the Great Gold Mining County which it is.

Grass Valley and Nevada City Mining Districts are famed the world over. It has been stated by well-known geologists that these districts contain more gold quartz veins than any other given area of like radius in the explored world. Many of these veins are being profitably mined, but hundreds only await the Capital to make them gold producers.

The United States Geological Department and the California State Mining Bureau have issued extensive detailed folios, which can be referred to regarding the mines and mining of this County.

The Empire Mine, of Grass Valley, is the oldest quartz mine in the State now being operated, and is one of the best, having a gold production of over a \$11,000,000. Its vein has been traced to a depth of 3,000 feet on the incline without decrease in size or value.

Although some portions of the County have been explored with a fair amount of thoroughness, there are thousands of claims and prospects that have never been worked. These present fine opportunities for development in virgin ground with the chance of covering ore bodies as great and rich as those described above. The lodes are still, in a large number of cases, in the hands of the original locators, who have not the capital with which to develop their wealth.



Your Good Painter Knows

that your permanent satisfaction with his work depends as much, or more, upon the quality of the paint as upon his care and skill in applying it. That's why, when you tell him to use

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT

he knows that you expect an absolutely first-class job of painting. Like all expert workmen, he works best when using materials that he recognizes as being of the first quality.

The high-grade quality of B-H "English" Paint is not a matter of mere opinion—it is assured by the guaranteed formula:

70% Brandram's Pure White Lead
30% Pure White Zinc
100% Pure Paint

which science and experience prove is the proper proportion of white lead and white zinc to give best results in Canada's climate. These pure materials, ground to marvellous fineness, in pure linseed oil, and mixed by exact modern methods, produce a paint that works easily, preserves its color, penetrates deeply into the fibres of the wood, and affords perfect protection for many years. *Be Sure You Get It!*

GEORGE PAUL, Lachute,
HARDIE & CO., Brownsburg.

are our authorized agents, and will supply you with genuine B-H "English" Paint.

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON LIMITED
MONTREAL - HALIFAX - ST. JOHN - TORONTO - WINNIPEG

CANADIAN PACIFIC

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Calgary and Edmonton and return \$48.00
To Saskatoon and return \$44.75
To Regina and return \$43.75
To Winnipeg and return \$40.00

Every Tuesday until October
J. S. GILES, Agent.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Calgary and Edmonton and return \$48.00
To Saskatoon and return \$44.75
To Regina and return \$43.75
To Winnipeg and return \$40.00

Every Tuesday until October.

M. ROBY, Agent, Lachute.

Let us be your Tailor!

We extend a cordial invitation to the Male Population of this County to call and visit us when in need of a new Suit or Overcoat.

We are agents for the
Semi-Ready Clothing.
and
Crown Clothing Company

Every attention and courtesy given to all orders. Satisfaction Guaranteed

L. Guilbault
Merchant Tailor, BROWNSBURG.



RANGES AND COMFORT

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

O. S. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

Subscribe to The Ottawa Journal

J. S. Giles, Agent

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. W. LEP NE, Sub-Agent.

NOTICE

Public Notice is hereby given that Jacobs A. Jacobs, Capitalist, of the City of Montreal, George Darsereau, lumber merchant, of the Village of Grenville, John Y. Kendall, cartage contractor, of the City of Montreal, Saul E. Melkman, Financial agent, of the City of Montreal, and Louis Lorenzo Legault, Advocate, of the Town of Lachute, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session, for an act incorporating the petitioners as a railway company, under the name of "The Grenville, Harrington and Northern Railway," with power to expropriate lands, for the right of way of said Company; to construct, build, operate and maintain a railroad to be operated by steam, electricity or other power, from a point near the village of Grenville, in the County of Argenteuil, and passing through the Townships of Chatham, Grenville, Harrington, Arundel, in the County of Argenteuil, deSalaberry, Grandison, in the County of Terrebonne, Ponsby, Amherst, Clyde, Joly in the County of Labelle, to a point near the village of Labelle, County of Labelle, and to authorize the said company to exercise all the powers incident thereto, and for other purposes.

L. L. LEGAULT,
Solicitor for Petitioners.

Lachute, 26th September, 1916.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Argenteuil Marble & Granite Works

MacDonald and McColl Proprietors

Headstones and Monuments of all kinds
Estimates Given on Application. Satisfaction Guaranteed

We are also General Contractors and can quote you on all brick and Concrete work. Cement floors and sidewalks a specialty. Our many years of experience ensures good workmanship. Phone No. 6.

Macdonald & McColl, Contractors
Main Street, Lachute

Staple Dry Goods.

Bleached and unbleached sheetings, both twill and plain, White and Grey Cottons, Pillow Cottons, Fast dye shirtings, Prints, Etc.,

Tool's Shirts and Collars, Men's and Boy's Balbriggan shirts and Drawers.

We are fairly well stocked in Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes, Etc.

We recommend our Tea at 40c. and 45c. Japan, Ceylon or Black.

HARNESS! Buggy, Express, (single or double), Heavy Lumber, etc. etc. All parts kept in stock.

GILES BROS.

Main St. - Lachute

Auction Sale.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of
GEORGE H. STANFORTH,
Mountain View Farm, Lachute
Thursday, October 26th, 1916

23 milch cows (many of these due to freshen in February), 1 bull two years old Ayrshire, 1 mare four years old, 1 horse three years old, 1 colt two years old Clyde, 7 pure bred Plymouth Rock cockrels (Macdonald College stock), 1 top buggy, 1 light cutter, 2 rack sleighs, 1 set of buggy harness, 1 set of cart harness, 1 set of heavy double harness, 1 grain grinder, 1 plow, 1 seeder, whiffletrees, neck-yokes, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m.

TERMS:—\$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes. four per cent discount per annum off for cash.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

IN MEMORIAM.

MURDOCH.—In loving memory of our dear little daughter Janet E. (Nettie) who departed this life October 21st, 1916. Gone but not forgotten. Inserted by her Father and Mother.

BIRTHS.

DEMERSE.—At Lachute Mills, on Oct. 13th, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Demerse a son. Still-born.

DEATHS

WITHAM.—On Tuesday Oct. 17th of Diphtheria, Emily Violet, eldest and dearly loved daughter of Pte. and Mrs. Witham, of Brownsburg, in her 10th year.

The Question of the Hour!

Warm Underwear for Ladies', Men, Boys & Children.

If you want the best buy "Stanfield's" and hurry up as these goods will be scarce and higher in price.

Ladies' Coats for Fall and Winter.

"Northways" make the best that money can buy. The prices are right considering the high prices of raw material.

Invictus Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen. Fit, Finish and Wear guaranteed.

Remember, the only place the above goods can be bought is at McFaul Bros. We are well stocked with all seasonable goods and the early buyer will have the advantage of better selection and lower prices.

McFAUL BROS. WEST END

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Big revival of the Mining Industry

Seven hours from San Francisco at an elevation of 2,500 feet is a mining district whose annual output of gold is valued at \$2,500,000—the Grass Valley district, in Nevada county—and right in the heart of the mining town of Grass Valley a little mine called Golden Center has been rejuvenated successfully, marking the revival of mining interests in all parts of California.

Years ago this gold mine in the center of the town had to be closed down because of continual pumping trouble due to seepage of water from a creek running through the town and near the main shaft of the Golden Center. Modern methods have conquered that. A 10-stamp mill is treating the ore by amalgamation and concentration. Development is going on away down under the town at a greater depth than formerly.

PROSPERITY OF OLD.

Farms for dairying, fruit and vegetables surround the town and adjacent mines, and the narrow-gauge railroad indicates that products are shipped in golden bricks rather than by great trains of ore.

In "the days of old, the days of gold," this district had an amazingly rich output. It has produced since 1850 something like \$250,000,000 in gold, according to Charles G. Yale, statistician in charge of the United States Geological Survey. A famous bonanza of the old days was the Idaho-Maryland vein only two miles east of the town of Grass Valley. Near by is the Brunswick mine, which has been worked for nearly thirty years. Richer properties are the Empire and the North Star. Each produces a million dollars in gold annually. The Empire has been operated for fifty years and is closely held, none of its stock ever coming on the market. Its deepest workings are said to be slightly below sea-level.

NEW WORK BEGUN

The richness of the gold-bearing quartz veins in these near-by properties inspires hope that the rejuvenation of the little old Golden Center mine in the heart of the town will prove a paying venture.

Near Spenceville, in the same county, considerable new underground work is going on and several copper claims are being examined in the interests of San Francisco enterprises. Ore that runs from twenty to fifty dollars per ton is being uncovered.

Water is being pumped in large volume from the old shaft of Hedy Green's once famous old Eureka mine in Amador county in order that the collar-sets may be put in for the resumption of work, after a lapse of forty-one years.

MUCH SPECULATION.

Mining men all over the State are awaiting with the keenest interest the disclosures of the bottom levels and slopes that have lain undisturbed since Hedy Green's renowned quarrel with Hayward in 1871. Everywhere there is much romantic speculation as to the hidden wealth down there. Old-timers are wondering how much truth will be revealed concerning the traditions handed down about rich ore that was left in the mine. The younger generation of mining engineers is keen to observe to what extent the latest methods of mining and milling will enable the new owners to treat successfully vein-stones that was not profitable forty-odd years ago.

Among mining men everywhere the reopening of the Eureka, with its mysterious past, is regarded as a fine adventure. Besides, which, it draws attention to the awakening of interest in the Mother Lode region—from Sonora, in Tuolumne county, to Plymouth, in Amador county.

BEAM OPTIMISTIC.

T. Walter Beam, who is general manager of the undertaking for the new owners and who left San Francisco during the week with John E. Farish, one of the new directors, to take up residence at the property and push the work for reopening expresses himself as sanguine of success. He points to the richness of the nearby Argonaut and Kennedy gold mines, which steadily produce a million dollars annually apiece.

According to Statistician Yale, the Kennedy mine has the deepest vertical shaft—3,900 feet—of any gold mine in the United States. He believes California will produce pretty nearly \$25,000,000 in gold during 1916; also that this State's production of all minerals will exceed \$110,000,000 in value.

CASTORIA

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Underwear
and Sweater Coats

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd).

"My niece, Jess, d'ye mean?" replied Wilfer, eyeing him suspiciously. "Ain't seen 'er for months; run away last June, after 'elping 'erself to some of my cash, an' ain't been back since. 'Bides, what's it got to do with you. G'v'nor, I'd like to know? You mind yer own business."

He leered drunkenly at Leroy, who turned away with a look of disgust. He knew how useless it was to expect truth from such a quarter.

As the gentleman stepped out into the dirty court and returned to his car Johann Wilfer blinked his eyes in relief; then with an oath he stumbled up the rickety stairs into the living room, and confronted Jessica, who was standing near the window.

"So that's yer little game, is it?" he said with a sneer; "you're goin' in for swells right away, are yer, my gal? Got your name as pat as a poll-parrot. Knows all my private business. I demany; I'll break every bone in yer body!"

He stumbled towards her where she stood—her face still transfixed with joy at the sound of her benefactor's voice—and made a sudden grab at her hair. But, alert and lithe as a leopardess, she bounded over the table, and slipped past him down the staircase, from the top of which he launched forth a long volley of curses.

Quivering and shaking, both with fear of Wilfer's violence and her sense of injury at his denial of her presence to Leroy, Jessica ran, as fast as her frail body would permit her, through the intricate smaller streets and passages which abound in the Soho district. Having gone far enough, in her opinion, to be fairly safe from any danger of Wilfer's pursuit, she stopped to consider whether she should endeavor to find Leroy.

"After all," she thought, "perhaps it is best, as it is. He would give me money, or perhaps a few kind words, and only make me long for him more. Let him go, believing Johann's falsehoods."

As she walked wearily along dim remembrances of earlier days thronged her brain; of two women—one whom she knew she had called Auntie—and who had treated her kindly enough, before Johann had got her into his power. Mingled with these thoughts came those of the man who had befriended her and even sought her out this day. When she remembered how he had rescued her from cold, hunger, and the dangers of the streets her eyes filled with tears of gratitude. Yet, though knowing how quickly he would aid her were she but to return to the beautiful room from which she had fled that very morning, she could not bring herself to seek his charity or ask his pity. She realized well enough that one such as she could never hope to win a look of love from him; but like the moth that hovers round the flame which brings it danger she nevertheless determined to see him again.

With this object in view she slowly wended her way to Jermyn Court, wherein was the room in which she had supped and slept so delightfully. Afterwards she thought she would try to gain some work that would at least secure food and lodging however poor, where she could be safe from the cruelty of Wilfer; surely in all London there was something she could do.

When darkness came, worn out by watching and waiting in vain for Adrien, she again found herself without a home and without shelter; so, crouching on a doorstep, as she had done the previous evening, overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep.

In the course of the night a dark-robed woman, passing on the usual round of duty assigned to her, stopped and looked at her. She was one of the band of Good Samaritan Sisters of Mercy established in some of our London suburbs, who seek out the helpless and downtrodden in the race of life—with healing in their hands and pity in their hearts—striving to raise them up from their hopeless position to something better. She stopped, bent down, and drawing her veil aside, looked closely at the motionless face. Then she sighed and turned her head away.

"So beautiful! So young! Can it be possible? Sister, sister!" Jessica awoke at the gentle touch and sprang to her feet.

"Johann! Don't strike me," she exclaimed, with her eyes half closed.

"My poor girl, no one shall beat you. Will you come with me?"

"With you?" repeated Jessica, now fully awake, but still eyeing the Sister with some suspicion. "Where? Not far?"

"No, not far. But why do you say that? Is there anyone you particularly wish to be near?"

"No," replied Jessica, adding to herself, as the Sister of Mercy took her hand, "but she shall not take me far away from him."

"A roof of thatch is better than that of Heaven," is an old Spanish proverb, and means, doubtless, that the poorest accommodation is better than none, or that which the streets provide. Jessica, clinging to the Sister of Mercy's succoring hand, was gently led from the silence of an attic in a quiet byway.

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ly led from the silence of an attic in a quiet byway.

Here, seated by the remains of a small fire in a narrow grate, she watched with awkward interest, that was much like indifference, the efforts of her rescuer to revive the dying embers. Soup was warmed for her, but for a time she refused to take it.

"I am not hungry," she said. "Only tired—o tired! Why did you wake me, lady?"

"I awoke you because you were unhappy, and it was dangerous for one so young as you to lie asleep in the streets," replied the meek-eyed woman. "But you must not call me 'lady'; I am not a lady. Call me 'sister'."

"But you are not my sister," said Jessica petulantly. "I haven't any sister or brother, or father or mother."

"Poor thing!" said the woman, who by this time had made up a bed, plain enough it is true, but luxurious after the cold doorsteps, and she now helped Jessica to undress. "Poor thing, you are quite cold; and what are all these bruises? Ah! why will men be so cruel, when Heaven is so kind?"

"I don't know," said Jessica, who took the question as directed to herself. "I don't know anything. Besides, all men ain't cruel. He wasn't; he was kind—oh, so kind!"

"He—whom?" asked the Sister. Then, as the girl did not reply, she looked hard at her and sighed again.

"Now you will sleep," she said. "Will you kiss me?"

With the impulsiveness of girlhood Jessica threw her arms round the linen-banded neck and kissed the Sister's pale face.

"Good night," she said.

The Sister smoothed the coarse pillow, covered her up, and went softly from the room.

When Jessica awoke the woman was again beside her with a cup of tea and some bread-and-butter. But the girl refused to eat.

"I am not hungry. I am not tired now, either, and I will go."

The Sister put her hand on the girl's arm. "Not yet," she said. "Where have you to go?"

"Nowhere," Jessica answered listlessly.

"Then stay with me," said the woman kindly. "See"—she brought a basket to the bedside—"here's some work. I will teach you to do this, and we will live together. Will you not stay?"

Jessica looked at the work, and silently nodded acquiescence. But nevertheless she sighed. To a nature such as hers freedom was life itself, and she was bating it away for mere food. Besides, how could she now follow the one who had been so kind to her?

But she stayed, and patiently worked all day, striving earnestly to catch the knack of the needle, and emulating the tireless industry of the Sister, who worked thus during daylight that she might pursue her mission of mercy and succor at night. Thus passed some days, and then Jessica's blood grew restless; the narrow room seemed to her stifling and unendurable, and she pined for the open air, as a caged blackbird longs for its native woods.

The longing grew so irresistible that at last she succumbed to it; and one day, finding herself alone, she threw down the piece of work on which she was employed, and rising, snatched up her weather-stained hat.

"I can't stay," she sobbed; "I can't breathe here! I must go, or I shall die. I'll leave before she comes back. Oh! I wish she had not been so kind to me. I feel a worthless, miserable, ungrateful creature!"

Then she stole down the stairs, very much as she had slipped away from Adrien's residence; and gained the streets anew.

CHAPTER VII.

It was the night of the great ball at Lady Merivale's town house. A Blue Hungarian Band was playing dreamily the waltz of the season, to the accompaniment of light laughter and gaily tripping feet. The scent of roses filled the air. Masses of their great pink blooms lurked in every small nook and corner, while in the centre of the room, half-hidden by them, a fountain sent its silver spray into the heated air.

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If wealth and luxury alone could bring happiness, then surely Eveline Merivale should have been the most envied woman in the world. A renowned beauty, a leader of fashion, with every wish and ambition gratified—save the one which, at present, was the chief object of her life—to enslave and retain, as her exclusive property, Adrien Leroy.

Her husband, the Earl of Merivale, she regarded as a necessary encumbrance, inevitable to the possession of the famous Merivale diamonds. His hobby was farming, and he detested Society; though quite content that his wife should be made its queen so long as he was left in peace with his short-horns.

Certainly Eveline Merivale was not in love with her husband; but, on the other hand, neither was she in love with Adrien Leroy. It simply added a zest to her otherwise monotonous round of amusements to imagine that she was; and it pleased her vanity to correspond in cypher, through the medium of the Morning Post, though every member of her set might have read the flippant messages if put in an open letter. There was a spice of intrigue, too, in the way in which she planned meetings at their mutual friends' houses, or beneath the trees of Brierly Park, or at Richmond.

Not for worlds would her ladyship have risked a scandal. She prized her position, and loved her diamonds far better than she was ever likely to love any human being under the sun. Still, it was the fashion to have one especial favorite; and it was a great thing to have conquered the handsome and popular Adrien Leroy. It was little wonder, therefore, that, when midnight had struck and still Leroy was absent from her side, Eveline Merivale, beneath the calm conventional smile, was secretly anxious and inclined to be angry.

She was looking her best to-night; and although she had already been surfeited with compliments from Duke to subaltern, she yet longed to hear one other voice praise her appearance. There was, indeed, every reason why Lady Merivale should be lauded as the greatest beauty of her time, for she carried all before her by the sheer force of her personality. Dazzlingly fair, with hair of a bronze Titian hue, which clustered in great waves about her forehead; her eyes of a deep, lustrous blue, shading almost to violet. To-night she would have borne off the palm of beauty from any Court in the world, for her dress was a creation of Paquin, and enhanced to perfection her delicate coloring, which needed no artificial aids.

(To be continued).

The Farm

Gasoline Engine Governors.

The governor of a gasoline engine does not usually give much trouble, yet when it does the trouble is usually serious.

There are two types of governors in common use on gasoline engines, viz., the hit-and-miss governor, and the throttling governor. Both act on the same principle insofar as weights or balls are used to regulate the action according to speed. These weights are thrown out by centrifugal force when set in motion, the higher the speed the greater the throw of the weights. The weights may be on a separate shaft or mounted in the fly wheel. Springs hold the weights in so that the centrifugal action will not be too great. Hence, the speed of the engine may be regulated by changing the tension of these springs.

The hit-and-miss type of governor regulates the engine by holding the exhaust valve open when the engine is running slightly over speed. As the weights are thrown out the governor sleeve moves so as to press a detent arm towards the exhaust valve rod, which then engages in a notch or detent on the exhaust valve rod, holding it open until the speed of the engine has gone down to normal.

The throttling governor works in very much the same way, but the movement of the sleeve is transferred through a lever to the throttle,

thus partially shutting off or throttling the mixture as it enters the engine.

In either type of governor, if the weights, sleeve and arm are not working properly, irregularity in the action of the engine will result. Sometimes we find a spring has been lost and the weight is wired in place. This partially or completely destroys the action of the governor. The fly wheel may have slipped on the shaft, causing the arm to cease to act on the detent. Then the engine will run away. The same effect may be produced by accidental bending of the arm. Of course, the opposite effect may be produced by either of these troubles, causing the engine to run too slow, or to refuse to run. An engine is balanced to run at a certain speed, hence should not be made to run much above or much below this speed.—E. R. Gross in Farm and Dairy.

Soft Rot of Vegetables.

This is a disease attacking several of our common vegetables, and while the same organism does not necessarily cause the disease with each kind of vegetable, the disease in each case is a soft rot and all behave the same and can be treated in the same manner. The cause of the disease is bacterial. The generally accepted name for the organism is *Bacillus carotovorus*. It attacks cauliflower, carrots, turnips, celery, tomatoes, and several other vegetables which are fleshy and are more readily attacked by this disease, and the organism gains entrance through wounds made in the plant. The bacteria feed on the juice, which emerges from the wounded surface, and rapidly multiply. As they multiply, they produce different kinds of enzymes. These enzymes have a digestive action, and are spread through the healthy part of the plant, breaking down the tissue upon which the bacteria then feed. Finally the cells of the plant collapse and the tissue becomes rotten.

Sometimes the rotted parts of the plant have a very offensive odor, and at other times this odor is not so noticeable.

Spraying is of no benefit in the control of bacterial diseases so far as we know now, since the bacteria act on the interior of the tissue and consequently spray materials cannot gain access to them. Since these diseases are usually contracted from wounds made very often by insects, the danger is greatly lessened if these insects are carefully sprayed for and kept under control, but the best method of control is to remove and burn all plants which are affected. This rot will live in the soil for two or three years at any rate, and hence it is readily seen that plants attacked by this disease should not be planted in soil for three years after a diseased crop has been grown. It is also important to notice that since these organisms can live over two or three winters, it would be foolish to pull up manure pile, since they might thus be spread to ground which was formerly unaffected.—Canadian Countryman.

Get After the Weeds.

Owing to the extremely late and wet seeding season this spring, many fall-plowed fields were never sown. This, of course, rendered conditions ideal for the growth of weeds, as they had no opposition for moisture and plant food, and without doubt they made the most of their opportunity. Haying and harvesting came to near together this year, many of these fields may have missed their regular cultivation, which would give the weeds a chance to seed. If the fields are harrowed thoroughly now, it will destroy the present growth, and will also cause the seeds already fallen, to germinate after the first rain, these will not have sufficient time to mature before being plowed down this fall. To stop in the middle of a rush to cultivate a crop's field may at first glance seem like the waste, but it will save three times the cultivation next year, and should this particular field be sown to oats, barley or wheat, it will mean almost a total loss, as the weeds will have such a start that they will take all the moisture and plant food.

Not He.

"Can your husband drive a car?" asked one feminine suburbanite of another. "Drive a car," repeated the wife, with fine scorn. "Why, that man can't even drive a nail."

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VOL. XLI

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Grenville.

Tenders for Wood.

Tenders will be received by the under-
signed up to noon of November 14th, for
quantity of good 3 foot and 2 foot Hard
Maple and Birch for Lachute Academy.
11-3 G. A. CLUNIE, Sec. Treas.
Lachute School Commissioners.

FOR SALE—Two Stoves and a
Sewing Machine. Cheap. Party leaving
town. Apply to,
MRS. N. H. SMITH, East end.

The Ladies of the Baptist church will
hold a sale of work and home cookery
and afternoon tea, Thursday Nov. 9th, in
the Victoria Hall.

There is great difficulty in getting many
lines of goods. Better use your new
Fall and Winter coat now.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Why not send your friend a loved one
a nice greeting card this year? It is a
pleasing way to remember them far or
near, and we have a very choice stock
from which to make your selection.
Call at the Watchman Office or phone
No 27 and we will call on you.

During the month of October you can
have the Delineator at half price only,
75 cents per year.
W. BANFORD & SON.

WANTED—Two sisters or friends, one
as General-Cook and one as House-Table-
maid, must have experience and refer-
ences. Apply MISS JACOBS,
4185 Sherbrooke St.
Montreal, Que.

FOR SALE—50 heavy all wool blan-
kets slightly soiled at less than half price.
Apply ALDERIC LAVIGNE,
Lachute Mills.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement
Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Paton of Montreal is the guest
of Mrs. John Hope this week.

Mr. A. Warwick will be the preacher
at Daleville Sunday a.m.

Miss L. Moore is spending a couple of
weeks visit with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Lalanne, of St. Lambert's was the
guest of the Misses Buchanan for the week-
end.

Mrs. G. M. Case, of Toronto, spent a
few days last week with her aunt Mrs.
McLam.

Mr. Tom Miller returned home last
Friday from a pleasant visit to friends in
Boise, Idaho.

Mrs. D. Cameron, of Hawkesbury, was
the week-end guest of the Misses S. and
E. McGibbon.

Mr. J. E. Arnold of Grenville was the
guest of the Rev. & Mrs. Hayden on
Monday last.

Mrs. Jas. Morrison, of Hawkesbury,
was the guest of Mrs. P. R. McTibbott
on Saturday last.

The Rev. J. F. Forsythe is conducting
Sunday afternoon services for the resi-
dents of Centerville.

Mr and Mrs. Russel Carpenter and
children, of Three Rivers, are spending
a weeks visit in town.

Miss May Davis, of Papineauville,
was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Deacon the
early part of the week.

Rev. W. A. White, of Daleville, left
on Monday for a two weeks visit with
his daughter in Toronto.

Mr. James Nichols, of Carillon was in
town on Tuesday last and paid the
Watchman a friendly call.

Mrs. Jas. Boyd, of Mile End Grove,
left with her family for her future home
in Innisfail, Alberta, on Friday last.

The Daleville L. O. Lodge will hold a
Dance and Supper on Nov. 6th. Admit-
tance 50cts. a couple. All are welcome.

Miss Violet Johnson, of Brownsburg,
spent the week-end in Montreal, and at-
tended the Military Benefit of the Soldiers
wives league at the Arena.

The ladies of the Red Cross wish to
inform those, who are not able to go to
Victory Hall on Tuesday afternoons,
that work can be obtained at any time,
at Mrs. Painters, Main Street, from Mrs.
Drapeau or Mrs. Winch.

Mr. Robt. McArthur has been away for
the past week in his official capacity of
Grand Master for this Province, visiting
the District Meetings of the Independent
Order of Oddfellows at Knowlton, Coat-
cook, Rock-Island, and Montreal.

The many friends of the Rev. Arthur
White of Quebec, (formerly of Daleville)
will be pleased to learn that he and his
family are removing to Montreal, where
he will be associated with the Rev. M.
Therrien in the French work there.

Quite a number of friends have received
news from boys in the 148th. Batt., who
report having a very pleasant voyage
across. They are located at Witley Camp
(Guilford, and are living in huts. About
30 of the Argenteuil lads are occupying
one of the huts and as expressed in a
letter home "Are having a whale of a
time."

The death occurred on Thursday, Oct.
26th, of Mrs. Geo. Fraser, after a severe
illness of some weeks duration borne
with Christian patience. Besides a loving
husband she leaves two daughters,
Edith and Annie to mourn her loss. The
funeral will take place on Friday, at
2 p.m. from her late residence.

Considerable inconvenience was ex-
perienced in the Paper Mill this week
resulting from the caving in of sections
of both flumes caused by pressure of ex-
ceedingly high water. The mill except-
ing the bag factory has been temporarily
closed. Work of reconstruction is rapidly
proceeding and every thing will be again
resumed in short order.

Charlebois' Factory Fire.

The furniture factory of Edmond
Charlebois in the West End was burned
to the ground on Wednesday last. The
fire occurred during the noon hour and
it is thought started in the boiler house.
The patterns, wood and shavings made a
terrific blaze and at one time it looked as
if Mr. Charlebois residence adjoining
could not possibly be saved, but through
the heroic efforts of those on the hose,
the fire was brought under control. The
loss to Mr. Charlebois is very heavy as
he had a large stock on hand and had
built up a good substantial business that
was rapidly increasing. We understand
that no insurance was carried on the
factory.

McKIMMIE-SHAW.

A very pretty wedding took place on
Monday evening at the home of the
Bride's parents, when Mr. John Mc-
Kimmie and Miss Ruby Mary Shaw were
united in Holy Wedlock. The officiating
Clergyman was the Rev. F. J. Hayden
B.A. The Bride who was given away by
her father, was prettily gowned in Pink
and wore Orange blossoms. After the
ceremony was over the company adjourned
to partake of a sumptuous repast. Rev.
Mr. Hayden in proposing the wedding
toast, wished in the name of the many
friends a very happy and prosperous life.
The wedding presents were many and
well selected. The best wishes of the
community go to this deservedly popular
couple. Friends from a distance were
Mr. and Mrs. McKimmie of Mabel, Mr.
Thompson of Genoa and others.

Sergeant Douglas McQuat writes home.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. David
McQuat of Brownsburg, we are allowed
to glean a few interesting items from a
private letter written by her son, Sergt.
Douglas McQuat, direct from the tren-
ches and dated 3-4th Sept.

After complaining of not hearing from
home for nearly a month, which indicates
severe fighting as there was no lack of
home letters sent him, he states that
he has now been 14 months in the fight-
ing area, and as yet without receiving a
scratch, but adds the melancholy fact that
he is now, and has been for several months,
the only one of his original platoon
left.

Though thus bereft of his former com-
rades, he is not infrequently reminded of
home, as he mentions meeting Elmer
vies occasionally and "a few days ago,
ran across two Brownsburg boys, Howard
McManus and Gordon McAllister," the
latter, he says, has not been in the tren-
ches yet, but expects to be "At it" soon.

In referring to the scrap in which an-
other Brownsburg boy, Jas. Lalanne got a
bullet wound in the forearm, and was
sent to England, he says while Lalanne
got out of it easy, he considers their luck
far superior, inasmuch as they chased the
Huns out of three lines of trenches, cap-
tured over three hundred, and did up
about three times that number. But the
tidbit is his description of his latest
"charge" which we here give in his own
words. "Say!—When we made our last
charge, what do you suppose I had with
me? I had 120 rounds of cartridges made
in Brownsburg, and my entrenching
spade handle was made by Ayers. I
went over with this and a mess tin full of
boiled onions and potatoes, my rifle
hadn't a cartridge in it and no bayonet
fixed, all I had was a dandy revolver that
turned the Huns' heels up by the dozen."

He expresses the opinion that the war
cannot last much longer, although fully
aware that the allied press does not hold
this view.

St. Jacques Water-course now cleared.

A session of the Magistrates Court was
held on Thursday last before District
Justice Goyette of Hull, to hear a
complaint of the Town officer against
Edward St. Jacques sr. for having been
interfered with in carrying out the in-
structions of Lachute Town Council,
ordering him to clean out a certain
natural water course opposite the property
of Wm. St. Jacques. L. L. Legault, town
attorney appeared for the town, the de-
fendant appearing in person, but filed a
written plea. After full hearing the ac-
cused was found guilty and condemned
to pay a fine of \$5.00 and costs or in
default one month imprisonment.

On request of Mayor G. F. Alder, who
was present, the Court suspended sen-
tence as to the fine.

The history of this case which has
given the Council considerable trouble is
as follows:—Complaints having been
received in regard to the condition of this
water course, the Council first decided to
put in a covered drain along its course,
commencing at the line between the
property of Thomas Cushing and Mrs.
Bedard up to Water street, in such a way
that only surface water could flow into it.
Afterwards the Council, under the im-
pression that they could thus escape all
responsibility, put in a tile drain on the
Main Street so as to prevent any water
from the street going into that part of the
water-course.

Last fall, complaints were received
from Mr. Thos. Cushing, Mrs. J. A.
Bedard and others, that the water-course
was blocked opposite the property of Mr.
St. Jacques, causing damage to them from
water in their cellars as well as stagnation.

The matter, being submitted to the
town attorney, his opinion was to the
effect that the town was responsible for
the opening and keeping clean of the
watercourse, and would be liable for all
damages caused by their neglect to do so.
In compliance with this opinion the
Council ordered the town officer to notify
the parties liable to clean the said water-
course within a certain delay, and if they
neglected to do so, to have the work done
at their cost. After two attempts on the
part of the town officer to carry out his
instructions he succeeded in opening the
ditch, but during the night following it
was again filled. Being ordered again
by the Council to open the ditch he was
prevented from doing so by Mr. St. Ja-
cques on two occasions, hence the ac-
tion.

In the afternoon after the judgment
was rendered the town officer again
opened the ditch.

BROWNSBURG

One of the largest gatherings of the
"Ladies Aid" of the Methodist Church
met at the home of Mrs. J. Beresford on
Wednesday last for a long time had as-
sembled. It was the occasion of the leav-
ing Brownsburg of Mrs. Beresford who
intends going to Gananoque, Ont next
week. After the usual business was
transacted, the Pastor, Rev. F. J. Hay-
den, moved "That we place on record
the valuable services of Mrs. Beresford
who has just resigned as secretary of the
Ladies Aid, and desire to express our
appreciation of her efficient services in
the past and wish her all success in what-
ever position she may be called upon to
fill in the Church of Christ." Mrs.
Beresford very suitably acknowledged
and expressed her regret at the enforced
departure to Gananoque. The election of
secretary then took place which result-
ed in Miss Davidson being elected secre-
tary. A very sumptuous repast had been
provided by the hostess which was
heartily appreciated by all.

Ladies' Coats

For Fall and Winter have
arrived and are on Sale
already

We have some choice samples of this
Season's styles. The prices too are
reasonable considering the flight of
wool prices. We have also received
our first lot of Costumes for Fall.

It will be a pleasure to us to
show the goods whether you need
them or not.

W. Banford & Son Lachute.

Hay, Flour and Feed, In Large or Small Quantities

Bread, Cakes & Confectionery Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Ice Cream made to order. Fruits in Season
Fine Assortment of Ganong's Chocolates.
Splendid Line of Picture Post-cards.

We are agents for Caldwell's Celebrated Meal and Calf Meal.
You should try it. The best on the market.

Robert Hamilton,

Phone. 80. Baker & Confectioner.

School Time Again!

With the Re-Opening of Schools comes the neces-
sity of book requirements, and as usual we are to
the front with a plentiful supply of books, pencils,
pens, etc. to fit you out for your duties.

We also wish to draw attention to every other de-
partment of our store which are well stocked and
well assorted. Our prices are Always Right.
Phone your order to No. 2.

R. McFAUL,

MAIN STREET. - - - LACHUTE

THE WATCH WITH ITS OWN
ARMOR PLATE

YOU who know what discipline and endurance
mean will find a friendly kinship in this
sturdy, durable Waltham. Here is embodied
accuracy you can depend on at all times and
strength that will withstand plenty of rough
usage. Sit up snug to the wrist ready for
instant service. Notice the protecting
rim of metal that keeps the crystal from
breaking. Come in and see this serviceable
Waltham Military Wrist Watch to-day.

The Waltham

T. JOUSSE
Main Street - Lachute

Also Full Open Face and Pocket
strap styles from \$10 up.

Eyes Scientifically Tested. We are agents for the Edison
Phonograph and Waterman Fountain Pens.

A Dark Affair

Mr. Horace Benford, leaving his work at the War Office, strolled thoughtfully through the dimmed streets on his way to see his fiancée, Miss Gladys Dayton.

"Dash it all!" he soliloquised. "I don't know what to tell her. She's bound to make an awful fuss in any case. She's like that. Affectionate and all that sort of thing, but a bit exacting! And she expects me to call every evening. And I certainly did promise to call last evening. There's going to be an awful fuss, and I shall be in the middle of it!"

Further, he reflected bitterly, the whole blame lay on Dicky Saunders. What did Dicky, Saunders want to come home on leave from the front for, and go getting his friends into trouble? What did he want to go tempting friends into spending an evening at the theatre with him, and so causing them to break promises to their fiancées?

Mr. Benford was in a markedly apprehensive mood when at last he mounted the steps of Miss Dayton's abode in Penchester Square.

Miss Dayton was awaiting him in the drawing-room.

"Oh, so you have come at last?" she asked coldly. "What time did you leave the office?"

"Oh, just on seven!" he replied nervously.

"Well, it's taken you a long while to get here," she said. "Just twenty-five hours?"

"Twenty-five hours?"

"When you left on Monday evening, you promised you'd come straight to me after you left the office next day, didn't you?" she asked sternly. "And therefore, if you've kept your word, you must have started to walk here last night. And it's taken you twenty-five hours to get here!"

"But—" he faltered.

"Of course," she continued loftily, "when you didn't turn up last night, any other girl might have thought that you'd broken your promise to her. But I knew you wouldn't do a mean thing like that, would you?"

"No, of course not!" he answered shakily. "At least—"

"Of course, after I'd waited an hour for you, I began to get horribly worried," she told him. "I knew nothing but illness would have kept you away. So I rang up your chambers, and they told me you had not come home. So I knew you weren't too ill to come round and see me."

"No, I—I wasn't ill," he replied slowly. "I—I had a bit of a headache this morning, though, if—if that counts?" he suggested, rather hopefully.

"I'm sure I'm not at all surprised," she observed icily. "Where were you last evening?" she demanded, abandoning sarcasm, and making a frontal attack. "Why didn't you keep your promise to me?"

Mr. Benford realized that the danger-flag was flapping vigorously in the breeze.

"Well, it was like this," he stated. "I mean—well, as a matter of fact, it was like this."

He stopped dead. The light in Miss Dayton's eyes was not at all reassuring.

"What was like what?" she persisted ominously.

"Well, when I say it was like this," he floundered. "I mean—"

"I shall be glad to hear what you do mean!"

"Well, you see, the—the streets were very dark," he began, yearning for inspiration to help him out. "Oh, very dark indeed. Quite dark, you know."

"Yes, I do know. Please go on!"

"Well, as I was saying, the streets were fearfully dark, and—and one street seemed to be as dark as another. And I—I was walking along, you know. Just—just walking along, and—and thinking hard of you, you know, dearest. And—and there was—he closed his eyes momentarily, and made a dash at it—"and there was a sort of—well, a kind of accident!"

"Oh, Horace, how dreadful!" she exclaimed. "And were you badly hurt?"

"Well, not badly hurt," he informed her. "You see—er—I—I wasn't hurt at all!"

"But you said you were in an accident!"

Mr. Benford breathed hard for a moment.

"So I was," he explained, a little belatedly. "I was in it. Simply smothered in mud, I was! And—and a bit dizzy and stiff as well, you know. I—I positively had to go straight home and lie down. That's why I didn't come round to see you!"

"Well?" she asked, with scornful hostility.

"Ah, I see I shall have to tell you the real truth!" he said. "As a matter of fact, there was an accident, and that alone prevented me from turning up here. You see, it was a tremendously dark night—"

"You've said that before," she reminded him.

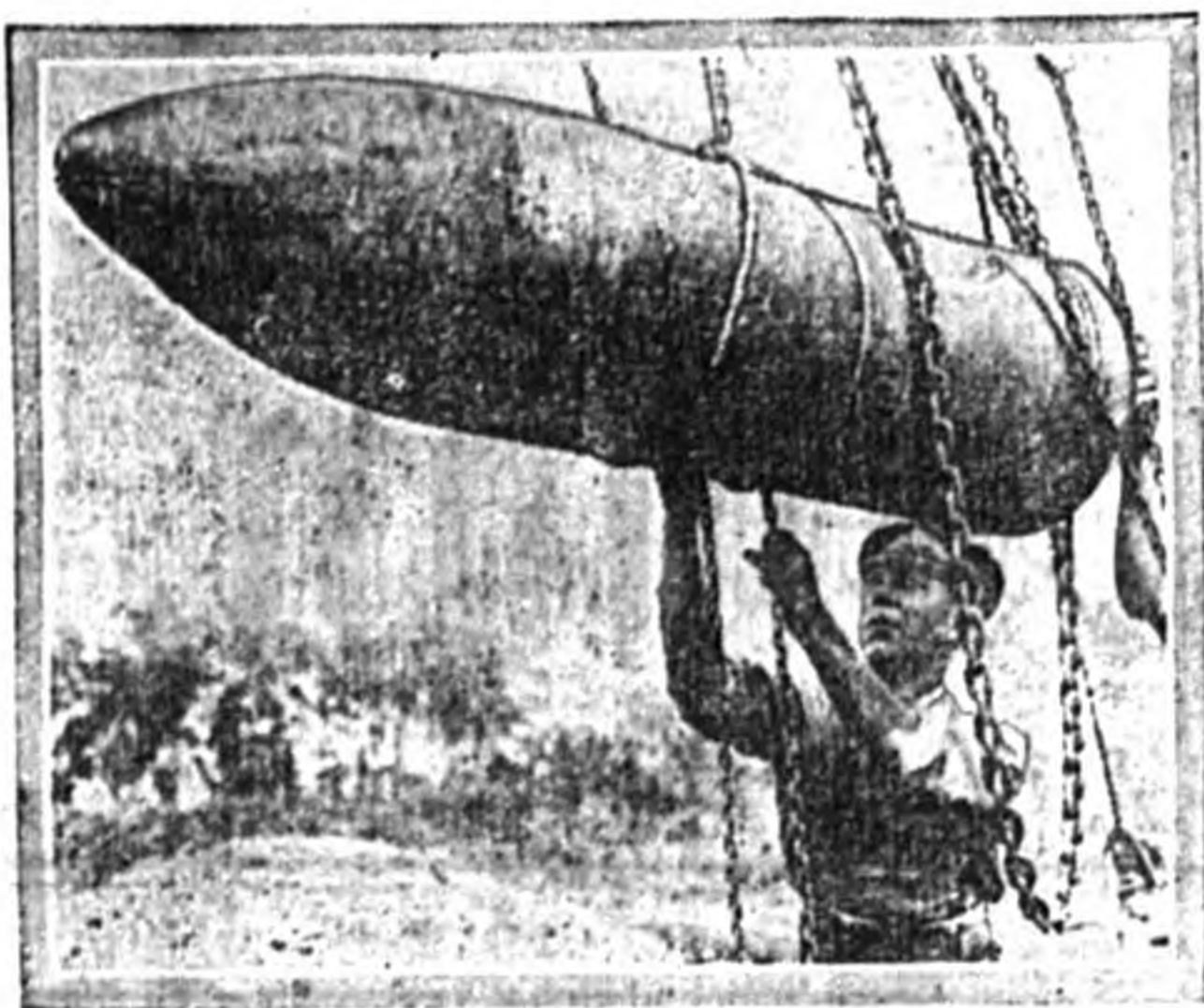
"And I was walking along, thinking hard of you, dearest—"

"You said that before, too!"

"Well, that shows I must be telling the truth, doesn't it? Well, all of a sudden, just as I turned the corner of this very square, there was an awful shriek!"

"What time was that?"

"Exactly eight o'clock. I—I happened to be looking at my watch at the time," he answered, determined



Hoisting a Shell Into One of New British Big Guns

THIS photo shows something of the intricate tackle necessary to lift one of the big shells used in the British offensive in the West. Recent reports say that the big British guns are doing more effective work than the German forty-twos.

that his narrative should not be starved for any lack of detail.

"Strange!" she mused. "I was standing on the doorstep at that very moment, looking for you. I heard the clock strike eight, quite plainly. But I never heard a shriek!"

"It wasn't exactly a loud shriek, you know. It was more of a—moan. That was it—a moan! Thirty yards away, crossing the road, I saw a feminine figure. Bearing down on the female figure was a taxicab, going twenty miles an hour or more! The woman saw that she was doomed. It was then that she uttered that low but terrifying moan!"

"Which you heard thirty yards away, through the noise of the taxicab's engine? And you saw her, in spite of the darkness? Well, what did you do?"

"Without hesitation I sprang forward. The machine had knocked the girl down, but, by a supreme effort, I managed to drag her body aside before the wheels passed over it. And that was all!"

"You managed to dash forward thirty yards and—"

"Don't ask me how I did it," he begged wearily. "It was all like a horrible dream!"

"But why couldn't you have come on here, then? You didn't come to any harm. You dragged her out of the way, and—"

"There—there was another taxi—one I didn't see. It sent me spinning and reeling into the mud and—"

"But what happened to the girl you rescued? Wasn't she hurt by the second taxi?"

"No. I had just had time to deposit her on the steps of an empty house, out of harm's way."

"But I don't understand. After you'd put her down safely, did you jump out into the roadway again, or what?"

"My brain is a blank," said Mr. Benford, shutting his eyes. "It's no good asking me. I can't remember anything clearly."

"I suppose it was a very pretty girl?"

"Not a bit of it!" asserted Mr. Benford quickly. "She was quite a plain girl."

"Some plain girls are very attractive," said Miss Dayton, evidencing jealousy. "And when their lives are romantically saved—"

"She—she wasn't exactly a girl," he declared earnestly. "She—well, she was, oh, quite a middle-aged woman!"

"Was she prettily dressed?" asked the inexorable Miss Dayton.

"Oh, no! Just—just plainly, you know. In fact, she—she was quite poorly dressed. Really, there's no need for you to be jealous. I only said 'girl' because 'old frump' sounded so ungallant. But that's what she was!"

"I wonder—" mused Miss Dayton. "Tell me, was she quite a plain old lady, with a long coat and a little black bonnet?"

"Yes, that's it—that's it!" he agreed eagerly, rejoicing that some sort of corroborative evidence seemed to be coming his way. "Why, did you see her when you were on the steps?"

"Yes, I did! And you're quite sure she was dressed like that? You have no doubt?"

"Not in the least! That was the woman I saved! What more proof do you want of the truth of my story?"

"None," she replied. "I know it to be true now."

Without explaining further, she quitted the room. Mr. Benford, a little perturbed, but still confident of his ability to emerge successfully from the ordeal, awaited her return.

She came back five minutes later. With her was an elderly woman, attired in a plain black bonnet and a long coat.

"Is that the gentleman who saved you last night, Mrs. Parker?" asked Miss Dayton.

"It is—it is!" said the elderly lady, exhibiting excitement. "And p'raps 'll tell me what 'e—"

"That will do, Mrs. Parker," said the girl. "You had better go now, and leave the rest to me."

The elderly lady withdrew with obvious reluctance. Mr. Benford, as one waking from a trance, passed his hand across his forehead.

"She's our charwoman," explained the girl. "When she got here this morning she told me an extraordinary tale of a young man who most offi-

ciously dragged her back out of the roadway last night, although no danger threatened her. The young man then disappeared in the darkness. She then found that her purse had disappeared, too!"

"Surely you don't imagine that I—"

"Oh, no, of course I don't, but I'm afraid she does. She's been to the police about her purse, and she doesn't mean to let the matter drop. Really, there's seems to be a fearful mistake somewhere. Of course, no one will believe for a moment that you stole her purse. But think of the scandal! Your position at the office will be dreadful! Oh, and if the magistrate should make a mistake and sentence you—"

"But he couldn't!" declared Mr. Benford, "because I could prove I knew nothing about her purse. I could prove a complete alibi!" he added incautiously. "I could bring Dicky Saunders to prove that I was with him from seven o'clock last night till—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Dayton. "Well, I suppose the truth has got to come out sooner or later," he said wretchedly. "I did spend the evening with Dicky."

"I know," she replied, smiling. "And when you tried to get out of it with such an absurd story, I just let you go on, and then arranged with Mrs. Parker to give you a scare. What a lot of trouble you'd have saved if you'd told me the truth to start with. Why, Dicky Saunders rang me up, and asked me the best time and place to be sure of meeting you, and I told him. But I made him promise not to say I knew you were going out with him. I wished to see how you'd excuse yourself to me."

"Gladys," he said penitently. "I've been an ass!"

"Horace," she agreed, "you have! And that disposes of the whole affair, doesn't it? So we'll just say nothing more about your wonderful adventure last evening, shall we? We'll simply keep it dark!"—London Answers.

"BREAKING" HABITS UNWISE.

They Should be Displaced With Better Ones, the Experts Say.

Trying to "break" children of habits is an error of method. The reason is that habit, according to William James, a great psychologist, not only is second nature, but has become nature itself, and that nature is not to be driven, but must be coaxed and led.

Displace habit with something else. Replace it on the policy of substituting some better activity. An average child, even if only five years old, can, according to Dr. Dearborn, head of a children's infirmary, be guided judiciously if given careful, clear explanations adapted to its year and pointing out things really fundamental or essential. "But one must start with a normal nervous system and musculature."

The doctor explains that he means outdoor exercise and plenty of sleep.

Snipped the Wrong Leg.

A London clothier was never known to acknowledge that he didn't have anything a possible customer might ask for. One day a customer entered the shop and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one-legged men. "Certainly," replied the merchant. "What kind do you want?" "Dress trousers," said the man. "The best you've got." Hurrying into the rear of the shop the enterprising merchant snatched a pair of trousers and snipped off the right leg with a pair of shears. Hastily turning under the edges he presented them to the customer. "That's the kind I want. What's the price?" "Thirty shillings." "Well, give me a pair with the left leg off." A month later the clothier was pronounced convalescent and on the right road to recovery.

To realize the hardness of this world step on a banana skin.

The splinters in the banister of life are unnoticed until we begin to slide down.

NURSES WANTED.

A number of applicants are desired for the Training School for Nurses, Hospital for Insane, Toronto. Three years' course. Lectures start October 1, 1918. Probationers begin at \$12.00 monthly, with board, uniform and laundry. Apply Miss E. V. West, Head Nurse, 229 Queen St. W., Toronto.

DRIVING GERMANS OVER THE HILLS

IDEA OF THE TASK THE BRITISH ARE UNDERTAKING.

Able to Drive the Germans Before Them Slowly, It Is True, But Steadily.

Despatches from the Western front have not made it as clear as might be that the British advance is over rising ground, that it is now near the crest, and that when the high ground is taken it will be a comparatively easy matter to seize Bapaume, one of the chief objectives of the drive. A map prepared by the British Government and reproduced in the New York Times, as well as letter-press contributed by a member of the British Intelligence staff, gives a clear idea of the task the British are undertaking, and the headway they have made. From the Somme River where the drive began, the country rises in undulations as far as Martinpuich, though this village is rather beyond the crest. It then declines with few undulations to the Ancre, rising again slightly to Bapaume, which is on about the same level as Fricourt. The hills that extend from the Somme to the Ancre are too small to be noted in the ordinary map. The highest peak is not 600 feet above the level of the Somme. Yet since the Germans have had a couple of years in which to turn them into fortresses it will be understood that an elevation of even ten feet just doubles the task of the assailants.

An Uphill Fight.

The British have been fighting literally an uphill battle, and the fact is that they have been able to drive the Germans before them, slowly, it is true, but steadily. But they do not have to drive them uphill all the way to Bapaume. Once they are able to command Martinpuich they will be working downhill, and have only the village of Lesars between them and the River Ancre, which is in a slight depression. Then Bapaume rises. When the British advance has brought the army in sight of this now-famous village, the German lines will have been sent back into an almost peninsular salient. A retirement upon a long front will thus become necessary unless the German general decides to maintain an impossible position. It is also necessary to bear in mind the fact that the further the Germans retire the harder it is for them to maintain a foothold. They are in the position of a man who begins to slip downhill.

Wonderful Defences Destroyed.

Too little has been said of the task so far accomplished by the British on the Somme. In the matter of miles won the advance has been comparatively slight. Nevertheless it has been such an advance as is made to crack a modern chilled steel vault. An inch through the Harveyized steel represents greater effort than a yard through ordinary iron. The Somme defences have been of the former character, as compared with the sweep of the Russians, for instance. Never in the history of warfare have such defences been built. For the past two years when the Germans have not been fighting they have been toiling with concrete and steel to make their defences impregnable. They have dug themselves in 30 and 60 feet deep, and have roofed themselves with such steel plates as Dreadnoughts are lined with. In these subterranean caverns they have constructed veritable cities, hospitals, armories, parade grounds even; they have tapped subterranean springs for water; and have stocked their retreats with machine guns, mortars, and all the implements of war.

Underground Warfare.

"When the Allies open a bombardment the Germans retire to these caves, and remain in safety, except for the odd chance of a shell falling through a single opening. The most powerful explosives may burst overhead and do no damage to the enemy lying 60 feet below the surface of the earth. In the meantime, of course, the Germans occupying these dugouts can do no harm. They become active, however, when the infantry attack follows the bombardment. Then they climb by ladders to the surface, hauling their machine guns, and turn them loose on the enemy that has supposed all the defences to have been destroyed. Often they have caught the attacking British in the rear, and have made it necessary for the attack to be halted, while bombing parties creep back, hunt out the entrance to the shelters, and silence the defenders by hand-grenades.

The Work of Snipers.

They have also established their snipers in a most diabolical manner. They have dug tunnels in front of their trenches, and on either side, and then have run up openings at various points. In these openings the snipers station themselves. Their hiding-places are cleverly masked with the debris of war, heaps of brush, shattered wagons and other litter. In these hiding-places crack marksmen are stationed. When the British advance comes too near the sniper can dodge down, and, using the communicating tunnel, rejoin the main body of his comrades. Every house in the villages



From Erin's Green Isle

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

Oats on sale at Roscommon recently fetched the record price of \$5.28 per barrel of 14 stone.

The recruiting campaign in Belfast to secure additional reserves for the Ulster Division is making satisfactory progress.

The death has occurred of Mr. Charles Lowry, sub-sheriff of the Co. Meath, head of the firm of Charles Lowry & Son.

A public post office has been opened in Sackville Hall, Upper Sackville street, to serve temporarily as the G.P.O. for Dublin.

Mr. Wm. Murphy, horse dealer, Waterford, was seriously injured when thrown out of a training gig while driving a spirited horse.

Torrential rains fell recently in the Roscommon district, and houses were flooded to a depth of nearly a foot. Many farmers suffered a serious loss.

Mr. Forster says the War Office possesses information showing that large quantities of hay have now been released for the use of civil consumers in Ireland.

Under new regulations of the Defence of the Realm Act, the Secretary of State may prohibit from going to Ireland any person not a British subject.

A serious fire broke out in Crosse's posting establishment, Cork, and considerable damage was caused. Twenty-eight horses in the stables were rescued with difficulty.

Negotiations are proceeding amicably between three of the cross Channel steamship companies and the dock laborers in their employment in regard to an increase of pay.

Sir Horace Plunkett, who has been seriously ill for the last seven weeks as the result of an accidental burning while undergoing treatment by the X-rays, is still confined to his bed.

The Local Government Board have appealed to the Enniscorthy Guardians to institute legal proceedings against the more persistent of the 3,000 vaccination defaulters in the union area.

The death has occurred of Mr. R. Hamilton-Stubbs, D.L., at his residence at Durrow, Queen's County. He was a large landowner in the county and was Master of the County Hounds for ten years.

Field-Marshal Viscount French, Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces, inspected troops in Cork Barracks, consisting of the Royal Irish Regiment, Leinster Regiment and Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

The Lismore and District Red Cross Committee have presented their hon. secretary, Mr. E. D. Trundle, with a silver salver, "as a recognition of valuable services rendered as hon. secretary."

Twelve overseas delegates recently visited Belfast, and were entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor in the City Hall. They afterwards inspected shipbuilding yards and linen factories.

INEXHAUSTIBLE RUSSIA.

Can Double Germany's Output of Soldiers Every Year.

The German military experts are presenting a gloomy view as to the inexhaustible resources of Russia. They say the Russians can put 1,000,000 new soldiers into the field every year, where the Germans can put only about 450,000 at the utmost. The birthrate in Russia is the highest in Europe, being 47 for 1,000. By this calculation Germany can only put into the front one new soldier for every two that Russia can recruit her army with. The only hope that the German experts can give their people is that Russia cannot produce competent officers in proportion to her recruits, and that she will break down financially. They point out that the last attempt of the Finance Minister to obtain a large loan in London and Paris has been a failure.

No Different.

"What sort of a woman is Perkins' wife?"

"The ordinary kind. I guess Perkins has as much trouble with her as the rest of us do with our wives."

An Arabian bride makes her husband a present of a spear and a tent.

About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Dainty Dishes.

Rhubarb Jam.—Five pounds of rhubarb, cut as for stewing. Five pounds of granulated sugar. One pound of finely cut figs. One-half pound of almond meats, blanched and cut fine. Mix these ingredients and let stand over night. In the morning boil the mixture for forty-five minutes. Put in glasses when cold and cover with paraffin.

Onion and Potato Puree.—Two cups diced potatoes, one cup minced onion, three cups water, one teaspoon salt (or half-teaspoon each salt and celery salt), one-fourth teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons butter and milk or cream as needed. Boil potatoes and onions until well done. Rub through fruit press, season and re-heat, adding as much milk or cream as needed to thin to right consistency. Serve with minced parsley and croutons.

Baked Onions.—Four cups peeled onions, one cup milk, two tablespoons each of flour, butter and breadcrumbs, one and one-half teaspoons salt, dash of pepper. Put onions on to cook with enough boiling water to cover; add one teaspoon salt and boil until tender, without covering. Brush baking dish with a little butter, put in onions, and pour over cream sauce. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and bake until light brown. Cream sauce: Melt butter in sauce pan, add flour, mix well; add cold milk slowly, stir until smooth and creamy. Add pepper and one-half teaspoon salt and boil three minutes.

Combination Conserve.—Twelve peaches, twelve pears, one pineapple, six oranges, six lemons, two quarters of crabapples. Peel and quarter the crabapples and measure after quartering. Peel the peaches, pears and oranges and divide into eighths. Peel the pineapple and cut in dice; slice the lemons very thin without peeling them. Weigh all the fruit; add three-fourths pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; mix gently in preserving kettle and simmer for two hours, stirring as little as possible. Pour in glasses.

New Way With Sandwiches.—Roll-ed sandwiches look pretty, and they are just as easy to make as the other kind. Any housekeeper who makes sandwiches often appreciates something different in this line, for the same old kind is very likely to become decidedly unwelcome with a critical family acting as judges. The next time you prepare sandwiches cut the bread real thin, then put your minced meat, olives or jelly on the buttered bread as usual. When you are quite satisfied with the result, and all the edges have been trimmed off the bread, roll the bread firmly as you would do with a bandage. Secure with a toothpick, then tie with a bow of colored ribbon. Remove the toothpick and your sandwich is complete.

Mustard Pickles.—Two quarts green tomatoes; soak overnight in weak brine and drain. Two quarts small cucumbers. One medium head cabbage. One quart small onions. Six large red peppers. Chop all fine and boil all together, except cucumbers, in clear water until tender, drain well and add: Two quarts cider vinegar. One-half cup ground mustard. Three cups sugar. One cup flour mixed with vinegar. Two teaspoons red pepper. Two teaspoons black pepper. Bring to a boil, add the chopped cucumbers; bottle and seal while hot.

Plum Conserve.—Though we give plums as the fruit to use in the following recipe, any fruit in season may be used in the same manner. Stew two and one-half quarts of plums with one and one-half cups of water until they are very soft. Strain through a colander, then add as much granulated sugar as you have pulp. Put through a food chopper two oranges, one small lemon, one pound of seeded raisins, one-half pound of walnut meats and one-half pound of sun dried figs. Use the rind of the oranges and lemon as well as the pulp, but remove the white skin and seeds. Cook all together fifteen minutes, being careful not to burn. This is delicious for sandwiches or to serve with chicken or turkey.

Chili Sauce.—Twelve large, ripe, solid tomatoes, four cups of vinegar, two teaspoons of ground cloves, two teaspoons of ground cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of mustard, one red pepper pod, four large onions, two tablespoons of salt (more if desired). Wash the onions and tomatoes. Remove the outer skin of the onions and chop them fine. Put the tomatoes in boiling water for a few minutes and then remove the skin. Put in all the other ingredients and boil on a slow fire for about two hours. Put this in sterilized glass bottles which have been standing in hot water, while hot, and seal. Keep in a cool, dry place.

Egg Recipes.

Nest Eggs.—Prepare bread dressing as for chicken or turkey, omitting the sage and using only onion and red pepper for seasoning. Form it into nests twice the size of an egg, and place them into a bread pan well greased and set into the oven. When

partly baked break an egg into each hollowed center and return to the oven until the eggs are set. These are good served with a drawn butter sauce, tomatoes, mushroom sauce or a dash of chili sauce.

Egg Gems.—Line the bottom and sides of each cup in a gem pan with the usual sour milk biscuit dough. Prick the dough with a fork so that it won't puff up, and set in the oven to bake. When done grate cheese and break an egg into each cup; cover with cheese, salt and pepper and let the eggs set. Rice or macaroni to which a well-beaten egg and a tablespoonful of flour have been added may be used in place of the biscuit dough.

Creamed Eggs.—Chop whites of eight or ten hard boiled eggs and grate and mash the yolks with a silver fork. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour to which two cupfuls of sweet milk have been added slowly. Let boil up once or twice, season with salt, pepper, mustard or red pepper and add the chopped whites. Place pieces of hot toast on a hot platter and cover each piece with the mixture. Season the yolks with salt, pepper, mustard and a little vinegar, add sweet or sour cream and smooth to the consistency of creamy paste; place a heaping tablespoonful on the center of each piece of the covered toast. Serve with crisp strips of bacon and garnish with lettuce leaves.

Useful Hints.

Hard sauce is delicious on apple pie. Half-ripe grapes always make the best jelly.

Soup should never be made in a metallic kettle.

All greens should be blanched before canning.

Milk and custards should not stand in any but enamel vessels.

Any fruit or vegetable to be eaten raw should be carefully washed.

Small bits left from meat or fish should be saved and used in potato puffs.

Sliced pineapple is more delicious if sliced and sugared about 12 hours before serving.

It should never be forgotten that unclean milk is as great a menace as unclean water.

A rice cream may be made like a thin rice pudding, only it should be cooked longer, poured into a mold and chilled.

The bones left from roast beef or lamb can be put into a pot with potatoes and boiled. They will give the potatoes a rich flavor.

If a mother can invent little games to play while the children are being washed and dressed those processes may go on more easily.

When you think the vaseline bottle is empty, heat it and lay it on its side to cool—you will be surprised at the amount of vaseline you will save.

A convenient way to boil macaroni is to put it in a wire basket. Immerse this in a kettle of boiling water. When the macaroni is done, lift it out.

To make cottage cheese of fine texture, have the water with which you scald the clabber merely hot. If it is boiling the curd will be very hard and lumpy.

If there is a stubborn spot on white paint that can not be removed with soap and water, dip a wet cloth in whiting and rub the spot. It will come off with ease.

There comes a time when any hardwood floor should be thoroughly cleaned. Wipe it over with a pure white soap and water, changing the water often. Then go over it with a cloth saturated with a good floor oil.

Fried cabbage is delicious. Cut the cabbage up as for stew, put it into pan with enough water to cover and let simmer until almost tender, then put it in the fat and brown it as you would potatoes. It takes little time to cook it in this way.

To the old-fashioned housekeeper and cook the methods of accurate measurement do not seem important. When our cooks begin, to learn that cooking is an exact science, there will be less said about "luck" in cooking. The "hit or miss" methods of measurements are the cause of poor results.

A Deserted Village.

The first time you see a destroyed and deserted village you have strange feeling, especially when you know that the smashing process may be resumed any minute, says a writer in *Cartoons Magazine*. Can you imagine a village which has no inhabitants—houses with only parts of walls standing, perambulators, chairs, bedsteads and pictures heaped up in confusion, churches destroyed as if stepped on by a giant, tombs a tumbled-up heap in the churchyards, no children at play, no shops, no sounds except the echo of your footsteps and the roar of distant guns? You'll find them in the war zone.

The marriage ceremony in France, in very remote times, consisted of the man paring his nails and sending the pieces to the girl of his choice. Then they were man and wife.



Great War Chiefs of Britain and France Who Planned Drives of Allied Armies on Western Front
LEFT to right: Aristide Briand, French Premier; General Joffre, General de Castelnau, Chief of the French General Staff; Lloyd George, Great Britain's Minister of War; M. Thomas, French Minister of Munitions; and General Roques, French Minister of War. This gathering of the greatest of France's War Chiefs and Lloyd George, Britain's Minister of War, is one of the most notable conferences that have taken place since the beginning of the great war.

UNSEEN HAND THAT FEEDS THE ALLIES

THE COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT IN LONDON.

Buys Munitions and Supplies For the Varied Needs of Eight Nations.

At the corner of Kingsway, London, where that royally wide and straight street merges into the semicircle of Aldwych, there rises the great triple building, which contains Empire House, India House and Canada House. It is in aspect half noble and half commonplace, the front having both strength and dignity, white stone columns and wide and high window spaces, the sides being merely a raw and aching wilderness of red brick. But within its immense walls revolves one of the least-known and most important of all the many wheels of war. It is the headquarters of the Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement, the Commissariat Department of the Allies.

The Universal Buyer.

The Commission de Ravitaillement is the unseen hand that feeds the many great fires of war. In all the markets of all the world—that is to say, all the world outside the countries of the enemy—it buys the guns, the shells, the rifles, the ammunition, the saddles, the boots and the uniforms, and all the rest of the multifarious equipment required by the fighting ships of England's Allies. The commission buys in tons by the million, and pays in pounds by the hundred million. In short, a myriad quartermaster sergeants in one.

But it rose from very small beginnings. In August, 1914, a few days after war broke out, several French officers came to London to buy boots and similar articles for the French army. These were the first of a long series of war purchases, whose extent, beginning in thousands of pounds, rose rapidly to millions. They resulted in the formation by agreement between the French and British Governments of a Commission de Ravitaillement (a revictualing commission, in the old blunt naval phrase), with the following objects:

1. To co-ordinate the purchase of food supplies, munitions of war and military and naval equipment by the two Governments.
2. To prevent harmful competition in the same markets and a consequent inflation of prices.
3. To place the French Government in communication with firms capable of carrying out orders satisfactorily at a reasonable price; and,
4. To spread the orders in such a way as to distribute employment, and thus accelerate delivery.

How the Commission Began.

The commission began with a British staff of a dozen, established in a small office in Queen Anne's chambers. Since its inception its scope has been gradually extended to cover purchases made on behalf of all the Allied Governments, and it now includes military, naval and civilian delegates from each of England's Allies (including even Portugal), together with representatives of the War Office, Ministry of Munitions and other British Government Departments, under the general direction of Sir Edmund Wyldere Smith, of the Board of Trade.

Its personnel is now numbered at nearly 500; its huge office has miles of corridors, containing about 300 rooms. Harbored happily on its many floors are no fewer than eight separate national colonies—French, Russian, Italian, Belgian, Serbian, Portuguese, Japanese and English.

Multiplicity of Arteries.

The commission, whose purchases

outlive in extent the most sensational of transatlantic deals, has been at work now for 22 months—almost without the general public becoming even aware of its existence! During this period the orders it has officially placed on behalf of the Allied Governments amount to no less a total than £220,000,000, and this stupendous figure, if we add the purchases made by Allied Government contractors, which are submitted for the examination of the commission, is increased roughly to £300,000,000.

Here is an approximate record of the quantities of some of the more common articles of war bought for the Allied armies:

- Ten million pairs of boots.
- Thirty million yards of cloth.
- One hundred thousand miles of telephone wire.
- One hundred million sandbags.

The figures in respect of the more destructive munitions of war cannot, for obvious reasons, be cited here, but they are no less impressive.

It is hardly necessary to remark—that is, in fact, the whole *raison d'être* of the commission—that the sums expended, vast as they are, would have been much greater if there had been no official organization to regulate prices, to control the world's markets and to apportion the available supplies of food and war material to the needs of each Government concerned. And always this main object has been kept rigorously in view, that none of the munitions required for the adequate pursuit of the war should be withheld or delayed in transit by reason of any overlapping of orders or confusion of interest.

Regulating the Supply.

The services of the War Office in this connection in regard both to the purchase of personal equipment in the quantities referred to and the supply of munitions cannot be overestimated, and the completeness of a system of organization which is able to provide for the supplies both of the British fighting forces and of their Allies, not only in Europe but in Canada and America, is too little realized by the public. The revictualing commission also enjoys the full advantage of the experience of the agents of the Ministry of Munitions in America and elsewhere, and enormous quantities of metals and machinery have been purchased all over the world by this means for the benefit of the Allied Governments.

All orders are placed in such a manner as to avoid competition between the various purchasing Governments, to exclude the irresponsible speculator and to insure that the articles bought are obtained from reliable sources and are of the best quality.

Co-operative Purchasing.

This principle of co-operative purchasing has been followed very close in connection with supplies of cereals, which are purchased on behalf of the Allies by a single committee consisting of members of the Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement and the Board of Agriculture.

Then there is the whole tremendous question of the provision of tonnage for the transport of these immense supplies and of the regulation of freights—a question which demands the closest application on the part of the shipping advisers attached to the commission. When all the ships requisitioned from the British Merchant service for war purposes are reckoned, there remains only a limited proportion of tonnage available for the carriage of coal, wheat and other commodities.

This tonnage is of necessity most rigidly regulated and apportioned, and the existence of the commission, which can centralize all information as to the requirements of the different Allied Governments and the possibilities of meeting them, is of invaluable assistance to those in whose hands rests the final decision as to the distribution of the available British mercantile marine.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

Hunter Had An Interesting Race With a Bear.

An Eastern man who was visiting in British Columbia was most desirous to meet and shoot a full-grown grizzly bear. He had hunted unsuccessfully throughout the Sierra Nevada in California, as well as among the mountains of Washington and Oregon, and at length had come to Glacier, in the heart of the Selkirk Mountains.

Here, accompanied by a trusty fellow sportsman, the man from the East hunted for five or six days, but still without success. He did not so much as see a bear track. Discouraged and not a little irritated, the Easterner came back to his hotel about noon of the sixth day, declaring that he was "through with the whole foolish business," and in earnest of his resolve he threw his rifle behind the door of the storeroom.

If it had been a "train day" at Glacier he would have departed at once, so disgusted was he with his luck; but he was forced to wait another day, and after supper he started out for a walk along the railway track, disdaining to bother with a gun.

Somewhat less than a mile from the station the line was protected by a snowshed that ran along the base of a mountain. The snowsheds are enormously strong structures, built to resist avalanches from the mountain sides. In many places they are nearly flat on top, and offer a fine planked surface for a stroll.

The hunter climbed to the roof of the shed, and as he walked leisurely along was enjoying the beautiful view down the valley, when up through a hole in the shed roof, where the trainmen had ripped off a couple of planks to allow the smoke of the locomotives to draw out, a bear thrust his head, with the evident intention of climbing out. It did not seem to be a very large head, and the man from the East, hastily concluding that it belonged to a young bear, snatched up a piece of board and aimed several blows at the animal. The bear struggled up through the hole in spite of these blows, and displayed a body that seemed out of all proportion to the size of his head.

So big was the animal that the Easterner thought his best course was to beat a retreat. It appeared, moreover, that a very rapid retreat was necessary, for the bear began at full speed to chase him back along the shed, and so closely that on coming to the end the hunter had to jump off—a distance of fifteen feet—to the roadbed below. A good deal shaken up, he regained his footing and ran into the shed, along the track, thinking that he would get out of sight therein.

But the "roach-back" as the Canadians call the grizzly bear, slid down backward at the corner of the shed, and still pursued the luckless man, who was obliged to give another demonstration of his sprinting powers. The shed was dark, but he saw light ahead at the place where the bear had climbed out. The hunted hunter made for the place, and, in turn, tried his hand at climbing. Necessity spurred him on, and he was able to crawl out at the hole a little in advance of his adversary. The two planks that had been removed lay beside the hole, and the man from the East lost no time in dragging them over it, and thus prevented the "roach-back" from coming up after him.

Very hot and a good deal alarmed, the man now began to call for help. Presently three trackmen came running to learn the cause of the outcry. At their approach the bear moved leisurely off, and disappeared in a swamp at the further end of the shed. Thankful for his rescue, the hunter handed the trackmen several bank notes, incidentally telling them what he thought of bear hunting in their country.

A Real Jail Bird.

"If you don't mind, sir," said the new convict, addressing the warden, "I should like to be put at my own trade."

"That might be a good idea," said the warden. "What is your trade?"

"I'm an aviator," said the new arrival.

Formerly the bridegroom endowed his bride not, as to-day, "with all his worldly goods," but with his "cattle."

HUNS PETITION FOR END OF WAR

THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS ARE ACTIVE.

Captured Soldiers Don't Claim Victory, But Say They Can't Be Beaten.

It is extraordinary difficult to know whether all the British shell fire and all the dead have yet begun to shake the confidence of the Germans in the strength of their war machine. Some of the officers who have come in as prisoners still keep their pride, writes a correspondent with the British Armies in the field. They have seen the losses inflicted on them in and behind their lines, but say: "You can't beat us. We can't be beaten."

That is different from the old phrase: "We're winning. Victory is certain for Germany," and it is a long way from the acknowledgment of defeat or possible defeat. There are times when the pessimists among us are tempted to think that the Germans have mysterious reserves of strength from which they can heal their wounds, and that the success gained is only local, and has not yet injured the German war machine in any vital part or struck a blow which has reached to the heart of the German people.

Letters Reveal Truth.

The cure for such pessimism is found in letters captured in the German dugouts and on the German prisoners. They draw the veil aside and tell the naked truth. Through all these letters, written by men whose sons are fighting or dead, and by comrades in arms, not hiding their thoughts from each other, there is a cry against the bloodshed and misery of this war, and for peace at all costs.

By now the town of Offenbach has five thousand widows, and besides that there are the unmarried men who have fallen."

"Our company lost all its officers and ten men, but that is the same with every company and every regiment on the Somme. I, alas, could not get the much-desired wound to send me home."

Riots Are Told Of.

There have been riots in Hamburg and other places, according to letters found in the trenches, and in the spirit of civilian Germany there is rising anger against those who made the war and caused all this misery, and who keep it lasting for political and dynastic reasons. The German Socialists, it seems, are at last beginning to find their voices again, if one may judge from such letters as the following written by an educated hand:

Memorial for Peace.

"You ask how far the peace movement has advanced. It is impossible to say anything definite, but we Socialists are now going to present to the Imperial Chancellor a great peace memorial, containing the signatures of those citizens who want a speedy peace without annexations and without violence to other nations. These will put their names on the lists, and those lists will be collected from the whole empire and handed to the Chancellor. God grant that their names may be put down in millions, that the Government may see that the great mass of the people want an early peace."

Distress Is Acute.

"One may hope this accursed murdering of peoples may come to an end soon, but, unfortunately, the obstinate ones have no wish for peace. They are working in all countries against it, working with all their power, for the international capitalists can do no better business than they are doing now, and their purses appear not full yet."

"With us the distress gets greater from day to day, and already many poor people are suffering from underfeeding. We will, however, hope and act, for surely the good sense of the peoples may conquer in the end."

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

Wife Masqueraded as a Husband for Many Years.

An amazing story of a woman who masqueraded as a man and was found out by the Mill Hill Medical Board was told at a North London tribunal.

Her employer appealed for the worker as his "foreman."

The chairman, holding up a letter, expressed surprise that the employer urged that this "man" was indispensable to him in his work. Did he know that "he" was a woman?

The employer smiled incredulously, and suggested that the chairman had made a mistake, for his foreman was married, with two children.

The chairman read a certificate from the Mill Hill Medical Board, which stated that the person named upon it was unfit for the army "by reason of the fact that the doctors' examination disclosed that the person was a woman."

It transpired that the "man" had been before the Advisory Committee and on a certificate then produced was sent to the Medical Board. On the deception being discovered there was something like consternation in the barracks. It is understood that the woman was passing as a man to hide from her husband.

The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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So a line for Poetry accompanying Memorial Notices.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE. QUE.

En Passant.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

The man who can concentrate his aim upon a thing and keep that thing before him under stress of all circumstances is the man who has the elements of success in him. Success in one achievement, but secured probably at the expense of very many discarded ambitions and pleasures which would have made the sum of a comfortable life. If it were possible to carry along with us the small triumphs and the mild pleasures which once appeared to us considerable, as we progress along the path to one constant ambition, how much would be lost or gained in the end?

Speaking generally, there would be more men of broader mind and less value, more discursive information and less special knowledge, consequently science and the arts and trade and commerce, would suffer, and with them the world's advancement in the things which count: Concentration of aim is therefore preferable to general all-round width of range, for it brings more telling results in the aggregate. Ten men, each keenly concentrated on separate points, will achieve more than if the ten were to be striving promiscuously to cover the field. The commander of a ship cannot be expected to steer a straight course and stoke the boilers at the same time. The gunner cannot train the gun and act as powder-monkey. Each to his job might evolve few good and perfect specialists in their own line, and for the common good of all.

There is continual need of specialists in every line of life. The greater number of specialists there are the more advanced will our knowledge become, for it is surprising how soon special knowledge becomes common property, and how speedily it is assimilated by the ordinary requirements of daily life. Thousands, for instance, who use the telephone daily as a matter of course never think for a moment of the labour of mind electrical engineers had in producing it, nor have the remotest idea of the forces and scientific research it embodies. Why should they? It is there as the product of the other fellow's brain, and it is mine to use if I pay for it. The specialist wins and I profit thereby, therefore he befriends himself and at the same time becomes a general benefactor.

The huge number of "Misfits" in life is difficult to account for except in the ordinary way, which is to say that a man who fails does so because he did not concentrate his mind and abilities upon the business in hand. Some men naturally excel in whatever they undertake or attempt: They are so constituted. Everything is easy to them; so easy that they might easily get into the habit of not taking particular care, and it would come just as naturally easy for them to slide slip, as to keep on a straight triumphant course.

Others again are slow in comparison and have to maintain a constant struggle to keep right side up. We all have seen instances of that. The story is told of two young men who had similar studies to make. One of them seemed to have time for an endless variety of pleasures and amusements yet always kept well ahead in his work. Everybody declared him brilliant and predicted a great future for him. The other continually laboured far into the night, and was frequently found long after midnight, with a wet towel round his head, poring over his books and he just managed to scrape through his final examination. People used to smile at his pious efforts and say that he would make a passable ploughman or carpenter. Time passed and the quick and alert young man fizzled out of his life and attainments in a few years, and the slow, toiling, plodding student died full of years and scholarly honours after a long life of hard work, never relaxed and never easy to him, but he lived right through it and lived all the time a pattern of what can be done by knowing and feeling the need of constant care and concentration.

There are however a thousand and one things besides lack of grit and application which make or mar mostly mar—progress and success of the individual. Ultra superstitious people will say that destiny is one of them but the ordinary man calls it luck. That fortune, good or ill, exerts a mighty influence in men's lives there are few who will deny, and that there are forceful people who get through life well by sheer force of will is undoubted, but how few they are compared to the bulk of mankind whose ups and downs are regulated by outside influences! Luck as surely is the basis of much success or the want of it. Luck gives the opportunity, and the opportunity is as much an element of success as the ability to command it. Luck offers the chance which many capable people lack.

Given equal chances how different would the courses of some lives be! There would be a strange "reshuffling of portfolios" yet I question if the world would be one whit the better. Planning and scheming and working for our own ends would never cease one moment, and what we gained by the abolition of "Luck" would be lost by our never

failing tendency to contrive things to our own advantage, and by our insatiable desire to go our own gait irrespective of the warning which neither mice nor men seem to be able to take.

LINKSMAN.

Brownsburg Model School.

GRADE VIII.

Spelling and Dictation.

Honours.—Frances McQuat 90.
Class I.—Queenie Campbell 84, John Stewart 82, Ina Van Buren 80, Glen McAllister 77.

GRADE VII.

Honours.—Violet Johnson 100, Allan Stewart 92, Hazel McManus, Clarence McKiddie 89, Bert McGibbon 83.

GRADE VI.

Honours.—Herbert Secker 92.

GRADE V.

Scripture.

Honours.—Charles Prosser 100, Elsie McAllister 98, Truman Clarke, Eileen McManus 96, Flora McDonald 95, Robert McVicar 94.
Class I.—Alice Bain 87, Gladys Moseley 82, Viola Warwick 81.
Class II.—Charles Green 72, Gladys Highfield 67.

GRADE IV.

History.

Honours.—Rebecca Cohen, Nellie Hendry, Elsie Todd 100, Donald Clarke 95, Jack Golpin 91, George McVicar 90.
Class I.—Gordon Heale 88.
Class II.—Charles Hendry 68, Bella Duncan, Hattie Petrie 60.
Class III.—Elsie Heale 59.

GRADE III.

Arithmetic.

Honours.—Alta McDonald 99, Irvin Bain, Alice Davidson, Agnes McPhail 93, Gladys Warwick 92, Hilda Hardy 91, Alice Barrows 90.
Class II.—Marion Stewart 71.

GRADE I.

Reading.

Part II. Honours.—Wilhelmina Clarke 98, Elizabeth Murray 97, Donald Boyd 93.
Class I.—Kenneth Stewart 87.
Part I. Honours.—Marion Bain 95, Jack Stewart 94.
Class I.—Lizzie McKiddie 85.

Upper School.

GRADE III.

Scripture.

Maximum 100, Honours.—Eather Cohen 98.
Class I.—Inez Thompson 88, Jean Clontier 83, Donald McAllister 78.
Class II.—Alfreda Zimmer 70, Hattie Hawkins 65.

GRADE II.

Honours.—Alma Fletcher 100, Lydia Gilmour 98, Violet Green 95, Sarah McVicar 93, Meyer Bloomfield 90.
Class I.—Wallace Wilson 88, Rupert McManus 85, Edna Reid 78.
Class II.—Arthur Heale, R. Roberts 65, Grace Chambers 60.
Class III.—Katie Hawkins 55.

GRADE I.

Scripture.

Part II. Honours.—Cuthbert McQuat 98, Alwyn Stewart 97, Wilbert Hardie 94.
Class I.—Raymond Chambers 89, Jimmie Hazel 89, Ruthie Hazel 88, Gordon Hendry 87, Ina Davidson 85, Doris Golpin 83, Joe Cumbers 83, Eileen McGibbon 81, Dora Barber 78.
Class II.—Violet Murdoch 73, Alice Hendry 73, Sam Izamburg 68.
Class III.—Willie Petley 58.

St. Andrews Consolidated School

Grade IX, Spelling and Dictation.—Geoffrey Simpson, 89, Adria Dorion.

Grade IV, Spelling and Dictation.—Barbara May 90, Effie Gates 82.

Grade III, Scripture.—Winifred May 92, Leslie Snow 82, Edwin Parker 63.

Grade I, Scripture.—Laura Bradley, Clarence Brown 85, Maggie Rodger 80.

Grade II, Scripture.—Willie Perks 9, Robert Bradley 80, Gertrude McQuat, Ethel Morrison 75, Agnes Rodger 60.

Grade VI, Spelling and Dictation.—Ernest McQuat 87, Bessie Rodger 85, Eleanor Bradley, Helena Rodger 84.

Grade V, Spelling and Dictation.—Emma Pournier 87, Mary Taylor 86, Blanche Biglow 82, Kendrick Dorion 81.

Margaret Armstrong 80, Victoria Perks, Janie Bradley 78.

Grade VII, Spelling and Dictation.—Naylor Mount, Howard McQuat 95, M. Gates 92, George Taylor 91, Rosa McAdam 89, Dell McClintock 86, Allison Taylor 78.

Grade VIII, Spelling and Dictation.—Myrtle Bigelow 97, Beatrice Simpson 93, Beryl Todd, Violet Perks 91, Albert Fournier, Katie McQuat 87, Wainwright Shaw 86, Leona Wright 85, Hazel Brown 76.

GRENVILLE

A meeting of the Red Cross Society of Grenville, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bradshaw. The following reports were read:—

RECEIPTS.

Money collected by house to house collections	\$ 77 90
Donations in Money	2 60
Coll. at Anniversary Service St. Matthew's Church	11 00
Entertainment at Caumet	19 75
Red Cross Tea at Mr. & Mrs. T. Cumming	15 00
Red Cross Tea at Mr. & Mrs. W. M. Bradshaw	37 80
Guessing contest on cake given by Mrs. W. M. Bradshaw	25 00
Sale of Goods	11 64
Proceeds of entertainment Miss Tillotson	6 35
Collection St. Matthews Church	5 40
	\$212 44

Report of Expenses

Membership fees sent to Montreal	\$6 00
Postage and Commission	35
Goods bought of Miss Gill	55 47
" " Morrow Bros	26 71
" " H. Laurin	2 03
" " Hudson and Sonner	40 50
Bank of Ottawa Tobacco Fund	10 00

Mr. John McMillan

MR. J. MC MILLAN, who

has initiated

many notable

improvements

since he became

General Manager

of the C.P.R. Tel-

egraphs eighteen

months ago, has

just decided to

inaugurate an im-

portant service

entirely new to

Canada over the

hundred and ten

thousand miles of

wire under his

immediate con-

trol, namely, the

day letter which

may now be sent

between points in

Canada on the

Canadian Pacific

system at a rate

very much reduced

as compared with

the usual commercial

telegram. Mr. Mc-

Millan is con-

vinced that many

of those who

send telegrams

would be quite

satisfied if these

arrived on the

same day, where-

as a proportion

of the cost of the

rush telegram is

due to the cost of

speedy delivery.

The day letter of

fifty words will be

rated at one and a

half times the

cost of a regular

rush message of

ten words and can

still bring an answer

the same day, which

is as quick as many

people desire. There

are sixteen

hundred C.P.R. tele-

graph offices through-

out Canada, at each

of which the new

service will be in

force, so that this

will be a Dominion-

wide service

stretching from

Louisburg, Nova

Scotia, to Victoria,

B.C. Messages

will be taken in

either French or

English, code

words not being

permissible.

Mr. John McMillan

owes his success to

a genial and tactful

disposition

which made him

one of the most

popular C.P.R. officials

in the West,

where his work

centred until he

was called to the

head office in

Montreal

last year. Although

less than fifty

years of age, he

joined the C.P.R.

at its inception,



working on construction in 1883. After acting for a number of years as operator at Donald, B.C., he became Inspector of Telegraphs at Winnipeg in 1902, Assistant Superintendent in 1906, Superintendent at Calgary in 1907, General Superintendent at Winnipeg in 1913, and finally Manager of the whole telegraph system in March, 1915.

To Investors

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT, MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500 OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF.

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA,
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

Money sent C. R. C. S. Montreal for Comfort bags..... 50 00
Express on parcel..... 60

191 66
Cash in Bank of Ottawa..... 20 78
212 44

Articles sent to C. R. Cross Society, Montreal,—40 day suits, 20 Hospital shirts, 15 bed jackets, 86 pr. socks, 50 pillow covers, 10 towels, 185 handkerchiefs, 5 scarfs, 60 slings, 10 T. bandages, 20 rolled bandages. 501 articles Respectfully submitted,
L. Bradshaw President, G.B.R.C.S.

Officers for ensuing year were elected as follows,—President Mrs. W. M. Bradshaw, Vice President, Mrs. Dr. P. M. Fayler, Sec.-Treas, Miss Robb, & E. Wilson Rec.-Sec Miss M. Murphy.

Four young ladies were appointed to collect for the prisoners of war fund,—Miss Edna Morrow, Miss Cousins, Miss A. Laurin, Miss V. Lefebvre.

TO:

THE LATE MRS. PETER H. DIXON

A California exchange records the death on Sept. 24th of Mary Colquhoun Dixon, wife of Peter H. Dixon, one of the leading business men of Fort Bragg. While the end had been expected still it came as a severe shock to those who had the pleasure of knowing that kind and lovable woman who during her short residence in our midst made many warm and loving friends who will mourn her loss.

Mary Colquhoun was born at Lakeview, Argenteuil County, Canada, on December 7th, 1879 and was at the time of her death 37 years and 9 months old. She leaves beside her husband a baby girl two and a half years old. The funeral took place from Fort Bragg Undertaking company chapel on Main Street, the Rev. W. A. Chapman officiating.

Mr. P. H. Dixon is a brother of Godfrey Dixon, of Daleville.

The C.P.R. announce a change of time on the 29th

The Place of World-wide at- traction is "Nevada"

The Banner Gold County of California

THE OSCEOLA MINES and INVESTMENT COMPANY presents for your consideration a group of twenty-seven quartz claims, situated in Rough and Ready Mining District, Nevada County, California; covering an area of about three thousand feet North and South by seventy-five hundred feet Easterly and Westerly, and comprising 440 acres in the Southeast quarter of Section 25, and the South half of Section 30, Township 16, North Ranges 7 and 8, East M.D.B. and M.

The extent of the property, its location, the enclosing formation and such developments as have been made, warrant exploitation on a large scale to recover the values known to exist in the different gold-bearing lodes.

LOCATION

The property lies about 2½ miles South of Grass Valley, the Banner Gold District of the State; reached by a branch railroad sixteen miles from the main transcontinental line of the Central Pacific Railroad at Colfax, being but 145 miles East San Francisco.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

The land lies at an elevation above sea-level of about 2,200 feet. The surface is rolling but not abrupt and is cut by numerous ravines and gulches—practically all of which bear evidence of having been scrubbed and cleaned by the early day miner in quest of the precious metal. For it must be remembered that it was in these gulches that gold, which had eroded from the rich quartz veins of the vicinity, was first discovered.

GEOLOGY.

The ledges, of which there are some fifteen of observed extent, are entirely within the amphibolite; they have a general strike Northeast, and dip Northwest, with the exception of the South Star Vein, which has a general Northerly strike and a dip towards the West.

The latter vein and the Osceola are the two most prominent fissures. The South Star can be traced for four thousand feet. It is very prominent as the outcrop of the vein is marked, through the greater part of its extent, by small shafts of shallow depth where the ore has been taken out by windlass and bucket as far as the flow of water would permit.

The Osceola Vein can be traced for nearly four thousand feet along the surface and has been opened by a shaft 60 feet in depth and by a tunnel over 600 feet in length, both on the Osceola Location.

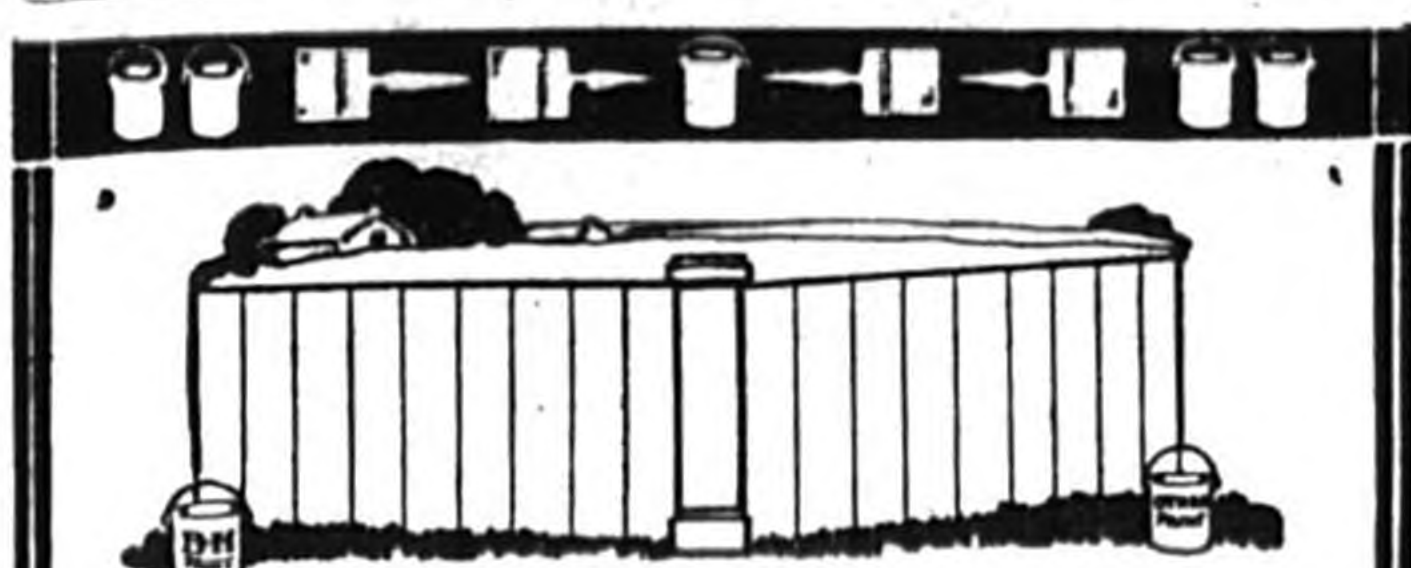
The vein throughout, maintains an average thickness of two and a half feet, with a dip of 58 degrees Northwest. The footwall is the predominating wall and carries from one to three inches of gouge and crushed material.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Imagine, if you can, a huge brick of gold, seven feet wide ten feet high and twelve feet long. Such a brick would weigh over fifty tons and would represent the huge sum of \$20,000,000.00 the estimated gold product of Nevada County.

The Idaho-Maryland, situate in this district, and worked to a depth of 2,200 feet has a record of production of over \$20,000,000.

The North Star Mine of Grass Valley has a record of over thirty millions and is still producing at the rate of from \$900,000.00 to \$1,000,000.00 per year although it is working at a depth of the vein of 6,300 feet below the collar of the shaft.



Paint Looks Alike When It's New
You can't tell much about the quality of paint by looking at it when it is freshly applied. Colors are easy to produce, and the glisten of fresh oil gives even poor paint a temporary beauty.



But look at it a Few Years Later!
The cheap paint, that started out so bravely, has faded, cracked, and peeled. It is unsightly, and—more important still—has exposed the wood below to the destructive effect of sun, rain, wind and snow. The other,

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT
is still a good-looking, weather-tight coating, that will give years more of reliable service. There is no mystery about the reason. It lies in the fact that B-H "English" Paint is perfectly proportioned to meet Canadian weather conditions. It contains 70% of Brandram's B.B. Genuine White Lead, and 30% of Pure White Zinc, ground to such marvellous fineness that it penetrates deep into the fibre of the wood. *Being the best, it's cheapest in the end.*

GEORGE PAUL, Lachute.
HARRIS & CO., Brownsburg.
are our local agents. See them for full details.

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON LIMITED
MONTREAL - HALIFAX - ST. JOHN - TORONTO - WINNIPEG

Subscribe to The Ottawa Journal

J. S. Giles, Agent

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized: \$2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus: \$1,637,873.42

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. McQUAT, Manager.
Sub-Agency at Brownsburg, J. W. LEPLANE, Sub-Agent.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

DAN CAMPBELL,
In the 1st Range of Harrington,
Lost River, Que.,
Monday, November 6th, 1916

The following effects:—One mare nine years old, 1 mare seven years old, 1 mare three years old, 6 milch cows, 2 one year old heifers, 3 ca. ves, 2 pigs, a lot of hens, about 7 tons of hay, about 5 tons of straw, about 2 tons of cow hay, about 50 or 75 bushels of oats, about 15 bags of potatoes, 2 lumber wagons, 1 truck, and a half inch tire half inch, 1 top buggy, 1 light express wagon, 1 milk wagon, 1 set bob sleighs, double sleigh, light driving sleigh, horse-rake, mowing machine, a set smoothing harrows and spring tooth harrows, double and single harness, 1 cream separator, 1 dairy churn, milk cans in good condition, coolers, 100 or more sap cans, first-class cooking stove, box heater and furniture, and other articles too numerous to mention.

(Successor to the Proprietor.)
Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.
TERMS:—\$5.00 and under cash; over that amount 12 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—With disc machine one Edison Amberola Cabinet Phonograph 44 inches high with 30 records. Almost new. Apply Box 44, Lachute, Que.

HOUSE TO RENT.—In rear of Mr. J. C. Wilson's residence. Good House. For particulars apply to R. Lavigne, Foundry St. Lachute.

MALCOLM SMITH,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Sales conducted in English and French.
Phone No. 131 ring 3.
LACHUTE, QUE.

N. RAYMOND, L.L.B.,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Money to Loan. Farms for Sale
MAIN ST., LACHUTE.
Opposite T. Christie's Store.

Argenteuil Marble & Granite Works

MacDonald and McColl Proprietors

Headstones and Monuments of all kinds
Estimates Given on Application. Satisfaction Guaranteed

We are also General Contractors and can quote you on all brick and Concrete work. Cement floors and sidewalks a specialty. Our many years of experience ensures good workmanship. Phone No. 6.

Macdonald & McColl, Contractors

Main Street, Lachute

Staple Dry Goods.

Bleached and unbleached sheetings, both twill and plain, White and Grey Cottous, Pillow Cottous, Fast dye shirtings, Prints, Etc.,

Took's Shirts and Collars, Men's and Boy's Balbriggan shirts and Drawers.

We are fairly well stocked in Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes, Etc.

We recommend our Tea at 40c. and 45c. Japan, Ceylon or Black.

HARNESS! Buggy, Express, (single or double), Heavy Lumber, etc. etc. All parts kept in stock.

GILES BROS.
Main St. - Lachute

Nevada Mines are evidencing their wondrous Worth

That the past production of the gold-bearing veins in the Grass Valley district is only an index of future prosperity is indicated by the present unprecedented revival of the mining industry, the attraction here of capital and science to enable the millions of untold wealth lying hidden in the subterranean depths to circulate through the veins and arteries of the commercial world.

No other similar area in the State has contributed such an enormous amount to the circulating medium of the country and present activity is indicative of future greatness.

The purchase of the Allison Ranch and adjacent claims by the Grass Valley Consolidated Mines is full of significance. When development work gets underway this property will give employment to a large number of men and the reopening of this famous property is a matter for congratulation on the part of Grass Valley. The Allison Ranch section promises to become a beehive of industry during the coming months as other important deals involving mines in this environment, are now being negotiated.

Extensive buying of lands by the Empire Mines also calls for careful attention to activity in mining circles. Records show that this company has acquired not less than 430 acres of valuable mineral ground during the past few months. Most important of the properties acquired are the Town Talk Placer Mine, the J. T. Bogue and Manion ranches and land owned by W. C. D. Body. Property surrounding these recent purchases have been held by the Empire company for a long time and it is said that the object of the recent activity in buying was to fill in their holdings. Other than this, no definite reason has been ascribed for the buying, although speculation has been rife.

Ramifications of the Empire company, together with the brooding of the South Idaho and adjacent properties by interests represented by Errol MacBoyle, mining engineer, denote the trend of mining activity into a practically new section bordering on where the Idaho wrested its millions of wealth from goldbearing quartz veins.

A deal to which attaches particular significance, is said to be pending whereby the control of the Union Hill mine will pass from the company now operating the mine to the people holding the option on the South Idaho. This statement, however, has not been officially confirmed.

The Question of the Hour!

Warm Underwear for Ladies', Men, Boys & Children.

If you want the best buy "Stanfield's" and hurry up as these goods will be scarce and higher in price.

Ladies' Coats for Fall and Winter.

"Northways" make the best that money can buy. The prices are right considering the high prices of raw material.

Invictus Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen. Fit, Finish and Wear guaranteed.

Remember, the only place the above goods can be bought is at McFaul Bros. We are well stocked with all seasonable goods and the early buyer will have the advantage of better selection and lower prices.

McFAUL BROS.
WEST END

Before Buying call and see our Stock of

Power and Hand Clippers, Clipper Plates and Parts

Horse Blankets, Halters, Combs, Etc. Pumps, Pipes and Fittings, Electric and Auto Supplies.

Stoves, Ranges & Heaters.

T. McQuat & Son, Lachute Mills.

PTE. CHARLES ROBERTS.

Pte. Charles Roberts and his stepson, Pte. Norman Fisher have been wounded. Both are in hospitals in France. They enlisted in the 73rd Batt. last winter and were transferred upon reaching England to another Highland regiment in the firing line. Pte. Roberts was born in Wales and had been in Canada many years before he enlisted. And was employed in the quarries at Brownsburg. Pte. Norman Fisher was born and brought up in Brownsburg and at the time of his enlistment was an employee of the Dominion Cartridge Comp.

A social "At Home" was held in the Presbyterian Church Brownsburg on Friday evening last, for the young folk to get better acquainted. Rev. Mr. Wilson occupied the chair and a very enjoyable and profitable time was spent.

NOTICE.

Scaled Tenders or proposals for furnishing all labor and materials and constructing two concrete abutments etc., for a fixed bridge of one span of 175 feet in the clear to be built over the river Rouge, Range 1 of the Township of Harrington, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender or Abutments," will be received by the Municipal Council of Harrington until noon, Saturday, December 2nd, 1916.

All tenders shall be in accordance with the plan and the specifications prepared by the engineer of the department of Public Works and Labour and which may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

The tenders will be opened by the Council in the presence of the interested parties at the first regular meeting to be held after the said 2nd of December.

The Council reserves the right to reject any or all tenders or to accept any tender, as it may deem advisable. Given this 24th day of October, 1916.

PIERRE CANTIN,
Secretary-Treasurer.
P.O. Box 44, Weir, Que.

MARRIAGES.

BURWASH-DAWSON.—On Saturday, October 21, 1916, by the Rev. J. R. Dobson, Hazel Alice, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dawson, to Mr. James Burwash, of St. Andrew's East, Que.

McFARLANE-RODGERS.—At Morin Heights, Que., Oct. 18th, by the Rev. Dr. Lawson, D.D., Maria Rodgers to John A. McFarlane, both of Lachute Que.

COAL and WOOD FOR SALE.

Give your order at once for next Season.

Harry Ayers
Lachute Mills, Que.

Don't Neglect! The Delineator for half price during October only 75 cents for a year.

W. BARNFORD & SON.

AUTO LIVERY
Telephone - 83
A. E. BISHOP

McFAUL BROS.
WEST END

Before Buying call and see our Stock of

Power and Hand Clippers, Clipper Plates and Parts

Horse Blankets, Halters, Combs, Etc. Pumps, Pipes and Fittings, Electric and Auto Supplies.

Stoves, Ranges & Heaters.

T. McQuat & Son, Lachute Mills.



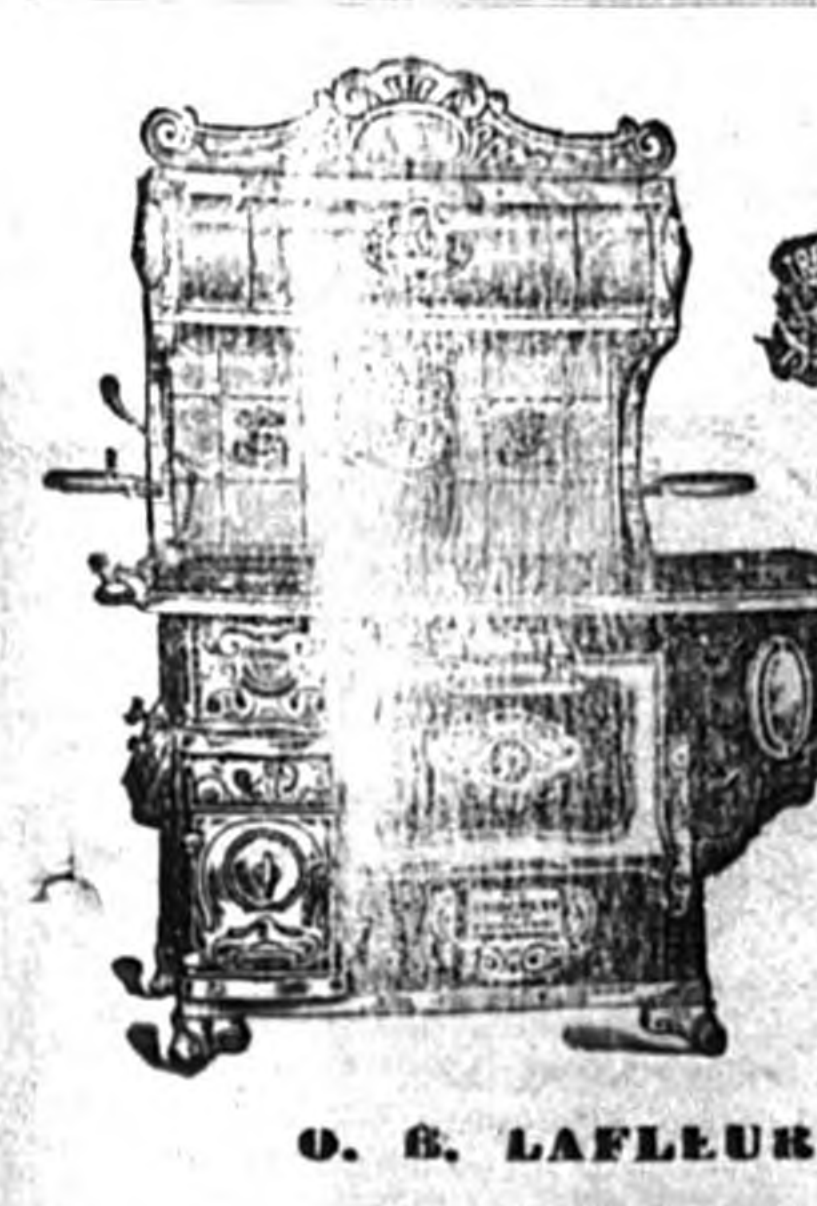
Let us be your Tailor!

We extend a cordial invitation to the Male Population of this County to call and visit us when in need of a new suit or over coat.

We are agents for the
Semi-Ready Clothing.
and
Crown Clothing Company

Every attention and courtesy given to all orders. Satisfaction Guaranteed

L. Guilbault
Merchant Tailor, BROWNSBURG.



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. G. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

No Prohibition on the purest
and most refreshing beverage of all—

"SALADA"

TEA

The gently stimulating effects of good Tea are of great benefit to all. The price of comfort and satisfaction is extraordinarily small when you can get genuine "SALADA" at less than one-fifth of a cent a cup.

AT ALL GROCERY STORES

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER VII—(Cont'd).

Diamonds glistened round her perfect throat, upon her head rested a magnificent tiara of the same stones, her hands flashed as if touched with living fire. She might have stood as a figure of Undine—as beautiful and as soulless.

All round her the little band of courtiers thronged, ever-changing, and passing on to the ball-room as others eagerly took their place. Half-past twelve struck, and she grew more impatient; the blue eyes sparkled frostily, the red lips became more tightly set.

"Lady Merivale looks riled," Mortimer Shelton said to his partner as they passed her. "You can see that by the sweetness of the smile with which she has just favored Hadley. She wishes him anywhere—I know. Funny thing about you ladies! the madder you are with one poor dev—fellow, the sweeter and deadlier you are to the rest of us."

His partner laughed; she was a bright little brunette, flushed with the dance, and thoroughly happy.

"Why should we wear our hearts upon our sleeves for cynics such as you to peck at?" she replied. "The art of dissembling is one of our few privileges. But do you think the Countess is angry? She is so beautiful."

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the cynic, raising his eyebrows. "Dear Lady Chetwold, is it possible that I hear one beautiful woman praise another's looks?"

The little lady flushed.

"It would be a greater marvel still if you men gave us credit for just a little generosity. But tell me, Mr. Shelton, where is Adrien Leroy?"

"My dear lady," said Shelton, with a wicked twinkle in his eyes, "if I knew that Lady Merivale would be down on me like the proverbial load of bricks. He was to have been here; but his movements are as uncertain as her ladyship's smiles. See, she has fairly extinguished poor Hadley—drowned in sweetness!"

"You are a horror," laughed his companion as the waltz came to an end. "I shall be quite afraid of you in the future—I'd no idea you were so cynical."

"I could never be cynical with you," he said gallantly. "By the way, have you seen Prince Prowsky to-night?"

"Yes," said Lady Chetwold. "I am engaged to him for the next dance—if he remembers it. He is always so forgetful."

"Put not your trust in princes," quoted Shelton. "But if his Highness should be so ungrateful, perhaps you will allow me the pleasure—"

"Certainly not," she retorted brightly; "Caesar or nothing!"

"And here he comes," laughed Mortimer; adding softly, as the Prince came up to claim his partner, "and here is someone even more interesting—look."

Lady Chetwold followed the direction of his gaze and saw Adrien Leroy advancing up the rose-decked room. As usual, his appearance created something of a stir, for he was popular with men and women alike, and no smart gathering seemed quite complete without him. But the young man appeared totally unconscious of the interest he was evoking as he bent over his hostess' hand with a murmured greeting, then turned to make his bow to the Prince, who, as firm an admirer as the rest of Society, had paused to exchange a word before the dance commenced.

Adrien sank on to the velvet lounge beside the Countess.

"Don't scold me, belle amie," he said in his soft tones; "lay the blame on Mr. Paxhorn. I dined with him at the club. You know what Paxhorn is—there was simply no getting away. But, now, have you saved me a dance?"

"You do not deserve one," she said, all the irritation melting beneath the magic of his smile and the music of his voice.

"It's a mercy," he retorted lightly, "that one does not get all one's deserts in this world!"

"I saved you the next," she said, giving him the programme. You see, I am as foolishly forgiving as ever."

"You are gracious and sweet!" he murmured in her ear. "How could you ever be otherwise?"

The soft phrase passed unheeded. "You have been down to Harminster again?" she inquired.

"Yes," he replied, as he settled himself more comfortably.

"You have been very attentive to your father lately," she said a little suspiciously; "I thought filial affection was not the Leroy's strong point."

"Nor is it," he said with a laugh; "but it is business, my dear Eveline, odious business, into which Jasper inveigles me."

"I thought Mr. Vermont was the new machine that was to save you trouble?"

"Yes, that's what I thought," was the languid reply. "But one has to turn the handle, even of machines. There are signatures, and leases, and Heaven knows what else besides."

"How is Lord Barminster?" she inquired.

"Splendid."

"Lady Constance also well?"—with the slightest tinge of restraint in her voice.

"Yes," he answered indifferently; adding, "but you haven't asked after King Cole."

"Ah, no, but you would have told me at first if anything had been wrong with him."

Leroy smiled. He knew that to be true.

"He will win, you think?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" was the careless reply. "Vermont says there is nothing to touch him."

The Countess raised her eyebrows.

"You trust this Vermont with a great deal, Adrien. Your horses, your wine, and your legal business. He must be a wonderful man."

"Yes," he answered confidently. "Jasper's a treasure. Nothing comes amiss to him. I should be in my grave if I had to face half the worries he wrestles with daily. Come," he added, as the first bars of the new waltz floated from the gallery; and with a sigh of enjoyment she rose for the promised dance.

"No one's step suits me like yours," she breathed, when they paused for rest.

"Adrien, shall I back King Cole for another two hundred?"

The two sentences were, perhaps, rather incongruous, but curiously characteristic of her ladyship; for, in addition to a partiality for betting on the turf and speculation on "Change"—both, of course, sub rosa.

"Oh, yes," he said, as they started again, Jasper has put two thousand more of mine on to-day. There he is," he broke off, as the sleek, carefully dressed figure of Mr. Vermont entered the ball-room.

"Talk of angels," murmured Lady Merivale, but with a glance implying that she meant a being very far removed from that celestial grade.

"Jasper Vermont did not excel at dancing; yet, strange to say, he was invariably invited to every function of the season. Indeed, the hostesses of Mayfair would almost as soon have omitted the name of Adrien Leroy himself as that of his friend."

It was difficult to explain this other than on account of his engaging amiability. Probably Vermont would have transformed the famous advice of Uriah Heep to "Always be obliging." Certainly, no pleasanter company could be found, whether for man or woman; whatever the hour, however mixed the company, Jasper Vermont had always a smile, a jest, or a new and piquant scandal. In the smoking-room he would rival Mortimer Shelton in apparently good-natured cynicism. In a duchess' boudoir he would enliven the afternoon tea hour with the neat-

est of epigrams and the spiciest slander of her Grace's dearest friend. Nothing came amiss to him; as Adrien Leroy had once said, he was "a walking encyclopaedia."

Yet with all Mr. Vermont's charm of manner, he could resent, smiling still, an impertinence or a snub, and deal back a tongue thrust that would effectually put his opponent hors de combat. Truly of him might be said, "I smile, and murder while I smile."

To-night he was apparently enjoying the gay scene before him. His sharp black eyes were like little snakes, darting here, there, and everywhere, while he wagged his smooth head to the time of the music, as if in keen enjoyment.

Mortimer Shelton noticed him; "gloating over his future victims," he commented, almost audibly, as he and his partner passed close to where he was standing. Vermont, however, apparently did not hear him, but continued to smile amiably as the dancers whirled by.

It was nearly daybreak when the carriages drew outside the great house to take the guests to their respective homes; and, having successfully steered a young Marchioness into her electric brougham, Leroy found himself standing close to Vermont, not far from where his own motor awaited him.

"They call this pleasure, Jasper," he said, almost scornfully, watching the struggling aristocratic crowd with a half-contemptuous smile on his lips.

"Why, it's hard work. They fight and push for the sake of a few hours spent in a crowded, poisoned room; and there's no prophet to rise up and proclaim it madness."

"No," laughed Vermont cynically; "prophets nowadays have no liking for being stoned; and, after all, life would be unendurable were it not for its pleasures. Let me remind you that it is nearly four o'clock, and you are due at Lord Standon's rooms."

With a sigh Leroy turned and jumped into the motor, followed by his faithful squire; and the powerful car hooted its way through the twilight of the dawn.

They reached Lord Standon's chambers, to find the finish of a theatre party. The room was filled with beautiful women, mostly stars of the musical comedy stage, including Ada Lester, who was evidently on her best behaviour.

Here, amidst light and laughter, the goddess of pleasure was being feted by her youthful worshippers, and none appeared a more eager votary than Adrien Leroy. Yet, as he stood, champagne glass in hand, propounding the toast of the evening—or rather morning, for the dawn was breaking in the sky—there was none to tell him of the impending cloud of treachery that hung over his head. None who dare warn him to beware of the friendship of—Mr. Jasper Vermont.

CHAPTER VIII.

High up in the woods of Buckinghamshire stood Barminster Castle, so old that one-half of its pile dated back to Norman times; while the whole, with the wings and parts added by the successive generations of Leroy, might have passed for a royal palace by reason of its splendour and magnificence.

Needless to say, the Leroy were proud of their ancestral home, for there had been Leroy's since William the Conqueror had calmly annexed the land on which it now stood, and had given it to his faithful baron, Philip Le Rod. But they valued still more the love and respect of their people, who in hamlet and village surrounded the castle as naturally as did the woods.

Yet the present Lord Barminster had done little to keep the name of loyalty alive in the hearts of his tenants. He was an old man, nearing seventy, tall, white-headed and haughty—every feature clear cut, as if carved from marble. Few people had ever seen the stern lines of that face relax in light-hearted laughter since the death of his young wife, which had occurred a few years after the birth of Adrien. None, outside his immediate family circle, had ever known the curtness of his speech to be softened unless in sarcasm; and his habitual expression was one of haughty tolerance.

His friends feared him, even as they respected him, for if he had the faults of his race, he also possessed its great virtue—justice. No man, prince or peasant, friend or foe, ever appealed to Lord Barminster for that in vain.

Now, in the clear brightness of the spring morning he paced to and fro on the south terrace.

(To be continued.)

Ground Fence Wires.

"The loss of live stock from lightning may be greatly reduced if not entirely prevented by properly grounded fence wires," says Professor H. H. Hoy, of the engineering department of the South Dakota State College. According to Mr. Hoy, fence wires on wooden posts should be grounded by running ground wires at intervals of two to four hundred feet along the fence, being securely attached to the fence wire at several points if woven wire is used, and to all the wires when the ordinary barbed wire or smooth wire is used. The lower end of the grounded wire should be carried at least two feet below the surface beside the post, if possible, into moist earth. The wire should be galvanized to prevent corrosion and should be of larger diameter than the fence wire. A number 8 wire would be still better.

Just why lightning seems to have a tendency to strike live stock is ex-

plained by Professor Hoy as follows: "Metal fence wires are good conductors of electricity, often carrying the current a long distance. Bodies of live stock also form good conductors, especially when they are driven by a storm against the fence, affording a better path for the current to the ground through their bodies than down the fence posts. The result is death to whatever animal helps to form the path."

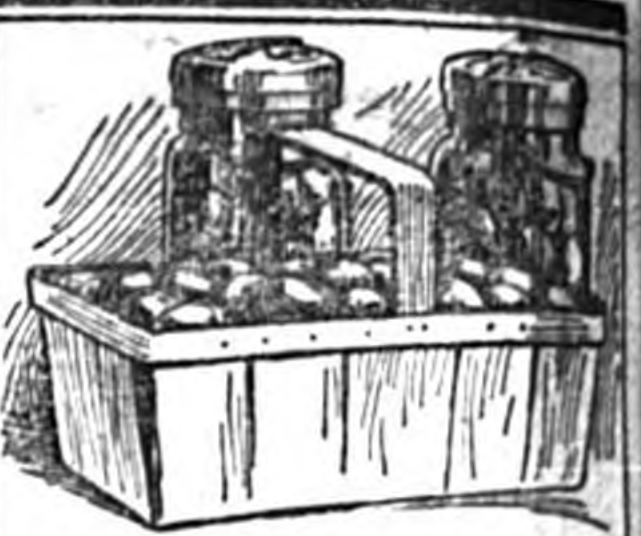
"Proper grounded fence wires not only will carry off electricity without injury to animals standing near, but also have a tendency to dissipate electric charges. This is especially true of barbed fences where the accumulating charges pass off readily from the sharp pointed barbs. Fences grounded in this manner prevent to a considerable extent the occurrence of discharges and provide a path to the earth for the discharge when it does take place."

Be Kind to Your Horse.

Be kind to the horse. Don't berate him because he does something which should not have been done. Perhaps he had the right motive, but in his dumb way was unable to express it. Perhaps he wanted to help you, possibly he meant no evil, though outwardly he seemed perverse and stubborn. Give him credit for at least trying to be good, for there are few horses which are naturally bad.

Many persons take it for granted that when a horse does wrong he intended to do so, and they therefore punish him for it. Now this action only aggravates the matter, and if continued will result in an incorrigible animal, made so solely from mistreatment by his master. This and this only explains why some horses are bad.

The best policy is to be kind to the horse. Remember that he is a dumb animal. Don't expect as much understanding from him as you expect of men. Remember that of all the animals which aid man, the horse is the most useful. Give him credit for that. Don't think him mean, for unless made so by man, he seldom is. Don't punish him for every wrong he does, for possibly they are not so intended.



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Try to put yourself in his place, and don't forget that he is a slave.

Be kind to him, and see for yourself if your work does not proceed more smoothly than ever before. Follow the Golden Rule, and treat your horse as you would wish him to treat you if your positions were reversed. Investigate for once and you will never say again that kindness doesn't pay.—Indiana Farmer.

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GERMANIZING AMERICA.

By Charles M. Bice, Denver, Colo.
In my last article on this subject, we were able only in the space assigned, to mention a portion of the work of the Kaiser's agents in the United States.

The apostles of "Kultur" were specially chosen because they well represented German methods, and their imperial master. We will pass, for the want of space, the German-American press, the acts of the renegade German Jews, and the rest of the foul mess of troglodytes, and take up the German Professors.

Some of these were already in the chairs of American universities before the war began, but many others were sent over since, ostensibly to do some special work in the field of entomology and in kindred subjects; and these invariably, after a brief introductory address, would pour forth to the American students a specious but pathetic pro-German appeal.

This trick suggests the methods of the barbarous Huns, who leave no stone unturned to accomplish their unholy designs, but they were deluded if they imagined that they could keep on fooling Americans by such crude and silly subterfuges.

Some expounded the ethics of "Kultur," and left to their hearers the right to draw such conclusions as they might. Others again, were sly and caustic, while some had the audacity to berate Americans frankly, but these missionaries of Prussianism accomplished but little in their proselyting work.

They had a two-fold purpose in view. They worked not only to conciliate American public opinion and turn Americans to defend their cause, but to arouse and organize the German Americans into a compact political party, which was designed to terrorize, if it could not persuade, the government to aid Germany by material means.

As the months flew by, these brazen conspirators grew more bold and wanton in their methods, goaded on, no doubt, by their failure to make satisfactory headway through mild and conciliatory means.

They held meetings at which they openly preached sedition, and through the German-American press, they announced that they had formed a coalition with the Irish-Americans, and would seize the country and rule it in the interests of the Kaiser. Some of these more hot-headed scamps even pictured a German Imperial Prince sitting in the White House, and ruling as viceroy of the Kaiser.

Of course, anyone who had the least knowledge of the Irish people, would know that a coalition of that kind with Germans would be as impossible as mixing water and oil and expect a chemical affinity to result.

But this claim, though ludicrous in the extreme, shows the denseness of the average German in dealing with those outside of the Fatherland. Though the Irishman has his griev-



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"There's a Reason"

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

ances over what he thinks of the harshness of English rule, he is not apt to want to exchange his place in the sun for any straight-jacket coercive regime the Kaiser has to offer.

It so happens that the Germans in Tammany Hall are controlled by the Irish, and you may be sure that will be the relative position of the two races, should they coalesce, for the Irish will hardly sacrifice their position in America to promote the illicit ambition of any European monarch, much less that of the Kaiser. They intend to remain Americans, and these simple, deluded Germans will learn in the end that they will be exploited by the Irish, instead of exploiting them.

But the Kaiser's agents did not even stop at sedition. Acting under instructions which were directly traced to German and Austrian officials, they secretly placed bombs on outgoing steamers timed to explode when far out at sea. They blew up munition factories and resorted to the intimidation of manufacturers, organized strikes and sabotage, tied to wreck railroads, and to all intents and purposes, made this country the base for hostile operations against the Allies, with whom we were at peace.

For downright bold and uncompromising effrontery, this surely "takes the bakery," and has no precedent anywhere else; and if our administration at Washington had not been supine and self-seeking, this thing would have been promptly suppressed. Some prosecutions are still pending, I believe, but the perpetrators should have been hung.

But the final revelation of German atrocity and underhanded methods came when the world was introduced to the almost limitless schemes of the German spy-system. The spy, it seems, undergoes a prepared course of schooling in Germany, before he or she is sent out on their despicable mission of deception.

With perverted wills, they simulate truth which the heart is incapable of feeling, in order to prepare the ruin of the unsuspecting people with whom they deal. The German government kept spies in every court, foreign Municipal Corporation, and in all laboratories and mills. They lurked in Egypt, in South Africa, to foment risings against the British. They were detected in Ireland and India; they influenced Japan against America, and were found in Mexico instigating that people against the U. S.

The German colonists who filtered into Belgium and Poland before the war were spies, though pretending to be loyal citizens, and they were found in many parts of England, France and Italy playing the roles of propagandist and of spy.

In these various forms mendacity, which seems to be an inherent element of German nature, displays itself. It is not to be wondered at that Goethe should embody in Mephistopheles—the spirit of falsehood, a deep-seated national characteristic, of which the Kaiser is the most illustrious exponent. Cruelty and cunning are the ends to which "Kultur" logically leads. Dante rightfully reserved the lowest depths of hell for those who by mendacity betrayed their fellow men.

GUARD BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SUMMER

The summer months are the most dangerous to children. The complaints of that season, which are cholera infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentery, come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly to cure them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during hot weather as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHELL BLINDNESS.

Patient Was Cured Through Being Hypnotised.

One of the most perplexing injuries incidental to modern warfare is shell blindness, caused by shock. Numerous cases have been recorded where a big projectile, exploding near a soldier, has bowled him over and possibly knocked him senseless. He himself has escaped possibly without a scratch. Upon recovery he has been found to be sightless, blinded by the shock.

The symptoms are invariably identical. The eyes have not been injured—or only slightly—by grains of dust, which may merely have set up more or less local irritation. The patient has either been in absolute darkness or could only distinguish a slight difference between light and shadow. These cases, however, have proved to be exceptionally resistant to ordinary treatment.

Two of our leading optical scientists were attracted to the strange situation, and, although neither believed in hypnosis, both considered the field promising for its practice. Forthwith the patient was hypnotised, and he was induced to imagine that he was only temporarily blind and that he could see if he strove to do so. Strange to say, the treatment invariably had the desired effect. When the man awoke from his sleep he was able to see as well as ever. Indeed, in the cases handled by the two above-mentioned scientists the hypnosis treatment has never failed.—Fred A. Talbot, in the Scientist in Wartime.

Jarrying Colors.

Mrs. Youngbridge—I'd like to change these eggs I ordered by telephone yesterday.

Grocer—What's wrong with them, ma'am?

Mrs. Youngbridge—Why, the shells are a deep brown and the only egg cups I have are a robin's egg blue.

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ESHER URGES A THOROUGH JOB

NOBLEMAN WHO SNUBBED THE CURIOUS KAISER.

Ways of Emperor William Were Seen Through By Him In 1907.

Lord Esher has recently issued a very emphatic warning to the British relative to the desirability of their not being "caught a second time in the meshes of sleep" by the Germans. He is very insistent that the job must be thoroughly done this time—that the snake must not only be "scotched" but killed.

His warning was written from headquarters at the front, where he has been staying for some time and whence he has written some very graphic letters descriptive of the fine work done by British munition, and urging the munition makers not to discontinue their efforts.

His warning about doing the job thoroughly derives especial significance from the opportunity he possessed for becoming acquainted with the extreme artfulness of the attempts made by the German Government to weave the meshes of sleep wherein they hoped to catch the British when the European war, for which they were steadily preparing, actually broke out. In the early winter of 1907 the Kaiser visited England. He was—as usual when he paid one of his frequent visits to England—overlaid with loving kindness towards the British. At Windsor Castle he was a guest of King Edward, and was all grace and graciousness.

Now, it so happened that Lord Esher, at that time, was Deputy Constable of Windsor Castle, and in that capacity, was at Windsor during the Kaiser's stay there. He happened, moreover, to be as well a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Of this latter fact the Kaiser was, of course, well aware. All urbanity, he sought to discuss with the Deputy Constable of Windsor Castle the question of British naval programs and defences.

Snubbed the Kaiser. However, Lord Esher is no fool. He realized that "fine words butter no parsnips," and that beneath all the Kaiser's soft saucer lay dark and sinister designs. Hence, although usually noted for his tact and charm of manner, he let the Kaiser see pretty plainly that he saw through "his crafty game. He put the Kaiser where he belonged. And the Kaiser never forgave him.

But at that time the late Lord Tweedmouth was First Lord of the Admiralty. And he either lacked Lord Esher's sagacity or was more amiable to the Emperor's soft soap. Anyhow, he was ill-advised enough to allow himself to be drawn into a conference with the Kaiser on naval matters. This became noised abroad, and Lord Tweedmouth was popularly credited with something like an act of treason. On the full facts becoming known it appeared that he had acted with the knowledge of his colleagues—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was Premier—in replying to the Kaiser's letter, and that he had not (as was popularly supposed) prematurely disclosed the British naval estimates to the Kaiser, to whom, in fact, he gave no information which was not given to Parliament at the same time. Still there had undoubtedly been some indiscretion, and the incident led to Lord Tweedmouth's relinquishment of the Admiralty.

All this is of particular interest because it was in his notorious letter to Lord Tweedmouth that the Kaiser showed how the snubbing he had received from Lord Esher several months before—the letter was written in the spring of 1908—still rankled.

"Drains and Navies" In this letter the Kaiser venomously seized on Lord Esher's capacity of Deputy Constable of Windsor Castle to build on it a deliberate insult to

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the man who had snubbed him. He expressed himself as being doubtful "whether the supervision of the foundations and drains of Royal Palace is apt to qualify somebody for the judgment of naval affairs in general." It was rumored at the time that it was through this gibe at Lord Esher that the fact became known to the public that Lord Tweedmouth was corresponding with the Kaiser. For the First Lord is said to have thought the slap at "Reggie Brett"—as Lord Esher is still familiarly known—rather smart and to have talked about it at some dinner.

At the Kaiser's own court, however, the "slap at Reggie Brett" evoked a good deal of laughter against the Kaiser himself, it being said that he was not the man to have talked of the unwisdom of mixing of drains with high political affairs, in view of one of his own experiences. For it was at the height of one of his own political crises—after the dismissal of Cavrioli from the Chancellorship—that the Kaiser explained one day at his luncheon-table: "This city is a state of things! This city is a game (gaming a small town) proposed to empty its refuse into the river just above the bathing establishment. Nobody in the Home Office saw the mistake, and it took me four hours to get out a better plan." Here was the Kaiser bemoaning about the sewage of a little town, while his Empire was in the throes of a crisis. And yet, with typical lack of humor, that very man sneered at Lord Esher's duty of "super-vising drains" as disqualifying him for a knowledge of naval affairs.

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Natalie, aged five years, for the first time planted some pansy seeds in small boxes. One evening she rushed to water them, and, on her return her mother: "You know, after a rain, you don't have to water them" Natalie's reply was startling: "Oh, I take them in when it rains!"

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"But suppose it doesn't?"
"Then the company will go up."

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Gents,—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of **MINARD'S LINIMENT**.

Yours truly,
VILANDIE FRERES.

Inadequate Instructions
Caller—Nellie, is your mother in?
Nellie—No, mother is out shopping.
Caller—When will she return?
Nellie (loudly)—Mother, what shall I say now?

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Not a Pigtail Left.

The opening ceremonies of the Chinese Parliament marked the full turn of the circle to republican simplicity from the antique formalities and gorgeous ritual which President Yuan restored in the brief period when he was Emperor-elect. But the frock coat of the President who walked in and sat down while all the members were standing around gossiping was not such a surprise as the geniality and courtesy which prevailed. Old rivals shook hands and chatted of the prospects in a manner which was impossible when everybody was wondering if his neighbor had sold himself or would sell him. There were present 456 legislators and not a pigtail among them. Very few were in uniform.

To Be Candid.
Gentleman (to butler who has just given notice)—"But why do you wish to leave, Podgers?"
Butler—"I'd rather not say, sir."
Gentleman—"But come, come, I insist on knowing."
Butler—"Well, if you must know, sir, I've been here now for twenty years, and I'm absolutely sick of the sight of you and your family."

PRO-GERMAN ORATORS.

Address Crowds in London Parks Without Interference.

A correspondent of the London Daily Express sent the following letter to that paper:

Are the readers of the Daily Express aware of the meetings that are being held in Finsbury Park every Sunday evening?

Strolling through the park last Sunday evening my attention was arrested by several crowds, and by one large one in particular. To my amazement and disgust, I found myself listening to a fluent speaker whose every sentence, however cleverly cloaked, was apparently permeated by the desire to attack this country, to whitewash Germany, and to dishearten the civilian population. The Daily Express, which has done such excellent work in arousing public attention to the intrigues and ignoble efforts of the pro-Germans in our midst to create national disunion, may perhaps draw public attention to these meetings, which are held with complete immunity in one of the most popular of London's playgrounds.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

DUKE AS AN INDIAN CHIEF.

Stony Indian Garb Suits the Fine Figure of His Royal Highness.

During the five years of his Governor-Generalship, nothing has given His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, more pleasure than the ceremony which made him Chief of the Stony Indians. This ceremony took place at Banff, where the Duke and Duchess, together with Princess Patricia, spent a delightful holiday this Summer.

The Stony Indians, who were once a distinctly warlike tribe, and some of whose exploits form the background to Ralph Connor's "Sun Dance Patrol," are now good citizens and hold Annual Sports Day at the great tourist resort in July. The picturesque garb of a Stony Indian Chief admirably suits the fine figure and strong profile of the Duke.

Princess Patricia found particular pleasure this Summer in riding her Mounted Police pony "Dandy" along the mountain trails which radiate from Banff through the passes and over the precipitous sides of the surrounding mountains. The Duke himself spent much of his time in fishing for mountain cut-throat and devil trout, but the largest fish of the season was caught by Miss York, lady in waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, who landed a monster of no less than nine pounds. The sulphur water swimming pool attached to the C.P.R. hotel was a source of great delight to the Royal party, and many amusing snapshots not for publication, are being taken back to England. The many visits of the Connaughts to Banff have resulted in this becoming the chief social centre of the West during the summer months. The Americans who have the money to travel have deserted their own National Parks so that they could be nearer to a real Duke.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

STRANGE FACTS OF SCIENCE.

A small but useful electric railway is contained within a Paris sewer.

To one end of a new pocket knife is fastened an opener for bottle caps.

The government of Chile has authorized the erection of a technical industrial school.

A rack that can be hung on a radiator to enable a person to warm his feet has been invented.

The world's supply of black opals is practically exhausted, in the opinion of a London gem expert.

A woman is the inventor of a suitcase that can be folded flat and carried under one arm when empty.

Pressing a lever projects a slide down the tines of a new cold meat fork to remove its contents neatly.

A multiplying machine small enough to be mounted on the end of a lead pencil has been patented.

Bread boards can be bleached by washing them with lemon juice, then with cold water and drying them in the sun.

A propeller, driven by the air as a car is running has been invented to blow rain away from the windshield of an automobile.

It is no easy task to down an upright man.

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