The Leader

Vol. XV, No. 13 MORRISBURG, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1915.



"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car Price $590

No advance in the price of the "Made in Canada" Ford will be made because of the additional 7½% War Tariff. We as loyal Canadians will gladly absorb whatever increased duty we are forced to pay on such raw material as cannot be obtained at home. The Ford is manufactured in Canada—not assembled in Canada.

The Ford Touring Car is $590; the Runabout $540;—all fully equipped, f. o. b. Ford, Ont. Ford buyers will share in our profits from $45 to $60 if we sell 30,000 cars between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915.

WILFRID QUENNEVILLE

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

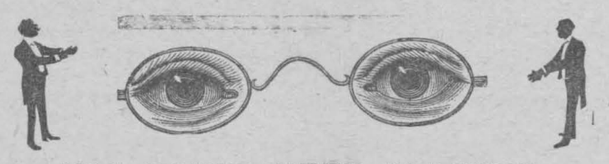
The Famous Gray Engines

1 1-4 H. P.	$ 50.00	6 H. P.	$180.00
2 1-2 H. P.	95.00	9 H. P.	350.00
4 H. P.	125.00	12 H. P.	435.00

Wilfrid Quenneville.

Opposite Post Office

MORRISBURG, : : : ONT



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ELEPHANT FLOOR PAINT is good paint, there is none better. It is made to walk on. And will wear. Dries over night.

ARE YOU PREPARING TO BUILD?



Let us quote you prices on LIME, CEMENT, FELT, NAILS, ETC.

We can supply you with the very strongest, whitest and best lime that can be had any where, at a very low price. Let us figure with you.

THE HANDY EXTENSION LADDER

This ladder is made in two sections—can be quickly extended or shortened. The side rails are made of Norway Pine, are very light; their extraordinary strength is derived from a heavy steel wire let in to a slight groove on the back of each side rail and drawn very tight.

A 40 FT. ladder can easily be carried and put up by one man. We have in stock 24 FT. 28 FT. and 32 FT. ladders. A 24 FT. Ladder Roped ready for business only $4.50.



CRESCENT STEP LADDERS

Strong, light, simple. Made of clear hard Norway Pine: steel bracket. The crescent is different from any other ladder, shelf being hung to the legs so that it is entirely out of the way when not desired for use, and when in use locks the legs open: has a wide top fastened securely to the patent bracket. In its construction the necessary strength and desirable lightness have been taken into consideration.

SHELF LOCKING STEP LADDER—a 5 ft. ladder only 89 cents.

R. H. BRADFIELD & CO.

PLATE GLASS FRONT HARDWARE STORE
MORRISBURG, - - - ONT.

COMMISSIONERS MEET

A meeting of the License Commissioners of the District of Dundas, consisting of Messrs E. P. Foster, inspector; J. Salmon, Aultsville, S. Lane, Mountain, and C. Johnson, Chesterville, was held at the St. Lawrence Hall on Monday last. Mr. Arthur Crawley, who had previously filed an application for a shop license was present and presented a petition to the Commissioners signed by eighty-five of the 116 voters in the East Ward, Morrisburg. Mr. Fred H. Broder was also present on behalf of the citizens who wished to protest the granting of a shop license in Morrisburg.

After considerable discussion the Board decided to grant the same number of Tavern Licenses as was granted last year, and could not see their way clear to grant a shop license as the population of Morrisburg does not warrant the granting of four licenses.

Postal Laws of Canada

Under the Post Office Act, Sections 65 and 66, the Postmaster General has the exclusive privilege of receiving, collecting, conveying and delivering letters within Canada.

Bills and accounts, whether in open or sealed envelopes, as well as circulars or other printed matter enclosed in envelopes sealed or ready to be sealed, are "Letters" within the meaning of the Post Office Act.

There is a penalty under Section 136 of the Post Office Act which may amount to $20.00 for each letter unlawfully carried.

It has been brought to the attention of the Post Office Department that some business firms desiring to avoid paying the War Tax which became effective on the 15th April, propose making arrangements for the delivery of accounts, bills, circulars, etc., through means other than the Post Office, contrary to the Postal Act, and a warning is hereby given that the Post Office Department intends to insist that the law shall be rigidly lived up to, and will in no circumstances allow these parties to avoid paying the one cent tax which has been imposed for war purposes.

All letters conveyed, received, collected, sent or delivered in contravention of the Post Office Act will be seized and necessary steps immediately taken for the prosecution of the offenders in all cases where the law has been contravened.

ARBOUR DAY

Arbour Day is not observed in Dundas County to the extent which its importance warrants.

The people of Canada must ever keep in mind their dependence upon her forests. With large areas suitable only for forestry purposes it is essential that the value of trees and their protection should be thoroughly impressed upon the people of this county.

While Arbour Day is observed in the rural schools, and in some city schools its recognition by the general public is not as general as it should be.

In this county Arbour Day is celebrated to a limited extent in the schools. This is not sufficient, however. The observance of Arbour Day should be general. There is need in every part of Canada for the education and instruction which Arbour Day represents. The day should be observed as a public holiday, at a time most suited to the climatic conditions of the locality. Public recognition should be given to this day, and the planting and protection of shade trees, the preparation of flowers and vegetable gardens, and the thorough cleaning up of homes and surroundings should be advocated as special duties for the day.

Arbour Day has its justification in the value of trees, from whatever point of view may be considered. Nothing contributes so much to make the world a pleasant place to live in as trees. The true home feeling is not satisfied without the presence of the trees, with their shelter and shade, their beauty of form and leaf, their blossom and fruit, their varying shades with the passing of the seasons and their fullness of color in the autumn days. They also afford homes and shelter for our feathered friends (the birds) during their annual visit to us.

There is nothing which will add beauty and value to a home or the schoolhouse more than the presence of trees; there is likewise nothing which adds more to the comfort of the pedestrian than shade trees on the roadside.

The way may be long and dusty, but under the cool shade of the trees relief is found.

CORNWALL GENERAL HOSPITAL

There are at present a few vacancies in the Training School for Nurses. For particulars apply to

MISS A R. THOMPSON,
Superintendent.

12 3

OBITUARY

MRS. ALFRED FORWARD

On Monday, April 12th, there passed peacefully to rest a highly respected lady in the person of Mrs. Alfred Forward after a short illness in her 73rd year. Deceased was of a quiet disposition and a devoted Christian, being a member of the Methodist Church from girlhood. Her maiden name was Annie Alexander, born in Finch township. Shortly after marriage she moved to Williamsburg where she resided until death. She leaves one son and two daughters, Stanley and Jessie at home and Mrs. M. S. Beckstead, to mourn her loss, also one sister, Mrs. Robert Steele of Avonmore.

The funeral, which was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Strike took place on Wednesday 14th from her late home to the Methodist church Morrisburg, thence to Fairview cemetery.

RECKLESS DRIVING

Every Spring season as the automobile is brought out of the garage we hear protests of the reckless driving through the streets and the authorities continue to tolerate their dangerous driving. If each day the owners of horses would drive through the Main street at the same rate of speed they would be arrested. In Ogdensburg, last Sunday, a party of joy riders met with an accident resulting in the instant death of one occupant, Miss Powers of Massena, and the injury of three others. It seems to us that something should be done by the authorities to protect the people who are paying for the maintenance of the streets, as very few use automobiles. The lives of pedestrians and especially of aged women and little children are daily jeopardized on our streets by reckless and insolent drivers who dart up and down the streets and around corners in utter disregard of pedestrians.

MATILDA COUNCIL

Regular meeting of Matilda Council was held in Barkley's Hall, Dixon's Corners, Saturday, April 17. Members all present accept Mr. Louden. Minutes of last meeting adopted.

Motion, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Thompson, Edward Addams was appointed pathmaster in Road Division No. 76 instead of Geo. Keys, also Thos. Keeler, instead of Colin Carter and their names be changed in Bylaw 255.

Motion Mr. Johnston and Mr. Robertson, Bylaw 250 known as Smith Drain Bylaw, was read a third time, passed, signed and sealed.

The following accounts were passed:

Allen McCaslin, grading	$ 8.00
R. S. Pelton, printing	32.50
T. Wells, hauling stone	50.00
Dr. Collison, medical attendance, indigent patients	37.00
Geo. Burnside, settlement of roll	218.13
Geo. Burnside, salary as collector	50.00

Motion Mr. Thompson and Mr. Johnston, the Council adjourned to meet in Cooper's Hall, Brinston on Thursday, June 3, 1915 as a court of revision of assessment roll.

J. J. PAYNE, Clerk.

BORN

BARKLEY—At Glen Becker, to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Barkley, a son.

BARKLEY—At Glen Becker, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Barkley, a daughter.

MALLON—At Prescott, on Tuesday, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mallon, a daughter.

CRAMER—At Wolf Island, Ont., on April 18th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cramer, a daughter.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

"STUDEBAKER"

The Greatest Automobile Value Ever Offered

THE NEW FOUR

(BUILT IN CANADA)
ELECTRIC STARTER ELECTRIC LIGHTS
COMPLETELY EQUIPPED

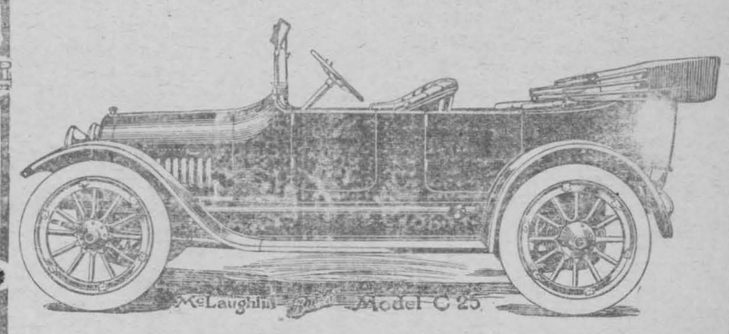
$1050.00

F. O. B. Walkerville, Ont.

Examine my stock of Oil Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Harness, Washing Machines and Sanitary Closets.
A discount of 20 per cent. allowed on Fur Coats and Robes during February

W. E. THOM

VALVE-IN-HEAD



Every detail which would improve the efficiency of a car is found in the 1915 McLaughlin Line and at the medium price.

Almost a car load McLaughlin Carriages to select from.

Hear the Edison Diamond Disc—the most wonderful musical instrument in the world.

A fine line of Pianos and Player Pianos in our Showrooms.

"Quality remains when price is forgotten".

W. H. Fetterly & Co.

INCORPORATED 1855

The Molsons Bank

CAPITAL AND RESERVE $8.800,000

93 Branches in Canada

A General Banking Business Transacted.

CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT
BANK MONEY ORDERS

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed at highest current rate

MORRISBURG BRANCH | Williamsburg Branch
WM. WALLACE, Manager. | C. H. JOY, Agent.

NOW?
YOUR NEW SPRING SUIT
COME IN AND LOOK OVER OUR STOCK BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE
OUR MOTTO
Custom Tailoring Exclusively

Frank Stewart, MERCHANT TAILOR
MORRISBURG, : : : ONT.

THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

"Say I shall be down in a moment."

For one instant as she heard the descending steps of the groom of the chambere, who although he rarely condescended to climb to the second floor, had done so this afternoon and refrained from calling Mademoiselle Louise, the maid, because he felt that something of import was in the air in keeping with the hour and the drawn blinds, with the silence of the big house, she felt as if her heart had stopped beating, as if her head were suddenly wheeling round and round. Then she opened the door and went down the big staircase, which invited, nay insisted, on dignity in the using of it.

He was standng in the doorway of the drawing-room with his arms behind him, looking for her coming.

How would it be half an hour hence?

He took her two hands in his as she reached the landing and drew her into the room and kissed her.

"I may, mayn't I?" he said, and there was the joyousness of a certainty in his voice, the certainty of being loved, as he loved, which bridges over every conventionality, even in Piccadilly, and his words, his voice, his having kissed her, filled her with pain, and a horrible feeling of impotence to carry out her task.

"After all, why should I?" she said to herself. "If you don't, if you don't," said another voice, which had no time to tell everything that would happen, because joy and pain, remorse and terror, hope and diffidence were so mingled that she could not hear what it said. But she knew it was threatening, and that something within insisted on her telling, because of the man who stood there. Any other man it would not have mattered so much, but her good angel was close today, her good angel and love were friends and in the face of happiness, she grew strong.

"You know, don't you, that I love you, that I want you to marry me? Oh, Judith . . ." He clasped her hands in his till he almost hurt her, and his strong, true, honest young love was shining in his eyes so that it dazzled hers.

Yet the sheer force of love seemed for the moment to dissipate every emotion in both of them that was not noble; he would not let passion have anything to do with his love for Judith, and she, it seemed to her that sacrifice of self at this moment was the only thing that could raise her to his level.

She looked into his eyes and tried to read there what he would say a few moments hence.

"You do not love me, Hubert?"

Her words were as good as a consent, and he took the intensity of her searching look to be the result of her emotion, although he had pictured a different scene, in which she laid her head on his breast, and nestling up to him, whispered, with girlish timidity the words he wanted to hear.

We all, in our imagination, take our cue from things we have read, and he had read somewhere about a girl who had hid her head in a man's waistcoat, and whispered, "I love you," so that he had to stoop to catch the words.

Instead her eyes seemed drawn to his as if by magnetism.

"Do I? What do you think?"

"Would you still care even if—even if someone told you something about me?"

He did not tell her that several people had told him things of her, advised him to be careful, hinted at her being fast.

But he had not cared. He had always been reckless and daring, but it had been confidence in himself, not recklessness, which had made him spurn all these suggestions, confidence in his own judgment of a woman's character. He didn't believe that Judith was fast, not more than in the way that all her set, and his for the matter of that, went the pace. He wouldn't have cared to marry a woman who wasn't quite up to date, but he didn't believe that she was fast, not in the sense of immoral, and he had put down all that had been said to jealousy, jealousy of the men who didn't want him to marry the prettiest woman in London, jealousy of the women because of her beauty. He remembered that always he had been friends with a girl someone had said something.

"I should like to know who could say anything of you to me."

She gave an odd smile.

"No one could tell you anything worse than I am going to tell you myself."

She sat down on one side of the table, and he knelt, with one knee on a chair, on the other. Between them rose a huge epergne, hideous of design, but very valuable, being fashioned by Boviero, full of Foses.

"I won't hear it. I haven't told you yet, 'I want you to marry me, Judith,' and you haven't actually said 'yes,' not in the words I mean."

"I can't, Hubert, unless you hear me."

Now suddenly she rushed into it all, hardly knowing that she was telling him, what she was saying, tearing her happiness into shreds, as one rips a piece of stuff in two, only the tear made no noise, on the contrary the silence held in it something awful. Was it only the asphalt that deadened the sound of the traffic outside, or had all traffic stopped? The servants—were they all dead, that none came or went? And Lady Glaucourt, was she still asleep? No bell downstairs, no telegraph boy, no shop wagon leaving a purchase at the door, no cry of newspaper boys, only at the back the chirp of sparrows. The room given over to shadow by the drawn blinds, by the awnings outside, given over to a golden, hazy shadow, like the russet rich backgrounds of antique pictures, and the flies on the ceiling seemed stationary as if they listened, her own heart beating seemed to beat in her ears, and the man breathing heavily, leaning forward now, his two hands clutching the table, while he still knelt in the arm-chair, his eyes looking away from her to one of the veiled windows, because he could not bear to meet her eyes, because of the shame he would meet in hers, because of the horror she would read in his.

And between them, murmured like an evil incantation, conjuring up wicked visions, the story, the foul story of a bruised lily, a sullied soul, a virgin soiled.

Never had anything like this been told him, not by a woman of herself, never in such surroundings, beneath the gaze of men and women and children depicted by sublime painters, with the perfume of flowers wafting across a room hung with silken panels over carpets soft as woodland moss and Buhl and Sheraton and jewelled tables, on which reposed knick-knacks, each one of which represented a small fortune. Not from the lips of a woman as fair as this woman.

Why had she allowed it to come to this, was the thought which pierced, why had she not spared him, and spared herself by recoil, rather than by confession?

Men, perhaps because fewer things touch them, or because their upbringing places them in closer contact with reality (while women often concoct emotion in order to cull experience), feel more strongly, when they do feel, than women do, and to Sir Hubert Gresham this seemed the most awful thing he had ever heard, while, without being aware of it, he was telling himself that when this sort of thing happened the woman should go away somewhere, not be seen again, or labelled. What he was also telling himself, unconsciously, was that the horror had for the moment swamped the grief at his own loss. It no longer seemed a loss, since it was no longer a desirable possession.

Never once did the thought of marrying her in despite of it come to him—not once.

And as she told him, the horror of it seemed to strike her for the first time, the nauseating character of it.

As she told him, she seemed to see it all again, the big country house, the moon gleaming through the window curtains, to hear the creak of the ancient boards in the corridor, the footfall nearing the door, to feel again the beating of her heart, the strange numbing of her body, while emotions and desires awoke which seemed like the completion of some novel she had read, with an awful, yet irrevocable climax, and then . . . the months in Paris, where she had gone to study art, they said, and then . . . the return, apparently a girl, yet with the yearning pain of useless, vain motherhood in her heart, and the empty arms which dared not clasp the repudiated guerdon of her pain.

How ghastly it all seemed to-day. Then, the event had seemed to preclude some of the sensibility. Now to-day, nothing remained but its sickening echo, which seemed to call mockingly from jungles thick with poisoned weed, where the sun never penetrated.

Once he uttered almost unconsciously: "But it was not your fault, you couldn't help it . . ."

And hope returned again, fleeting, evanescent, like the sun in March, leaving a dead cold shadow behind. Once he ground his teeth, and muttered: "The brute — the low cur . . ."

Then, at the end of her recital he stood up and came to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You don't know how sorry I am for you."

And by his very voice, she knew that all was over, and she sat there with her face in her two hands and moaned. In the face of his unready speech, his want of impulse, it seemed futile to plead, to explain even, any further.

"And you know that no one—no one will ever hear it from me—never. It was good of you to tell me—I know what it must have cost you, but . . . but . . . some day things will look brighter." How woefully lame everything he said, sounded, and he wanted to say so much; that he didn't really blame her, that it was not her fault and that she must try and forget. Yet because the words would not come, because the large beautiful room which made the right setting to the woman, seemed to suffocate him, he said only:

"I am sure that you want to be quiet now, to lie down and rest, and try and forget all about it. I'll go now, and then—if you want me at any time, send for me; you know I will always be your friend, don't you?"

And Lady Judith rose. The new expression on her face he could not read, the despair imprinted there by the sudden realization that this was the beginning of retribution. All that he could not read, because for weeks past he had been reading something else, and he could not understand the new hieroglyphics.

"Yes, perhaps I had better lie down now a little." She smiled, almost laughed, and he wondered how she could! She held out her hand. He held it for one moment, then he dropped it.

In another moment he had gone. She heard his step across the tesselated hall, she heard the footman, who always sat there, open the door, and she heard it slam again. She had one impulse to rush to the window to see the last of him, as he walked past in that breezy way of his, with his coat-tails flying like wings, bearing him onward to triumphs untold. But she couldn't. She had turned to stone inwardly, outwardly. The terrible drama was over, and it seemed a tame ending that she should walk across the room and mount the stairs again, as if she had only been entertaining a caller. But there was a less tame ending than even she suspected.

When the door slammed on Sir Hubert Gresham, it closed on another, a new and more awful Lady Judith, a Lady Judith with a dead soul within her.

CHATPER V.

"He did come, didn't he?"

It was not till they were seated in their victoria, one of those high backed ones which were, by the bye, invented and made the fashion (like so many other things which respectable and even very religious women imitate), by a "cocotte" in Paris, that Lady Glaucourt put the question which her lips were burning to ask Lady Judith. Except for a slight pallor, that could have been attributed to the heat of the day, which, notwithstanding the hour, seemed to have concentrated in dusty haze of glare on the constantly impeded traffic of Piccadilly, there were no traces of the half hour of mental and almost physical agony Judith had spent in the drawing-room, and she was looking away into the street with an almost insolent look, as if she questioned the right of great wagons to stop them at every turn, and criticized the policemen, and the Board of Agriculture, or whatever government department looks after the traffic. For England is peculiar in that the name of its department has rarely anything to do with its occupation. One would never be surprised to hear that it was the business of the Home Secretary to attend to Foreign missions, and the expatriation of emigrants, or of the War Minister to inspect school books and almshouses. And Lady Glaucourt, as she asked the question looked a little diffidently at her profile. The loveliness of it had lately ceased to have as much effect on her mother, as its expression of feeling.

There was not much love lost between mother and daughter. On one side there was the sense of having failed, for Lady Glaucourt was much more worldly than she intended to be; and on the other, a sense of want of appreciation of the readiness with which she had responded to her mother's neglect. And between them the impenetrable veil of the terrible secret which could only have been pierced by one of those complete surrenders of emotion on both sides, which both were far too well-bred to give way to. On the one side there should have been anguished remorse, and on the other despairing shame, but there was neither.

Lady Glaucourt had suspected, but she had never known for certain. Only she had agreed to allow her daughter to go and study art in Paris, much to everyone's surprise.

But since she allowed her to go, it was characteristic of Lady Glaucourt that she saw to it that the episode passed off with a certain decorum. Judith had been accompanied by exactly the right sort of person, and the story had never transpired.

When the girl returned, her mother referred to the episode once and for all.

"It is all very disgraceful," she had said, "and I trust it may never occur again. Please remember that I know nothing about it, that I do not wish to know, so that if anyone ever asks me I can speak the truth when I say that I know nothing."

There had been no tears, and the mental and physical anguish the girl had passed through seemed presently to belong exclusively to Paris, to some strange metaporphosis of herself resembling a transfiguration and which had nothing whatever to do with London or Piccadilly, or even her life. Her father lived and died without knowing. He was the kind of man a family keeps everything disgraceful from, and it was wonderful, considering what a very fine character he had, that so many disgraceful things did happen in his family without his knowing it. If he had known he would never have held up his head again.

And to her mother's question, which irritated her, because she knew it was coming, she answered:

"If you mean Sir Hubert Gresham, yes, he came."

"Of course I mean Sir Hubert. Well—"

A block, which this time Judith thought a merciful interposition, brought them alongside of a carriage with another mother and daughter whom they knew. The momentous question gave way to the usual remarks.

"Did you ever see such a thing?"

"No, we are not going."

"Gone off dreadfully, don't you think?"

"She? Oh, dreadful. They say he is in despair."

"Another?"

"Appendicitis."

"All married women."

"Chamberlain furious, they say."

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Constance Morland?"

"Marlborough House."

"Paquin."

It was not till they got far away beyond the parks on the way to the garden party at Roehampton to which they were driving, that her mother asked the question again, this time more pointedly.

"Do you mean to say that he said nothing?"

"He said a great deal."

"You are always so provoking, Judith. Of course, since you want the dots on the i's, I mean did he propose? Certainly after the way you both talked on the terrace at the Bradmere's, one felt that there could be nothing left for you to talk about unless he proposed."

Judith gave a little bitter laugh.

"It seems that there was something left to talk about, for we talked for quite an hour, and then he went."

"Went, and didn't propose."

Lady Glaucourt's face expressed all her disappointment, and with the feeling that after all her mother had a right to know, and that whatever anguish it was to her to talk about it, it would have to be got over, and that this time was as good as any other, Lady Judith went on:

"Yes, he proposed."

Inwardly Lady Glaucourt ejaculated: "Thank goodness."

"So you are engaged, dear; I am very glad." She laid her hand on Judith's without affection, but with appreciation.

"No, I am not engaged, if I had been I would have told you."

A moment of terrible silence, while Lady Glaucourt tried to find adequate words in which to express her disappointment, while Judith felt that her mother guessed. Then in lower tones, insistent, almost whispered, uttered with dry lips:

"Was it—was it about that?"

"Yes, it was about that." Lady Judith spoke too, with dry lips, her voice was hard, and she emphasized the word "that" bitterly. It would always be "that" now in her mind. Surely her mother had no need to ask But she had long ago realized that their relations to each other were different to that between hereself and other women, only from the fact, that her mother dared ask her more cruel questions than anyone else. At that instant when her mother failed to spare her, she hated her.

Yet, the fact that she had told her, that there was nothing more to come, calmed her a little.

"But how on earth did he know?" Lady Glaucourt asked presently.

"I told him."

Lady Glaucourt sat up in the carriage for a moment and stared at her daughter's face.

"You?"

"Yes, I told him; I had my reasons."

"Good heavens!"

Two carriages passed them with friends in both, and, as they passed, Lady Glaucourt poked the groom with her parasol.

"Aren't we going very slowly, George?"

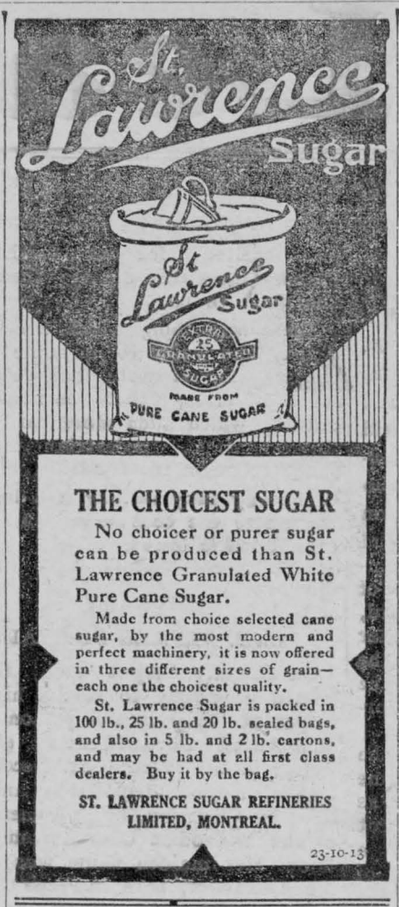
The coachman whipped up the horses, and soon they were beneath the dust of the carriages in front of them.

"Stop, stop!" Lady Glaucourt poked George again in the ribs. "We can't stand that dust!"

George was accustomed to pokes, and had a folded piele of cardboard under his waistcoat in the place Lady Glaucourt always chose. Once more the coachman reined in his horses. He, too, had grown patient with the whims of women.

"You will have to marry Hugh Glover."

"That I will never do," said Lady Judith . . . they pulled up in the queue of car . . . s within the gates of the beautiful . . . se, which, for all its magnificence, was . . . suburban, and while suburban, was . . . autiful as a castle in Spain.



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St. Lawrence Sugar is packed in 100 lb., 25 lb. and 20 lb. sealed bags, and also in 5 lb. and 2 lb. cartons, and may be had at all first class dealers. Buy it by the bag.

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23-10-13

PROF. ADAM SHORTT.

Since Youth His One Real Interest Has Been Economy Study.

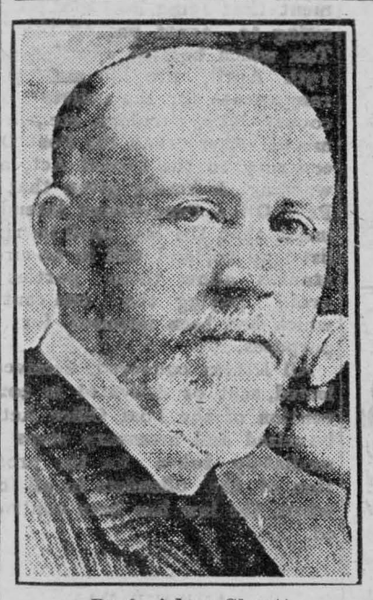
Prof. Adam Shortt, of the Civil Service Commission at Ottawa, is generally described as "Canada's leading political economist."

Prof. Shortt was born in an old Ontario mill village called Kilworth, on the banks of the Thames, near London. His father was a miller. Later the village disappeared altogether, although another hamlet which sprang up some miles distant bears the name Kilworth Bridge. As a boy the coming political economist was a hard worker. He was a good student at the High School at Walkerton, and he "put himself through" Queen's, as most university students did in those days, by teaching school. After graduation at Queen's he went, in 1884, to Scotland and took post-graduate work at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, repeating his record at Queen's by becoming in each institution a medalist in philosophy. His long vacations he spent tramping through Great Britain and continental Europe picking up first-hand knowledge of Old World social and industrial conditions. His interest steadily concentrated on political economy, and, returning to Canada, he was, in 1889, appointed lecturer in political science at Queen's, and three years later he became professor in the same subject, the chair eventually being endowed by the late Senator Gowan and other admirers of Sir John A. Macdonald, whose name it bears.

Meantime, in 1886, Prof. Shortt married Elizabeth Smith, M.D., who has herself become well known for her services in directing the interests of Canadian women into helpful channels.

His Books.

Prof. Shortt is a well-known writer on economic and historical subjects. Some years ago he contributed to the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association a series of articles on the development of the Canadian banking and currency systems which represented an immense amount of research and which were much discussed. Perhaps his best-known contribution to current problems is his "Imperial Preferential Trade from a Canadian Point of View," a study of the British fiscal situation. It revealed his belief in freedom of trade, coupled with recognition of the fact that wide variations of industrial and social conditions make it impossible to maintain that any one fiscal system is expedient for all times and places, and also his faith in the efficiency of autonomy as the only enduring basis of Imperial co-operation and unity.



Prof. Adam Shortt.

In his Life of Lord Sydenham in "The Makers of Canada" series, Prof. Shortt describes the course of events in the momentous days of the establishment of responsible government in Canada. In collaboration with Dr. Doughty, the Dominion Archivist, he edited a collection of constitutional documents on the period from 1763 to 1791, many of which are made accessible for the first time. A second volume deals with the period from 1791 to 1841. These works led to the selection of Prof. Shortt and Dr. Doughty as joint editors of a new ten-volume history of Canada.

When the first Labor Commission was formed under the Lemieux Act, Prof. Shortt was appointed chairman, his colleagues being Wallace Nesbitt and J. G. O'Donoghue, to apply the Act in the dispute in April, 1907, between the Grand Trunk Railway and its machinists.

In 1908 Prof. Shortt was appointed one of the Civil Service Commissioners under the new Act, the idea being to take a step forward in the direction of the abolition of the patronage system, to "take the civil service out of politics."

Of late years Prof. Shortt has done a good deal of speaking at Canadian clubs and other gatherings. They say he never reads a novel. His chief hobbies are gardening and wood carving.

In 1911 he was created a companion of St. Michael and St. George in the Coronation favors.



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HOW PARIS WAS SAVED BY THE ENGLISH.

By Chas. M. Bice.

The inside facts about the famous retreat from Mons in Belgium, are slowly coming out as the war progresses. "Retreat" is a word which no Englishman likes to pronounce, but it has gained an honorable meaning by recent exploits.

The retreat of General French and his army from Mons, is, one of the grandest and most brilliant military achievements in the world's history. It adds a brand new page to British gallantry, and puts the name of Sir John French on the highest pinnacle for military accomplishments.

The charge of the Germans against his little army was the mightiest and fastest cyclone of the great struggle — that sweep towards Paris beats anything the annals of war have ever known. The Allies and Germans had just touched "mits," in the parlance of pugilistic nomenclature, before the onslaught began, and then the enemy with overwhelming numbers and equipment, rushed in with a tornado of blows they had been saving up for over forty years.

Germany had calculated that this first round would be a knock-out, and probably no army in all history has ever taken the beating and lived through the milling, keeping its legs and head, as did the English army through the thirteen awful days in which the Germans put in their lightning strokes.

It was an all but irresistable onslaught. If General French had stood his ground and fought, in all probability it would have been a clean knock-out, for he had greatly inferior numbers, if he ran it would be a complete rout and probably annihilation.

Foot-work and a cool head, side-stepping and protecting his body would have been the tactics of a great ring fighter. French followed these tactics exactly. But the thing that makes Britain gasp, and will make the world wonder when apprised of the details of that great retreat from Mons, was not a prize fight, but the most frantic and terrible rush of the greatest and best disciplined army the world has ever known. For a man to have kept his head in all that, as if the event were a mere prize fight, with only a knock-out at stake, instead of the annihilation of 80,000 men, is the thing that the world will wonder at. It was on August 22, 1914 that the English and Germans first met in battle at Mons, the English having only arrived on the scene the day before, and were informed by the French that "There are not more than two German corps in front of you." General French and his men had just come to the scene and he had taken the Frenchmen's word for it. Sunday afternoon came the surprise. A courier brought a message to General French from Joffre, the French General. It said in effect; "Four German army corps are coming up against you. We have fallen back."

The strong French line had gone and was 30 miles in the rear. French's army of 80,000 held out against the oncoming tide of Germans.

Ten thousand Custer Massacres all rolled into one were at hand or a rout such as history has never before known. Some must stay and fight, while the others fall back and prepare the trenches. The herculean task may be realized when we consider that there was artillery to move and thousands of tons of supplies and ammunition to be transported in autos.

There were horses to save, and the roads would hold only so much traffic, and there must be no jams, cool heads must plan it all. Some must fall far behind and dig trenches, so that the retreating army could hide and put up their daily and nightly fight with the Germans.

Others must have time to eat and sleep, and the wounded must be taken care of. All these things were done perfectly and no general in history ever had such a perilous retreat to direct. General French was dashing about everywhere in his auto, and measuring the physical force his little army had left. He knew not only the exact strength of his own army but the strength of his apponent as well.

The lightning blows sent in by the Germans were terrific, the Ninth Lancers were mowed down like grass, the 8th Hussars were almost wiped out. Bullets flew around General French as around the most ordinary soldier. For thirteen days in this great running battle, he kept his men as cool-headed almost as himself. At last the English reached the Marne.

This gave them a chance for much needed rest, but the Germans were tired out, too. The cool foot-work of the English had exhausted them, they were tired out trying to hit the tiny foe which always eluded their blows.

The German general, Von Kluck, made his mistake, he turned his flank to the English, intending to pass before them, and move over to join the army of the German Crown Prince and advance on Paris. French was watching, and saw that Von Kluck had dropped his guard and had exposed his jaw, and the lightning English sparrer, the man whose fists were armies struck like a flash. The Germans, off their guard, received a blow they could not parry. They lost hundreds of big guns and thousands of men. The French were doing their part, 60,000 soldiers in taxi-cabs and autos came to back up the English, but General French's blow had taken the nerve all out of the Germans, and their retreat became an ignoble rout. Thus was Paris saved and the German plans completely frustrated by a mere handful of England's first expeditionary force.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, March 30, 1915.

"It's so long since you called that I was beginning to think you were forgetting me," said Miss Pechis, as she entered the parlor. "I am for getting you," said the youth; 'that's why I came to-night. May I have you?"

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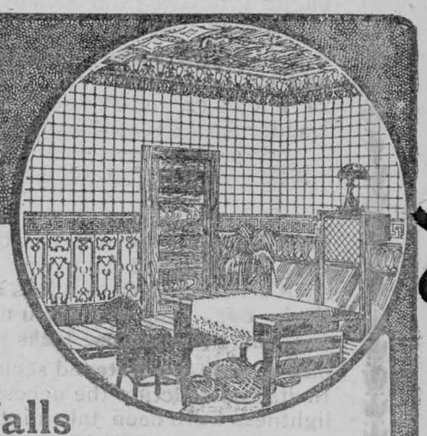

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Hints for the Home

Selected Recipes.

Eggs with Tomatoes.—Chop one-half of a pound of fat mutton, and fry it rare with butter. Add one pound of tomatoes that have been peeled and cut up. Season the mixture with salt and pepper. When the meat and tomatoes are almost done, add three eggs, and cook the whole a little longer.

Sand Tarts (Peanut).—Rub one heaping cupful of butter into four cupfuls of flour and two cupfuls of sugar. Moisten the mass with two eggs well beaten. Roll it thin on a tin sheet, and brush it over with egg. Sprinkle it with sugar, cinnamon, and pounded peanuts. Cut it into squares, and bake them until they are brown.

Puree of Dried Peas with Sausages.—Put the peas into cold water the night before. In the morning put them into a pot with one-half of a pint of tepid water, and season them with salt, pepper and thyme. Add an onion and a little bacon; or if the bacon is not at hand, use butter. Cook the mixture slowly one-half of an hour, crush it, strain it, and serve it with small fried sausages.

An Army Stew.—Scald one red pepper and remove the seeds. Then chop the pepper, one small onion, and a clove of garlic together fine, and mix them in a pan with one tablespoonful of butter. Add three tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of water. Make this mixture into a thick gravy, add cut-up cold meat, and heat thoroughly.

Soft Cakes.—Rub one-half of a pound of butter and one-quarter of a pound of sugar into a pound of flour into which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been well sifted. Add one teaspoonful each of ground nutmeg and cinnamon, and currants or raisoins. Stir in a very little milk, and enough preserve juice of any desired flavor to make a batter that will just pour. Bake the cakes in small, shallow pans in a hot oven.

Scallop Chowder.—Use one quart of scallops parboiled twenty minutes in boiling water. Take three slices of salt pork and two onions cut up very fine, and fry them to a delicate brown. Pare six good-sized potatoes, and slice them thin. Put the pork, the onions, and the potatoes into three pints of milk, cook them until the potatoes are soft, add two tablespoonfuls of butter; salt and pepper to taste. Add the scallops (which if large should be cut into small pieces). When they are cooked remove the dish from the fire, pour the chowder into a tureen, and put browned butter crackers on top. This recipe will make about three quarts of chowder.

Palestine Soup.—Take three dozen fresh artichokes, peel them, and put them at once into cold water. After they have stood a few minutes place them in a stewpan with four onions, the outer sticks of a head of celery, and three pints of white stock. Let the whole simmer gently for an hour. Remove the onions and strain the artichokes and the liquor through a sieve; put the puree back into the stewpan, and when it is hot, stir in a pint of hot cream, or, if you prefer, a mixture of cream and milk. Season the soup with white pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg. Let it simmer for a minute or two, and serve it. Send it to the table with fried bread cut into small dice. The quantity is sufficient for six persons.

The Northern Gibraltar.

It is only a quarter of a century, writes a contributor to the Field, since Heligoland was an English possession. A British force seized the barren rock in 1807, during hostilities with Denmark, which used to own it; and such was its strategical importance that England insisted on keeping it at the end of the war.

Heligoland is opposite the mouths of the Elbe and Weser rivers, and is twenty-eight miles from the nearest point on the mainland. There are really two islands, and they are important because they command the approaches to Hamburg and Bremen, and the entrance to the Kiel Canal.

The main island is a huge rock about a mile in length by some five hundred yards wide, with steed red cliffs that rise two hundred feet above sea level. A channel a quarter of a mile wide separates the main rock from a little islet called Sand Islet or Dunen-Insel. The landing place is at the south-east corner of the island, where a sandy spit called the Unterland is connected with the top of the cliffs, or Oberland, by a long flight of steps and an elevator. There is a resident population of nearly four thousand, and during the summer months forty thousand holiday makers visit Heligoland for the bathing from the "dune."

The German occupation dates from 1890. In that year the British and German governments made an agreement by which Germany engaged to recognize a protectorate of Great Britain over the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, and the dominions of the Sultan of Witu and the adjacent territory up to Kismayu; and Great Britain engaged to cede Heligoland to Germany. The islands were fortified in the days of the British occupation, but the Germans have greatly strengthened the works since they got possession of them. They have replaced the British batteries by armed turrets mounting guns of heavy caliber, and they have spent largs sums on the harbor works. Heligoland is one of the strongest strategic defences of the short but marvelously protected German coast on the North Sea.

The sea, however, is steadily wearing Heligoland away. In 800 A.D. it was 120 miles in circumference. By 1300 it had decreased to a circumference of forty-five miles, and by 1649 it covered only four square miles. At present it is scarcely one-third of one square mile in area.

The Dahlia.

Now is the time to tend to our dahlias. If you already have the tubers, bring them out of the sand in which you stored them, put them in a light, warm place and water them.

In a surprisingly short time there will be dozens of sprouts. There are two ways of planting the sprouts, and both have the stanchest supporters.

One is to cut a sprout about four inches long just below a leaf joint at an acute angle, stick the cutting, or sprout, into sharp sand, keep well watered until it is rooted and then plant in a pot of rich earth, and never let it get too dry.

The other is to cut a piece of the tuber, allowing it to have only one sprout, and plant it in a pot of half rich earth, half sand.

While the second method is a little the easier, better success may perhaps be had with the first method.

Keep the pots in a sunny window, or, better still, in a cold frame. When the weather is warm and settled, usually from the 10th to the 20th of May, plant your dahlias where they are to grow, setting them deep in the ground. Drive a stout five-foot stake beside each plant. Break off any side shoots that appear until the plant is about eighteen inches tall, then let it branch as it will.

Tie it firmly to the stake, cultivate it frequently—that is, stir the soil around the roots of the plant, water during the dry season—and you will be rewarded with a wealth of bloom.

Nothing in literature is more fascinating than a seed catalogue, and the descriptions of the different varieties of dahlias is like seeing some oriental pageant all glorious with color.

Do buy a few dahlias this year, even though you have many, for each year they grow more beautiful; and if you follow one of the above methods your dahlias will be really as beautiful as the catalogue descriptions.

The Royal Fusiliers.

No regiment in the British army was more favored with recruits on the outbreak of the war than the Royal Fusiliers. The regiment has an honorable history. It was raised in London in 1685 by command of King James II. to guard the ordnance of the army, and its members being armed with a firearm known as the fusil, the title of Fusiliers arose. In those days the Fusiliers' coats were of scarlet, faced with yellow, the breeches gray and the cap tall and of yellow cloth.

In its early days the regiment underwent many changes. Three years after its formation it ceased to perform its special duties in connection with artillery and was ranked among the infantry regiments of the crown. Later the Fusiliers served as marines, and as such fought in the battle with the Spanish fleet of Messina in 1718.

The peninsular war provided the Fusiliers with an opportunity to prove their merit. The names of every important battle during that campaign figure on the colors of the regiment. It was the individual gallantry of the Fusiliers at Albuera which won a victory for the English, although the Britishers suffered terrible losses. The second battalion of the regiment had to be sent home to England to recruit its thinned ranks, but the first battalion remained with Wellington and added to the laurels of the Fusiliers at the victorious battles of Salamanca and Vittoria.

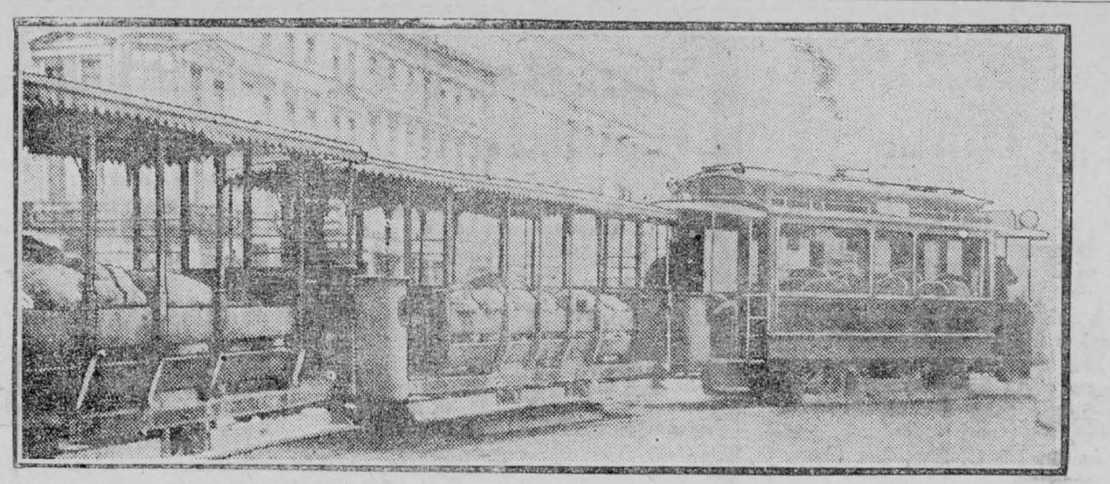
The words "Alma," "Inkermann" and "Sevastopol" on the colors of the Fusiliers tell of the heroic part the regiment played in the Crimea. In Afghanistan the Fusiliers were part of the force shut up in Kabul, and were relieved by the late Lord Roberts.

A Whole Family.

"What are you doing there with the paper and scissors, Elsie?"

"Making a pig, mamma."

"A pig! You're making a litter."



Transporting Pota toes Through Streets of Berlin in Government Trams.

Since the Government has taken hold of the food supply of Germany, there has been a remarkable economy in provisions and foods in general. Not a particle of food is allowed to go to waste. By this means Germany hopes to be able to combat England's food blockade. The picture shows three street cars filled with bags of potatoes on the way to a municipal food depot in Berlin.

While the Whistle Blew.

At ten o'clock on a black night in January Rufe Clemens sculled his little punt out toward the dim, yellow riding light that showed on the Glencoe. The dredge lay in the middle of Heron harbor, right over Sculpin Rock, or at least what was left of it.

Rufe was the engineer on the Glencoe, and was the only man who bunked aboard. That night he had taken supper ashore with his cousin, Jerry Sprague, who had urged him to stay until morning.

"Much obliged, Jerry," he said, "but I must be getting aboard the dredge. I've got to have steam up extra early to-morrow morning."

It was a rough trip out, and Rufe felt relieved when he at last got aboard her.

Fifty feet to leeward another square-sterned craft, with a two-story deck house, rose and fell on the seas. It was the drill boat, Valley Forge, all black except for her snow-blurred riding light. Her crew had gone to bed.

Rufe made his punt fast, and hastened to get into his snug bunk in the fireroom. Before many minutes had passed, he had dropped into a sound sleep.

Some time in the night he dreamed he was in an earthquake on the coast of Peru. Pretty soon the quakings began to seem so real that Rufe awoke. The first thing he became aware of was a loud, continuous whistling—Whoo-oo-oo!

Bump! What was that? The whole dredge shivered; every bone in Rufe's body felt the tremor. He started up, and now fully awake, realized that the screeching whistle was close aboard.

Rufe threw off his blankets and sprang from his bunk. Without waiting to strike a light, he pulled on his trousers. Bump! It took him a moment to find his shoes. Once again—bump-mp! Rufe was bending over, pulling on his second shoe, and the shock sent him sprawling. He could afford to spend no more time in dressing. Jumping up, he ran out, with his shoestrings hanging loose. He did not have time even to put on his coat.

The Glencoe had drifted up harbor, and was bumping the Valley Forge.

The Glencoe, held only by her bowlines, had swung round so that every sea sent her smashing into the Valley Forge. One thing puzzled him, however: not a man was in sight on the drill boat. Where was her crew? Why had they not put out fenders to stop the boats from smashing each other to pieces? And why was the whistle screeching so persistently?

Anyway, some one ought to do something. Rufe watched his chance, and a second before the boats crashed together on a high sea, he leaped aboard the Valley Forge and darted into the boiler room.

No one was there. From a hook in the ceiling not far above the water gauge swung a lighted lantern. On the dangling end of the whistle cord, which ran from the smokestack through overhead pulleys, was tied a brick. That explained the incessant screeching; the brick was holding the valve open.

Bump! A slight motion along the left wall caught Rufe's eye.

Between two uprights of studding were piled four or five hundred fire brick.

Rufe noticed that the pile, which was several feet wide and higher than his head, no longer stood plumb. One or two bumps more would send them tumbling.

Again the dredge crashed into the Valley Forge. The pile of bricks swayed forward, and at the same time something rolled on the floor at its foot.

He glanced down, and a sudden, paralyzing horror swept over him. Right under the bricks lay what looked like two big candles, twenty-four inches long, wrapped in oiled paper. Rufe knew that they were sticks of dynamite.

If the bricks came down on those sticks, the impact would explode the dynamite with shattering force. Stored in the after hold, only a few feet away, were two tons of dynamite, and that would explode, too. The drill boat would be blown to fragments.

Rufe took two leaps across the room, as the dredge and the drill boat crashed together, the wall of bricks bowed toward him. He flung himself desperately forward, with arms outstretched, and jamming his whole body hard against the tottering pile, crowded it back with his hands, his shoulders, and his chest. The bricks resisted. He could hold them where they were—for a time; but he could not push them back into place.

The boat heaved. One of the deadly cylinders rolled against the engineer's foot. He looked down, and saw that there were three sticks now. He did not know what to do. If he took his hands from the wall for a single second the bricks might tumble. Would he have time to pick up the sticks and get away safely? He decided that the risk was too great.

Where had that third stick come from? He twisted his head round. Across the floor an open dynamite box lay on its side, and behind it was another box. It was customary to keep two or three cases of dynamite in the boiler room, so that the explosive might be warm enough to use in cold weather. Rufe saw what had happened. The upper box had been opened, and its cover laid loosely back upon it. Jarred forward by successive bumps, it had tipped off and spilled its contents. Even as Rufe looked, another stick rolled out. That made four of the deadly sticks rolling loose at his feet.

Then came two crashes; the first was made by the Glencoe's bumping the drill boat, but the second was caused by something else. Could the drill boat be pounding on the bottom? Impossible! Then he remembered her "spuds."

The spuds—two forty-foot sticks of hard pine, twelve inches square, with heavy iron caps on their ends—ran up and down through wells in the boat. When dropped on the bottom, like a pair of huge stilts, they held the boat immovable in one spot, so that the drills could work accurately. Evidently, at the close of the day's work, the spuds had been hoisted only a little way off the ledge; and now, in the dead-low tide and the heavy sea, they were hitting with a terrific jar every time the boat dropped into the trough of the waves.

Rufe understood everything now. When the Glencoe had begun to hurl her lumbering tons against the Valley Forge only a few feet from the dynamite stacked in the hold, the captain and his men had become panic-stricken. They had not seen Rufe return to the dredge, and thought that he was safe ashore. So, after tying the brick to the whistle cord to hold the valve open, in order to alarm the tug, they had abandoned the boat. The sticks of dynamite had no doubt got loose after the men had gone.

A cascade of spray sloshed against the house. The unlatched door slammed open, and a cold blast struck Rufe's neck. As he pitted his strength against the toppling bricks, all sorts of schemes for meeting the situation ran through his head; but he dismissed them, one by one, as impossible. He could not dispose of the pile by throwing brick after brick from the top, for he did not dare to take away his hands from their present position.

The spuds were hammering harder, lifting, dropping. It must be the dead slack of the ebb. The shocks from the Glencoe came like the blows of a battering ram. Rufe's teeth chattered. Dynamite was uncertain stuff. It might stand no end of pounding; again, any one of those bumps might be the last.

The wall of bricks still pushed steadily against him. While he held it back in one place, it pressed forward in another. He could feel it surge against his chest, and force him back little by little. Each shock from the Glencoe or the spuds made a slight change in the position of every brick. The wall was hard to hold in place, because it was made up of so many separate units. Rufe braced himself and stiffened his body, but he realized that in spite of him the pile must in the end come down. The best he could hope to do would be to delay its fall until help should arrive. Surely that bellowing whistle must soon bring the Damocles out! If only they could know the need of haste!

Hark! Was not another whistle blending with that of the Valley Forge? He strained his ears. Again came the sound, louder, nearer. Yes; here was the Damocles at last. Gritting his teeth, he summoned every ounce of his strength in an effort to hold the bricks back until the men from the tug could reach him.

Quick! Quick! Surely they must be near enough now to hear him. He shouted hoarsely, "Help! Help! Help!"

Too late! The pile would fall before help could come. Its weight was bending him backward. His eyes fell again on the oiled-paper rolls on the floor. With his feet he tried to push them gently back out of the way; but he could not do it.

Out on the dredge he heard voices. Now he wished that he had let the bricks drop at first; then he would not have made others share his death. He tried to warn them:

"Keep off! Keep off!"

But he could not make them hear. His strength was almost gone. Ten seconds more, perhaps not so many! He looked down again.

For the moment the four sticks of dynamite lay close together in an area small enough to be covered by his body. The next bump might disarrange them. In a flash Rufe saw his chance.

Tearing his hands from the wall, and throwing them up to protect his head, he dropped on his knees and arched his body over the dynamite. Down came the bricks in a rumbling avalanche. Rufe held his breath. The showering bricks bruised and hurt him cruelly. Luckily they did not have far to fall, or they would have knocked him senseless. He lay there, half stunned and pinned down, but thankful that his body had kept them from exploding the dynamite.

The Damocles towed the Glencoe away; and with the rising tide the spuds of the Valley Forge soon stopped pounding on the ledge. Then the crew came back on board, and to their amazement found Rufe in the boiler room. He was too much exhausted at the time to make any explanation; but they did not need any when they lifted him from the wreckage and saw what lay under him.—Youth's Companion.

People of Other Lands.

What a strange and interesting thing nationality is! We see a person in the streets, and say—"That man is a Frenchman; I am sure of it; look at the way he gesticulates." As a Frenchman is known by his gesticulations, and an Englishman by his look of unconcern with everything that is going on around him, so in some way or another every nationality can be discerned. Very few of us ever pause to think how a nation gets its characteristics. A great deal depends upon the climate and geographical situation of a country. The people of the sunny south are of necessity more light-hearted and pleasure loving than their serious brothers and sisters of the north. In Southern Europe, for instance, men and women need not work hard in order to live—the necessaries of life, bread, vegetables, fruit, are easy to procure, and as to education they don't bother their heads about it—that is to say, the poorer classes. In no country in the world are the people so earnest over their business as in North America; this is because life is harder here, competition is great, the climate has great extremes, the cities are thickly populated; all these things make life serious. One is apt to make fun of another, to accuse it of being unartistic, having no sense of humor, being unpractical, lazy, too ambitious, and so on, but this is really because she does not understand the conditions of the other nation. Would you be ambitious if everything you needed for your daily life was found near at hand and could be procured without effort? On the other hand, it is impossible to imagine intelligent citizens of large cities being unpractical. The war is showing what each nation has and what she lacks. Let us try to learn something of the characters of foreign nations—be they friends or foes.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, APRIL 25.

Lesson IV. — David and Goliath. I Sam. 17. 1-54. Golden Text, Rom. 8. 31.

Verse 38. And Saul clad David with his apparel—A military dress to which a sword was attached. It would seem that David was almost as large as Saul. Otherwise Saul surely would not have put his armor on the boy. David undoubtedly rattled around in the unusual and unwieldy corselet and helmet. This was due rather to his inexperience than to his size.

39. I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them — David knew nothing about warriors' garments, particularly the equipment of a king. For the moment his boyish pride was quickened as the king put his weapons in his hand. But only for the moment. He knew that he could not fight thus weighted down and handicapped. So he put them off with the respectful excuse to Saul that he had not proved, or tried, such a coat and helmet and sword.

40. Took his staff in his hand—Not to fight with, but because he always carried it with him. Even if he did not lay it aside when he was ready to use his sling, it would be no impediment, but rather a help to him. The weight in one hand would balance the weight in the other.

Five smooth stones out of the brook—He was sure of himself, but he intended to take no chances. He would not risk the battle on one throw or two or three. The brook near the scene of battle was full of smooth and rounded pebbles, the very kind David had used many times, doubtless, in his sling.

His sling—The shepherds of Syria were all used to the sling. Even left-handed men were experts. In Judg. 20. 16 we read: "Among all this people there were seven hundred chosen men left-handed; every one could sling stones at a hair's-breadth, and not miss."

41. And the man that bare the shield went before him—Goliath was so heavily equipped that he could not carry all his implements of the battle.

42. He disdained him—See Prov. 16. 18: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

43. Am I a dog?—The dog even in Palestine is ill esteemed.

44. I will give thy flesh unto the birds of the heavens, and to the beasts of the field—The anger of Goliath seemed to drive him to the use of poetry. Professor Kirkpatrick calls attention to Hector's defiance of Ajax in Homer's "Iliad," 13. 831.

Thy flesh
Shall glut the dogs and carrion birds of Troy.

45. I come to thee in the name of Jehovah of hosts—A childlike faith such as could be the inspiration of the Shepherd Psalm.

46. That there is a God in Israel—A God who is worthy of Israel (see 1 Kings 18. 36).

47. That Jehovah saveth not with sword and spear—This was a conviction of the Israelites (see 1 Sam. 2. 1-10; 14. 6; Psa. 44. 6, 7; Hos. 1. 7; Zech. 4. 6). It is the experience of all who trust God. (See especially 1 Cor. 1. 27, 28).

48. Ran toward the army—That is, toward the battle line of the Philistines. David did not wait for the giant to approach him. The suddenness, as well as the swiftness, of David's movements must have taken Goliath at a great disadvantage.

50. Smote the Philistine and slew him—David must have struck some exposed part of Goliath's head.

51. And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled—In verses 4 and 23 the word used is "champion" in our sense; here "champion" means "mighty man." The strongest man the Philistine's had. As soon as he was dead hope left the Philistines and they fled.

Wire Fencing and Trees.

Occasionally, in running wire fences, it is necessary to attach the wires to trees. In doing this, it is bad practice to use staples to attach the wire directly to the trees, thus ensuring that the wire will become overgrown and imbedded in the wood. Not only is the tree thereby ruined or injured but, further, it is impossible to remove the fencing without cutting either the wire or the tree.

A better way, protecting both the tree and the fence, is first to nail to the tree a strip of wood about four inches wide and one inch thick of a length to suit the height of the fence. The wire fence can then be stapled to this strip and will not interfere with the tree growth.

Not the Same.

Caller—Pardon me, sir, but is there another artist in this building?

Artist—There is not. There is, however, a man on the fourth floor who paints.

The Leader

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY FROM ITS OFFICE ON MAIN STREET. MORRISBURG, BY

The Leader Publishing Co.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1915

TIME-TABLE

EASTBOUND

No. 18 (daily) .....due 4.23 a.m.
" 26 (daily except Sun) " 6.55 a.m.
" 6 (daily)..... " 3.55 p.m.

WESTBOUND

No. 7 (daily).....due 12.48 p.m.
" 26 (daily except Sun) due 7.47 p.m.
" 13 (daily)..... " 10.13 p.m.

THE MAILS

	Despatched	Arrive
Day, west	12.30 p.m.	1.30 "
Waddington....	1.30 "	3.00 "
Day, east.....	3.30 "	4.30 "
Winchester.....	2.00 "	11.15 a.m.
Night, east.....	7.30 "	
Night, west.....	7.30 "	
Sunday, E. & W.	7.30 "	

WAR SITUATION

Sir John French, commander of the British expeditionary forces on the Continent, reports the British losses in the three days' fighting at Neuve Chapelle as follows: Killed, 190 officers and 2,337 men, wounded 359 officers and 8,174 men, missing 23 officers and 1,738 men.

After their two weeks' rest the Canadians are now back in the trenches, and are doing their full share of the fighting. The Canadian front extends about four miles, and this they have so far, been able to hold in a most satisfactory manner.

The British torpedo boat destroyer Renard entered the Dardanelles on a scouting expedition, and ran up the Straits for over ten miles, penetrating the waterway, probably further than any of the British ships have yet done. A heavy fire was directed at her, but she was not hit. The British battleship London, which followed the Renard into the Straits, drew most of the enemy's fire, the heaviest of which came from the Asiatic side. The battery bombarded by the Triumph earlier is believed to be out of action. A flotilla of German submarines is said to have been added to the defences of the Straits. A French battleship, in conjunction with seaplanes, has bombarded the important Turkish encampment in the neighborhood of Gerza in Southern Palestine, near the Egyptian frontier.

The Turks, who had collected a force of 11,000 regulars and some 12,000 Kurds and Arabs, attacked British positions at Kurna, Ahuaz and Shaiba, in Mesopotamia, but were driven off, leaving 300 prisoners and two guns in the hands of the British, the latter's casualties being reported at ninety-two men wounded.

Twenty-five were killed and one hundred wounded in the last Austrian aeroplane raid over Podgoritza, Montenegro.

Tension between Austria and Italy has been increased by a report from Milan that the Italian ship Irene has been sunk by an Austrian destroyer in the Adriatic while carrying a cargo of food to the Montenegrins. An investigation of the incident has been ordered by the Italian Foreign Office.

In the Imperial House of Commons, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, Secretary of State for the Colonies, announce that the goverment would consult Canada and the other self-governing colonies most fully when the time to discuss peace terms arrives. It was also announced that Great Britain had decided against placing cotton on the contraband list.

The Dominion Parliament has passed a measure granting the right to vote at a Parliamentary election to Canadian soldiers on active service, subject to the approval of the King-in-Council.

The Netherlands steamer Katwyk, with a cargo consigned to the Dutch Government, was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine while anchored seven miles from the North Hinder Lightship in the North Sea. The British steamer Ptarmigan, of 475 tons, was also torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine in the same vicinity, eight of her crew being drowned. The Danish steamer Folke, of 917 tons, was torpedoed and sunk off Peterhead, Scotland.

A Turkish torpedo boat, after firing three torpedoes without effect at a British transport, was chased by British warships and run ashore and destroyed on the coast of Chios, in Kalammuti Bay, her crew being taken prisoners. The British submarine E-15 ran ashore on Kephez Point, in the Dardanelles, three officers and 21 men of her crew of 31 being rescued and made prisoners by the Dutch Government, has been torpedoed and sunk in the North Sea, her crew being rescued.

Locusts in Eastern Canada

Few people who have not experienced a plague of locusts can appreciate how terribly destructive the pest can be. In Circular No. 5, of the Entomological Branch of the Federal Department of Agriculture, Mr Arthur Gibson, Chief Assistant Entomologist, tells something about locusts or "grasshoppers" that every tiller of the soil should know. He states for the past three years the pest has been extremely destructive in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. In one district of Lanark County alone an estimate loss of $6,000 was caused representing 75 per cent. of the crops. In a number of instances fields of oats and barley were cut green to save for feed, while in other cases in the province of Quebec farms have been abandoned owing to the prevalence of locusts. The insects are most impartial in their attention, attacking all kinds of grain and vegetables. After describing the different species which are liable to infest any part of Canada, Mr Gibson suggests as an efficacious poison a bran mash that has been well tried, consisting of

Bran.....20 pounds
Paris green of white arsenate .....1 pound
Molasses.....2 quarts
Oranges and lemons.....3 fruits
Water.....3½ gallons

It is said that the oranges and lemons make the bait more attractive and hence lead to the undoing of the locust Experiments made with this mixture, which can be concocted at small cost, have proved most successful, in one case no fewer than from 900 to 1,200 dead locusts being counted to the square yard. Besides illustrating the efficiency of the poison this statement also proves the alarming and overwhelming nature of the creatures. As every farmer should be prepared to protect his crops against the pests he should see to it that as soon as possible he becomes possessed of this invaluable circular, and this he can do by applying to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

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

READ THIS LETTER

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

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

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

R. A. WAUGH

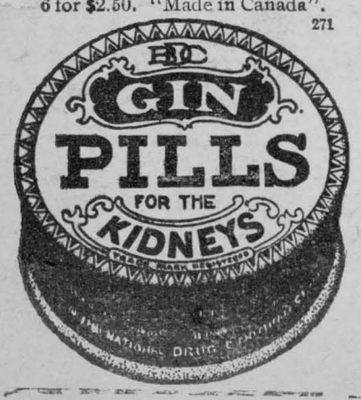
Rheumatism is no longer the dreaded disease it once was. Rheumatism is no longer one of the "incurable diseases". "Fruit-a-tives" has proved its marvellous powers over Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago—in fact, over all such diseases which arise from some derangement of stomach, bowels, kidneys or skin.

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

YOUR BACK

is a Barometer. When it hurts, it means that the Kidneys need help. Take Gin Pills—Canada's own remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. "Made in Canada".

271



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

To Western Canada Each Tuesday

March 2nd. to October 26th, 1915

W. H. McGANNON, Local Agent.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874

Head Office: - Ottawa, Canada.

Capital Paid Up - - -	$ 4,000,000
Rest and Undivided Profits -	4,978,299
Total Assets over - - -	50,000,000

Board of Directors:

HON. GEORGE BRYSON, President. JOHN B. FRASER, Vice-President
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GEORGE BURN, General Manager.
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W. DUTHIE, Chief Inspector.

MORRISBURG BRANCH—B. A. HERRING, Manager

Reduce the cost of living by eating more bread

Stop worrying about the high cost of living. The "Staff of Life" is cheap. Good, plain, wholesome Bread—Bread made with PURITY FLOUR is more nutritious than meat.

Bake Bread with PURITY FLOUR—and buns, rolls, biscuits, cakes, and pies. Give the children plenty of Bread. It's the best food for growing boys and girls. And better than heavy meats for all of us. And—cheaper far.

Order a sack of PURITY! Test it by actual baking. You'll find it makes the tastiest, most appetizing Bread you've ever baked, and the buns, rolls, cakes and pies you'll make with PURITY will delight the whole family.

PURITY FLOUR

"MORE BREAD and BETTER BREAD" and BETTER PASTRY too.

611

Sold by Mullin Bros., Casselman Bros., W. G. Becksted, Chas. S. Colquhoun.
C. E. CASSELMAN, Distributor.

A RED CROSS APPEAL

Our country, with its Allies, is waging a great war for justice, or the protection of small nations in the enjoyment of their rights, for continued and growing freedom, and for the maintenance of its pledged word of honor. Much destruction and desolation are being lost by the thousand. Canada's first contingent is now in the thick of it. Some will fall sick, many may be wounded, some will pay the last full measure of devotion to their country and its cause.

The Red Cross Society exists to succor the sick and wounded in war. It needs more money to provide more beds at hospitals in Great Britain and France; it needs more money to pay more Red Cross Nurses, it needs more money and more things made by women, to supply to Clearing Hospitals, Base Hospitals, and Recovering Hospitals.

I appeal to farmers to send me sums from $1 to $50 during the first week in May. Every $50 provides one additional hospital bed with the giver's name over it. By sending me about $10,000 you would serve your country well, bring credit to yourselves, and make all of us very proud of you. For the sake of the wounded boys, make the gift substantial. It will be an investment towards the recovery of some Canadian soldier who stood in our stead that our cause might be upheld.

Faithfully your friend,
JAS. W. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Red Cross Society at Ottawa.

OH, SUCH A HEADACHE!



Nearly everyone has ripping, tearing headaches at times. Disordered stomach—sluggish liver does it. Cheer up! here's the real relief—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They put the stomach and bowels *right*. All druggists, 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto 9

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

Announcement

To Commanding Officers

OF

Regiments, Military Camps and Hospitals

The Columbia Graphophone Co. will be pleased to donate, free of charge, a representative collection of their famous Columbia Patriotic Records to any camp or regiment of the Second Canadian Contingent, as well as to any Red Cross Hospital or other military organization.

Applications for such records should be addressed to "Columbia Graphophone Co., Toronto, Ont."

These Columbia Patriotic Records (Made in Canada) are the same as those being sold by Columbia dealers everywhere.

Columbia Patriotic Records give you the latest and best of all the songs that the war has inspired, including a new "Tipperary" Record by a full military band, with male chorus. This record has a splendid climax—the British War Shout—"Are We Down-hearted?—No."

FARE $3.00 DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND

C & B LINE



The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE"

The largest and most costly steamer on any inland water of the world. Sleeping accommodations for 1500 passengers.

"CITY OF ERIE" —— 3 Magnificent Steamers —— "CITY OF BUFFALO"

BETWEEN

BUFFALO—Daily, May 1st to Dec. 1st—CLEVELAND

Leave Buffalo - - - 9:00 P. M. Leave Cleveland - - - 9:00 P. M.
Arrive Cleveland - - - 7:30 A. M. Arrive Buffalo - - - 7:30 A. M.
(Eastern Standard Time)

Connections at Cleveland for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and all points West and Southwest. Railroad tickets reading between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & B. Line.

Beautifully colored sectional puzzle chart, showing both exterior and interior of The Great Ship "SEEANDBEE" sent on receipt of five cents to cover postage and mailing. Also ask for our 24-page pictorial and descriptive booklet free.

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Be Sure About Your Paint and Varnishes

Beauty, efficiency and true economy demand the use of the best paints and varnishes.

Lowe Brothers High Standard LIQUID-PAINT

is the paint that is scientifically made, and by years of exposure tests it has *proved* to "Give Best Results."

Yet, because of its superior spreading and covering qualities, it costs no more for the job than ordinary paints. "High Standard" is the Paint of Proven Performance.

For your floors the "Varnish of Efficiency" is Lowe Brothers **Durable Floor Varnish.** It is very tough and durable, is washable, and, of course, does not turn white when water touches it.

There is a "High Standard" Paint, Varnish, Enamel or Stain for every purpose. Ask for evidence and proof that it will pay you to specify them on all your work.



Illustrated Books—FREE



R. H. BRADFIELD & Co.

Morrisburg, Ont.

358

The "Little Blue Flag" on the can is your guarantee of quality and service.

CORNWALL GENERAL HOSPITAL

This institution provides skilled nursing and care at very moderate rates to those able to pay, and without charge to indigent persons from the three United Counties, other than the Municipal Grants.

It is kept up by:

1. Fees from paying patients.
2. Grants from the Government and Municipalities.
3. Donations and Subscriptions from Churches, Corporations, Societies and Individuals, the last being the largest source of revenue.

You are Asked to Assist in this work

The nucleus of an endowment fund has been established by a legacy recently received, and parties remembering the Hospital in their wills may stipulate that bequests made by them shall go to this fund.

If you would like a copy of the last Annual Report, drop a card to the Secretary, who will be pleased to send you one.

J. T. KIRKPATRICK, President. J. C. ALGUIRE, Sec'y-Trea

Have You Tried This Wonderful Product?

Special Sale on

PALMOLIVE

80c. Worth for 50c.

Shampoo, 50c.
2 Cakes Soap 30c

This Bargain For 50c.

"PALMOLIVE is made in CANADA"

Cream 50c.
Soap 30c.

80c. Worth For 50c.

First Come, First Served. Our stock is limited and you don't want to miss this Bargain.

FOR SALE BY

D. T. HENDERSON

The Rexall Store

MORRISBURG, - - ONT.

Farmers Attention!

We will have in a few days a car load of

Read's Celebrated Fertilizer

Now is the time to place your orders for this celebrated brand of Fertilizer

A great chance for the Blacksmith

For their spring supply of coal we are now offering our B. C.C. Cumberland Smithing Coal at wholesale prices

In ½ ton or ton lots at $5.50 per ton.

Smaller quantities $6 00 per ton.

Portland Cement

We are handling one of the Canadian Cement Company's

BEST BRAND

Delivered in any quantity

GUARANTEED BY

BAKER & SNYDER

Surprise Store

Now is the Time

to get your

Spring Garden and Vegetable Seed

We have a full fresh line always on hand; also a full line of fresh groceries.

Highest price paid for butter and eggs.

Call and be convinced before buying elsewhere.

Casselman & Prunner

Morrisburg, - - Ont.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

WILLIAMSBURG

Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson of Chesterville visited at O. P. Becker's, Monday.

Mr. W. Johnson of Winchester has taken over the barber shop and is prepared to do business in up-to-date style.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewland visited Iroquois friends Sunday.

Walter Buchan has taken over the Feed business for the Williamsburg Farmers' Co-Operative Association, Ltd. Shareholders will leave their orders with Mr. Buchan at the feed store.

Mr. Frank Empey has purchased a new auto and is now prepared to take no man's dust.

Mr. Durant of Vankleek Hill visited his brother, Mr. Geo. Durant this week.

Mrs. Currie of Hexton who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. E. M. Casselman, is visiting for a couple of weeks in Morrisburg with her daughter, Mrs. Howard Casselman.

Mrs. J. Shenette visited her sons, Walter and Henry, in Morrisburg last week.

Call and see Mr. Durant's display of buggies and wagons.

Dr. Gormley of Chrysler visited his sister, Mrs. T. Patrick on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Merkley of Nation Valley visited at John Barkley's on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie McIntosh of Berwick visited friends in this vicinity the latter part of the week.

Mr. Wm. I. Merkley has purchased the 50-acre farm lying south of the road at Mr. Geo. H. Casselman's farm.

The Red Cross Tea held at Mr. Ezra Casselman's, Tuesday evening was a real success. Rev. Mr. Maurer, Rev. Mr. Keough and Rev. Mr. Ferguson were present. The proceeds amounted to $6.85.

Don't forget the concert in the I. O.O.F. Hall Friday, April 30th. Every effort is being put forth to make this concert a success. For particulars see posters.

FROATBURN

Mr. Robert Weagant of Hoasic passed through here on Thursday last.

Mrs. Dalton Saddlemire and children of Glen Becker are this week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Watson.

Quite a few from here attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Forward on Wednesday at the Methodist Church, Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Styles of Pigeon Island spent Sunday at Geo. E. Styles'.

Mr. and Mrs. George Froats spent Sunday with friends at Riverside.

Mr. John Moffat of Hoasic passed through our burg recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Casselman and Mr. David Bowman of Glen Becker spent Friday at the home of Mr. Morley Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of Riverside spent Sunday at J. A. Swerdfeger's.

Mr. Morley Wells of Hoasic passed through here on Monday.

Miss Florence Steven spent one evening last week at Mr. Chas. Watson's.

Rev. C. O. Carson of Morrisburg was calling on friends here on Tuesday.

Mrs. James Salmons spent a few days at John Styles'.

TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can. — "I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK EMSLEY, 903 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.

Beatrice, Neb.—"Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."—Mrs. R. B. CHILD, Beatrice, Neb.

Rev. C. H. Little of Morrisburg was calling in Froatburn on Monday.

Nudell Bush

Mrs Wm. Watson and family, of Riverside, spent the 7th at Mr M. F. Reddick's.

Messrs Morgan Doyle and Emanuel Prunner spent Saturday evening at Ferndale.

John Burton spent Thursday at Dunbar.

Frank Rooks and baby are spending a few days in Uncle Sam's domain.

Frank Casselman was a business caller here on Saturday.

Mrs Melvin McIntosh and baby, Ernest spent a couple days in town this week.

Mr and Mrs Jas. Harper spent Saturday at Geo. Vassaw's Sr.

Ross McIntosh is spending a few days here this week.

Mr and Mrs Chas Shaver spent Tuesday afternoon at Cloverdale.

Mrs Colborne Casselman spent Tuesday at Geo. Cramers'.

Mr and Mrs M. Baker spent Sunday evening at Chas. Gogo's.

Jas. Gogo is spending a few days in our burn.

Geo. Vassaw and son spent Sunday at Riverside

Died—On April 8th, Calvin Myers, infant son of Mr and Mrs Calvin Loucks of this place.

BRINSTON

Mr. Herb Johnston spent the week-end with friends in Brockville.

Mrs. Bush of Spencerville spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. M. Weegar of Kemptville is visiting at Alex. Clark's.

Mrs. O. A. Irvine of Morrisburg visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGregor last week.

Misses Laura Tensaw, May Gilson and Lottie Hamilton spent Thursday with friends at Mountain.

Miss M. J. Davidson of Ottawa spent Easter week at Wm. Millar's.

We are sorry to report Mr. Jas. Murray is laid up with a severe attack of quinsy.

Pte. Lorne Holmes of the Hussars, Iroquois called on friends in town Sunday evening.

Mr. E. Clark is spending a couple of weeks in Ottawa.

Mrs. Dr. Collison spent Friday at Williamsburg.

SCHOOL REPORT, S. S. No. 6 WILLIAMSBURG

The names are in order of merit:

Sr. IV.—Reta Wells, Orpha Boyd.

Jr. IV.—Maud Gow, Roy Herriman.

III.—Lloyd Wells, Elleda Barclay Ruby Boyd.

Sr. II.—Jimmie Gow.

Jr. II.—Earl Casselman, Harold Boyd, Willie Gow.

Class I.—Winnie Herriman, Clarence Alguire, Alice Casselman, Howard Boyd.

Sr.-Pr.—Erma Casselman, Geo. Gow, Fredie Robinson.

Jr.-Pr.—Bernice Alguire.

M. O. DRISCOLL, Teacher.

S,S. No. 18 & 1, Williamsburg

(Honor Roll for March)

Sr. IV.—Delbert Casselman, Johnston Morrow, Willie Thompson, Otis McMillan, Harry Holmes, Reta McIntosh, Eva Casselman.

Jr. IV.—Cecil Casselman, Aleitha Thorpe, Mildred Davidson, Hilda Fisher, Keitha Bailey, Elbourne McIntosh, Hilda Davidson, George Summers, Garfield McIntosh, Luella Harper, Joseph Davidson.

Class III —Merit Summers, Jean Murdock Olive Connor, John Morrow, Maggie Nesbitt, Willett Patterson, Floid Casselman, Hilda McIntosh and Evelyn McPherson (equal) Eva Harper, Leslie Holmes. Blanche McIntosh, Bessie Barkley, Mae Durant.

BURT LOCKE, Teacher.

JUNIOR GRADE

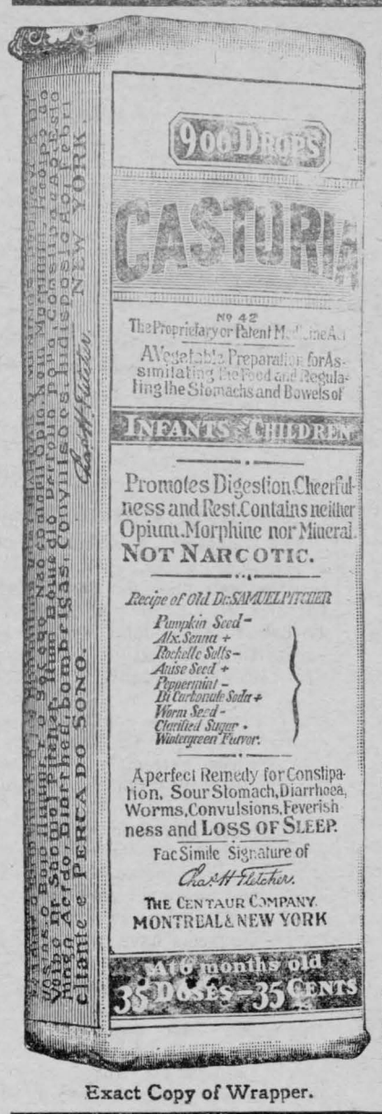
Sr. II.—Vera Kirkwood, Howard Durant, Helen Nesbitt, Charlotte MacDonald, Ella Coons, Hazel Rice, Gladys Rice, Jessie Barkley.

Jr. II.—Charlie Morrow, Lucy McIntosh, Lillian Bolton, Della Holmes, Athol Barkley, Harold Hess, Graham MacPherson, Herbie Loucks, Hugh Bolton, Caroline Harper, Elta Thorpe, Lulu Kirkwood, William Shettleton.

Part II.—Jay Bailey, Bessie Thorpe, Alberta Bolton, Luella Barkley, Lorne Casselman.

Class I.—Ernest Harper, Eva MacMillan, Kathleen Hollister, Willie Kirkwood, James Holmes, Mildred Coons, Elzon Coons, Ogle Hollister, Dorothy MacIntosh, Alex Davidson, Archie Rice, Mina Holmes, Morley Bailey, Henry Harper, Silas Harper, Gladys Casselman, Alonzo Foster, Howard Shettleton.

S. M. Shaver, Teacher.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

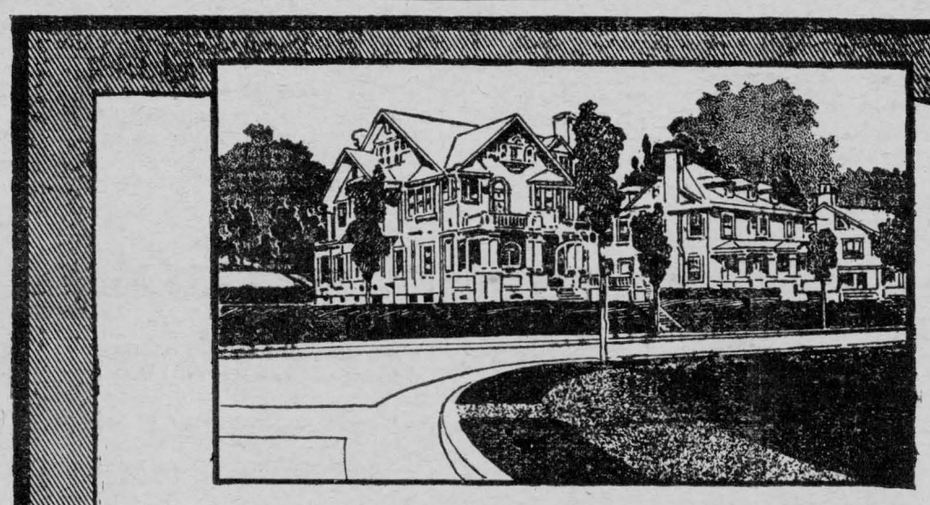
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

PATRIOTIC CONTRIBUTION FROM CHEESE FACTORIES

During the latter part of 1914 and early part of 1915 the following contributions have been forwarded through me to the different Relief Organizations as intimated in list below.

FACTORY	TOWNSHIP	SEC'Y.-TREAS.	BELGIAN FUND	Red Cross Fund	Patriotic Fund	Total contribution
South Mountain	Mountain	E. Bishop	$	$	$ 82 36	$ 82 36
Central	"	J. I. Beggs		37 41		37 41
Oak Valley	"	Edgar Lindsay	19 69	19 69		39 38
Model No. 3	Matilda	H. F. Johnson	24 50	24 50		49 00
Morrisburg	"	Alfred Deeks			34 00	34 00
Toye's Hill	"	R. H. Wylie	13 03	13 04		26 07
Dunbar	Williamsburg	Robt. Durant	46 40			46 40
Spruce Grove	"	Peter Merkley	42 77	42 78		85 55
Elma	"	A. Sullivan	40 65	40 65		81 30
Bouck's Hill	"	A. B. McPherson			36 42	36 42
Bowman	"	Owen Coughler	12 11		12 11	24 22
Glen Becker	"	Jno. Casselman	30 00			30 00
Mountain View	"	Fred Fetterly	18 87	18 86		37 73
Hess	"	Jno. E. Barkley			48 00	48 00
Williamsburg	"	J. L. McIntosh	155 40			155 40
Archer	"	W. A. Plantz			77 51	77 51
Grantley	"	G. Cunningham	60 00			60 00
White Globe No. 1	Winchester	A. Campbell	110 09			110 09
White Globe No. 2	Osgoode	A. Campbell	66 79			66 79
White Globe No. 3	"	A. Campbell	72 60			72 60
White Globe No. 4	"	A. Campbell	44 56			44 56
White Globe No. 5	"	J. H. Ailin	47 15			47 15
White Globe No. 6	Finch	V. Norton	37 00			37 00
White Globe No. 7	Winchester	J. G. Craig	22 00			22 00
White Clover	"	J. A. Campbell	37 73			37 73
King	Mountain	J. A. Campbell	48 98			48 98
Aults No. 1	Winchester	A. G. Summers	68 29			68 29
Aults No. 3	"	Geo. Smith	22 39	22 38		44 77
Aults No. 4	"	Walter Moffat	41 75	41 76		83 51
Morewood	"	W. H. Stevens	163 51			163 51
Dundas Star	Winchester	H. Nesbitt		26 16		26 16
Daisy	"	Lorne McIntosh	40 60	40 60		81 20
Droppo	Finch	Pat Moore	36 83			36 83
C. W. No. 1	Winchester	Thos. McConnell	33 60	33 69		67 20
			$ 1347 29	$ 361 43	$ 290 40	$ 1999 12

J. A. CAMPBELL.



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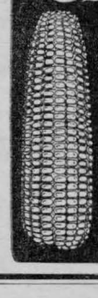

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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA
Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Other Story

"That is a habit you must overcome," said Aunt Honora with decision as her niece, Mrs. Leeds, returned from bidding good-bye to Mrs. Stevens, the minister's wife. The walk from the sitting-room to the piazza was the longest Mrs. Leeds had taken unaided since she came back from the hospital the week before.

"Habit," she exclaimed, as she leaned against the door for a moment. "I thought the habit of walking was an excellent one for an invalid."

"Walking!" sniffed Aunt Honora. "Talking would be more to the point."

"Did I talk too much?" Mrs. Leeds asked. "I was so glad to see Mrs. Stevens that I forgot the doctor's advice."

Aunt Honora looked at her niece over her gold-rimmed glasses, crocheted another scallop, and asked:

"How many appendicitis recitals do you suppose Mrs. Stevens has listened to since she came to Norwall?"

"Why, I don't know," Mrs. Leeds answered. "Several of my friends have had operations for appendicitis during the last ten years."

"And as many who are not your particular friends," continued her aunt. "Mrs. Stevens doubtless called on every one of them within two weeks of their return from the hospital. I have no doubt she has heard the same story not less than twenty times."

"The same story!" Mrs. Leeds exclaimed. "My case was the worst ever——"

"They all are," quoth Aunt Honora. "One story differs from another only in the choice of adjectives."

"But Mrs. Stevens seemed interested——"

"In every detail of your operation," finished Aunt Honora. "Of course she did—that was her business. But I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, for I knew how much more interested she would have been in the side lights."

"The side lights!"

"Yes, the side lights," repeated Aunt Honora. "The side lights of hospital life that you have given me from day to day. The story of the poor woman who never once looked about her after the nurses put her to bed, but covered her face with the sheets and cried. And after she had enjoyed that luxury a few minutes, she felt something fall on her forehead, and putting out her hand, she found a slip of paper weighted with a lemon drop. And on the paper she read: 'Dear New Friend. Look out. I want to get acquainted with you. Your right hand neighbor.'"

"And the Woman did look out," Mrs. Leeds went on, "and saw in the bed next to hers the smiling, motherly face of the broken-hip patient—and decided that she, too, would like to get acquainted. And when her eyes were wholly dried, she was introduced to all the other patients in the ward. In half an hour the newcomer discovered that the dreaded hospital ward was only a large room in which there were eleven women who were anxious to become her friends. And so the woman forgot to worry about her husband and four small children, and laughed and told stories with the rest—and in three weeks she was renewed in body and in mind. Why, I never thought of telling Mrs. Stevens about her, or the laughing-eyed girl in the wheel chair who travelled from bed to bed writing letters for the patients—such letters! or the florist's wife who divided her beautiful flowers among us. I really wonder, Aunt Honora, if—yes, there is Deacon Lowry's wife. I will try it on her."

Treatment of Smut.

Commissioner Clark, writing in the Agricultural War Book on "Treatment for Smut Prevention," says that in Eastern Canada there is considerable smut in the grain crops each year, but that it has not been sufficiently prevalent to make treatment for its prevention general. The losses, however, are much greater than is commonly realized, and the value of the crop could be considerably increased if treatment for smut prevention were more generally practiced. Over half the samples of fall wheat collected in Ontario contain smut, and it is also very common in the spring crops, especially oats. Reports on the samples treated indicate that formalin, one pound in forty gallons of water, is much more popular than bluestone as a preventive.

Care for the Birds.

Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, urges farmers to encourage birds by building nesting boxes and leaving birds undisturbed on woodlots. Bushes and thickets should be permitted to grow for their shelter. He says very few of our birds are really harmful, and most of them destroy enormous quantities of insects. Dr. Hewitt asserts that too much stress cannot be laid on the urgency of protecting native birds. Farmers should never permit shooting of wild birds. —Canadian Forestry Journal.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Some men are good because they find it cheaper than being bad.

Some men who boast that they pay as they go never manage to get very far.

Men wouldn't care how much their wives talked if they would only use the sign language.

Newspaper advertising is the least expensive and most productive of all forms of advertising.

"Have you ever thought seriously of marriage, sir?" "Indeed I have; ever since the ceremony."

"Was it a bad accident?" "Well, I was knocked speechless and my wheel was knocked spokeless."

Things show the true nature of a man more than humor. The finest humor comes from the finest spirit.

"Somehow you seem to have grown shorter instead of taller since I last saw you." "Well, I've married and settled down."

Teacher—"Have you ever seen bananas growing?" Archibald—"No, ma'am; I never had time to stand and watch them."

If you succeed in convincing a girl that she has beautiful hands her mother will have to do the dish-washing thereafterward.

"What are the relations now between your wife and yourself?" "Oh, only her mother, two uncles, a sister and a few cousins."

"Did he propose to her?" "Well, he pressed his suit." "Why didn't he suit?" "Because he hadn't pressed his suit before he came."

A woman is capable of a higher, nobler and more unselfish love than that of a man, and she often sacrifices herself for those she loves.

"Do you mean to say, Pat, that your last master treated you better than I do?" "Yes, sorr," replied the Irishman—"and oftener."

Rich Uncle Ebenezer—"So you are named after me, are you?" Small Nephew—"Yes, ma said it was too bad, but we wanted your money badly."

If you would be happy keep your mind and your heart full of kind thoughts for others. If you would be miserable just think about and pity yourself.

Septimus (he delights to quote Scripture)—"The way of the transgressor is hard." Bobby Marshall—"Yes, but the trouble is that it's usually hard on somebody else."

"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?" "My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter." "And did you post it?" "No; she forgot to give it to me."

Old Husband—"Didn't you marry me for my money? Answer me that, madam!" Young Wife—"Certainly I did. And we'd get along splendidly if you were not so mean with it."

O'Brien—"Come home an' take supper wid me, Flannigan." Flannigan—"Shure it's past yer supper time, and it's furious yer wife'll be." O'Brien—That's just it; she can't lick the two av us."

Coronor—"We found nothing in the man's pockets, ma'am except three buttons, one handkerchief and a receipted bill. The Sobbing Inquirer—"A receipted bill. Then 'taint my husband!"

Marjorie—"Angelina doesn't like her new gown. It's pretty and all that, but she thinks it still needs something to improve its shape." Mabel—"Well, why doesn't she let some other girl wear it?"

Irishman—"What would a man be that was born in Ireland, christened in Scotland, married in England and died in America?" Englishman—"I don't know; what would he be?" Irishman—"A corpse."

"Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, who had been giving lessons on the baptismal covenant, "can you tell me the two things necessary to baptism?" "Yes'm," said Tommy, "water and a baby."

"Well, my boy," said the visitor to Bobby, "I suppose some day you expect to step into your father's shoes?" "Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby, gloomily. "I been wearin' out everythin' else he wears since mother learned how to cut 'em down for me."

Scot Invents Mine Destroyer.

Dr. Walford Bodie, who has already offered two of his latest electrical inventions to the British Government—a mine destroyer, and submarine searchlight — has just completed another invention, which he calls a Bodieite shell. He claims that when the shell is fired near a trench or amongst a regiment, the fumes, although perfectly harmless to the enemy, places them for a time hors de combat, making the foe helpless long enough for the allies to dash in and take them prisoners. Each shell is powerful enough to overcome at least 500 men. He has offered this invention to the Government, and his own services for base hospital work, besides offering his own home, the Manor House, Macduff, and 20 beds for an emergency hospital.

Pushed Off the Dock.

"She hesitated a long while. I wonder how she finally came to decide to take the matrimonial plunge."

"I think her younger sisters pushed her off the deck, so to speak."

KITCHENER, THE SILENT.

Interesting Comment Made by an Authority.

"He lives," says Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in writing of Lord Kitchener, "in deeds, not words. No one of his time has at once said so little and done so much. Nor has any one of his time gone so far with so entire a reliance on his own merits and so complete a scorn of the arts of advertisement. There is about him something of the quality of General Kleber, of whom it was said that it made men brave to look at him. If he does not make you feel brave, at least he makes you feel strong. But he has not the magic that Napoleon exercised over the minds of men, nor the apocalpytic fervor with which Cromwell fired them, nor the swift instinct by which Charles XII. assured them of victory. His mind is slow and ponderous; but it moves with the mass and the certainty of the Nasmyth hammer. Perhaps the man of genius would crack the nut without the hammer. But at all events Kitchener does crack the nut. He belongs to the school of Wellington or Grant more than to he school of Napoleon or Lee. He will "fight it out on that line if it takes all summer." He has the patience of Torres Vedras rather than the swift inspiration of Austerlitz. His merit, in short, is for organization rather than for battle. He is not a great warrior but, like Carnot or Moltke, a great organizer of victory. Both in Egypt and in South Africa his record was that of the engineer, slowly sapping and mining the fastnesses of the enemy, here building a railway to penetrate the desert, there carrying out a vast scheme of blockhouses to round up the Boers—striking only when his schemes were complete and the hour had struck.

"His probity is splendid. No army ever had such a cleansing fire. Corruption, jobbery, intrigue flee before him. While he was in South Africa the contractor was held in an iron grasp. It was only when he left for India that the infamous tale of plunder, exposed by the War Stores Commission, began. In India he found the Army overrun with the friends of some powerful personage—not infrequently a lady. He swept the stables clean. It used to be said that the home-coming ships were filled with rubbish that he had ruthlessly discarded. He has only one test for men. It is no use pointing out that the candidate is good at polo, that his uncle is the Duke of Blankshire, and that he was at Eton. His test is Napoleon's—'What has he done?' If he doesn't answer that successfully he has no use for him even though he were his own brother. His fidelity to the public interest has made him the most economical general of his time. After his conquest of the Soudan, Lord Salisbury said of him that he was the only general who had fought a campaign for less—£300,000 less—than he promised to fight it for. And Lord Cromer declared that if he had not been one of the first generals of the world he would have been one of the first Chancellors of the Exchequer.

"Egypt, the land of mysteries over which the Sphinx looks out with inscrutable and immeroria calm, is the proper home of this silent, phinx-like man. It was there that he got his foot on the ladder. He left Palestine, where he had been working for the Exploration Fund, and offered himself for the new Egyptian cavalry. It is one of the little ironies of history that he was nearly rejected because he rode so badly. But for a complacent examiner he would have remained in the backwater of the Engineers, waiting for a pension. . . It is a comment on the futility of little tests. And it is in Egypt that his most enduring work has been done. He found the Egyptian troops 'splendid soldiers if only they would not run away.' He taught them not to run away. With them he won back the Soudan and brought peace and the railway into the desert."

The Russian Commander-in-Chief.

The Grand Duke Nicholas (writes a visitor to North Berwick) has frequently played golf there. I have heard one of his caddies remark, "He isna muckle o' a gowfer; we dinna tak' muckle notice o' him here." Yet he is enthusiastic enough wearing little else when he plays than a shirt and grey trousers. Once the old plain-spoken worthy who kept the ginger beer shanty on the links flew a couple of flags in honor (as the duke thought) of his presence. "It is very good of you," graciously said the duke, "to pay me this compliment." "Na, na!" replied the Scot, "It's no' for you; it's for a better man nor you—it's for Mr. Balfour." Doubtless the duke, who speaks English well, understood the drift of this reply, which he took quite good-humoredly.

The increasing industrial use of wood alcohol has created conditions of carelessness in the handling of it. Wood alcohol is an active poison, and all bottles, cans or other containers of this liquid should be plainly and conspicuously marked "Poison."

GRAEME THOMSON.

"The Greatest Transport Officer Since Noah."

A few weeks ago the name of Graeme Thomson would have conveyed nothing to the great British public. To-day it suggests to everybody the sudden and well-merited rise to reputation of a man who has done the State some service during his months of warfare. The hour produces the man, and at the Admiralty, as well as at the War Office and in the field, the right person has appeared in not a few instances. It is in accordance with the generous and outspoken nature of the First Lord that when he sees outstanding merit in a colleague he permits no official pedantry to hold him silent. And so, in his memorable statement of February 15, Mr. Churchill let the nation know to whom it is indebted for the unparalleled feats of sea-transport by which our navy has been kept in abundant supplies and our vast armies carried overseas without the loss of a single life or mishap to a single ship. That man is Mr. Graeme Thomson, who four months ago was superintending clerk in the Admiralty transport under Rear-Admiral H. W. Savory, and who is now director of that department. During November Mr. Thomson was made assistant director, and on December 1, when Admiral Savory retired, he became director. Mr. Churchill has alluded to him as "one of the discoveries of the war." That discovery began when Mr. Thomson, as superintending clerk, first came into contact with the First Lord, who marked him as "a very likely man." Very soon he was placed in full control of a section of the transport, where he showed such



Mr. Graeme Thomson.

mastery of detail and administrative ability that he was promoted to the second step already noted. It was not long before the First Lord, now assured of his man by daily consultations, put him in his present position of huge responsibility. His rise has been extraordinarily rapid—it probably creates a "record"; but Mr. Thomson has earned it all. And long years of preparation, 14 in the Admiralty service, have gone to fit him for his task. He is a native of Cheshire; but, as his name implies, he is of Scottish lineage, a son in matters academic of William of Wykeham, for he is a member of both William's foundations, Winchester College and New College, Oxford. From New College he passed to the Admiralty as a higher division clerk. His record is now before the world in Mr. Churchill's eulogy: "A man who stepped into the place when the emergency came, who has organized and presided over performances and transactions the like of which were never contemplated by any State in history." Mr. Thomson is not yet 40; to be precise, he is 39, and he is the youngest director of naval transport the British Admiralty has ever known. He takes his blushing honors modestly. "There is really nothing in it," he said to the inevitable interviewer; but the public is inclined to think that there is a good deal in it. Over one million men, to say nothing of colossal stores, carried without mishap in the face of the enemy, is a considerable performance. At the Admiralty they are said to parody Sir George White's epigram on Sir Edward Ward and to call Mr. Thomson "the greatest transport officer since Noah."

Overdraw.

The banks, by order, will agree
No overdrafts must honored be,
But what will ladywife now say
Should banks her cheques refuse to pay!

War and Tips.

The Gourmand—I suppose you've had to put up with "Tipperary" ever since the war started?

The Waiter (his labors unrewarded)—Yes, sir, and tip a rarity.

Knocked Her Abaht.

Rather unexpected was the reply of a Mrs. Tommy Atkins to a gentleman who inquired if her husband was at the front. "Yus," she said; "an' I 'ope 'e'll serve the Germans as 'e served me.



Life Insurance.

It is secretly and by stealth, and also with trepidation, that a man goes about the business of insuring his life. Intuition tells him that his wife, if he gave her his confidence, would denounce the project and be grieved by it; and for his own part, he cannot help shrinking at the thought of the steps that it demands. He contemplates the annual or semiannual payment that the engagement imposes on him with less concern than offering himself to the medical examiner for approval or rejection. Unaware of any serious physical disabilities, he yet does not know what fatal defects the skilled investigator may discover; and if he has indeed only a precarious hold upon life, he would much rather not be told of it.

But the persuasions of the life-insurance agent and his own uneasy conscience, which reminds him that he has not made provision for his family in the event of his untimely demise, prevail over his apprehension, and he presents himself for medical inspection. Let us assume that he finds it a less fearful ordeal than he had anticipated, and that the doctor, instead of looking grave and keeping an ominous silence, congratulates him on his large chest expansion and vigorous heart action—gives him, in short, a clean bill of health. He emerges from the interview a happy man, in a glow of kindliness for all the world and of particular esteem for himself. It has been, he thinks, worth his while to be thoroughly overhauled by a physician, if only to be told that he is all right; otherwise, he might have done a lot of needless worrying about his health. Now he need never give it a moment's thought. What a blessing. Also, the consciousness that he has done his duty by his family is elevating; feeling that he need no longer have a secret from his wife, and hopefully expectant of praise and gratitude, he goes home and tells her what he has done.

Perhaps she rewards him as he anticipates; but it is quite as likely that she will be distressed and disturbed, and feel that he would never have insured his life if he had not been going to die. Even after he has striven to remove this conviction from her mind, she will probably declare that the idea of life insurance is revolting to her; that she does not want to be financially compensated for his death, and that she wishes he had arranged to make some other use of his savings.

But this disconcerting attitude changes in time, and the wife as well as the husband comes to recognize the importance of life insurance. Just what proportion of savings should be invested in it is a question that each man must decide for himself; but that some proportion should be so applied is desirable in the case of almost everyone. The virtue of sacrifice is united to that of thrift, and the home that is the man's pride rests upon a more secure foundation. —Youth's Companion.

When Animals Sleep.

Elephants sleep standing up. When in a herd a certain number will always stand watch while the others sleep, for the big, powerful beasts are timid and cautious at night and will not go to sleep unguarded.

Bats sleep head downward, hanging by their hind claws.

Birds, with few exceptions, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back and the beak thrust beneath the wing.

Storks, gulls and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one leg.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting ashore, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together and blanketted by their bushy tail.

Lions, tigers and cat animals stretch themselves out flat upon the side. Their muscles twitch and throb, indicating that they are light and restless sleepers.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have a screen that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for the sleep in daytime.

It takes an unusually cheerful liar to make a living at it.

Treatment of Painful Feet.

The discomfort and distress that pain in the feet causes are very great, and few persons are likely to neglect a condition that forces itself so constantly on their attention. When corns cause the pain, they can be removed by moderate paring and the application of a salicylic acid paste every night. Any physician can write the formula for this paste. A bunion of ordinary severity is usually greatly relieved by forcing the great toe over toward the inner side of the foot by means of a pad between the first and second toes, and by wearing a bunion plaster, which prevents friction on the apex of the bunion. Of course the shoe must be so shaped that it permits the toe to stay in the line of the foot.

The early pain of flatfoot can be quieted by having both sole and heel of the shoe made wedgeshaped, with the thick edge on the inner side. That throws the weight of the body on the outer side of the foot. Sometimes the sufferer has to have an "arch" in the sole of the shoe, but he had better do without it if he can, and discard it as soon as the arch ceases to show signs of giving way. Cold douches, or alternate cold and hot douches, will also strengthen the fibrous structures that normally hold up the arch of the foot.

It is much more difficult to relieve the opposite condition—an overhigh arch. Orthopedic treatment, by stretching with an appropriate apparatus, or even more serious operative work, is often necessary.

The gouty, rheumatic, or "uric-acid" foot is cured by the dietetic and medicinal measures that relieve the disordered condition of the system. Some alleviation will follow if the feet are bathed morning and evening in a strong solution of Epsom salts, and it is often possible to get temporary relief from "anti-gout" and "antirheumatic" remedies; but a permanent and lasting cure depends on strict attention to the diet. That should contain no animal food, except an occasional wing of chicken, milk, eggs (in great moderation), and a little fish, and there should be no tea or coffee or alcohol. A course of baths at some mineral spring often supplements the diet cure to advantage, but that is something for the physician to recommend.

Dickens' Cat.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and, like all true lovers, he was likely to become the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a favorite with the entire household, but showed an especial devotion to its master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens, and brought them in from the kitchen one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but Williamina only brought them quietly back. Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead, she placed them at her master's feet, and, taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question. Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study, and they made themselves royally at home, swarming on the curtains, playing about the writing-table, and scampering behind the bookshelves.

Most of the family were given away; only one remained, entirely deaf, and known, from her devotion to Dickens, as "the master's cat." This little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote.

One evening Dickens was reading by a small table whereon stood a lighted candle. As usual the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book, and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat as he did so. Afterwards he remembered that puss had looked at him some what reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason of her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him. Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for gaining her end.

Hard work is the only sure cure for an ingrowing grouch.

SPRING REMINDERS OF RHEUMATISM

Raw, Damp Weather Starts the Pain, But the Trouble Lies in the Blood

Spring weather is bad for rheumatic sufferers. The changes from mild to cold, the raw, damp winds start the aches and twinges, or in the more extreme cases, the tortures of the trouble going. But it must be borne in mind that it is not the weather that causes rheumatism. The trouble is rooted in the blood—the changeable weather merely starts the pains. The only way to reach the trouble and to cure it is through the blood. The poisonous rheumatic acids must be driven out. Liniments and rubbing may give temporary relief, but cannot possibly cure the trouble. The sufferer is only wasting time and money with this kind of treatment, and all the time the trouble is becoming more deeply rooted—harder to cure. There is just one speedy cure for rheumatism — Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the impure, acid-tainted blood. They purify and strengthen it and thus root out the cause of the rheumatism. Here is strong proof of the above statements. Mr. J. Routley, Sydney, Man., says: "I was so badly crippled with rheumatism in my hips and knees that I could hardly go about. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I took steadily for a couple of months, by which time all traces of the trouble had disappeared. I can most strongly recommend the Pills to all rheumatic sufferers."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—H. W. Beecher.

Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates.—O. W. Holmes.

The normal school turns out professors of philosophy, only the school of life produces philosophers. —Gustave Vapereau.

It many times falls out that we seem ourselves much deceived because we first deceived ourselves. —Sir Philip Sidney.

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.—H. Van Dyke.

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be built; now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

I do not call the sod under my feet my country, but language, religion, laws, government, blood — identity in these makes men of one country.—Coleridge.

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

THE WAY OUT

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, and I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were being helped by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith, but procured a pkg. and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease — using grape-Nuts every day. I am now the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

SOUP AND SOLDIERS.

Military Experts Think Too Much Is a Mistake.

The Frenchman's fondness for soup is proverbial. It is strongly in evidence among the soldiers now at the front, who subsist largely on soup or on stews, which amount to practically the same thing.

English military experts are inclined to think that this is a serious mistake. They believe that such sameness of diet leads to staleness among even the healthiest of men, and that the French would fight better if they ate more substantial food, such as the roast beef and mutton chops of which the English are so fond.

But although the English believe their soldiers are better fed than the French, they have to admit that they owe the present excellence of their military cuisine to a Frenchman. While England was fighting in Crimea sixty years ago Alexis Soyer, the celebrated chef, went there and, with nothing but the regular rations to work upon, soon revolutionized the army's methods of cooking.

He found the camp cooks at Scutari and in other places tying the joints intended for boiling so tightly that the exterior was cooked while the inside remained raw. He found cooking going on in huge copper caldrons so dark that it was not possible to see whether the tinning was intact—whether the water was not contaminated by verdigris.

He found them marking their rations, "lest they should be confounded in the kettle," by attaching to them pieces of red cloth, a string of buttons, knives, forks, scissors, pairs of snuffers. He found them throwing away the fat from the coppers, three inches thick, for they did not know that they were thus destroying "a little sea" of excellent soup. He found them sometimes cooking with smoke, dust and steam intermixed instead of fire, and yet consumed "a fabulous quantity of unnecessary fuel."

When a Woman Suffers With Chronic Backache

There Is Trouble Ahead.

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion.

In the stores, factories, and on a farm are weak, ailing women, dragged down with torturing backache and bearing down pains.

Such suffering isn't natural, but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kidneys.

The dizziness, insomnia, deranged menses and other symptoms of kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they require the assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which go direct to the seat of the trouble.

To give vitality and power to the kidneys, to lend aid to the bladder and liver, to free the blood of poisons, probably there is no remedy so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For all womanly irregularities their merit is well known.

Because of their mild, soothing, and healing effect, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe, and are recommended for girls and women of all ages. 25 cents per box at all dealers. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

LACK OF MONEY END WAR.

Expenditure Up to That Time Will be $16,990,000,000.

Edgar Crammond, a prominent financial writer of London, read a paper before the Royal Statistical Society recently dealing with the cost of the war. In his opinion the war must end in July through the exhaustion of some of the belligerents.

Mr. Crammond estimates the total cost of the war to the end of July as $16,990,000,000, and the total economic loss, through damage to property and other direct and indirect losses at $45,740,000,000. He estimates that Great Britain alone will spend up to the end of July £708,000,000.

The London Times, commenting on Mr. Crammond's figures, thinks he takes a somewhat exaggerated view, although he is in possession of facts which entitle his opinion to respect. The Times points out that Premier Asquith's estimate of Great Britain's expenditure during the same period was only £500,000,000, but adds: "This certainly now appears too low, even if Mr. Crammond's estimate is too high."

And you may do a man a favor by not giving him advice.

Bill had a bill-board; Bill also had a board-bill. The board bill bored Bill so he told the bill-board to pay the board-bill. After Bill sold the bill-board the board-bill no longer bored Bill.

The corporal was much better at his drill than at grammar, says The Manchester Guardian, but the defeat did not worry him in the slightest. He had just sharply ordered his men to "mind them spaces now," when the smiling lieutenant observed: "Why 'them spaces,' corporal?" "Well, sir, if I said 'distances' about 'arf of 'em wouldn't understand me," he explained simply.

Doing Wonders For Rheumatism

WHAT PETER F. PATTERSON SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Gaspe County Man Gives Advice to All Who Want to be Cured of Kidney Troubles.

Haldimand, Gaspe Co., Quebec, April 12 (Special).—"I have just opened the third box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and find they are doing me wonders of good for the Kidneys and Rheumatism," so says Mr. Peter F. Patterson, a well-known resident of this place.

"My troubles came through a cold and strain," Mr. Patterson continues, "and I suffered for many years. I had headache, backache and rheumatism. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I had a bitter taste in my mouth in the morning and I perspired freely with the slightest exertion. I was often dizzy; I was troubled with heart flutterings; I was nervous and my skin itched and burned at night.

"After using Dodd's Kidney Pills I recommend them to everyone who wants to be cured."

Everyone of Mr. Patterson's ailments was a symptom of Kidney disease. That's why he found such prompt relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They only cure Kidney disease.

Nurse Crops.

Observing farmers have seen that either clover or alfalfa do considerably better when sown with barley as a nurse crop than with oats. King says, in his book on soils, "that oats exhaust the soil moisture a great deal faster and more than barley. Probably this is the reason why, especially in rather dry seasons, the new seeding does better with the barley." But a great many farmers greatly injure the growth of their young clover, as well as alfalfa, by seeding too much grain as a nurse crop. It is a species of greediness that, as Shakespeare says, "o'er leaps itself." It should require but a moment's thought to see that the coming clover or alfalfa is worth double in value what the grain crop is. Why, then, should the farmer endanger his hay crop next year? We have seen hundreds of young clover and alfalfa crops practically spoiled in this way. It takes 500 pounds of water to mature one pound of the grain of oats. Reckon it up and see what that means to the young clover or alfalfa in a crop, say, of 50 bushels of oats to the acre.

A Wireless News-Letter.

For many months in the year the four or five thousand inhabitants of the isolated Magdalen Islands receive no mail or newspapers, for as the islands lie in the widest part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about fifty miles northeast of Prince Edward Island, it is difficult, if not impossible, to run boats to them during the winter. The Canadian Government has consequently arranged to send weekly to the clergymen of the islands a wireless despatch of eight hundred words that gives the latest news of the war and other events. These despatches the ministers read aloud to the islanders at church every Sunday.

Cure Children's Colds By External Treatment

Mothers Will Find Nothing so Speedily and Reliable as Old-Time "Nerviline."

It's really a shame to upset a young child's stomach by internal dosing, when external treatment will so promptly break up a cold.

When your boy comes in after play with his feet soaking wet, his throat hoarse and sore, his little chest tight and congested, just apply Nerviline. give him a vigorous rubbing over his throat, and put lots of Nerviline on his chest and rub it right in. To make Nerviline penetrate more quickly cover his chest and throat with a hot flannel bandage. This treatment WON'T fail. Your boy will be feeling better in half an hour, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have warded off perhaps a cold, or grippe, or illness that might have laid him up.

Nerviline is mighty good for preventing colds and for breaking up a bad one, too. For general family use it cures all sorts of external aches and pains—you simply can't beat it. Try it for earache, toothache, neuralgia, sciatica, lame back, rheumatism, or lumbago. Wherever there is congestion. inflammation or pain in the joints or muscles, Nerviline will cure mighty quick. The large 50c. family size bottle is so economical, so useful, it should be in every home. There is also a small 25c. size. Dealers anywhere sell Nerviline.

The successful man roots while his unsuccessful brother stands round and squeals.

LOW FARES TO THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS VIA CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

Four splendid daily trains from the New Passenger Terminal, Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Choice of Scenic and direct routes through the best of the West. Something to see all the way. Double track. Automatic electric safety signals all the way. Let us plan your trip and furnish folders and full particulars. B. H. Bennett, G.A., 46 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

A LIGHTNING CHANGE.

An Incident in the Life of the Late Lord Salisbury.

The late Lord Salisbury, says Count Paul Vassili in his book, "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court," shared with the rest of his family the defect of being rather careless in his dress and general appearance. Lord Odo Russell, who long represented England at Berlin, told Count Vassili this amusing little anecdote in illustration of that characteristic.

"One evening," says the count, "Lord Odo and I were chatting about Lord Salisbury's attitude toward his personal appearance,—not ill-naturedly, for it is doubtful which of us had the greater admiration for the remarkable statesman in question,—and Lord Odo laughingly mentioned to me his surprise when one day, after the dinner bell of the embassy had been rung, he found Lord Salisbury, who was living there, still busy at work in his study.

"'He rushed out,' said the ambassador, 'and before I had time to put aside the papers on the table, literally in three minutes, was back again ready for dinner. Now in that time he could not even have washed his hands, yet there he was in evening clothes! I could not help asking him how he managed to dress so quickly. "Oh, my dear Russell," he said, "anyone can change his coat at once, and I had black trousers on already."'"

Sore Corns Go! **Absolutely Painless**

No cutting, no plasters or pads to press the sore spot. **Putnam's Extractor** makes the corn go without pain. Takes out the sting over-night. Never fails —leaves no scar. Get a 25c. bottle of **Putnam's Corn Extractor** to-day.

A Close Shot.

It was during a golf game in Scotland. The first player who drove off was very bow-legged. The second player, unmindful that his opponent was directly in front of him, struck the ball and it whizzed between his opponent's legs.

"Hoot, mon," said the bow-legged one in anger, "that's nae golf!"

"A weel," said his opponent complacently, "ef 'tis nae golf 'tis gude croquet."

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon, Pigeon & Davis, the patent solicitors of 71a St. James St., Montreal, report that for the week ending March 9th, 1915, 138 Canadian patents were issued, 101 of which were granted to Americans, 23 to Canadians and 14 to residents of foreign countries.

Of the Canadians who received patents, 11 were residents of Ontario, 3 of Alberta, 2 of Quebec, 2 of British Columbia, 2 of Manitoba, 1 of Saskatchewan, 1 of New Brunswick and 1 of Nova Scotia.

In the United States for the same week, 954 patents were issued, 15 of which were granted to Canadian inventors.

An old bachelor is a man whom no widow has made a strenuous effort to marry.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Wrong Tip.

Woman—Does this parrot swear?

Dealer—Very prettily, mum, for so young a bird.

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST Liniment in use.
I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day.
Yours very truly,
T. G. McMULLEN.

The lady of the house was explaining things to the new maid. "An' what's this, missus?" asked the girl, indicating a metal bottle. "That is a bottle which will keep things either hot or cold, whichever you desire," replied the mistress. "Well, foh the land sake," ejaculated the girl. "How is it gwine to know whether you want things hot or cold?"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Aunt Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning, when suddenly she discovered a little pickaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt 'Liza?" she asked. "Yes, miss, dat's Prescription." "Goodness, what a funny name, auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him that?" "Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah ha's sech hahd wuk gettin' him filled."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Manures.

Nitrates and ammonia salts do not give their best results when in contact with fermentable organic matter. The possibility of loss is greatly diminished by using well-rotted manure, and may be still farther prevented by applying the nitrate as a top dressing on the growing crop at the time the crop needs it. Salts of potassium and sodium, superphosphate and sulphate of ammonium, should not be sprinkled on the manure in the furrow, but either mixed with the soil before the manure is applied, or sown broadcast after the manure is plowed in and before harrowing. If top dressings of soluble manures are used on open soils they should be applied late.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS USED ELEVEN YEARS

Mrs. McEachern, Glencoe, Ont., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for the past eleven years for my children and have every reason to praise them as they always do good." Once a mother uses the Tablets for her little ones she will use no other medicine. They are absolutely safe, pleasant to take and never fail to regulate the bowels and stomach. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Knew the Signs.

"I can read my wife like a book."

"That so?"

"Yes. Whenever she's cold to me I know she's going to make it hot for me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A Bit of an Epicure.

Lady of the House—You can earn your dinner if you'll chop that pile of firewood.

Tramp—I'd like to know de menu first, lady.

Sore Eyes **Granulated Eyelids,** Eyes inflamed by exposure to **Sun, Dust and Wind** quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy.** No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

A Two-Ounce Egg.

Pullets of any breed should lay a 2 oz. egg at one year old. With very few exceptions all non-sitters lay white-shelled eggs, and all sitters dark ones. The coloring of wild birds' eggs is to some extent protective. Therefore, one would think that domestication should tend to ridding the shells of color. But we do not find it so, as the Asiatic heavy breeds which lay the darkest eggs have been under domestication in China for some thousands of years. Therefore, we can no more account for a Leghorn laying a white egg and a Brahma a brown one than we can for the wood pigeon laying a white egg and a magpie, also a tree builder, laying a spotted one. When a boy, the same love of live things dominated me that has done ever since, and I had a collection, self gathered, of nearly every wild bird in the Midlands. My pets also included hawks, doves, larks, greenfinches and many more. No doubt it was this early familiarity with bird life that led me to take poultry seriously later on.—F. and Home.

Strict, All Right.

"I understand the Blanks are strict vegetarians."

"Strict! I should say they are. Why, they won't even let their children eat animal crackers."



SEED POTATOES.

EARLY IRISH COBBLER POTATOES, specially selected and Government inspected for seed. Only limited quantity. Price, One Dollar per bushel f.o.b. Brampton. Also Connoisseur's Pride and New Snow, two excellent new potatoes. Price, Two Dollars per bushel. Special prices for large quantity. Cash must accompany all orders. H. W. Dawson, Brampton.

FOR SALE.

THREE IMPROVED HALF SECTION farms. John Scott, Whitewood, Sask.

NURSERY STOCK.

STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, POTATOES. Catalogue free. McConnell & Son, Port Burwell, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

PATENTS OF INVENTIONS
PIGEON, PIGEON & DAVIS
71a St. James St., - Montreal
Write for Information

KERMATH Marine Engines
"America's Standard 4 Cycle Marine Motor"
4 Cycle, 4 Cylinder, 12 to 30 H.P. Highest quality. Silent operation. No vibration. Controls like the finest Motor Car engine. Extremely economical on fuel. Used as standard equipment by over 80 per cent. of the world's leading boat builders. Catalog on request. $180 to $360 depending on equipment.
KERMATH MFG. CO. Dept. Detroit, Mich.

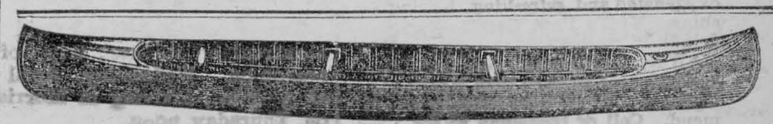
Others Turned Him Down.

She—Am I the only woman you ever loved?

He—Well, yes—successfully.

The conversation of most people is so unimportant that when they stop talking you wake up.





Canoes, Skiffs, Motor Boats

THE PETERBOROUGH LINE.

If any canoe can give you satisfaction, it is a "PETERBOROUGH." Always and ever the acme of service, model, strength and finish. Over fifty styles and sizes. Write for catalogue. The latest canoe is the Peterborough canvas covered. Ask for illustrated folder. Skiffs for the popular Outboard Motors. Power Launches, all sizes and powers. Get folders telling all about these.

THE PETERBOROUGH CANOE COMPANY, LIMITED,
PETERBOROUGH, ONT.



"Overstern" V Bottom Motor Boat **$55.00**

Freight Prepaid to any Railway Station in Ontario. Length 15 Ft., Beam 3 Ft. 9 In., Depth 1 Ft. 6 In. ANY MOTOR FITS.

Specification No. 2B giving engine prices on request. Get our quotations on—"The Penetang Line" Commercial and Pleasure Launches, Row boats and Canoes.

THE GIDLEY BOAT CO., LIMITED, PENETANG, CAN.

WANTED

HAY FOR SALE
Choice pressed timothy, $18.00 per ton.
DAN DRISCOLL,
One mile east of Brinston.

HORSES FOR SALE

Chestnut 16½ hands, Hackney, (Dalton King) 7 years old, sound; good ladies' driver; not afraid of auto or train; weight about 1200 pounds. Also one two-seated Surry McLaughlin make, nearly new; one light runabout buggy and one two-seated cutter nearly new, also two sets single harness, one heavy English Oak, hand-made collar and harness. Outfit cheap for cash. Apply to
WM. G. BAKER,
Morrisburg.

POULTRY WANTED
I will pay the highest market price for all kinds of live poultry. Drop a card to M. ADOFF,
Box 15, Morrisburg.

NOTICE
I wish to notify the public that after this date I will not be responsible for debts contracted by anyone but myself.
C. E. CASSELMAN.
Morrisburg, Ont., April 8, 1915.

NOTICE
I wish to notify the public that after this date I will not be responsible for debts contracted by any one but myself.
H. J. BECKSTEAD.
Morrisburg, Ont., April 13, 1915.
12-3

FOUND
A tame goose at lock 23. Owner may have same by applying to Howard C. Casselman, Morrisburg.

NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that any person or persons removing or offering for sale or in any way having anything to do with my belongings including household effects, without my consent will be prosecuted according to the law.
MRS. EMERY CASSELMAN.

AUCTION SALE
The undersigned will sell on Tuesday, April 27, at 1.30 p.m., at his home, Mariatown, three horses, buggy, cutter, robes, harness, wagon sleighs, and all household furniture.
W. A. SMYTH, Prop.
THOS. IRVING, Auctioneer.

WANTED
A hustler—salary and commission, Apply to
L. J. KEARNS,
Chesterville, Ont.

TO RENT
A good, comfortable brick house, south of English Church, all modern conveniences; possession first of May. Apply to
MRS. PHILIP FETTERLY,
Morrisburg.

Don't Let Your Skin Absorb Dirt

Many women think their complexions are clean when their skin still contains dust and grime in all its pores. To demonstrate your need of some other cleanser besides soap and water, make a test of Nyal's Face Cream. Get a 25c or 50c jar and their Free Booklet entitled "*Your Complexion*" telling how to apply it with proper methods of massage. Wash your face thoroughly and then apply the Cream. After properly working it in wipe your face with a clean soft white cloth and see how soiled the cloth is with the accumulations of grime that have sunk into the pores. How refreshed, soft, clean and delicately fragrant your complexion now is. How free from irritation.

Nyal's Face Cream is greaseless, oxygenated and refreshing, leaving no shine. Nyal's Face Cream Soap is a delightful preliminary cleanser. 118a

All Nyal preparations are justly famous and none more so than Nyal's Face Cream which we unhesitatingly recommend. Call or telephone us for your copy of this book which contains most valuable information.

THE NYAL'S STORE
A. C. Jenkinson, Druggist,
Morrisburg, Ont.

NURSERY STOCK

We still have a full line of Fruit Trees and Small Fruit Plants and Bushes for sale. McINTOSH RED APPLE TREES and CUMBERLAND BLACK RASPBERRIES our specialities, also the best makes of Spray Pumps and Spray Materials.

Send want list for Prices to:

McINTOSH NURSERY Co.,
Dundela, Ont.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Whitteker the Optician will be at
Wales, April 20
Aultsville, April 21.
Morrisburg, April 22 to May 8.

Mr. Wm. Holmes spent Sunday in Iroquois.

* * *

Mrs. M. E. Doran is visiting friends in Ottawa.

* * *

Dr. Chamberlain is spending a few days with the Hon. William Harty, Kingston.

* * *

Mr. Albert Bourette arrived home from Muskoka this week much improved in health.

* * *

Mr. Tom King of Timmins, Ont., was visiting his mother, Mrs. B. King, for a few days.

* * *

Mrs. G. E. Dillabough returned home last week after spending the winter in New York City.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Holden, Brockville, arrived in town on Tuesday to spend a few days.

* * *

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the residence of Mrs. S. Rooks on Tuesday, April 27, at three o'clock.

* * *

Miss Macdonald of Alexandria spent a few days in town visiting her brother, Mr. J. R. Macdonald of the 59th.

* * *

Mrs. D. B. McMillan of Alexandria spent a few days in town visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. Laurin.

* * *

Howard Baker, a young man was arrested and fined fifty dollars in Prescott for an assault on Constable Lavery.

* * *

At the meeting of the Grenville License Commissioners the hotel licenses that were cancelled were the Queens and the Mansion House in Prescott.

* * *

Mrs. Andrew Barr of Sharon, Pa., is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hummell.

* * *

The Secretary of State of New York has established an agency with Mayor Julius Frank, of Ogdensburg, for the issuing of automobile licenses. The plates are now ready at his office.

* * *

Don't fail on the evening of May 31st, to hear at the Music Hall, Morrisburg, the famous original Canadian Jubilee Singers, the leading colored concert company of America.

* * *

It is unofficially announced that the military camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake will be opened on May 20th. So far as is known at present, the 35th, 36th and 37th Battalions will be the first to be located there.

* * *

Mrs. Henry Hanson of Strader's Hill after spending the past two weeks in New York visiting her son who was seriously ill, returned to her home last week.

* * *

Mrs. Adam Moore and Master Henry Moore spent the week-end with friends in Iroquois.

* * *

The steamer Britanic will leave Montreal on its first trip of the season on Wednesday, April 28, at 3 p.m., arriving in Morrisburg on Thursday noon.

* * *

Services in St. James' Church on Sunday next will be: Holy Communion at 9 o'clock; evensong at 7 p.m. In Trinity Memorial: Holy Communion at 10.45 a.m. On Thursday, April 29th there will be Holy Communion in St. James' Church at 9 a.m.

* * *

Barriefield camp will open on May 15th. This is the first definite information that has been received. Only Overseas troops will be stationed there besides the P.A.S.C., which will of course look after the supplies. The name of the commandant of the camp has not yet been made public. It is expected the 38th Battalion, now stationed at Ottawa will be moved there.

Dr. Moffatt, V.S., lecturer to the Master Horse Shoers of Ontario, will make his first professional visit to Morrisburg April 26 and remain for a week. I will be at the Rielly House on Honday, April 26 treating lame horses, especially foot lameness. Be sure and bring the incurables, they are the kind I am looking for. I do not use the barberous methods of firing, blistering or nerving. —M. MOFFATT, V.S.

* * *

Navigation has opened on the St. Lawrence and the steamer 'Dwier" put in the first appearance on Wednesday morning.

* * *

Mrs. G. E. Mouthorp after spending the past several months in Antwerp, N. Y., returned to town this week.

* * *

On Monday last Mr. Wilfrid Quensville, local Ford Agent, received a shipment of four Touring Cars. In less than four days the four cars were sold, three being delivered to the following satisfied purchasers: Messrs. Frank Empey, Williamsburg; James VanAllen, Aultsville; and John Huggard, Matilda.

* * *

"The "Gibson Family Reunion" the musical comedy in two acts, staged at the Musical Hall on Friday and Saturday nights, under auspices of St. James' Sunday School, drew a fair house each night, but the cleverness displayed by local talent engaged in the cast and musical numbers was deserving of larger attendance. The attendance on Saturday night was not as good as the previous night, many not being able to leave their places of business on account of late closing.

* * *

The directress, Mrs. Ella Bennett in the very limited time in which she had for training, achieved a grand success, each number of the program being well received, and the amateurs even surpassed expectation. Mr. Archie Wood, who took a prominent part in the cast, received much favorable comment as a skilful amateur.

* * *

An order has been issued by the Canadian Government that no soldiers in uniform will be allowed to enter the United States.

* * *

"Brightguard", (No. 13410), the recent arrival at my stables, is an imported Clydesdale Stallion 5 years old weighing 1800 lbs. "Brightguard" will stand for the season as follows: Monday noon, Jed I Tuttle's, near Iroquois; Monday night and until Thursday morning, Charles Hanson's, Dixon's Corners; Thursday noon, Charles Whitteker's, Williamsburg; Thursday until Monday at owner's stables. See posters—Alex Thom, Morrisburg.

* *
* DO NOT FORGET *
* *

That talk isn't cheap when you talk too much.

That the dust on our Main street, for the last week has been somewhat suffocating to the public, and many are complaining of being driven to drink from the want of a water wagon.

* * *

That the Commissioners refused a shop business license. Did the license refuse a shop business.

* * *

That the man who is wedded to his work is usually the father of results.

* * *

That the anxiety of the Liberals to prevent the men in the trenches from voting would appear to indicate that Canada's fighting is being done by Conservatives.

* * *

That the chief result of the boot investigation seems to be that a whole lot of good white print paper went to waste.

* * *

That Cornwall bridge guard who shot a thirteen-year-old girl must have been making a study of German military tactics.



I'm going to fix up my house this winter with

NEPONSET
WALL BOARD
FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS

This material is used instead of or over plaster and laths, or for partitions. It is made in three attractive finishes—Plain Oak, Cream White, and Burnt Leather and requires no further decoration. Any one can apply NEPONSET Wall Board with hammer and nails—furnished in large sheets *ready* for application.

W. H. McGANNON,
Morrisburg, Ont.

Neglect of Spraying

Means Failure of Your Apple Crop

We can supply you with Lime Sulphur and Arsenate of Lead of the best quality in any quantities at reasonable prices. Also Agents for the Aylmer Spray Pump.

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