The St. Lawrence News

AND DUNDAS COUNTY ADVERTISER

VOLUME 31. [illegible] 24 IROQUOIS, ONT., FRIDAY MAY 17, 1918, $1.50 PER YEAR

Bouck Wm Oct 18 24

May Day

Is here. Are you supplied with your

Tennis and Running Shoes

White Canvas Pomps and High Shoes

We have the largest line we have ever shown in town of

Ladies' and Children's Sporting Shoes

We also have a new line of

Men's and Boys' Heavy Canvas Shoes

with Rubber Soles, the efficient shoe, sold for general wear and comfort. Come in as of old and see them.

Seely-Bros.

House Cleaning Time

The annual busy time is here again. Allow us to help you out of your difficulty by showing you our large stock of

LINOLEUMS, two and four yards wide
FLOOR OILCLOTHS, two yards wide
CONGOLEUM RUGS, in the newest colorings
RUGS, tapestry and fibre filled

We have a nice range of GURTAINS in scrim, marquisatte and lace. Curtain goods by the yard rom 15c to 35c.

Kavanaugh & Hyslop

"The Leading Home Furnishers"

Iroquois - Ontario

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Just Arrived. Finest Quality. Get what you require at once as the supply this year is limited.

Leaming, $4.60 per bus.

Southern Sweet, $4.60 per bus.

Red Cob, Ensilage, $4.60 per bus.

Stone & Fisher

IROQUOIS - - ONTARIO

CALL AT THE

CITY MEAT MARKET

and get Choicest Cuts of Beef, Pork and Lamb

Fresh and Salt Fish,

Canned Salmon, Margarine etc,

Everett & Walker

P. S.---Owing to the rising price of Meat and War conditions, Terms will be Strictly Cash on and after May 1st

HAROLD L. SOPER

A Much Loved and Esteemed Citizen Passes Away

The News shares the general sympathy of the Iroquois community felt for Mrs. H. L. Soper and son D. N. in the sad untimely death of Mr. Soper following his recent operation in Toronto General Hospital for the removal of a diseased kidney. The operation



The Late Harold L. Soper

was successful, but the trouble had been long ailing, and his system was consequently so run down that it could not withstand the shock and he grew weaker with the passing weeks, five of which were spent in hospital, and passed away at his son's home in the city on the 10th inst., in his 57th year.

The body was brought home to Iroquois, the funeral taking place from the family residence on College street, on Tuesday afternoon, 14th, conducted by Revs. E. W. S. Coates, D. O. MacArthur and Mr. Cameron, of Morrisburg, a former pastor of the family; There was a large attendance of sympathetic friends, who felt that in the death of Mr. Soper the community had lost a real friend and public-spirited citizen, who took a deep interest in every local enterprise and held in his heart a warm place for everybody.

Interment was made in the family plot in Shanly cemetery.

Mr. Soper was born near Brockville in 1860, and until about 20 years of age was engaged in farming. Later he engaged in the cheese business at Delta, subsequently coming to Shanly in the employ of Wm. Eager, of Morrisburg. Here he married Miss Elizabeth Wallace, daughter of the late Richard Wallace, which proved a happy union, and prospered. Of the union two sons were born, D. N. and Clarence, the latter dying in infancy.

In 1882 they moved to South Mountain, where they remained fourteen years, and then moved to Morrisburg, continuing to act as Inspecoor for Mr. Eager and other factory owners in the district. Altogether he was in Mr. Eager's employ 28 years, a record of faithful service any man might well feel proud of.

In 1911 he moved to Iroquois, purchasing the Hartle property, which he continued to improve until now it is one of the best and most convenient residences in town. Since coming to Iroquois he has gradually dropped the inspecting work and took up plumbing and steamfitting.

He leaves a devoted wife and son, of the Trusts and Guarantee Co., Toronto, who are deeply condoled with in their sorrow. Also two half-sisters and two half brothers, Mrs. Jennie Fox, of Prescott; Mrs, Annie Begg, of Brockville; John Soper, of Brockville, and Samuel Green, of Dokota, U. S. A., besides two grandchildren.

In politics Mr, Soper was a Liberal, and in religion a Methodist, and for many years an active worker and class-leader in the church. He also took an interest in educational matters, and was for a time a member of the local School Board.

Russian Found Dead on Railway Tracks

Thought to Have Jumped or Fallen off Train While Temporarily Deranged

Saturday morning last as a frieght train was proceeding west over the Grand Trunk Railway at a point known as Richards crossing, two and half miles west of Iroquois, the engineer of the locomotive, Donald Ross, of Brockville noticed the body of a man lying in the space between the two main lines. The train was stopped and conductor Ewart had the body placed in a car and took it to Brockville. Chief of Police Burke was notified, who in turn notified Coroner Harding. On instructions from Dr. Mulloy, of Morrisburg, Coroner for this district, the body was shipped back to Iroquois on the afternoon train and taken to W. J. Marh's, sundertaking parlors.

According to evidence adduced at the inquest, which was held here on Monday afternoon, the conducter of Friday evening's train No 19, which train deceased was on, stated that the man had been acting strangley and when approached for his ticket threw it on the floor with the words, "Go away and don't bother me, I have trouble enough, already." When the train reached Cardinal he was missed. Accordingly the jury rendered the following verdict: "Deceased met death by falling or jumping off train while temporarily deranged."

A deep incision was found over the right temple and on examination of his clothing his name was found to be C. Zackin, of Montreal, and a native of Russia. Several letters were found in his pocket written in Russian; a bank book for $700: a Victory Loan Bond for $50, payments on which were to be made to Dominion Copper Products Co., of Montreal. He also had a receipt for a Victory Loan Bond for $49 from the firm of F. B. McCurdy, of Montreal. There were also several receipts for money sent his wife in Russia, one receipt being for $325 and issued by Geo, Robovitch, banker, Montreal. A peculiar aspect of the case is that deceased tore up all his money and strung it along the track as the train crew picked up several pieces of ten dollar bills some distance away from where the body was found.

Interment was made in the Point Iroquois Methodist Cemetery on Monday evening.

Barriefield camp is to be opened about the middle of May and it is expected that 3,000 troops will be training during the summer.

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In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Diamonds and Hearts

A Comedy Drama in 3 Acts

—BY THE—

Girls' Club

In Behalf of St. John's Church, Iroquois

Town Hall, Iroquois

TUESDAY, MAY 21, '18

Cast of Characters

Stella Banford .... Bernice Halstead, a young lady of eighteen, love of fun and hatred of arithmetic

Gladys Strader..... Amy Halstead, her sister, two years younger and full of frolic

Helen Morrison .... Inez Gray, young lady visitor, shares in fun,

Jean Banford..... Mrs. Halstead, a widow and stepmother to Halstead girls

Edna Strader..... Hannah Mary Barnes, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother

James Riddell .... Dwight Bradley, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage

Arthur Bowden .... Dr. Burton, a young physician

Alexander Banford .... Darkey bell-boy in Halstead home.

G. C. Currie .... Abraham Barnes or "Bub," a yankee farmer still unmarried at forty, a diamond in the rough

Hilliard Fisher..... Attorney

Cecil McNairn .... Sheriff

Orchestra Music and Step Dancing

Admission - 25 Cents



Pte. Ward Ault

Pte. Ward Ault Convalescing

Recovering Nicely from Wounds Received on the Battlefields of France

The following letter was received by G. S. Ault from one of the Red Cross nurses, regarding his son, Pte, Ward Ault, one of our prominent Canadian soldiers, who was always willing and ready at the word of command to take a chance in the great battles in France. He was wounded a short time ago.

York Hotel. Berners St., April 15.

DEAR SIR:

I beg to inform you that Pte. Ward Ault, 38th Batt,, Canadians, No. 653110, who is now at Roy street hospital, Picadilly, Manchester, England, was recently seen at above hospital, where he had just came from France suffering from shrapnel wounds in the back and legs. The patient is happy, so we hope that the injuries are not serious and that he will make a good recovery. You need be glad to know that he is safe for some time from the terrific fights now raging and also pleased to know that Pte. Ward Ault, has friends over here who do their best to prevent him from feeling lonely, While invalided he will be visited regularly and reports on his condition sent you from time to time, Should he be in need of any comforts other than those supplied by the hospital our visitor will let us know and we will have them sent from our Parcels Office.

Yours truly,

KATHLEEN WAVING.



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Former ❖ C. A. Medical Corps. Telephone, North 2533
D. HIESTAND, Specialist, 698 Yonge St. (Opp. Isabella St.) TORONTO

Runaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER I.

A Little Girl Sells a Duck and Takes a Train

The valley road reached out before her, hot, dusty, beckoning. She walked briskly in the wagon ruts, her bare brown toes riffling the soft yellow dust. Her age was ten, or so she reckoned it. Her single nondescript garment stopped short at the knees, exposing slim brown legs. A faded sunbonnet ended at a tangle of chestnut hair, half hiding a face that was glowingly alive. In her arms was a grain sack, bulging oddly and emitting furtive quacks at intervals. So heavy was it that at length she came to rest under a cotton wood, with a great sigh of relief.

In the distance a cloud of yellow dust hovered over the road, drew nearer, and materialized into the outfit of a Chinese vegetable vender. At the cottonwood the horse stopped of its own accord, and the wrinkled Celestial peered out with an affable "Hello!"

"Hello!" returned the girl.

"You go town?"

She nodded mutely.

"Heap long way."

"Three miles more. 'Tisn't far—only it's heavy." She indicated the sack, which the yellow one regarded with a knowing glance.

"What you got?" Chicken?"

"Duck."

"Duck!" The Chinaman's tone took on life. "You likee sell?"

Again she nodded. The vender climbed from his seat and peered within the sack.

"Twenty-five cent," he asserted confidently. She shook her head.

"No?"

The Celestial drew forth the duck with practiced fingers.

"Heap fat. How much?"

"Fifty cents," said the girl unsmilingly. "Nice duck. Young."

"No good." The vender turned to his wagon, then looked again at the duck. "How much?"

"Fifty cents."

A moment of hesitation, and then surrender.

"All light." Producing a long clinking leather pouch, he selected a coin. "Heap smart girl," he grinned. "Welly smart. Likee lide town?"

"Yes." The girl smiled for the first time, and without further remark climbed up to the wagon seat. The Celestial clucked to his horse and they moved forward. The girl sat stiffly, the fifty cents clutched in her little hand, her eyes inscrutable. Only by her quickened breathing did she betray excitement.

Another dust cloud rose behind them. It travelled fast, trailing in the still air behind a solitary horseman; presently the girl's eyes narrowed as she glanced back, and she bit her lip as the rider came up. He was a youth of fourteen, lithe, dark-haired, eager of eye.

"Lizzie!" he cried, ranging up alongside the wagon, "I——"

"Lizzie!" she broke in vehemently. "Don't you call me that!"

The boy grinned.

"Where you goin'?"

"La Vina," she returned casually.

"What? But why didn't you——"

"I don't want Auntie to know."

"Oh!" He grinned again. "Say, get up behind me. I'll take you to town and back."

She considered this proposal.

"Honest? You won't tell her, Clay?"

"Honest I won't," promised Clay.

She opened her hand, disclosing the coin.

"I've sold Whitey. Auntie was goin' to kill him for Sunday dinner, but he's mine. You gave him to me, and I raised him!" Her voice swelled into an indignant wail.

"Sure he's yours!" cried the boy hotly.

For a moment the girl's lips trembled, then suddenly her face broke into a smile. She turned to the Chinaman, gravely shook hands, and scrambled down. In another moment she was astride the boy's horse, her arms clasping his waist.

"Oh, Clay," she said in his ear, "you're always so nice to me!"

And so they rode down the valley together, the dust like a dun cloud trailing behind them, and the purple-brown mountains that hedged the San Joaquin shot up the sky like spears, glorious in the morning sun.

It is extremely likely that Mrs. Wurrell—who was distinctly the better half of the Wurrell paterfamilias—would have evaded the responsibility of the orphan niece had it not been for the Dare ranch. It was just like Larry Dare, she complained, to break his neck and leave her a motherless babe; so she forthwith accepted the ranch as balm in Gilead, called the girl Lizzie out of sheer ugliness, and taught her husband how to prosper.

It was unfortunate for Lizzie that she had inherited the fair coloring; the deep blue eyes, the sunny, unconcerned and inscrutable temperament of Larry Dare. For these things her aunt punished her the more, and gave her to wear the cast-off garments of her cousin Maggie. Lizzie was outwardly submissive, but now the great day had come to hand, the day when she was to stand forth before all men and recite the "Wreck of the Hesperus."

Hence, when Mrs. Wurrell proposed to sacrifice Whitey upon a gastronomic altar, the first gun of rebellion roared. Lizzie had long since determined to get fifty cents for Whitey, and now knew exactly what she wanted to do with that fifty cents. The curious thing about Lizzie was that she always knew her own mind.

So she went to La Vina with Clay Thorpe, and came home again, and kept her own counsel when Maggie was being dressed for the afternoon's entertainment at the schoolhouse. Then Lizzie disappeared, and was no more seen by Mrs. Wurrell. As a matter of fact, Lizzie was very busy up in the attic, where for weeks past she had been working on a blue silk petticoat that had once belonged to her mother. When Mr. Wurrell hitched up and took his family to the schoolhouse, Lizzie could not be found, and was thankfully forgotten.

Before three-score parents and relatives, assembled in the schoolhouse, Maggie Wurrell failed ignominiously in her "piece," and Mrs. Wurrell flushed darkly at the indulgent smiles of her neighbors. The name of Lizzie Dare was called aloud, and Mrs. Wurrell was about to rise and explain that Lizzie was not present, when something astounding happened, something that took her breath away and left her staring.

It required twenty seconds for the truth to dawn upon Mrs. Wurrell. The shock passed, leaving her sitting bolt upright, white, outraged, clenched of lip, and looking exactly what she felt. For, upon the platform had come a girl—a flushed and lovely little girl in a wonderful blue silk dress, trimmed with fifty cents' worth of blue ribbon, who recited the "Wreck of the Hesperus" in a composed and perfectly poised manner, and evoked a wealth of applause and wondering remarks on what a change clothes did make in children.

Lizzie, however, labored under no misapprehension whatever. From the platform she beheld the stony eyes and the grim lips of Mrs. Wurrell, and in that face she read her doom. So, while her lips mechanically recited, her brain registered just one vivid thought: "I'll never go back! She'll never get me!"

Beyond the schoolhouse was a large field of rustling Egyptian corn, and on the other side of the corn was the road to La Vina. Here, escaping from the din of voices, stood Lizzie; in her hand she clutched two silver dollars—she had won the prize. It was an epoch in her life, that prize; it opened an exultant vista before her; it showed her the lure of conquest, the mellow warmth of victory. And with this mood upon her she passed through the great white-headed stalks of corn and took the road to La Vina.

Ten is an age too tender for facing the mysteries that lie beyond the hills, but Lizzie did not falter. Regret and sorrow crept into her heart, and loneliness. She wanted to say good-by to the cows and horses and the black colt in the pasture, and to Clay Thorpe, and to Fan the puppy; but she did not falter. A lump came into her throat, and choked and hurt strangely.

Suddenly she heard the pounding of a galloping horse. She turned and saw Clay tearing up the road, his leannecked roan in a lather. She paused, waiting in the shade of the cottonwood.

"Dare!" exclaimed the boy, flinging from the saddle. His voice was troubled as he met her half-defiant eyes. "Dare, where are you going? I saw you running through the corn, then I lost you."

The lump in her throat grew bigger, her lips trembled, she turned from him, her slim, brown hands gripping the old rail fence as though strengthening herself against the sympathy and love in Clay's voice—Clay Thorpe, her one stanch friend, her little knight.

He looked at her, anxiety in his clear gray eyes.

"Dare," he stammered. He drew himself up onto the rail fence and looked down at her, his legs swinging idly.

"I'm running away," she gulped. "I'll never go back. Auntie hates me—and—and I'll never go back."

"I don't—don't hate you," said the boy slowly. Color showed under his tan, but he went on sturdily. "When I'm big I'm going to marry you, and we'll have the finest ranch round."

She looked up at him swiftly, then shook her head.

"I'm running away," she reiterated, "forever and ever, and some day when I'm big I'm going to do big things—the way men do big things." She looked down at the two silver dollars in her hot little palm. "And you must never, never tell."

Again the lump rose in her throat as she saw his hurt, bewildered eyes. She turned and began to run. He was after her like a flash.

(To be continued.)





WAR AND FOOD SERIES, ARTICLE No. 15—WASTE AND HOARDING

If there is one phase of food conservation more than another that comes within women's immediate sphere it is the question of waste. When she is saving on the little things and straining every nerve to make the most of what she has, wholesale and indiscriminate waste of foodstuffs through hoarding or storing naturally incenses her greatly.

It is now against the law either to hoard or to waste. The Canada Food Board has put into every woman's hand a weapon to fight against these war-time menaces. An Order-in-Council has been passed which puts her in the position of bringing within the grip of the law any firm, dealer or individual whom she knows to be hoarding or wasting foodstuffs.

Again, the Board has the power from time to time to make orders prescribing the amount of any kind of food that may be purchased or held, irrespective of the purpose, and if the amount is exceeded it may be seized and sold. This law should make it possible to prevent food which has been stored too long from having to be thrown out or destroyed.

It is now the dûty of each municipality in Canada to enforce this regulation within its municipal limits. Where conviction is obtained a fine not exceeding $1,000 and not less than $100 or a period of imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both fine and imprisonment, will be imposed. The fine will be paid to the treasurer of the municipality or to the provincial treasurer, according to whether municipal or provincial authorities instituted proceedings in the first place.

The Food Board expects that the women of Canada will be useful agents in bringing culprits to justice. Wherever they have reason to believe that waste is going on as a result of hoarding or improper storage they can notify the provincial or municipal authorities and the case will be investigated.

Two Ways to Preserve Eggs.

Surplus eggs preserved in the spring will supply the home with good eggs in the fall and winter, when eggs are hard to get and are high-priced.

Eggs to be preserved must be fresh, and should be placed in the preserving container as soon as possible after they are laid. One of the best methods of preserving is by the use of water glass, a pale yellow, odorless, syrupy liquid that can be bought by the quart or gallon from the druggist or poultry supply man. It should be diluted in the proportion of one part of water glass to nine parts of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool.

Earthenware crocks or jars are the best containers, since their glazed surface prevents chemical action from the solution. The crocks or cans should be scalded and allowed to cool before they are used. A container holding five gallons will accommodate fifteen dozen eggs and will require one quart of water glass.

Half fill the container with the water-glass solution and place the eggs in it. Eggs can be added from day to day as they are obtained, making sure that the eggs are covered by about two inches of water-glass solution. Cover the container and place it in a cool place where it will not have to be moved. Look at it from time to time and if there seems to be danger of too much evaporation add sufficient cool boiled water to keep the eggs covered. Eggs removed from the solution should be rinsed in clean, cold water. Before they are boiled holes should be pricked in the large ends with a needle to prevent them from cracking.

Limewater also is satisfactory for preserving eggs and is slightly less expensive than water glass. A solution is made by placing two or three pounds of unslaked lime in five gallons of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool allowing the mixture to stand until the lime settles and the liquid is clear. The eggs should be placed in a clean earthenware jar or other suitable vessel and covered to a depth of two inches with the liquid. Remove the eggs as desired, rinse in clean, cold water and use immediately.

Wished to be Amiable.

He had never seen the bride before, but, of course, when he was presented to her, he tried to do the amiable.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said, "for Jack, during the time he was courting you, has frequently done me the honor to read to me extracts from his dear Nellie's letters."

The bride glared at him viciously, and he, seeing that he had somehow put his foot in it, assumed an expression of apology.

"I hope you don't mind his having read your letters to me?" he asked anxiously.

"My letters!" she repeated icily. "I fear there is some mistake. My name is Joan."

Why not look over the window screens when the weather is too stormy to work out-of-doors? If there are broken places take a square piece of screen large enough to reach firm wire on all sides of the damaged part. Ravel the edges of the patch, taking off two or more wires on each side to leave a fringe a quarter of an inch or more in width all around Then with the flat side of a pair of pincers bend this fringe down at right angles, place the patch in position and push the bent fringe through. Bend it in toward the centre and fasten it firmly by putting a small board against it and tapping it on the other side.

Verbiage.

I asked a pretty Adjective
To go with me to town.
She said, "I really cannot, sir,
I'm promised to the Noun."

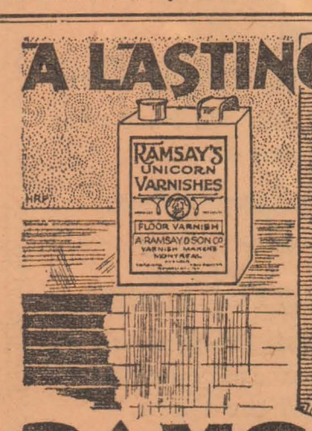
I saw them sitting side by side,
And neither one had stirred.
"What keeps you now?" I asked. They said,
"We're waiting for the Verb."

But when the verb came dashing up
There was no more delay;
He took them up into his cab
And whisked them both away!

So Adjectives are pretty Maids,
And Nouns are Lovers frantic,
And Verbs are "Cabbies" brisk and bold.
Now isn't this romantic?

Wood ashes can be used this year with excellent results. It is about the only way now to obtain potash, which is a most necessary fertilized.





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If you are painting this year, you'll be interested in our books—"Town and Country Homes" and "Harmony In Neu-Tone". Write for copies—free. 105

The MARTIN-SENOUR Co. LIMITED

GREENSHIELDS AVENUE, MONTREAL

MINE SWEEPER NO. 25---A TRUE STORY

RISKING LIVES THAT OTHERS MAY ESCAPE.

The Dangerous Occupation of Clearing the Seas of Mines Sown By the Enemy.

Mine Sweeper No. 25, of the French Coast Patrol, backed slowly away from her moorings and headed for the open sea.

An observation balloon returning from duty the night before had reported the presence of what appeared to be several floating mines in the vicinity of the harbor of X——, and, as everybody knows, floating mines are dangerous things for ships to encounter, therefore Mine Sweeper No. 25 had promptly received orders to go out and investigate the report and pick up whatever she might find.

Only the week before a ship ran against a mine somewhat further up the coast and had in consequence been very badly disabled. The harbor authorities had no desire to lose any more ships if it were at all possible to prevent it.

It was a beautiful morning, with the sun shining brightly over the low hills surrounding the harbor. The fields—some green, some brown and some white, of many shapes—all neatly outlined by hedges or stone walls, resembled an old fashioned crazy quilt, while here and there an orchard or cluster of rocks made a dark, irregular spot like a rent in the pattern.

Two French Sailor Lads.

Just to be alive was a happiness on such a morning, and the sailor men sang as they busied themselves in getting out and rigging the tackle which makes up the equipment of boats whose duty it is to clear the channels and waterways of dangerous obstacles.

Raoul and Jean were brothers. Both had entered the service of their country at the very outbreak of the war and by diligent study and hard work had attained a recognized leadership in the mine sweeping service. Raoul, the elder by scarcely a year, had charge of the handling of the tackle and of hooking on the mine, while his brother Jean saw to the actual work of lifting or laying those balls of steel that if let slip just the least bit can do so much damage.

On this particular morning they of the entire crew were not singing as they went about their work. Their home was in the city that they were leaving behind them, and as they had sat at supper with their mother and sisters the night before a messenger had come telling them that their father, with the army at the front, had been wounded and, suffering upon the field, had been stabbed to death by the charging Huns. Now this morning as they were going ou to prevent, if possible, further bloodshed their hearts were loaded down with grief and their thoughts were of hatred and vengeance.

As the boat neared the locality of the supposed mine the feelers were rigged out and the search was begun.

Victim of Third Mine.

Back and forth, again and again, they went across the fairway and after an hour or so their search was rewarded, for there, just beneath the surface of the water, could be seen the top of a mine. As they drew cautiously near the row of projecting horns, any one of which needing only to be pressed a little to cause at once a mighty explosion, could be plainly seen.

Under Raoul's directions a hook and tackle was fastened into the ring bolt at the top of the mine and gently the black ball was lifted from the water to the deck of the boat.

At once Jean and his helpers set about very carefully to remove the fuse, after which, the mine, now comparatively safe, was lashed firmly to the rail out of the way, while the sweeper proceeded in search of another.

As their search carried them further and further out, the sea became rough and their work was made more difficult and hazardous.

Soon another mine was found and it was lifted from the water and taken care of like the first.

About dinner time they found a third. Raoul himself had the hook this time and, leaning cautiously over the rail of the boat to the water, he grasped the ringbolt projecting from the top of the mine and inserted the hook.

"All right, hoist away," he said, and the mine began to emerge from the water.

The Minesweeper Lost.

The steamship Southland was nearing the end of a long trip from the other side of the ocean, and her crew, much relieved to be nearing harbor and safety, were lounging about the decks talking and laughing together while the cooks prepared dinner.

Just as the dinner bell began to ring there was a loud explosion, and the sound of the dinner bell was changed to the general alarm bell.

At the explosion the ship almost seemed to lift and shook from bow to stern. Then all was still and she proceeded on her way apparently none the worse.

Careful investigation proved that the Southland was absolutely intact, nor could any cause for the explosion be found.

Out on the water no sign of an enemy could be seen, and after a quarter of an hour or so the men went wonderingly to their dinner. They were just leaving the tables when the lookout sang out, "Boat ho!" and in a few minutes an overturned boat drifted by. Then another was passed, and the Southland ploughed through considerable wreckage of all kinds.

"Well, there's the cause of that explosion whatever it was," said the officer of the deck, "and from the look of things I think that it was a mine sweeper."

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

Beloved Ruler of Holland is World's Only Female Sovereign.

Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, who appears to-day in an international crisis, is the only woman in the world who is a reigning sovereign in her own right, a position she has held since 1890, when, at the age of ten years, she ascended the throne at the death of her father. She is thirty-eight years of age.

The dominating female figure of Europe to-day is a large, heavily-built woman, who is indifferent to the arts of her dressmakers and finds thorough pleasure in personal charge of the affairs of her country. But the Queen's face, with its strong chin and kindly eyes looking straight at you in sincerity and confidence is that of a wise woman.

The sovereign lady of Holland has a will of her own. She has the firm chin of the House of Orange, but she is, as they say, totally lacking in the well-known characteristic which gave the title of William the Silent to the most renowned of her ancestors.

It is, however, in the East Indies that Queen Wilhelmina has her real empire. It is larger than the German Empire. In 1910 the population numbered 42,000,000 souls. Batavia, the capital of the Dutch East Indies, has one of the finest harbors in the East, and the Dutch colonies are among the richest, if not the richest in the world.

Her Majesty is the richest sovereign in Europe in her own right, her income being enormous from the crown lands and from her vast colonies. That vast income is used for the benefit of her beloved Dutch subjects, in the way of public buildings of every kind—such as hospitals, theatres, lecture halls, gymnasiums, public bathhouses and so on, to say nothing of charming and numerous parks that rich and poor alike may enjoy. Do you wonder Holland adores its Queen?

When her neighbor, Belgium, was invaded by the Germans last year, she telegraphed King Albert that she had room in her country for over one million refugees. They came. They are there still, cared for in every way, fed, clothed and housed, and the enormous bill cheerfully paid for all this by the only woman who sits upon a throne in Europe—Whilhelmina, Queen of Holland.

She enjoys a prodigious personal popularity with every class of her subjects, and because of this she can do almost anything, in the way of eccentricity, that would not always be tolerated in another Queen.

CLEMENCEAU AT WORK.

Puts in a Good Day's Labor Before Breakfast.

If there is one man who has more to do with the policy of the Entente to-day than any other—even than Lloyd George—it is the Prime Minister of France. France more nearly is under a single dictator than any other country in the war; French Governmental policy is clearly defined; and it is difficult for England or the United States effectively to depart from it.

It is not without good reason that Clemenceau is called the Tiger. As he sits in his office one is reminded easily of the big cat tribe, so intense he is, so quiet, so lithe. As he crouches there his 75 years look like 60. As he jumps from his seat and hurries across the room his movements are those of a vigorous man of 50. He by no means suggests a man with a grandson in the war.

One picturesque habit of his, as far as I know, has not been made public. Like many great workers he makes an early start. Lloyd George has many of his most important meetings at breakfast. Lord Reading, before he came over here as ambassador, used to do a day's work in helping the Government administer itself before he started his chief justice functions. Clemenceau also puts in a good day's labor before regular business hours begin. He has an old housekeeper who knows how to make a soup of which the Prime Minister is fond. Every night this soup is made hot, put in a stone jug, and the jug placed between the sheets at the foot of the bed, where it serves for a hot water bag until about 2 a.m., when the husky Tiger awakens, drinks the soup and goes to work.

The Life of an Airplane.

The number of German airplanes destroyed by the French aviators and the members of the Lafayette escadrille for the ten months ending October, 1917, was 120 over the French lines and 397 over the German lines—all total wrecks.

Prunes cooked very slowly in their own water will need no sugar.

"JACK" AT THE JUTLAND BATTLE

SOME NEW YARNS FROM "NAVAL INTELLIGENCE."

Story of a Novel "Holiday" When a Hairdresser Got a Glimpse of Big Things.

That our men of the Grand Fleet are desirous of a change after a long spell of isolation "Somewhere in the North Sea" even the landlubber can realize. The weary wait for Fritz to come out to give battle is a sore trial to their tempers, which are not improved by the monotony of the daily routine and seeing the same old faces day after day. Love their ships they do, but they are jolly glad to turn their backs on them when on leave. Back among "civilization," they are glad to have a chat with the first Tom, Dick, or Harry that comes along. Even the officer at the outset of his leave is eager to talk to anybody and everybody, and, touching this point, an excellent yarn is told in "Naval Intelligence"—not a Blue Book, as the title is inclined to denote, but a collection of incidents and reflections written by a naval man. Peep into this "naval curiosity shop," and we at home realize the sort of life led by the men of the Grand Fleet.

The Hairdresser's Holiday.

But to return to the yarn. Reaching London, a young lieutenant in mufti entered a hairdresser's shop. The traditional right of opening a conversation which belongs to the man of scissors was snatched from him before he could get a chance, and the officer began:

"Been some years at the game, I suppose, haven't you?"

"All my life, practically, sir. I was 'prenticed to the hairdressing at the hage of ten, sir."

"And never had a change? Gad, it must be a pretty dull sort of life—what?"

"Oh, I had a sort of holiday, sir, recently. I was away from my work for a year. I went into the—the Navy, sir."

"Really," said the officer, his interest aroused. "And how did you like that?"

"Oh, very pleasant, sir, very pleasant, indeed! It made a nice little change, as you might say, though I did miss the sound of the motor 'buses at first, and the—excuse my mentioning it, sir—the girls. Not that I'm what you might call a ladies' man myself, sir. Oh, by no means! But I like to see 'em about the place. And you don't see much of 'em in the Navy, sir."

After concurring, the officer asked: "Then why did you join the Navy instead of the Army?"

In the Blood.

"Well, sir, I've always had a sort of connection with the sea. My father used to keep a whelk-stall in the Old Kent Road, and one of my sisters is housemaid to an admiral's widow."

What the officer thought of this explanation is not recorded.

"Well, and what made you leave the Navy, then?"

"The—the little affair at Jutland, sir," answered the hairdresser. "A splinter wound in my leg, sir. I was hinvalided out."

"Oh, you were at Jutland, were you?" questioned the customer. "In what ship?"

"In the Rodney, sir. I was one of what we call the mess-deck fore party—though you wouldn't understand what that means. But I managed to nip up and get a peep at what was going on now and then. A small bottle of our Elixir? You're getting a little thin on the top, sir, if I may say so."

"Nothing more, thanks," said the officer, as he got up from his chair, and struggled into his overcoat. "Oh, yes, there's one thing I should like," he corrected, as he paid his reckoning, with a substantial tip into the bargain. "I should like to shake hands with you—with a man!

Jack's Stocking.

"By the way," he added, as he turned away from the astonished hairdresser. "I was in the next ship ahead of you at Jutland—in the old Hood. Good-day—and good luck to you!"

Here is another story—also about the Jutland scrap—culled from "Naval Intelligence." A sailor's leg was so badly shattered by a splinter of shell that there was nothing else to do but amputate it above the knee. He was unconscious at the time of this decision, so the surgeons were unable to tell him of their intentions. Hours later he recovered consciousness, and found himself comfortably tucked up, with the stump dressed and bandaged. When he learnt what had happened, he burst into an agonized cry:

"Where's my leg? For 'Evin's sake, find my leg, somebody! It's got all my money in the stocking!"

The author vouches for the truth of the story.

Cream or eggs can be beaten in half the time if a pinch of salt is added and the job done before an open window.

When boiling eggs, wet the shells thoroughly in cold water before dropping in boiling water, and they will not crack.

NEWSBOY A BATTLE HERO.

"Frog-Faced Tich" Proves His Gallantry as a Stretcher-Bearer.

One of the familiar characters of pre-war days in London was a street-Arab newsboy who sold papers outside one of the hotels most frequented by American visitors. Delighting in the nickname, "Frog-faced Tich," he won the admiration of visitors as a master of repartee, varying his nightly refrain of "All the Winners" and "'Orrible Murder" with ironical comments on the world's events and caustic replies to pedestrians who ventured to bandy words with him as they passed.

Persons who knew Tich Tapley in the old days would scarcely recognize him now in his khaki uniform, with a "crowned" ribbon on his breast, indicating that he has been twice awarded the prized Military Cross, says the Associated Press correspondent at the front. Hi comrades of the London Regiment, moreover, declare that if he had been awarded a medal on every occasion on which he has merited it, he would be covered with ribbon from head to foot of his diminutive body.

Too small to go into the army by the regular channels, Tich, after several trials, was accepted as a stretcher bearer in the London Regiment. At the front he quickly became one of the most popular men in the regiment. One of his officers, in a report to headquarters, said of him, "Cheerfulness, courage, devotion to duty, and disregard of danger are as much a part of his equipment as his haversack and his water bottle."

One of his officers wrote in a letter a short time ago: "His gospel, whether consciously or not, is the gospel of cheerfulness, and in practice it works out that his spirits grow lighter in proportion as dangers and discomforts grow heavier. His jests in time of stress provide just the electric spark that turns the hearts of men from gloomy pessimism into luminous defiance."

The ex-newsboy has the reputation from Lens to St. Quentin of being absolutely fearless. In his work as stretcher bearer he goes busily about among the falling shells, always whistling a popular tune, with an ever-ready word of sympathy and encouragement for the wounded. He is generally looked upon as one who bears a charmed life, for he has never received even a scratch, and his very presence is regarded as a mascot.

Tapley won the second of his two decorations under heavy shell fire in the Chalk Pit, north of Loos, when, single-handed, he bandaged and carried to a safe part of the trench all the wounded of his own company and several from a neighboring battalion.

DRAFTING OF BRITISH WOMEN.

Government is Taking Matter Into Serious Consideration.

The man power bill has stirred up a revival of the suggestion that the Government conscript women for service in those branches of naval, military and industrial work which have not appealed to women, says a London correspondent. It is pointed out that a large number of women are available and competent to fill places occupied by men of military age.

The Government has taken the whole matter into serious consideration and is fully alive to the gravity of the problem. It is understood that a scheme is being evolved to deal with woman power. There is a general feeling that the time is arriving to make a greater use of the available woman power.

Lady Mackworth in dealing with the question of woman's part in the great struggle, said: "We have a plan to accomplish the desirable result and to obtain a maximum effort with minimum friction. We expect the scheme to be ready when the emergency arises. Grave difficulties will arise if woman's work is made compulsory. It is hoped to co-ordinate the three existing women's corps with respect to all arms of the service and the rates of pay. The woman's department has schemes to deal with the whole emergency. The main idea is not to ask women to enroll in large numbers and keep them on a waiting list but to ask them to volunteer in response to specific demands."

THE ENGLISH LINE.

"Stern and Sedate" are the Characteristics of the British Soldier.

The period we are now going through is one of great strain, but our advice to everyone is to feel and talk optimistically, says a United States writer. It is the English against whom the Germans are driving, and, as the Kaiser himself has put it, the English are "a very obstinate people."

In one of the finest passages of his essay upon Warren Hastings, Lord Macaulay speaks of "that stubborn English courage, which is never as stern and sedate as toward the close of some doubtful and murderous day." In these times we count great battles by weeks and not by days, but we do not doubt that the same pirit inspires the British soldiers. English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, with Canadians and Australians to back them. They are not panic-stricken, they are not even unduly excited. "Stern and sedate" are the adjectives the English historian uses, and we adopt them now. The German soldiers are brave and unyielding, but they will never break the English line.

THE BATTLE SONG OF FRANCE.

How the Children Sang the Marseillaise in Their Captured Town.

There are many persons, by no means all of whom are French, who think that the Marseillaise is the very finest of all war songs. Certainly it is a great song of freedom as well as of France, and is associated historically with the progress of liberty among the nations. Youthful United States used it before The Star-Spangled Banner had been compoed; new-born free Russia still sings it, scarcely less often than its own new national hymn. It binds together in the memory of Frenchmen a hundred thrilling scenes of their country's history; and to this rosary of patriotism new jewels are added as the great war goes forward. It is not easy to read unmoved the narrative of how, although sternly proscribed, it was sung recently in one of the invaded districts. A refugee told the story to the American novelist, Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher:

We have tried our best to keep the life of French children what it ought to be. I remember last year Aunt Louise taught a group of children in our part of the town to sing the Marseillaise. The studio of my cousin Jean is at the back of the house and high up; and so she thought the children's voices could not be heard from the street. The mayor heard of what she was doing, and sent word that he should like to hear them sing. The news spread rapidly. When he arrived with the city council, coming in one by one, as if merely to make a call, they found the big studio full to overflowing with their fellow citizens—the old men and women who are the fellow citizens left there. Two or three hundred of them were there—the most representative people of the town, all in black, all so silent, so old and so sad. The children were quite abashed by such an audience and filed up on the little platform shyly—our poor, thin, shabby, white-faced children, fifty or sixty of them.

There was a pause. The children were half afraid to begin; the rest of us were thinking uneasily that we were running a great risk. Suppose the children's voices should be heard in the street, after all. Suppose the German police should enter and find us assembled thus. It would mean horrors and miseries for every family represented. The mayor stood near the children to give them the signal to begin—and dared not. We were silent, our hearts beating fast.

Then all at once the littlest ones of all began in their high, sweet treble those words that mean France, that mean liberty, that mean life itself to us:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie," they sang, tilting their heads back like little birds; and all the other children followed: "Against us floats the red flag of tyranny!" We were on our feet in an instant. It was the first time any of us had heard it sung since—since our men marched away. I began to tremble all over, so that I could hardly stand. Everyone stared up at the children; everyone's face was dead white to the lips. The children sang on—sang the chorus, sang the second stanza.

When they began the stanza, "Sacred love of our fatherland, sustain our avenging arms," the mayor's old face grew livid. He whirled about to the audience, his white hair like a lion's mane, and with a gesture swept us all into the song: "Liberty, our adored liberty, fight for thy defenders!"

There were three hundred voices shouting it out, the tears streaming down our cheeks. If a regiment of German guards had marched into the room we would not have turned our heads. Nothing could have stopped us then. We were only a crowd of old men and defenseless women and children, but we were all that was left of France in our French town.

"THE SCUM OF THE EARTH."

Illustrates Difference in Attitude Between Saxons and Prussians.

War has its amusing side, and I recall one incident which struck me as particularly humorous, says a captain in the Australian forces. At one point, where our trench was but a few yards from the Germans, we used to gather each evening, and sing the "Hymn of Hate." Absolute lack of humor caused the Germans to call to us:

"Come over and we'll sing it together."

At another place the Germans had printed a sign which read:

"The Australians are the scum of the earth.

Two days later, when the Saxons took over the same piece of trench, they changed the sign by adding a strip at the top which made it read:

"The Prussians have been beaten by the scum of the earth."

This gives you an idea of the feeling between a Prussian soldier and a Saxon. In Justice to the Saxons I will say that I never heard of a single atrocity being committed by a Saxon.

A Little Wooden Cross.

No military medal may be mine,
A private's death is listed, not acclaimed:
I fell too soon upon the firing line,
Yet of my loneliness I'm unashamed,
For now there stands supreme against the loss,
Upon my grave—a little wooden cross.

SALVAGE OF THE BATTLEFIELDS

VAST SUMS OF MONEY SAVED BY BRITISH TROOPS.

How Waste Has Become as Detested An Enemy as the German in Our Army.

Huge quantities of goods of all kinds, representing vast sums of money, are being salved daily from battlefields, roads, highways, railways, dumps, billets, ruined towns and villages.

Special corps of salvage men have been formed, whose duties consist solely in collecting, sorting, and distributing debris which even until quite recently was considered valueless and left unheeded. Bully-beef tins, odd clips of cartridges, broken shell cases, empty ration boxes, petrol cans, rum jars, torn—often blood soaked—portions of equipment, damaged rifles, packets of revolver ammunition—multitudinous articles the mere tabulation of which would require columns.

The Poster Craze.

The latest innovation in the "battlefield economy campaign" is the erection of notice boards and hoardings urging saving on everybody's part. These notices make up for lack of artistic beauty in the directness of their appeal.

For instance, opposite the heap of rubble that is all that remains of the once famous church of Boesinghe may be seen a board surmounted by a wooden model of a twelve-inch shell. Beneath it in large lettering is this appeal:

"Shells were made for Fritz. Why not let him have them? Don't leave shells in the mud. Pick them up and pass them on to the gunners."

Somewhat closer to the line in the same sector is another notice:

"Hy!!! Pick up that clip of cartridges! The cost of one clip will billet four men for a night."

Every Little Helps.

On the side of a certain shell-pocked highway not far from Ypres ruins is a hoarding from which looks the head of a horse. The lettering runs:

"Don't leave those nails on the road. They may cause my death. Nails can be used again, you know. Put them in this box."

Speaking of horses, one may mention that even death does not end the animal's usefulness. The body is not buried until the skin has been carefully taken off. The pelt is then cleaned and sent off to a central collecting depot.

The rough pavement of France plays havoc with the tyres of motors and lorries, and the roads are strewn with rubber fragments. Now, rubber is scarce and valuable. The Army knows it, for everywhere it is confronted with boards saying:

"Place that piece of rubber in the sack. Thank you!"

These are some of the ways by which the soldier is reducing for himself and others future taxation.

The Sacrament of Sleep.

Thank God for sleep!
And, when you cannot sleep,
Still thank Him that you live
To lie awake.
And pray Him of His grace,
When He sees fit sweet sleep to give,
That you may rise, with new-born eyes,
To look once more into His shining face.

In sleep—limbs all loose-laxed and slipt the chains—
We draw sweet-close to Him from whom our breath
Has life, in His sole hands we leave the reins,
In fullest faith trust Him for life or death.
This sleep in life close kinsman is to death;
And, as from sleep we wake to greet the day,
So, too, from death we shall with joy awake
To greet the glories of the Great Essay.

To His beloved healing sleep He gives,
And, unto all, awakening from sleep,
Each day is resurrection—a new birth
To nearer heaven and re-created earth—
To all Life's possibilities—of good
Or ill—with joys and woes endured—
Till that last shortest sleep of all,
And that first great awakening from Life's thrall.

Thank God for sleep!
And when you cannot sleep
Still thank Him for the grace
That lets you live
To feel the comfort of His soft embrace.

Caring for Watch.

A watch keeps more accurate time if always placed in an upright position. A small case for holding the watch upright on the dresser may be made from pasteboard and covered with cretonne. If the timepiece is wanted near the bed and the ticking is annoying, invert a tumber over the watch and the ticking will not be heard at all. A watch should be wound at the same time every night or morning to have it keep good time

COULD NOT STOP THE HEADACHES

Until She Tried "Fruit-a-tives" —Made From Fruit Juices

112 COBURG ST., ST. JOHN, N.B.

"I feel I must tell you of the great benefit I have received from your wonderful medicine, 'Fruit-a-tives'.

I have been a sufferer for many years from *Violent Headaches*, and could get no permanent relief.

A friend advised me to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and I did so with great success; and now I am entirely free of Headaches, thanks to your splendid medicine".

MRS. ALEXANDER SHAW,

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



Take a look at the fabrics we are tailoring into suits and top coats for smart dressers. You'll not find anything like them elsewhere any more than you will find tailoring that matches our high standard. We shall be glad to have you step in and select the cloth and order the suit or top-coat you need.

GEO. CURRIE

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC

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Money to loan on Farm mortgages.

We Have in Stock

Full line of Watches
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Full line Silverware
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Full line Nickel Clocks
Full line suit case Umbrellas
Full line Waterman's Pens
Full line of Stationery
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Floral designs, Cut Flowers
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Wood's Phosphodine.

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins, *Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

W. J. Armstrong, L.L.D., D.D.S

Dentist

Graduate Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, and of the Dental Department of Toronto University. Office over the Post Office

G. H. DAVY, B. A.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY AND CONVEYANCER

IRA W. BECKSTED

PHOTOGRAPHER

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

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New Commercial Hotel

W. A. Strader, Prop.

IROQUOIS - ONTARIO

When in Iroquois make your home at the New Commercial Hotel, where good meals, good service, and first-class accommodation and modern conveniences have been provided for our patrons. Special rates by the week and regular boarders and family parties. 'Bus meets all trains. First-class Livery in connection.

G. T. R. TIME TABLE

GOING EAST

No. 18, daily, mail and express 4.13 a.m
26, " ex, Sunday " 7.18 a.m
6, " " mail & ex. 3.06 p.m

GOING WEST

No. 7, daily except Sunday....1.00 p.m
25, daily except Sunday... 8.00 p.m
19, daily, mail and ex.....10 25 p.m

M. S. CASSAN, Agent

PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRING

Best Possible Work Guaranteed

C. F WRIGHT

Iroquois - Ontario

WHITTEKER, the Optician, will be at the Central Hotel, Iroquois, June 3, 1918, from Monday noon till Tuesday noon.

Town Topics

Mrs. Archie McInnis was visiting her daughter Ethel, in Ottawa, last week.

15 choice McIntosh Red apple trees at 30c. each, by taking the lot. Cost 50c. This office.

J. Smyth Carter, of Toronto, was in town on Tuesday and gave The News a plessant call.

"Kaysers" famous Silk Gloves, tips guaranteed to outwear the Gloves, Black and White, all sizes. D. C. Bush, Morrisburg,

Miss Mary Anglin was operated on last week at Brockville Hospital, She is stili very weak, but is doing as well can be expected. Mrs. Walter Anglin is with her.

Died in a hospital at St. Ours, P. Q., Rene Marchesseault, aged 26 years, of pneumonia. He wns an employee of the Molsons Bank and a former member of the staff of the Iroquois branch.

A memorial service was held recently at St. Cecelia R. C. church for Pte. Ernest McNulty, another of our brave boys who gave up his life for his King and Country.

Bush's advertising claims are always substantial. Try him for stylish dependable and reasonably priced goods. D. C. Bush, Morrisburg,

Died at the home of its grandparents Mr. and Mrs, J. S. Watkins, on May 12th, Frances, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Watkins, of Brockville, aged three weeks.

The Matilda and Iroquois Sabbath Schools Association convention will be held in the White Church on Wednesday, June 12 h, The programme will appear in full in the next issue of The News.

Beecher Poyser is gazetted Captain of a regiment at the front, a promotion well earned. Beecher wears a medal for distinguished service at the battle of Paschendale, when his Captain fell and he assumed command. We are proud of you, Beecher,

The store for Corset satisfaction. We have the exclusive sale of the four most popular lines in the trade, Nemo, Coilene, Bia--filled and D, A. D. C. Bush, Morrisburg.

Married at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Gregory, on Thursday, May 2nd, E.W. S, Coates, officiating, Miss Henrietta Sharpe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Sharpe to James Alton Lapier, of Mountain. Her sister, Miss Norma Sharpe, assisted the bride, while Frank Lapier was groomsman. Congratulations.

Don't forget the date—Tuesday May 21st, of the three-act comedy drama, "Diamonds and Hearts," to be put on in the town hall. Iroquois, by the Girls' Club, in behalf of St, John's church, Iroquois. The acts will be interspersed with music and step dancing. Adults, 25c., Children, 15c. Play commences at 8 o'clock. This promises to be an exceptionally good play and you cannot afford to miss it.

Mrs. John Hutt, College St., had the misfortune on Monday to break her leg in two places. She was engaged papering a ceiling and got up on the stove to take down some pipes that were in the way. She stepped on one of the stove lids, which was not on tight, and went through, percipating her to the floor with the above result.

AUCTION SALE.—Owing to premises now occupied by undersigned being sold he will sell by public aucion at Brinston, on Saturday, May 18th, at one p. m., the following: Brown horse; grey horse; meat peddling wagon; cattle wagon; milk wagon; light sleigh; cutter; set light double driving harness; set express harness; set single harness, all harness in good condition; 2 buggies; coal heater and other articles. Terms, cash. A Redmond, aucttoneer; A. J. Carey, proprietor.

Following is a report of S. S. No. 10, Matilda, for April: Senior IV—Kathleen Merkley 77, Iva Miller 74, Basil Glover 74. Junior IV—Roy Tousaw 60, Clarence Moore 50. Class III—Margøret O'Flaherty 82, John Glover 80, Clayton Tousaw 50. Senior II—Sadie McLaren 82, Richard Sweeney 74. Junior II—Marguerite Merkley 80, James Miller 75, Wilda O'Flaherty 63, Norma Tousaw 55. Class I—Fred Banford, Agatha Sweeney. Senior Primary—Isabell Jordan, Earl Tousaw, Pauline Flett. Junior Primary—Gladys Flett, Glowena Jordan, P. A. HENRY, teacher.

Pte. James Barclay, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Barclay, who arrived home from England a few months ago with one leg amputated at the hip, the result of extended service on the battlefields of France, and who has since been undergoing treatment at a military hospital in Toronto, is home again with a new artificial leg. He walks splendidly and only has a slight limp. Pte. Barclay received several other wounds, besides having his other leg broken twice. It is to be hoped that the Government will secure him a good position and also pay him a substantial pension.

Town Topics

Get your Pratt's Baby Chick food at Barkley's, Brinston.

Everything in Silks—Duchess, Paillette, Taffeta, Habatai, Poplin, Crepe de Chene and Georgettes, away below present prices. Send for samples. D. C. Bush, Morrisburg.

CARD OF THANKS—We wish to express our thanks to the many friends who have befriended us in our sorrow in the loss of our dear husband and father, and assure them that their sympathy and kindness will never be forgotten,

MRS. H. L. SOPER
D. N. SOPER

The death occured, at an early hour Wednesday, May 1st of Miss Almira Merkley, only remaining member of one of the most highly respected pioneer families of Morrisburg in her 93rd year following a short illness of one week,

See our line of Ladie's Panamas. Barkley's, Brinston.

Lest we forget our soldiers, who have for years been on active service in China, India, Africa, Japan and the Islands of the Sea, the Mission Band of the Presbyterian church will give a program of missionary exercises on Wednesday evening, May 22nd, at 8 o'clock, Special thank-offerings will be received. All are cordial y invited to attend.

Three women, two quite young, and the other middle aged, were walking along the road at Milton village, N. H. Each young women pushed a baby carriage and each had two toddlers besides, while with the older woman were four children. The last mentioned was mother to the four, mother-in-law to the two young women and grandmother to the six tiny ones.

The Ontario Temperance Act pinches pretty hard. A Kingston man, who was arrested several days ago, charged with selling liquor, was fined $1.000 with the option of three months in jail, by Magistrate Farrell, in police court on Monday morning. The young man will do the term in jail. The young fellow who swore he purchased the liquor off the accused was taxed $10 and costs for being intoxicated.

Matilda Council

The regular meeting of Matilda Council was held in Barclay's hall, Dixon Corners, on Saturday May 4th, 1918. Members all present.

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and Timlick the clerk was instructed to enter Philip Morrison's back taxes on collectors' roll for 1918.

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and Cooper By-law No. 273, adjusting road divisions, was read a first time.

On motion of Messrs, Cooper and Thompson Wm. Thorpe and Ancil Tousaw was appointed collectors for 1918 at a salary of $70 each, and their names were inserted in By-law 272.

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and Timlick By-law No, 273, adjusting road divisions' was read a 2nd and 3rd time and finally passed, signed sealed.

On motoin of Messrs. Coophr and Thompson Ellery Casselman was appointed to lock after gravel pit at a salary of 50 cents per hour

Wm. Thorpe was appointed pathmaster in place of Thomas Wickwire, deceased.

The following accounts were ordered paid,

Ancil Tousaw, settlement of roll, 1917	125 59
Wm. Thorpe, S. Allisons taxes	7 04
Treas. Red Cross, for May	100 00
N. Leizert, gravel	4 00
W. G. Stoddart, burial expenses late McNeil	24 00
Adam Markel, work on road	5 00
John Barkley, hall rent	2 00
The Clerk, postage and telephone	10 00
James Wallace, work on W, B.	7 00
Wm. Mullen, work on nine mile road	3 00

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and Timlick Council adjourned to meet in Cooper's hall, Brinston, on Saturday, June 8th, 1918 as a Court of Revision on assement roll, at one o'clock.

J. J. PAYNE, Clerk.

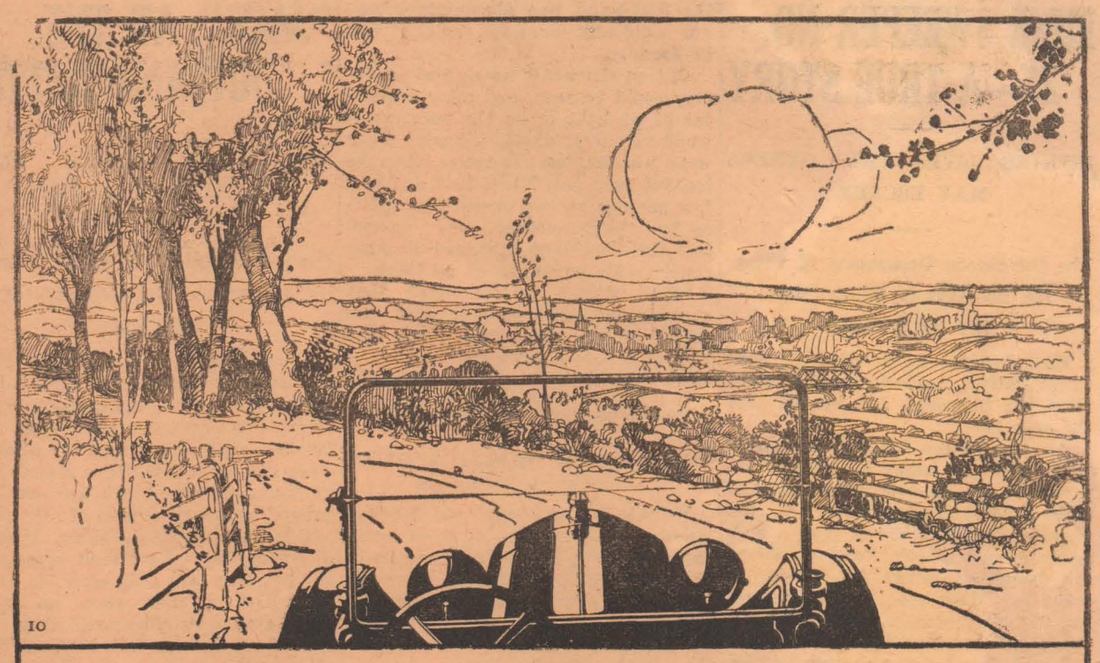
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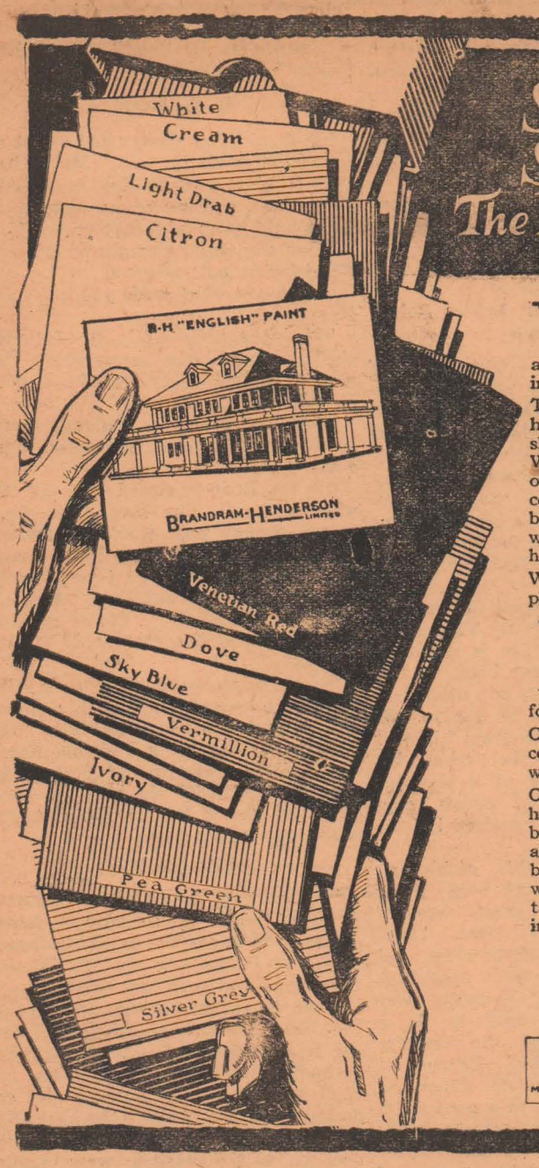
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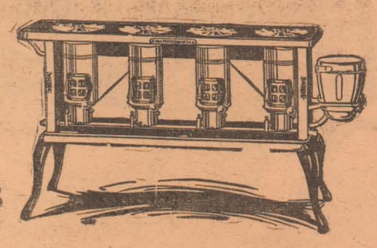
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The St. Lawrence News

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Those who have puny, ailing or run-down children or aged parents may prove this at our expense.

Besides the good it does children and the aged there is nothing like Vinol to restore strength and vitality to weak, nervous women and overworked, run-down men.

Try it. If you are not entirely satisfied, we will return your money without question; that proves our fairness and your protection. Millions of people have been convinced this way.

Iroquois Drug Store, Iroquois, also at the Best Druggists in all Ontario Towns.

FOOD FOR THE AGED.

Some Diet Rules For Those Who Are Advanced In Years.

Libraries have been written on diets for business men and actresses, but little thought has been given what aged people should eat. "Superintendents of homes for the aged show absolute ignorance of the diet that senile changes necessitate," writes Dr. I. L. Nasher in the Medical Review of Reviews.

With advancing age there is less strength and activity. For these reasons the amount of food should be diminished. The loss of teeth in old age is nature's signal that an aged person should no longer eat meat, the only food that needs to be thoroughly masticated. "It is not necessary suddenly to discontinue the use of meat. There should be a gradual reduction, and only the light meat of young animals and fowl should be taken."

There is no definitely prescribed diet for old age, but there are a few rules that can be followed: The total amount of food must be diminished. It must be thoroughly cooked and finely chopped. Vegetables containing much cellulose should be freely used. Foods should be given in a liquid, semi-liquid or mush form, and dry foods should be avoided. Foods should not be given at shorter intervals than four or five hours.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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OF CANADA

The business done by this company during 1917 was the largest yet done in any one year and still keeps the SUN well in advance of all Canadian competitors.

Forty years of careful and conservative management has won a standing and prestige for the company, which produces an increasing volume of business. Applications put in during the year just closed were as follows:

Canadian Agencies	14,157,110.20
Foreign Agencies	18,246,350.19
	$32,403,460.36

INCREASE OVER 1916

Canadian Agencies	2,482,473.95
Foreign Agencies	583,431.75
	$3,065,905.70

Of this large volume of business the Eastern Ontario Agency, to which Iroquois belongs, turned in $1,250,000.

Correspondence Invited. Information gladly given on application to

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The St. Lawrence News

R S PELTON, PUBLISHER

IROQUOIS, MAY 17, 1918

THE WAR

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that the war has reached a crucial stage, when every man and every resource of the Allied nations are needed to bring victory from what might prove defeat or an inclusive peace at least. A great battle has been fought in Flanders since our last review of the situation, with the result in the enemy's favor, if pushing our armies back many miles nearer Paris and the coast, with two years hard won gains wiped out, means anything, and another offensive may be expected any day now greater than the former, and the question arises, can we meet it successfully? Have we the reserves to make good the heavy losses sure to be incurred? Those best informed, the commanding generals in the fight, urge more men, and still more men to hold the lines at all cost and provide against the inevitable wastage.

And it all resolves into the simple fact, that Canada must be prepared to make greater sacrifices immediately, and the boys from the farms must go and the old men and the women work the farms as best they can, just as they are doing in England and France. The enemy must be held and hurled back, and we must all get into the fight. There is no use in our farmer friends abusing the Government for failing to keep its election promises. Events in the war theatre, and the pressure brought to bear upon the Government by the Imperial Government make it imperative that Canada rush forward the much needed men to meet the offensive that threatens to push our armies into the sea when, as Mr. Borden well puts it, no farm production could avail with the Empire tottering in the balance, this is no time for any section of Canada to complain. The call to arms must be met by all, to save the Empire at all hazards. Better a thousand times that this generation of Britions perish than that the graud old Empire, a thousand years in the making, should fall.

Hence we are not surprised that the farmer delegation which met the Government in Ottawa the other day were turned down, the Premier assuring them that as much as supplies were needed, men were needed more. To quote Premier Borden;

"We talk of hardships and sorrow here in Canada; we have had hardships and God knows too much sorrow but we have no conception of what is going on in France at the present time. Production is absolutely essential, and the most commanding duty of the Government is to see that it is carried on. But if we waited for further exemptions, and our men were decimated and destroyed, what kind of an answer would it be to say we had increased production?"

"We must produce as best we can," he continued, but it is also for the Government to consider how important and urgent is the need for men, I hope you will believe me when I tell you as a Minister of the Crown, that the need was never more urgent than it is to-day. I want to tell you that if the British line, of which our men form a part, breaks, I don't know where you would get market for your product. You must realize that we did not take up this matter without serious consideration."

"It is a question that would make a man almost sweat blood before he could reach conclusion. I, for one, can never bring myself to adopt any course which will not provide for the reinforcements over there."

Less land cultivated, less crops grown, less stock raised, and consequent less food for the Allies, cuts no figure against possible defeat and subjugation of the allied nations to the ruthless Hun and the wiping out of democratic freedom from the earth. No, this war must be fought out, if it takes twenty years. We have the men and resources to defeat the enemy, and we must get them there now. Stand together, men of Canada, and after having done all in a righteous cause, and in God's name made every sacrifice possible for a people to make and stand!

We must and shall win this war and to this end every farmer, every son of Canada must respond to the call to arms. Strike all together, and strike Now! Victory or Death!

Letter from Pte. Ralph Barton

France, April 8th, 1918.

DEAR PARENTS AND SISTER:

Just a line in answer to your letter of March 14th, I have written you as regularly as possible since Xmas until the past three weeks, when it has been utterly impossible to write a letter or get it away if written.

No doubt you have seen by the papers, what has been doing. Well we have been in the very thickest of it. Right in the hand to hand fighting and although outnumbered we gave them all they wanted but it cost us very dear. We lost over half our regiment and I was one of two left out of our troops.

I am No. 1 on the Hotchkiss Gun, and the rest of our troop in action were casualties, with the exception of myself and my No. 2 on the gun. We were certainly very fortunate, and I am sure there is a guiding hand keeping me for some better work.

We are out in reserve now, consequently are able to get something to eat which certainly helps very much.

I have a few souvenirs I would like to send you, but it is very difficult to get them away from here.

By the way save this letter as it is some of Fritz's note paper and envelopes.

Well I will close for now. I will try and not worry about Dad and you but still I am always thinking of you so be sure and let me know just how everything is. Very best love to all.

As ever yours,

RALPH.

Very high prices will soon be asked for English Squares, Linoleoums and Oilcloths. We still have a big assortment at 1915 prices. D. C. Bush, Morrisburg.

The Late Mrs. Edward Shaver

The passing from this life of Mrs. Edward Shaver, of Rowena, on Friday, May 10th, has brought deepest sorrow to the family home and general regret to a very large circle of friends and neighbors. Although, during Mrs. Shaver's illness of several weeks it was known that her condition was, at times, sufficiently critical to cause anxious concern yet her recovery was expected.

Since her marriage to Mr. Shaver her long period of residence at Rowena had formed a chain of associations throughout Matlida and adjoining localities, the memory of which will be enduring. The family home, long known as a place of kindly welcome, was ever brightened and blessed by her cheerfulness and happy smile. In the family circle her activities were tempered with deepest love and Christian faith, characteristic of the ideal wife and mother. And thus it is that the sorrow is so keenley felt by the sorrowing husband, one daughter, Mrs. Lyman Locke, of Saskatoon; two son, Dr. A. E. Shaver, of Brockville, and Alfred at home. One sister, Mrs. Bancroft, resides in New York State the parental home of deceased.

Since service is the keynote of every true life Mrs. Shaver's career was exemplary. In the various departments of work associated with the church, in duties of general helpfulness in the hour of neighborhood bereavement, she was ever ready to aid. Indeed, might it truly be said of her "She hath done what she could." The writer will long recall Mrs. Shaver's bright and active attitude towards life's varied duties—her personality pleasing, yet effective and genuine.

A very large gathering of friends attended the funeral service at Rowena church on Wednesday afternoon.

The service was conducted by the pastor Geo. O. Tredimick, and a former pastor Rev. E. W. S. Coates, of Iroquois, the latter delivering a most fitting address on the valne of true service. As one quite familiar with home and church life of deceased, he paid a most worthy tribute to the career which had closed and the place so well occupied in the realm of Christian service.

Interment was made in the family plot at Dundela cemetery.

Since receiving above we are in receipt of another report from a personal friend of deceased, which we also give in full:

The sudden death of Mrs. Edward Shaver has cast a gloom over the entire community. A little more than three weeks ago she complained of a sudden and intense pain in her hand, and although she suffered much it was hoped she would soon recover. However, on Friday, May 10th, in spite of all skilled physicians and loving friends could do she passed peacefully away.

Mrs. Shaver, whose maiden name was Kate D. Whiting, was born on Sept. 5th, 1852, at Millersville, N. Y., and was married nearly forty-three years ago to Edward Shaver. Since that time she has resided at Rowena and has by her beautiful Christian character won the love of all who knew her. She was possessed of an unusually sweet and unselfish disposition and her life was filled with acts of loving service. She was a faithful member and a leaading worker in the Methodist church at Rowena. The funeral service held on Wednesday, May 15th, in the church was largely attended. The pastor Rev. G. O. Tredinnick conducted the impressive service, assisted by Rev. E. W. S. Coates, a former pastor, who spoke on the words in Rev. 22:4 "They shall see His face." The only sister of the deceasad, Mrs. John Bancroft, of Waddington, was present, and in addition to the sorrowing husband, the two sons, Dr. Allan, of Brockville., Alfred at home, and the daughter Della, (Mrs. Lyman Locke) of Saskatoon. The sorrowing relatives have the sincere sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

WASHING THE HANDS.

How to Get Them Clean After a Greasy Job on the Motorcar.

The following is a practice long familiar to railway engineers, who have to mess around oil, and it should serve equally well for their present day coadjutors of the motor car:

Wash the hands in warm water, using a soft, free lathering soap. Work up a good lather and then dip the fingers into a small dish of lubricating oil. This will further emulsify with the lather already on the hands and quickly cut the grime and dirt, leaving the hands clean and soft. Do not use too much oil, and always soap the hands before applying the oil.

After using this mixture be sure to let the washbowl drain and then rinse it quickly, as the oil, if left, separates from the soap and makes a ghastly mess on the sides.

Another good way of cleaning the hands after a dirty job around the car is to wash them in turpentine, rubbing it well into the skin and then wiping off thoroughly on something that can be thrown away. By doing this and finishing with warm water and plenty of soap the hands may be cleansed of all traces of the greasiest job.

The Road to Thrones.

In the year 1716 a girl called Marie d'Abbadie was hired as a servant in an inn at Pierrefitte, France. She was the daughter of peasants named Dominique Habas and Marie d'Abbadie. A Bearnais from the village of Boeilh, whose name was Jean de St. Jean, stayed in this inn, saw the pretty maid, fell in love with her and on May 30, 1719, wedded her in the church at Assat. They had several daughters, the eldest of whom on Feb. 20, 1754, was married at Boeilh to Henri Bernadotte, physician, son of Jean Bernadotte, master tailor. Their son was Napoleon's marshal, Bernadotte, who became king of Sweden and whose great-grandsons are respectively King Gustave V. of Sweden and King Haakon VII. of Norway.

Power of Eloquence.

A story is told of the great Irish orator, O'Connell. An attack had been made upon him in the house of commons. When O'Connell arose to reply his lofty brow was black with thunder and his arm uplifted as if to strike. Then, checking himself, he said, "But the gentleman says he loves Ireland." Lowering his tone to the rippling murmur of a summer brook, he continued, "I have no words of bitterness or reproach for any man who loves Ireland." The pathos in the fragmentary utterance of the last word brought tears to the eyes of many veterans of the house.

A Curious Illusion.

People declare that they have seen a field of grass gradually change color during a shower of rain, thousands of mushrooms springing up before their eyes. This is an optical illusion caused by the rain beating down the grass. The mushrooms do not really spring up during a single shower of rain. They are there already, but hidden by the grass, and when the rain beats down the grass it exposes the hidden mushrooms.—London Mail.

Olive Oil.

When olive oil is good and fresh it is of a pale greenish yellow color, with little taste or smell, except a sweet, nutty flavor. Surprising to say, olive oil is not made from the seed of the olive, as in the case of most vegetable oils, but from the flesh or pericarp of the fruit.

Mending Hot Water Bottles.

To mend a hot water bottle use a patch such as used for auto tires. They can be had at any garage. Just clean around the puncture with gasoline, then apply patch.

Our Troubles.

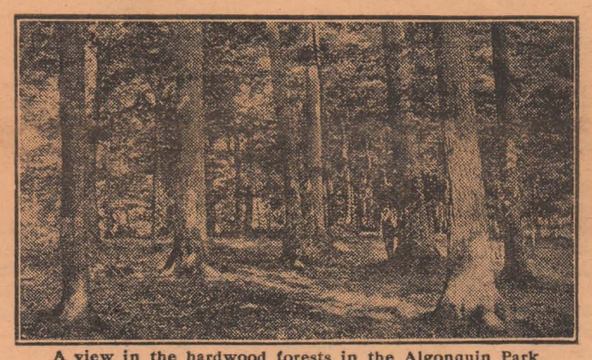
Gibbs—So you blame your present troubles on the middleman. Dibbs—Not exactly. I blame all our troubles on the first man.

Too Much of It.

"Was the dinner cooked to suit you?" "Yes, all but the bill. Take it back and have it boiled down."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FUEL SUPPLY FREE

To Municipalities of the Province of Ontario



A view in the hardwood forests in the Algonquin Park

OWING to the seriousness of the fuel situation at the present time, the Government of Ontario would urge upon all the farmers or others who may have wood lots, to assist at this time by making provision for their fuel supply from such lots.

The Government would also draw the attention of the various Municipalities throughout the Province to the necessity of taking some Municipal action to secure fuel supply. To this end the Government has decided to issue to any Municipality in Ontario a permit to cut fire wood in Algonquin Park or from other Crown Lands free of charge. For particulars as to localities, conditions of cutting, etc., apply to

G. H. FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Neilson's Ice Cream

By the Dish, Quart or Gallon. We serve all kinds of Sundaes and Soft Drinks. Come in and get a good tasty Dish.

Fireworks

See our window display. Call and get your supply before May. 24th.

Records

Pay us a visit and hear some of the latest and best Records played on our new Gramophones.

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Of all kinds. A large assortment of Hammocks and fancy Verandah Chairs, Red and Green Baby Buggies and Express Wagons.

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Done with Neatness and Despatch

W. J. Marsh & Son

Soils and Crops

By Agronomist.

This Department is for the use of our farm readers who want the advice of an expert on any question regarding soil, seed, crops, etc. If your question is of sufficient general interest, it will be answered through this column. If stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed with your letter, a complete answer will be mailed to you. Address Agronomist, care of Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

WIRE WORMS AND THEIR CONTROL.

Wireworms are to be recognized as one of the worst pests of corn, and carry their destructiveness to wheat, oats, potatoes and many other crops. They are yellowish-brown larvae having hard polished skins, the bodies slender and cylindrical in shape, measuring from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in length. The most injurious form in Ontario prefers low, mucky or poorly drained soils, feeding on the roots of grasses, grains and the like. Two or three years are required for them to reach maturity, which accounts many times, for the damage done by this pest a year or two after sod has been turned under. The adult of the wire-worm is a brownish beetle which, from its habit of snapping its body up in the air, when turned on its back, is known as a "click-beetle," "skipping-jack" or "snapping-beetle."

Where They Live

Early in the spring these beetles come out from the soil and soon lay their eggs in sod land or land thickly overgrown with grass. These eggs hatch into tiny wireworms. It frequently happens that, during the first year, the young worms feed upon sod, that has been turned under, and do not do their greatest harm to the cultivated crop until the second season. They require about three years to turn into beetles. Towards midsummer of the year in which they become full grown they form little cells in the soil in which they transform to the pupa or resting stage. About a month later they change into the beetles but stay in the ground until the following spring.

Control Measures

Susceptible crops like corn, potatoes or root crops should not be planted after plowing up grass sod, especially if wireworms are known to be present. They do not thrive well in clover land and so this crop is a good one to use on infested soil. If wheat is going to follow infested corn land it will be best to have the land well tilled as soon as the corn is removed. Plowing kills many worms by destroying their food supply and preventing them from preparing suitable quarters for the winter.

Inasmuch as many of our worst cutworms live in poorly drained soil it will be well to have such land tiled.

The use of commercial fertilizers has a tendency to overcome wireworm injury. It will not kill the insect but will aid the plant in overcoming its work. It is sometimes advisable to drain land and add lime in order to make it possible for the clover to establish itself, and this has given rise to the impression that lime itself kills wireworms. The action of the lime is simply to change the physical character of the soil which makes it unfavorable to these pests.

TEACH BOY TO BE HANDY MAN

The woman put down the magazine she had been reading and addressed herself to the family in general.

"There," she cried, "it says exactly what I have been thinking for ages and ages and never had sufficient sense to write about."

"What is that?" inquired her husband sleepily.

"It says that boys should be prepared for matrimony exactly as girls should," replied the woman. "It says that they should have a course of training in putting up pictures, in doing simple repairs to the plumbing, in taking care of the furnace, in hanging curtains, making shelves and doing other carpentering work, just as girls should be taught how to cook and keep house."

At this her husband looked self-conscious and he resumed his reading with an ostentatious air of absorption, so that his better half was fain to continue her remarks to the more receptive sister who sat by.

"Especially when one lives in the country should a husband have had some manual training," she went on. "For instance, last week we found it impossible to turn off one of the taps that fills the bathtub. A full stream of water ran from it all day. I telephoned Walter of the tragedy and he replied that I was not to bother for he would fix it as soon as he came home.

"When he reached home that evening he found that he could not do any more to check the water than I had done, and so he sent a plumber out from town the next morning.

"The plumber examined the leak, said that the washer on the tap had worn out, and that if I would give him a washer he would repair it at once. But I had no washer— what is a washer, anyway? And so he had to go back into town to get one. He returned two hours later, put on the washer, stopped the leak and sent us a bill for $7."

"But it was a peculiar sort of washer," interrupted her husband apologetically. "If it had been just a plain washer I could have done it."

His wife disregarded this explanation. "Then the laundry tubs became stopped up," she went on, "and though I worked at them with a hatpin and the poker, I could not open them. The plumber had to come out from town again. He brought with him a long stick with a rubber cup on the end of it, placed this cup over the vent in the tub, pressed, and lo, all was well. The bill for this piece of work was $3.50.

"I wanted a simple shelf put up in the bathroom and the carpenter who put it up charged $2.50 for that job. Sometimes I wish that I had married a carpenter or a plumber. It must be lovely to have a man who can use tools constantly in the house."

And as for the woman's husband, he put aside his book impatiently and arose. "Well, get me the nails and the boards and a hammer and I'll make that window-box for you that you've been pining for," said he.

Looking for a Farm?

When you are selecting a farm that you expect to make a permanent home, try to get in as many of the following requirements as possible: A situation for house and barn high enough to give good drainage and a sightly view. A running brook for watering stock, and for an ice dam. Good soft drinking water and plenty of it. A woodlot and orchard. A large well-planned house and barn. A retired situation, but with good neighbors; not too far from church, school or railway station. If you can find one with all or most of these conditions, buy it quickly and settle down for life.

War-Time Economy.

"Aw'm awa noo, Sandy. Do ye want onything frae the toun?" asked the goodwife as she lifted the reins from the horse's back.

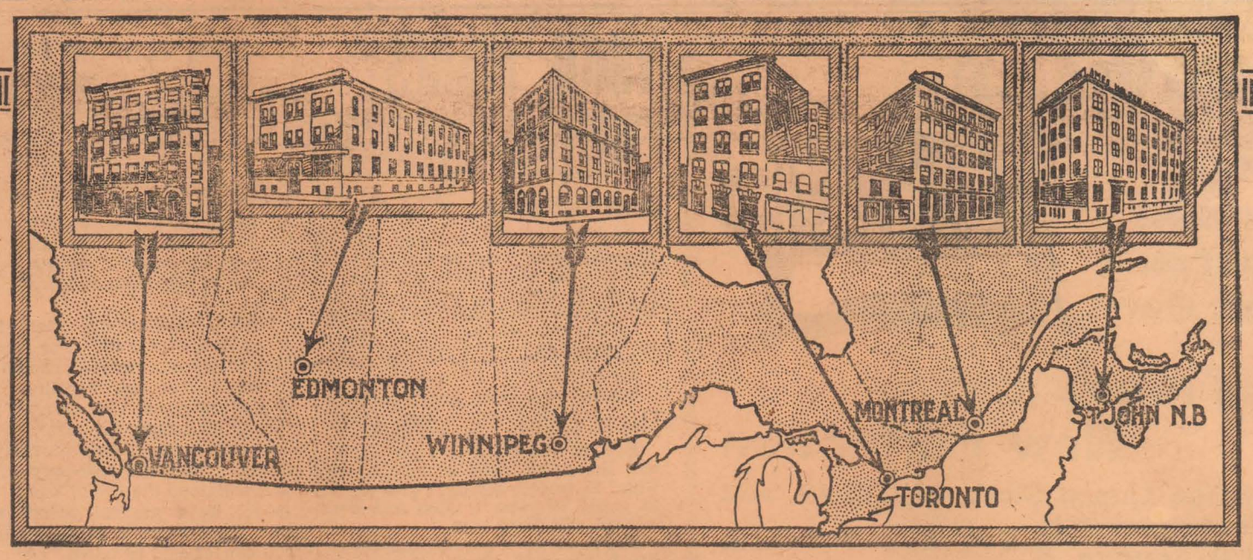
"Ma snuff's dune, an' Aw wad like ye tae fetch me half an ounce," replied Sandy.

"Nay, nay! I canna allow sic extravagance!" exclaimed his wife. "Have ye no heard o' the increased price o' sneezin'? Juist tickle yer nose wi' a straw instead."

WANTED POULTRY, EGGS and FEATHERS
Highest Prices Paid
Prompt Returns—No Commission
P. POULIN & CO.
39 Bonsecours Market Montreal

SMOKE TUCKETTS
ORINOCO
CUT COARSE FOR PIPE USE

Sure Cure for HEAVES
Here's what Jas. McLarnon, Shawville, P.Q. says about CAPITAL HEAVE REMEDY: "I used CAPITAL HEAVE REMEDY before on a horse that another man turned on a bare pasture to starve. I cured her with the powders. I can prove this about the old horse; I have her yet; she has never showed Heaves since."
FREE TRIAL OFFER
We have such confidence in this remedy that we send a full week's trial free, for 5c. to cover postage and wrapping.
Write us to-day. VETERINARY SUPPLY HOUSE, 700 Cooper street, Ottawa, Ont.



How Canada's Greatest Shoe House Supplies the Nation's Footwear

CONSIDER the amount of time and the infinite care you take when buying footwear to suit your own taste in regard to style, size, etc. Multiply your own individual needs by millions and you will get an idea of the immense task which confronts the makers of Canada's footwear, and the size of the organization it is necessary to maintain for that purpose.

The buying of a single pair of shoes is an event that occupies a person but a few moments two or three times a year—but to meet the accumulated demand of a nation's individuals, it requires the whole resources of a gigantic industry. Ames Holden McCready are truly "Shoemakers to the Nation." It is a title justified by their size and the importance of their business.

It may be a revelation to many Canadians to know that to supply them with proper footwear, this firm maintains huge factories each with many acres of floor space, and hundreds of intricate, almost human, machines—facilities and equipment sufficient to turn out 8,000 pairs of shoes every working day.

It requires a small army of workpeople, clerks and warehousemen, in addition to executives, buyers and travellers.

It requires much study and thought to plan styles and models of Men's, Women's and Children's shoes in their various grades and styles.

In order to secure the best results in the production of various kinds and grades, it is also necessary to specialize.

For example: Ames Holden McCready factories are separated into three distinct factory units, each a complete factory in itself.

One unit of our factories is devoted entirely to the manufacture of high grade footwear for Women and Children. Consider the great variety of styles in women's footwear, including high-top boots, oxfords and pumps.

Consider the many different patterns and lasts, the varieties and shades of leather and finish—then you will see what a great number of models are required to meet the widely different needs of Canadian women in the cities and towns and also in the country districts.

Another factory unit is devoted to making only the better grades and styles of Men's Shoes—shoes for professional men, lawyers, doctors, and all business men, whose occupations permit the use of fine leathers such as calf and kid.

The third unit specializes in sturdier types of shoes for heavy wear and rough usage. Shoes for farmers, lumbermen, miners, trainmen, and workpeople who require a heavier and more solidly-constructed boot.

In addition to the work of manufacture—the requirements of distribution are also tremendous. A manufacturer must not only make his goods economically and well—but he must deliver them—DISTRIBUTE them. Therefore, in addition to a force of 60 travellers constantly visiting the retail trade from coast to coast, Ames Holden McCready maintain, in the centres of population throughout Canada, immense stocks of boots and shoes ready for immediate shipment to the retailers in each section.

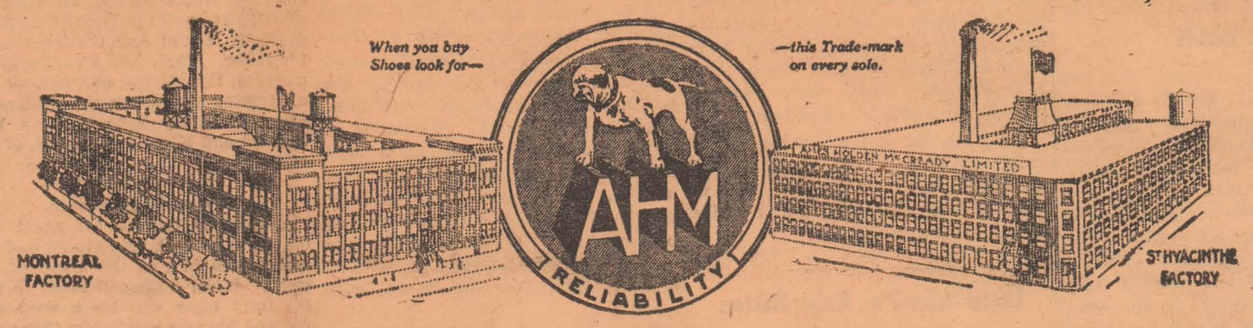
These warehouses are located in the following cities:
St. John Toronto Montreal
Winnipeg Edmonton Vancouver

Years of experience has taught us the kind and styles of boots which are required in each locality. No matter in what part of Canada you reside, no matter what particular kind of shoe you require, your retail dealer can procure it for you without loss of time.

And that is the reason why you will find, even in the outlying districts, that dealers selling Ames Holden McCready goods are up-to-date with stocks that are fresh and new, and which reflect the latest shapes and styles.

When you see the A.H.M. trade mark on a shoe, you know that not only is that mark an endorsement by the largest shoe concern in Canada, but that being the product of a highly organized industry, the shoe you are buying represents the utmost in value, style and wearing qualities which can be obtained at the price.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED
"Shoemakers to the Nation"
ST. JOHN MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER

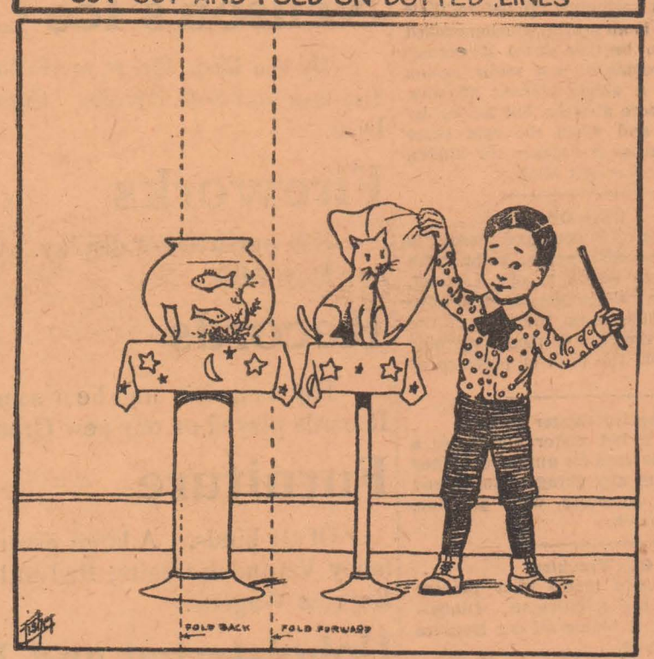


2B

Never hang silk or lace waists on a line to dry. Squeeze dry and fold in a bath towel until dry enough to press, then press on the wrong side very carefully, being sure to keep a good shape, as that counts.

FUNNY FOLD-UPS

CUT OUT AND FOLD ON DOTTED LINES



Says Will, "To do this little trick
Requires the magic of my stick.
The fish globe melts to thinnest air,
And you'll find kitty over there."

GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By Andrew F. Currier, M.D.

Dr. Currier will answer all signed letters pertaining to Health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not, it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Currier will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnosis. Address Dr. Andrew F. Currier, care of Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

The Treatment of Asthma.

The most common form of this disease is bronchial asthma, which shuts up the bronchial tubes and prevents air from moving in and out as it normally does.

There may be a spasm of the tubes, or the lining nucous membrane may be so swollen as to fill up the cavity of the tube.

Miners, potters, grinders, and millers suffer from this disease, their tubes becoming choked with dust while at their work.

Those who have troubles with their nose, enlarged tonsils, and certain forms of heart and kidney disease, may also be asthmatic; and children have it in the form of spasm of the larynx, when a gland in the neck called the "thymus gland" is diseased.

In hay-fever the mucous membrane of the nose is often so swollen that no air will pass through, and this swollen condition may extend down the throat and into the lungs, causing almost a continual asthmatic spasm.

Asthma is usually worse at the sea level and in a moist atmosphere.

A coming storm at the sea level, or unusual humidity, will bring on an attack.

So, also, will any unusual experience acting through the nervous system, such as anger, grief, bad news, worry, or fatigue.

With miners and those who inhale dirt and dust, the smaller bronchial tubes may become filled up and useless, asthma being persistent and more and more troublesome.

The object of treatment will therefore be to remove this solid material from the tubes, reduce the swelling of the mucous membrane, and loosen the spasm.

There are remedies which are intended to relax spasm—these are mostly gases and vapors and they include compressed air, oxygen, vapor of chloroform and ether, and the powerful vapor of nitrite of amyl.

Cigarettes containing arsenic, belladonna, and stramonium, may also be smoked with advantage.

Useful also, are preparations of opium, the bromides, and chloral, though these are all dangerous.

To relieve the swelling of the mucous membrane, physicians often give quinine, strychnia, antimony and lobelia and some of the forms of electricity are also sometimes employed.

Serums and vaccines are coming more and more into use, as means of treatment, and there are those who think they have obtained good results from their use.

We must not forget that the mental influence has much to do with the effect of medicinal substances and that a medicine which is skillfully advertised, or is recommended by a friend, may have no intrinsic value.

Change of residence is the most valuable means of treatment with which I am familiar, and in making the change it is always well to get the advice of some one who is familiar with the influence of climates and who has no personal end to gain.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M. S.—Am unable to close my fingers on account of stiffness in the tendons resulting from a cut followed by blood poisoning. How can I get rid of the trouble?

Answer:—Your trouble is one which very often follows infected injuries. Such troubles can sometimes be relieved by a course of massage with manipulation of the stiffened tissues. There are various forms of apparatus which are made for this purpose.

A. H.—Is there any cure for hardening of the arteries, and what is the cause of this trouble?

Answer:—If you will send a stamped and self-addressed envelope, a copy of an article on this disease will be mailed you, which will give you a full account of the trouble.

Veal and boiled rice can be used by lining a baking dish with the rice, then filling it with chopped veal seasoned with onion, parsley, salt and pepper. Bake until brown.

TO REMAIN YOUNG flush the bowels regularly with

"RIGA"

PURGATIVE WATER

A mild but sure saline purgative which softens the contents of the intestines and facilitates their expulsion without causing colic, cramps or discomfort.

On Sale everywhere: 25 cents the bottle.

RIGA PURGATIVE WATER CO. MONTREAL.

HUNS GIVE FULL VENT TO HATRED

ESPECIALLY ON THE BRITISH NAVAL PRISONERS.

Seamen Subjected to Unbelievable Tortures by Captors Who Laugh At Their Sufferings.

Horrible as are many of the tales which have been published of German brutality to prisoners of war, there are many others still more harrowing if they could only be printed. And the worst tales of all could be told of the Hun treatment of naval prisoners. Fortunately these prisoners are comparatively few in number, but the Boche hatred of their enemies vents itself, for reasons which probably seem good to them, in greatest measure against the British navy. The firing by U-boats upon helpless crews struggling in the water or escaping from torpedoed vessels is nothing to their vile treatment of prisoners taken at sea.

I have been permitted to read some letters from English seamen which somehow have escaped the eyes of the German censors, says a war correspondent. Some of the stories one would not dare to quote. They are horrible beyond description.

The filthiest of stables or vermin infested cow sheds are good enough for the "English swine" from the sea, who have been the means of bottling up the German fleet and have stopped all commerce for Germany on the sea routes of the world.

Guards Laugh as Men Die.

Were it not for the parcels of food sent from England by the Prisoners' Aid Society they could not possibly live, asd even the best of that food often never reaches them. To complain is to risk punishment for insubordination. Sentries and guards are encouraged by their officers to punish summarily, without any charge or sending them up for court martial, which is always a farce anyway. And those sentries, who would seem to be men selected for their lack of feeling, are never slow in taking advantage of opportunities that present themselves of inflicting the most inhuman tortures on their prisoners.

Picture a cell catching fire. Picture the prisoners beating on the bars for release. And picture the sentry, with sardonic grin, "sticking" them through the bars with his bayonet. That is what actually happened to two men. And their deaths were officially recorded as having been due to asphyxiation.

It recalls a story I recently heard in the American Y.M.C.A. Eagle Hut, which a wounded Canadian soldier told of a brutal Hun who killed a helpless wounded English soldier by sticking his bayonet again and again into his body, laughing and gloating over the blood as it dripped from the blade.

Forced to Make Munitions.

The naval prisoners of war are forced to work in coal mines, labor for which they are totally unfitted. Dislocated wrists and broken limbs are not infrequently the result. But what do the German slave drivers care! The class of work, however, to which they delight in putting the naval prisoners is the making of munitions. Naturally they rebel. But it is of no use; for refusal means for them one of the most terrible of punishments, or tortures—"the tree"—a method of crucifixion which recalls the days of the Inquisition, when, after being tortured by the rack until unconscious, the unhappy prisoner was revived to go through the torture all over again.

Here is how the punishment of "the tree" is described in plain and simple language in a prisoner's letter home, and which is vouched for by others who know as being a quite unexaggerated picture:

"A big party of Uhlans rode into the camp and surrounded the men (who had refused to work on munition making), and started pushing and shoving them about, and digging them with their rifles. The officer in charge, who could speak English, told the men that they were only prisoners of war, that they would have to put up with what they could get and do as they were ordered. He gave them five minutes to get to work or he would order them to be shot.

The "Tree" Punishment.

"The men were literally starving, so that nearly all gave in. They were marched back to work, which they had to do with nothing to eat until eight o'clock at night.

"But thirty-four men remained on the parade ground, refusing to make shells to kill their own people. They were not shot, but far worse. The officer sent them into the wood and ordered them to be tied to trees. Some were tied up, crucifix fashion; some were hung by one leg or one arm; some were made to stand on stools while their hands were tied to trees above their heads. Then the stools were kicked away from under them, and they were left hanging at the mercy of the mosquitoes, and the sentries who came around prodding them with their bayonets.

"After a time the German captain came round to view his glorious work. Finding one of our fellows in a faint, he raised his head and punched him in the face. Then he ordered him to be cut down, and he fell in a heap on the ground. Left lying there till he came to, they tied him up again.

"After two hours of this treatment the prisoners were marched back to camp and put in a barn without either food or blankets. For three days this treatment of he tree' was continued. The men were slowly dying of agony until we saw there was no use for them to stick to it any longer; so we advised them to give in, as they had done their best and it was no use going through all such unnecessary torture."

Johnny, Get Your Hoe.

Mr. A. Barnstead, organizing secretary of the National Committee on Food Resources of Nova Scotia, has sent the following, which was composed by Mr. George E. Graham, manager of the D.A.R., a subsidiary company of the C.P.R., and was sung with good effect at a public meeting held recently at Kentville, N.S.:

Johnny get your hoe, get your hoe, get your hoe,
Make your garden grow, make it grow, make it grow,
Plant your seeds from sea to sea,
Let them work for liberty.
Hurry right away, don't delay, start to-day,
Forward to the land with a right willing hand,
So we'll help defeat the Hun,
Now we've got him on the run.

Over there, over there, over there,
Send the food, send the food, over there,
For our brave boys need it, our brave boys need it,
The calls are coming everywhere.
So observe and preserve
Save the food, save the food, and conserve,
So we'll help win the cause of freedom,
And we'll plant, save and send, till it's over, over there.

Announced.

Kirsty Macdonald, who lived in a remote Highland parish, had a visit from her Edinburgh nieces, who were to spend a week or two with the old lady. So she determined to show them off on Sunday at the village kirk of Lochaber. The young ladies wore costumes of the purest snowy white. At one point of his sermon, the minister, in speaking of the angels of heaven, said: "And who are they in white array?" To the consternation of the congregation, Kirsty said: "It's ma two nieces, sir, from Edinburgh."

Cream adds to the food value of baked apples.



The Program Nowadays Is to Save!

Grape-Nuts food fits in fine with this idea. No fuel required to prepare; no sugar needed; there's no waste; and the use of barley, in its making, conserves wheat.

Grape-Nuts

is economical, nourishing and delicious. Try a package.

For the Spring Wardrobe



Simple as can be is this dress for the kiddy. McCall Pattern No. 8158, Child's Dress. In 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years. Price, 15 cents.



This is a particularly nice model for the spring coat suit. McCall Pattern No. 8136, Misses' Coat Suit. In 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years. Price, 20 cents.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall dealer, or from the McCall Co., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Dept. W.

GIRLS! WHITEN SKIN WITH LEMON JUICE

Make a beauty lotion for a few cents to remove tan, freckles, sallowness.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply you with three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Squeeze the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle, then put in the orchard white and shake well. This makes a quarter pint of the very best lemon skin whitener and complexion beautifier known. Massage this fragrant, creamy lotion daily into the face, neck, arms and hands and just see how freckles, tan, sallowness, redness and roughness disappear and how smooth, soft and clear the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless, and the beautiful results will surprise you.

Increased Acreage in West.

Ample evidence that the farmers in the great grain growing areas between the Great Lakes and the Rockies are responding whole heartedly to the government's appeal for increased production, is contained in a detailed report of farming operations in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta received at the head office of the Canadian Northern here to-day.

It is pointed out that the late fall in 1917 and the early spring of this year have compensated largely for any shortage in farm labor at this critical time. Recent reports to the Canadian Northern indicated that the new breaking along its lines would be between three-quarters of a million and a million acres, and that sufficient fall ploughing had been done to facilitate early operations this year. The report just in from 235 points, shows that up to the week ending April 17th, there was pronounced activity throughout all districts served by the lines of the Canadian Northern in the west. The condition of the ground was given as good, there being not a single complaint in respect to the state of the soil.

Potatoes do not stain the hands if peeled when quite dry, and not thrown into water till afterwards.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

ISSUE No. 19—'18

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers —It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.

When the linings of boots or shoes are worn through in the heels, use surgeons' adhesive plaster. Cut one piece large enough to cover both sides of the heel, warm slightly and press firmly in place. This also helps in shoes that slip at the heel.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHAS. WHOOTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

When there is too much icing for the cake put it on plain soda crackers. This makes a good sweet cake for the children.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Excellent pancakes are made of rye meal.

To revive patent leather rub well with a soft rag soaked in olive oil and milk, and polish with chamois skin.

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1 WHITE SHOE DRESSING LIQUID and CAKE

For Men's Women's and Children's Shoes

WARNING COMPLY WITH LAW

STOPGLARE LENS

Safety for Yourself and Others

No Glare $3.00 Free Circular

at your dealers or direct

STOPGLARE LTD.

HAMILTON, ONT.

PUZZLE FIND THE FARMER'S WIFE



1st Prize, Phonograph.
2nd Prize Wrist Watch.
3rd Prize, Camera.
50 Prizes of Self Filling Fountain Pens

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES

All you have to do to win one of these splendid prizes, is to find the Farmer's Wife, mark the place with an X and fulfil one simple condition. This need not cost you one cent of your money. We will let you know by return mail whether your answer is correct or not. Write your name and address neatly on a sheet of paper and send it with your answer at once to SELFAST SPECIALTY CO., Dept. X STATION F., TORONTO

Soldiers of the Land.

World in your keeping,
Soldiers of the Land.
Battlefields are yonder
Where the corn ranks stand!
To the Harvest Country—
Steady heart and hand,
And strength to the toilers for the harvest-

Patriots of the home fields,
To sun bright battle led,
With rain and light far bringing
A blessing to the bread;
By hands of the toilers
The world's great table spread—
A world to bless the toilers for the harvest!

MONEY ORDERS.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

For White Shoes.

Now that the season for white shoes is again with us, keep a piece of art gum handy, as it is fine for taking off dirt, nor does it injure a shoe the least, it being so soft it wears itself away as it cleans. It will also remove spots of dirt from various fabrics.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

A maple sugar sauce is excellent for puddings and waffles.

"Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts."—Dickens.

A Cure for Pimples

"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Roots—druggist calls it "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels." Get the genuine. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles. At drug stores.

HIRST'S PAIN Exterminator

Pain? Hirst's will stop it! Used for 40 years to relieve rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, sprains, lame back, toothache, and other painful complaints. Have a bottle in the house. All dealers, or write us.

HIRST REMEDY COMPANY, Hamilton, Can.

HIRST'S Family Salve, (50c). HIRST'S Pectoral Syrup of Horehound and Elecampane, (35c) 35¢ BOTTLE



HAULING BIGGER LOADS

without extra spanning is easily accomplished when you use

MICA AXLE GREASE

"Use half as much as any other"

Axles are rough and porous, causing friction. The mica flakes fill the pores and the grease keeps them there. Mica Grease prevents locked wheels and hot boxes, gives sure relief for unnecessary strain on horses and harness.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

"Lengthens leather life"

replaces the natural oils that dry out of the leather and puts new life in old harness. It penetrates the leather leaving it soft and pliable, and overcomes the worst enemies of harness—water and dirt.

Sold in standard sized packages by live dealers everywhere.

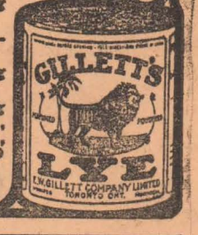
IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES



GILLETT'S LYE MADE IN CANADA

For making soap.
For softening water.
For removing paint.
For disinfecting refrigerators, sinks, closets, drains and for 500 other purposes.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO ONT.

Trimming Shrubs.

All blooming shrubs should be trimmed after they have stopped blooming. It is the new growth that makes the blooms, and if that is cut off in the spring the bush will not bloom well.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

To Soften Shoe Polish.

If your shoe polish or paste has hardened, as it does if left uncovered, put a little kerosene on it and it will soften and be as good as ever.

FOR SALE

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN WESTern Ontario. Doing a good business. Death of owner places it on the market. A great chance for a man with cash. Apply Box 82, Wilson Publishing Co. Limited, Toronto.

WELL EQUIPPED NEWSPAPER and job printing plant in Eastern Ontario. Insurance carried $1,500. Will go for $1,200 on quick sale. Box 69, Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS

GRANITE CUTTERS AND LETterers wanted. Write Geo. M. Paul, 156 Victoria St., Sarnia.

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home, whole or spare time, good pay, work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

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.

SMOKE TUCKETTS ORINOCO CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES



Dandruff Kills the Hair

Cuticura Kills Dandruff

Try one treatment with Cuticura and see how quickly it clears the scalp of dandruff and itching. On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water. Repeat in two weeks. Nothing better or surer.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. N, Boston, U. S. A." Sold by dealers throughout the world.

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

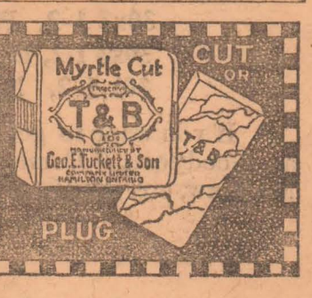


Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZE, 608 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultze's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

SMOKE TUCKETTS T&B PLUG



Are you giving aid and comfort to the enemy?

Any householder in your neighborhood who has a garden plot, or who owns a piece of suitable vacant land that is not being put under cultivation in order to increase food production, is (though he or she may not believe it) giving aid and comfort to the enemy in restraining food production, as really as is the Submarine Commander who sinks an Allied ship laden with food.

The difference is only one of degree, not of kind.

Look around you! Look around you!

If you have not yet decided to plant a vegetable garden make up your mind to do so now. You will not regret it. There is still lots of time. Potatoes and beans may be planted up to June 1st and these are the best substitutes for wheat and meat.

For good, practical advice upon how to lay out and cultivate a Vegetable Garden, write for a free copy of the booklet entitled: "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home." This has been prepared by the Ontario Department of Agriculture for the guidance of citizens who will respond to this call for increased production.

Mail This Coupon NOW

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Dear Sirs:

Please send me a copy of your booklet "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Name.....

7

Address.....

ONTARIO

ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE
In Co-Operation with Canada Food Board

ONTARIO

Paroid Roofing

It has been on the go for about 25 years and with the high price of wooden and metal shingles is going stronger than ever. We have considerable on hand which we are selling at the old price. Before buying give us a call.

ESt. T. A. Thompson

Cheap Sale of Auto Tires

Here is a chance to equip your Car with new Tires Cheaper than you will be able to for some time again. We have a large quantity of No 1 tires of all makes which we will sell at the following prices from

May 4th to 18th, Inclusive

30x3 1-2, Plain	$18.00
30x3 1-2, Diamond	23.00
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If you want to get good tires of all makes makes, such as Goodyear, Dominion, Partridge, Maltese Cross, McGraw, etc. now is your opportunity.

W. F. Bell



Take Care of Your Telephone!

MANY repairs to telephones are made necessary by careless handling.

¶ A telephone instrument has more than a hundred parts and is built like a watch. Rough usage impairs its efficiency.

¶ Help us to conserve the supply of telephone material and skilled labor *by always handling your telephone carefully to avoid costly breakages and repairs.*

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA — LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

Several Vandals Have Tried to Destroy Ancient Image.

The Germans now threaten to wipe out Venice. Already, for a long time past, the Austrians have been trying their best to destroy by bombing raids the priceless architectural monuments of the erstwhile Mistress of the Adriatic.

Such stupid barbarism has been characteristic of nearly all the wars of history — senseless destruction without any military object to furnish an excuse for it.

When Napoleon invaded Egypt one of his artillery officers, just for sport, fired a cannon at the Sphinx. It was a good shot. A 300-pound ball hit the huge image square in the nose, scattering its features all over the neighborhood.

The Sphinx was perhaps the most interestig of all structures of antiquity. Only within recent years has its riddle been solved. As now known, it did not represent a woman, but was an image of the God of the morning, the Conqueror of Darkness, and on this account it faces the rising sun.

In the course of many centuries the desert sands overflowed and covered up the lower part of the image, which was carved out of the rock of a small and isolated hill. But not long ago archaeologists undertook to dig away the sand, thus exposing to view the forelegs and paws, as well as a temple hollowed out beneath the Sphinx.

Inscriptions on the temple walls revealed the facts about the image—what it stood for; how very ancient it was; and that the temple was for the worship of the God of the Morning. They showed that it was very old in the time of Cheops (who built the Great Pyramid in 300 B.C.), and that Cheops himself "restored" it with elaborate repairs.

Remnants were found of a stone cap, bearing the sacred asp, which doubtless covered the head of the Sphinz like a royal helmet, and was probably gilded. Sandstone masonry was used to make the outlines of the image perfectly symmetrical, but this artifice was hidden from view by a procelain-like coat of enamel of brilliant hue that covered the entire rock-sculpture. Traces of this enamel still remain.

The Sphinx's body (that of a crouching lion) is fifty feet long. Its outstretched forelegs are fifty feet in length. The head is thirty feet from the neck up, and the face is fourteen feet wide. The whole figure is seventy-two feet high.

When King Cambyses invaded Egypt and made it a Persian province his soldiery did all the damage they could to the Sphinx. Fortunately they had no explosives. If the Germans ever arrive in that country as conquerors they will probably illustrate the value of Kultur by blowing it up.

A Terrible Record.

The following record gives the number of lynchings that took place in the United States last year. The division of records and research of Tuskegee Institute show that there were thirty-eight persons lynched in 1917, of whom thirty-six were negroes and two were whites. Thirty-seven were males and one female. Twelve, or a little less than one third, of those put to death were charged with rape or attempted rape. The offences charged against the whites lynched were: Rape and murder, 1; fomenting strikes, 1. The offences charged against the negroes were: Attempted rape, 5; rape, 6; murder, 3; killing of officer of the law, 2; for not getting out of road and being insolent, 2; attacking women, 2; disputing white men's word, 2; entering woman's room, 2; wounding officer of the law, 1; molesting women, 1; stealing coat, 1; intimacy with woman, 1; killing man in altercation, 2; accidentally killing child by running automobile over it, 1; vagrancy, 1; wounding and robbing a man, 1; attacking an officer of the law, 1; opposition to war draft, 1; insulting girls, 1; writing insolent letter, 1.

The States in which lynchings occurred and number in each State were as follows: Alabama, 4; Arkansas, 4; Arizona, 1; Florida, 1; Georgia, 6; Montana, 1; Oklahoma 1; South Carolina, 1; Tennessee, 3; Texas, 6; Virginia, 1; Wyoming, 1.

Feathered Night-Fishers.

One of the most remarkable instances of phosphorescent light appearing on living creatures is found among the herons. Among the quays and at the extreme end of Florida these birds are found in countless numbers. Mullet fishermen and sportsmen often noticed peculiar dim lights standing motionless over the water among the mangrove-thickets. They were discovered, however, to depend on the presence of the birds. When they were approached in the dark the flapping of wings as a heron flew away would mean the last of the lights. The Ardea Herodias, or great heron, has on its breast a spot about as large as the open palm, where the feathers are covered with a thick yellow powder that is easily shaken off, and evidently exudes from the body at this spot as a secretion, drying into a powder when exposed to the air. The bird stands motionless in the yater, and the spot is undoubtedly used for or accomplishes the end of attracting the smaller fishes within reach of the bird, and if it is a decoy it is a most remarkable provision of nature.

He Knew.

The geography lesson was about to begin, and the subject of it was France. Accordingly, the teacher started off with the question: "Now in this present terrible war, who is our principal Ally?" "France," came the answer from a chorus of voices. "Quite right," said the teacher, beaming. "Now can any of you give me the name of a town in France?" A small boy at the back of the class almost fell over in his eagerness to tell. "Somewhere," he said breathlessly.

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

It's An Old, Old Story and Was Told 2,000 Years Ago.

A wife's letter 2,000 years old was unearthed recently in the ruins of the Serapoum, the temple of Memphis, the great city of ancient Egypt. The letter was written by Isias to her husband Hephaestion, who had deserted her. There were two letters, in fact, the first bearing a date equivalent to July 24, 186 B. C. In them the wife reproaches her husband for neglect of his family, and, what is particularly interesting at the present time, she complains of the high cost of living.

Here are some extracts from the first letter: "Isias to Hephaestion, her husband. Greetings—If you are well and other things are turning out with you according to your wishes it would be as I perpetually pray the gods. I myself am in good health, and the child and all in the house make mention of you continually. When I received your letter from Horus, in which you explained that you were in retreat in the Serapoum at Memphis, I immediately gave thanks to the gods that you were well. But that you do not return distresses me, for having piloted myself and your child through such a crisis and having come to the last extremity because of the high cost of corn, and thinking that your return would bring me relief, you have never even thought of returning or spared a look for my helpless state."

THINNEST SOAP BUBBLES.

They Almost Give Us a Sight of the Invisible Molecules.

What is a soap bubble? Nothing but a film of water molecules held together by the cohesive power of soap in solution. A soap bubble's size and strength depend upon the right composition of the mixture that furnishes its material. The colors in a soap bubble are due to what is known in physics as the interference of light, and depend upon the varying thickness of the film of water.

It is a singular fact that the last color to appear on a soap bubble just before it breaks is a gray tint. The thickness of the film when this tint appears upon it is less than the one hundred and fifty-six-thousandth of an inch.

Were a soap bubble to be magnified to the size of the earth and the molecules magnified in proportion, then the whole structure would be as coarse grained as a globe of small lead shot touching one another at their surfaces.

In the blowing of a soap bubble there is presented the spectacle of the stretching of a liquid to the extreme limit of its capacity. In this way we come nearer to a sight of the invisible molecules of matter than could be got in any other way no matter how elaborate the experiment.—Exchange.

Passport to the North Pole.

A passport to the north pole was issued some years ago by the governor of the province of Tobolsk, which stretches along the Russian shores of the Arctic ocean. The official was approached by two men who had been engaged to proceed to the north with an English expedition then fitting out. Their petition was for a passport to the pole itself, but the governor pointed out that the pole was as likely to be in their home province as in any other, that it was extremely unlikely they would reach it and that if they did there were no police there to examine their credentials. At last, however, to satisfy them he ordered the issue of a document allowing them to pass without let or hindrance to the north pole.

Tower of London.

A royal palace, consisting of no more that what is now known as the "White Tower," appears to have been the beginning of the Tower of London. It was commenced in 1078 by William the Conqueror and finished by William's son, William Rufus, who, in 1098, surrounded it with walls and a broad ditch. Several succeeding kings made additions to it, and King Edward III. erected the church. In 1638 the old White Tower was rebuilt, and in the reign of Charles II. a great number of additions were made to it. The new buildings in the Tower were completed in 1850.

Collecting Antiques.

The little town was highly excited over the announced engagement of the nineteen-year-old widow to Mr. Hoary.

"Why, Daisy," he best friend said to the young widow, "you're not going to tie yourself to that old man? Why, he's three times your age! What are you doing it for?"

"Oh, I can't resist having him!" said the young widow. "He does harmonize so beautifully with my antique furniture!"

Where He Was Weak.

"That boy of mine knows a lot of Latin," said Mr. Cobbles.

"Yes?"

"He kin translate them Latin words on a silver dollar just like a flash, but not unless somebody lends him th' dollar."

Two Causes.

Of course unhappiness is the cause of divorce, and much of the unhappiness is due to the circumstance that the wife has nothing to do at home in the daytime and the husband has entirely too much to do downtown at night

Counting a Billion.

An expert money counter of the United States treasury can count 4,000 silver dollars an hour, or 32,000 a day. At that rate it is figured that it would take him 102 years to count a billion.