The Leader

Vol. XIV, No 51 — MORRISBURG, ONT., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915.

—The—
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Graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons Toronto

EXCELSIOR Lodge, No. 142, R. C., A. F & A. M., holds its Regular Meetings in the Masonic Hall, Morrisburg, on the Friday Evening on, or before, full moon.
A full attendance is particularly requested Visiting brethren are always welcome.
R. H. ASHTON, W. M. — B. A. HERRING, Secretary

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

OBITUARY

JAMES HENRY SYPES

Mr. James Henry Sypes of Dundela was accidentally killed on Thursday, December 31st. While at work in the bush cutting wood at Toyes' Hill, one of the trees lodged, and in an effort to free the lodged tree Mr. Sypes was struck on the head by the falling tree, killing him instantly.

Deceased was a son of the late William Sypes and was born in Matilda 62 years ago.

He leaves to mourn, besides his wife, three sons and three daughters: Gordon, of Waddington, N.Y.: Orrie, of Lisbon, N.Y.: Clifford, at home: Mrs. Addison Cooper of Dundela: Miss Floy, of Ogdensburg and Miss Hazel, at home.

The funeral took place on Saturday, Jan 2nd, from his home to the Methodist Church, Dundela, the services being conducted by Rev. Halpenny. The pall bearers were Messrs. Ivan Nesbitt, Austin McIntosh, J. W. Bowden, H. A. McIntosh, Samuel Smyth and William Whitteker.

WM. ALEXANDER ERNAULT

Mr. Wm. Alexander Ernault, son of Mr. Alex. Ernault of this place, passed away in Brockville on Friday, Jan. 1, at the age of 20 years and eight months. The remains were taken home on Saturday, and the funeral took place from his home on Monday to St. Mary's church and cemetery, Rev. Father Meehan officiating. The pall bearers were Messrs. James and Donald Ryan, Wilfrid and Raymond Coligan, William McGillivray and Mathew Campbell.

CARD OF THANKS

Township of Williamsburg:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Allow me to extend to you my sincere thanks as I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to my supporters for placing me at the head of the list of Councillors.

Yours truly,
E. M. BECKSTED.

MUNICIPAL COUNCILS 1915

Results of Election held on Monday Last

MORRISBURG

(For Reeve)

	Casselman.	Meikle
West Ward	73	64
East Ward	65	66
Centre Ward	65	77
	203	207

Majority for Meikle 4.

(Councillors)

(By acclamation)—Arthur Flynn, Wm. C. Coir, James McKenzie and Chas Colquhoun.

WILLIAMSBURG

For Deputy reeve the total vote polled was as follows:

S. Allison 188
T. C. Merkley 233
G. W. Reddick 229

... (Councillors)

E. M. Beckstead 370
M. A. Barkley 287
L. Dillabough 269
J. R. Swerdfeger 258
E. A. VanAllen 348

WINCHESTER VILLAGE

Reeve—W. J. Fisher.
Councillors—J. F. Ault, Joseph Greer, J. R. Weir and H. L. Hughes.

WINCHESTER TP.

Reeve—P. Kirby.
Deputy Reeve—J. A. Bogart.
Councillors—Geo. Earl, George Quart and Frank Fraser.

MATILDA TP.

Reeve—Eli Merkley.
Deputy Reeve—Thomas Johnston.
Councillors—Sidney Thompson, Jos. Louden and Ernest Robertson.

CHESTERVILLE

Reeve—Wesley Hamilton.
Council—Thos. Houlehan, Lawrence Jordan, Jno. Murphy and F. W. Merkley.

Dr. P. C. Casselman and Dr. P. S. Mulloy have opened an office on Victoria street in the house occupied by Mrs. R. M. Bouck.

Hockey Sticks

Light, strong, Flexible, just the right weight, just the right shape, including Spalding's Championship Sticks, McNiece & Orchard's hand made sticks, light and exceedingly strong.

All Prices—10 Cts to $1.00.

All the boys say these sticks are right in QUALITY & PRICE, make your selection early, before the best are culled.

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Boys 10 and 15c. size; Practise 20c.; Regulation 25c.; Spalding's Official League 50c.

SKATES



20 per cent. reduction in price on balance of our stock of skates. This is your opportunity. We still have a fine line of exceptionally low prices.

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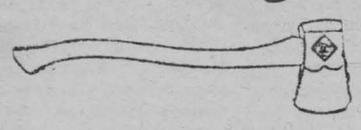

You can chop and chop and be better satisfied each day.

We guarantee satisfaction every time, or give you a new axe, or your money back. Other axes at lower prices, but none so genuinely cheap as the SAGER AXE, unconditionally warranted.

Everything for chopping, sawing and splitting.

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

HOCKEY MATCH

The opening game of the town league was played on Tuesday night, when the town team crossed sticks with the 59th Regiment. It was a hard and strenuous game and most of the players were all in at the end of the game. The score when time was called, stood one to one, and that about indicates the play. Although the players bunched a little too much, yet some fast hockey was pulled off. The 59th scored first when after a combination rush, Hutt scored with a shot from the front of the net. Play then became faster, but neither team were successful in scoring again in the first half. In the second half the town team came on the ice to do or die, and the players tore into one another as if their lives depended on the result. The puck went from one end of the rink to the other as one team and then the other rushed, but all attacks were smothered before the nets were reached. The town evened up, however, when Strike rushed and shot from the side. Then both teams tried hard to break the tie and some of the players tried so hard that they were benched for rough play. The game ended a tie and as the game was a little late in starting no overtime was played. Both teams were lacking in combination from the want of practice, but when the boys get a few more good hard practises good fast hockey will be played in the town league as both teams possess good material. The admission charged, a very small one, is to pay expenses of the League and any surplus goes to help along the Young Men's movement started earlier in the winter.

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Jan. 5 Town vs 59th.
Jan 12 School vs 59th.
Jan 14 School vs Town.
Jan. 21 59th vs School.
Jan. 26 59th vs Town.
Jan 28 School vs 59th.
Feb. 4 Town vs School.
Feb. 9 Town vs 59th.
Feb. 11 School vs Town
Feb. 18 School vs 59th.
Feb. 23 59th vs Town.
Feb. 25 Town vs School.

Tickets of admission to all these games can be purchased from the management for 50 cents. Otherwise ordinary admission is—adults, 10c, boys 5c, ladies FREE.

AN APPEAL TO THE WOMEN

The secretary of "Queen Mary's Needlework Guild" in Canada is asking all the women of Canada to unite with the Guild in sending to Queen Mary as a New Year's gift a contribution of clothing to be distributed by Her Majesty. If each woman in Canada who is working for the soldiers and sailors will send one garment during January to the Q.M.N.G., the total will make a magnificent contribution from the Dominion and one that will give great pleasure to the Queen. The contributions are not confined to things for the soldiers and sailors, but infants' wear, warm little dresses for children, flannelette underclothing, men's flannel shirts, woollen stockings, socks, etc., will be welcome for distribution among the poor and the refugees in England who were compelled to abandon all they had when they fled before the invaders of their own country.

Queen Mary by her unselfish devotion and splendid example has endeared herself to the women of the Empire at this crisis and such a New Year's gift as this would not only prove, that women of Canada are as ready to "serve the Queen" as are our brothers to "serve the King" but also to give to Her Majesty the great pleasure of distributing useful garments to the soldiers and sailors, the refugees, the poor and needy. the waifs and strays.

Lady Williams Taylor, the President of the Guild, has arranged to have all parcels sent to the Bank of Montreal, 213 Peel street, Montreal, together with the receipt for the charges paid and the amount will be refunded.

This matter was taken up at the January meeting of the "Women's Institute" and it was decided to appeal to all the Women of Morrisburg and vicinity, the large-hearted women who have already responded so liberally, and ask each woman to make and send one garment on or before Wednesday, Jan. 20th to the home of Mrs. Nellie Merkley Stuart, at the west-end of town, where the contribution will be packed and shipped to Montreal.

MARY MACARTHUR.
Pres. Women's Institute.

"Studebaker"
THE GREATEST AUTOMOBILE VALUE EVER OFFERED

A LARGE, 5 PASSENGER, 28-30 H.P.
STUDEBAKER
complete with electric starter, and electric lights, mohair top, ventilating windshield, genuine leather upholstering, demountable rims and one extra rim, full floating rear axle, timken adjustable bearings and a very accessible construction throughout.

PRICE $1050.00 F. O. B. Factory — OLD 1914 PRICE $1375.00

Freight charges refunded on orders placed during **DECEMBER and JANUARY**

A value only possible by—Quantity production of a quality car; Canadian built in a Canadian Factory, and a perfect organization.

Call and see my stock of Stoves, Cutters, Harness, Fur Robes, Fur Coats and Horse Blankets and get prices before buying elsewhere,

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WE WILL MAKE
A VERY SPECIAL PRICE
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W. H. Fetterly & Co.

Wishing you A Happy New Year

Pure Wool Sweater Coats
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Silk Webb Suspenders in Fancy Box—$1.00

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Will be given with each purchase of a Suit or Over Coat for
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At All Branches. Interest Allowed at Highest Current Rate.

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Williamsburg Branch — C. H. JOY, Agent.

Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

He was so like, yet so unlike, the man she loved. Julian was younger, handsomer; to most women doubtless he would have been the more attractive; but she had always before her eyes Adrian Dawney's face, with his strong, grave expression. She could see him now so clearly as he had come towards her in the little garden.

She almost hated herself for letting any other man call her friend, and yet life was so empty—so lonely!

"I won't misunderstand you, Mr. Bryant," she said; "but you do not know. I don't think I must let you be good to me in the way you mean. After all, Mr. Pleydell is right; I am horribly extravagant! I do make my own miseries, and I think it is a good lesson for me to fight and not put them on to somebody else."

"I don't quite agree with you," Julian Bryant said.

He smiled at him.

"Ah!" she said, "you belong to the type of man who hates to see any woman fighting and struggling, and thinks that all women should be tenderly guarded and kept away from everything that is rough and cruel."

He turned white to his lips, and did not speak for a moment; and then he said:—

"You—you judge me wrongly, Lady Ellen. I am afraid I don't merit this good opinion."

He was thinking in his turn of something other than this charming little room, with this pretty, delightful woman facing him. He had gone back for an instant to the old sordid, narrow, unhappy life, with Enid always brave, always resourceful, always bright-tempered; and the pang that went through his heart was like a pang of mortal pain.

It was at this very moment that the butler announced Mr. Tenderten.

The quick-eyed lawyer took in the fact that both these people had a confused, nervous expression; and his jealous nature took flame at once, while at the same time a quick, cunning suggestion came into his mind.

"I hear that you rang me up, Lady Ellen," he said. "I tried to get through to you several times; but then I thought perhaps it would be better if I came to see you."

"That is very good of you," said Lady Ellen, with an effort. 'You know Mr. Bryant, of course."

"How do you do, Bryant?" said the young lawyer, rather coolly.

He accepted a cup of tea, and began talking in his most aggressive fashion, and in a very little while Julian Bryant got up and took his departure.

"You are leaving town again at once," inquired Lady Ellen, hurriedly, as she put her hand again into his.

He nodded his head.

"Yes, and you?"

"Oh, I'm very uncertain. I rather think I shall go to Homburg. I don't know if I can manage it, but I'm so sick of London! It has been so hot this year, hasn't it?"

Julian did not shake hands with Tenderten; he simply gave him a nod, and as he went away the lawyer laughed.

"He has dropped into things pretty quick, hasn't he?" he said, with a sneer. "One would never imagine, to look at him, that he had been down so low as to drive a cab."

If he thought to surprise Lady Ellen, he failed. She felt suddenly a great repugnance to Mr. Tenderten.

"Ah, but you see" she said, "Mr. Bryant would always be the right thing, whatever he did"; and this was a speech which brought the hot color into Mr. Tenderten's cheeks.

"You want to go to Homburg, I hear," he said, as he put down his cup.

"Well, I think I shall go if you can come to my rescue," said Lady Ellen.

She realized very quickly that she could not afford to quarrel with him, although at the same time she awakened in this moment that she found him absolutely detestable.

He laughed.

"I'm proud to think that I can be of such importance in your life, Lady Ellen," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, you are very clever, and you have helped me so much."

"And you want me to help you again?" There was a note in his voice that went to the core of Ellen Crooper's proud heart.

"No; I don't think so, Mr. Tenderten," she said. "I—I am already too deeply in your debt. I must just struggle on along best I can."

He gave her a foxy look. Of course, he jumped at once to the conclusion that Bryant was going to help her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I thought that you would rely upon me, Lady Ellen."

"I think," she answered him frankly, "that I have been relying too much on everybody all my life, and now it is time I did something for myself. Do you know, Mr. Tenderten, I am afraid Mr. Pleydell is right! As long as I remain in this house and keep up all this establishment, I shall never be out of debt. Of course, I shall hate giving it up, but"—she shrugged her shoulders—"well, we have to do so many things we hate, don't we?"

He looked at her in a puzzled fashion. He did not quite understand the drift of her words. Certainly he was not prepared for this declaration of independence.

"As I told you some months ago, Lady Ellen, I never could see the need for such a drastic alteration in your life; and if you are still content to leave things to me—"

"Don't think me ungrateful, Mr. Tenderten," Lady Ellen said, "if I decide to wake up and do things for myself." She changed the subject gracefully. "What have you been doing all this time? You have not been in London, have you?"

Mr. Tenderten enlarged upon his doings and threw in a few big names; but in reality he was perturbed. It was not at all this game to let Lady Ellen get out of his hands; and he knew that, without any from anybody, if she chose to sell her valuables such as she had, dispose of her pictures and her furniture, she would be able to raise sufficient money to pay off and at any rate to settle the larger portion of her debts. He felt he had made a long move and at once attempted to stage this; but he was not wholly successful.

Lady Ellen sat some time after he had gone away thinking deeply; and she had just gone upstairs to dress for her lonely dinner when a note was brought to her. It was from Julian Bryant. Inside there was a little enclosure, and in this enclosure was a blank cheque—

"I am leaving to-morrow for America," Julian wrote. "My return is very uncertain. Perhaps you have guessed that I am not a very happy man, just as I have guessed that you are tender-hearted and most sympathetic. I am asking you therefore to be good to me, and to permit me to stretch out a hand to you now that I know from your own admission that you need a friend's hand. If I am guilty of an act which shocks you, just tear up this letter and all it contains and try some day to forgive me."

Lady Ellen neither tore up the letter or did she answer it. She took that little enclosure and locked it away among her jewels; her eyes were moist as she did so. He was so like Adrian, that alone gave him a place in her thought; but she liked him for himself also, and more so now that he had told her he was unhappy.

That night after dinner she wrote a letter to Mr. Pleydell and addressed it to his private address.

"I want to see you," she wrote. "I want you to help me. I've tried to go against your advice, and now I'm face to face with really great difficulties. Please help me to put them right. I am ready to make any sacrifices and to start at once."

Another letter she wrote before she went to bed—

"Nasty Adrian," it began.—"You know it was very mean of you to send me away on Saturday because I did so badly want to stay; and once upon a time you invited me to be your guest. 'You shall have,' you said, 'the most charming bedroom imaginable, looking out over the old gardens and the orchards away to the sea. I never saw the charming bedroom; a cold-hearted farmer drove me away. In a little while I shall have some news to give you about myself; but don't write to me, at least for a month, because I shall be far too busy to answer you. Ever yours, Nell.

"P.S.—Did you enjoy the music very, very much at the Rectory? I went to bed at ten I hear the others played bridge till four o'clock in the morning. I am done with that lot. I shall never go there again!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Despite all Mrs. Gresham's endeavors to persuade her to remain, Enid left the Rectory early on Monday morning. She had fulfilled her promise, however, and had remained in her room throughout the long hot day of Sunday, and she had therefore missed her chat with Colonel Dawney, who had arrived at the Rectory about tea-time. Instead of talking to her, he talked to Mrs. Gresham.

"I can't help thinking that Miss Sinclair is in real need of friends," he said, when he and the Rector's wife found themselves alone for a little while.

Mrs. Gresham was very quiet for a moment, and then she said—

"It is useless to disguise the fact that Desmond is very much in love with her. I feel a little worried about it. I am sure it would upset his mother a good deal. You see, he is too young to marry yet awhile."

"Oh, yes, I understand," said Colonel Dawney, with a faint smile; "but Hammond will grow out of this fancy. It is just a case of propinquity. They have been thrown together a good deal. She is a very lovely young creature, and it would be a very queer sort of young man who did not lose his heart to her. I don't fancy she reciprocates his affection."

"I am quite sure she does not," Mrs. Gresham said; "as a matter of fact I will confide to you that she told me that she was not going on with the tour, and I guessed at once the real reason."

"You are going to look after her?" queried Colonel Dawney, a moment or two later.

Mrs. Gresham answered promptly.

"Yes; if she will let me; but we are strangers, and although she may like me, just as I am drawn magnetically to her, I have no real place in her life."

Colonel Dawney got up. He stood, tall and soldierly, looking ahead of him for a few seconds, and then he said—

"I don't as a rule interfere in my neighbor's affairs; but there is something about this girl which seems to me to call for more than ordinary sympathy. I am a man, and I can't do anything, but—it is different with you; however," he held out his hand as he spoke, and smiled, "there am I teaching you your business. I wonder you don't box my ears."

"Come and see me again soon," said Mrs. Gresham.

An hour or so afterward she went softly to Enid's room, and found the girl up and dressed and sitting in a chair.

"Colonel Dawney has sent you many messages. He was very much disappointed not to see you. He still hopes to hear you play and sing, too—one day very soon. I want you to promise to come back to me, will you?"

Enid looked at Mrs. Gresham quietly.

"I can't make any promises. I am afraid I shall have to go to Canada. I have people there, you know. They won't be very pleased to see me come back, as I shall go, but at least they are my kith and kin, and I have a right to turn to them. This much at least I will promise you," Enid added the next moment; "and that is that if I do not go back to Canada and I find myself very, very lonely, I will write to you."

"We are always here," Mrs. Gresham said. "If we go away it is only for a few days; the Rector never cares to leave his people. Now you really feel rested?"

"Oh, so much better—quite another person; and I have a favor to ask you. I want to go away to-morrow quite—quite early. I don't want to hurt Mr. Hammond in any way. I—I wonder if you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Gresham, smiling just for an instant. "Well, leave it to me. I will drive you to the station myself. You shall have your breakfast before eight o'clock, and we will get away in time to catch the express at the junction which leaves a little after nine."

This programme was carried out, and so it was that Enid found herself travelling rapidly away from the country on a very hot morning.

She went when she reached London to Sybil Jackson's flat. There she was met by the information that Miss Jackson had gone abroad suddenly.

"Something to do with that there Women's Rights," said the porter. "I did hear her say as she has gone to Russia, but that mayn't be right, you know; any way, she's locked up the flat and I've got the key. Will you be staying here, miss? Oh!" the porter added, "there was an old gentleman come inquiring for you once or twice since you've been away. He seemed a bit vexed he didn't see you."

"No; I shan't stay here," said Enid. "Miss Jackson might not like it, and besides I—I'm only in London for a few hours. If any luggage or letters come for me, do you think you would take care of them?"

The porter assented eagerly, and as his hand closed over the half-crown that Enid gave him, he said—

"Perhaps you'd like a bit of summat to eat, miss; my missus could cook you a chop easy."

"Oh—oh! thank you, no," said Enid. "I'm lunching out."

She had only a small kit case with her, and as she walked away this hung heavily in her hand. Now what was she to do? Where was she to go? She had so little money, and Sybil Jackson was really the only person to whom she could turn for practical help and advice.

She walked on till she came to a place where she could get an omnibus, and she put herself into one without in the least knowing what direction she would go or what she would do when she got to the end of the journey.

Indeed, as the omnibus was rolling past one of the entrances to Regent's Park she suddenly determined to get out and sit awhile under the trees.

A ragged little boy ran up beside her, asking to hold her bag, and she gave it to him, for in truth she was not strong enough to carry it, and though every penny was of value to her now she parted with a small coin gladly.

Just for a time she was too weary, too heart-sick to work and think and plan out any future action.

It was very pleasant under the trees, even though the park swarmed with the children of the poor.

Enid sat on long after the noonday sun had reached its height. She was conscious of feeling an exhaustion which came because she had not touched food since the very early morning; and all at once she awakened with a start to the knowledge that she must do something or the night would be on her before she knew where she was going to sleep.

Thereupon she started thinking in real earnest and as she went over all possibilities she decided that it would be perhaps the best plan if she went to the lodgings of her first little home with Julian. Here at least she would be known and treated with respect.

"There would be no fear," she said to herself bitterly, "of anyone coming to find me. If he had wanted to do that he could have done so a long time ago."

She made her way back to the omnibus route and travelled out to Bloomsbury. She could not see very clearly when she reached the street that was so familiar to her.

Memories were crowding in on her. It seemed to her so strange that once she had passed up and down this very street, so happy, so light-heartedly, that she had been wont to sing as she walked.

It was with a sensation of something of something akin to joy that when she knocked at the door she found herself a moment later facing the woman who kept the house. There might have been a change, and she might have found strangers; but this was spared her, and as she was greeted warmly, Enid felt that she had found a friend.

"Why, Mrs. Bryant!" exclaimed the landlady, a brisk, clean, middle-aged woman. "I was thinking about you only the other day and wishing I could have you back again. I've had no luck with my rooms since you and Mr. Bryant left, and that's the truth; but won't you come in? It has been a terribly hot day, and you look wore out."

She took the kit case from Enid's hand, and she showed the way into a front parlor.

"Would you like a cup of tea, or perhaps you've had it?"

Enid thanked her eagerly.

"I haven't had anything to eat since the morning, Mrs. Chaplin. I've come up from the country," she explained.

"Oh, then you'll be wanting something badly. Just sit down, take off your hat."

As she bustled away the landlady shook her head. She had no need of words to tell her that Mrs. Bryant had fallen on hard times; in fact she did not quite like to inquire after Julian. She was afraid lest something had happened to him. She was back almost directly with a rough tray, on which was spread teacups and a loaf and some butter.

"No; I've never had no decent folk since you went away," she chattered on. "I've often wondered about you, Mrs. Bryant. Did you get along comfortably where you went?"

"Yes," said Enid. "It wasn't like being with you; but we managed all right, times were very hard with us. You know we should never have left you, Mrs. Chaplin, if we could have afforded to stay."

Mrs. Chaplin cut some slices of bread and butter, and went to and fro into the little adjoining room, bringing back at last a tea-pot and a boiled egg.

"It seems to me," she said, "we get nothing but hard times, some of us; but I did hope things was going to be a little better with you, my dear! Mr. Bryant he were such a fine strong man, so strong and willing, wouldn't have minded what he did now, would he?"

Enid took her courage in both her hands.

"I've come to you, Mrs. Chaplin," she said, "because I—I'm all alone now, and I want to live somewhere where I am known. I can only aoffrd one room."

"It'll be a pleasure to 'ave you in the house," said Mrs. Chaplin. "Now just eat that egg and drink the tea, and then we'll talk."

Enid drew near the table, trying very hard to keep back her tears. But there was something that had to be said, and she said it at once.

"I am going to ask you a favor. Will you—please not—not speak about Mr. Bryant?" she said. "I have been very, very unhappy, Mrs. Chaplin, even now I—I can't talk to you about him easily."

She knew that these words would imply something which was not the truth. But then the truth must never be told to anyone. That had become a creed with Enid.

"I know how you feel, my dear," said Mrs. Chaplin; "and I'll ask no more questions. I'm glad you came to me. You're one of the sort as I like. Now drink your tea, and don't you fret yourself more than you can help."

"Won't you have some tea, too, Mrs. Chaplin?"

Mrs. Chaplin sat down at once and became sociable.

She informed Enid, that though she had had no luck with lodgers, things were not quite so bad as they had been with her, for she had come into a little bit of money.

"In truth, you know, my dear," she said, "though it's not much, yet it do help, and so I haven't worried myself so much about letting as I used to do; and that makes it easier for you, too, because I don't like the idea of your being in one room. What you'd best to do is to take the two and just pay me what you can for them. We shan't fall out."

Enid bit her quivering lip.

"You are very good, Mrs. Chaplin," she said. "Just for the moment I can't afford very much, but—but I—I'm going to work. I must give lessons. Do you remember when I was here how we used to talk it over? There were one or two children you told me about then who could have come to me. Perhaps I could teach them now."

"I remember," said Mrs. Chaplin; "but your poor husband he was that proud, you know, he didn't want you to have to work, so it fell through. But to tell the truth, my dear," Mrs. Chaplin added, "you don't seem to me none too strong to take on much."

"Oh! I am much stronger than I look," Enid said, bravely.

It was so hot in this little homely parlor, and the house, now that she was in it again, seemed crowded with memories which were so vivid, so heart-searching, that for the moment her courage faltered, and she did not know how she would be able to live among them; but Mrs. Chaplin's brisk chatter and hearty practical sympathy was very comforting and helpful. And when after the tea was finished, Enid climbed the narrow stairs to the two rooms where once she had been so happy, there came over her a sense of something like joy. Here at last she would have rest and peace and dreaming of the old days, live once again through the hopes and fears, and those hours of sweetest communion which had gone from her in actuality for ever!

(To be continued.)

That Soothing Stimulant.

Sir Lauder Brunton some years ago made interesting researches in regard to the effect of alcohol on the system in health and disease. Amongst other things, he discovered that the idea that cold may be warded off by means of spirits is nothing but a myth, and gave the case of a party of mountaineers who had to camp for the night at a high altitude. Some members of the party partook liberally of alcohol before getting into their sleeping bags, others took just a little, while some of the party drank none at all. The following morning every one of the first group was dead. Those who had taken a little on the previous night woke feeling cold and miserable, whilst those who had left themselves in the hands of nature awoke feeling refreshed and well, though they had been the last to fall asleep. When a stimulant is required owing either to cold or fatigue, a tumbler of milk, as hot as can be sipped, is the best thing that can be taken.

A womans club is something she holds over a man's head.

Rector—These pigs of yours are in fine condition, Hodge. Hodge—Yes, zur, they be. An' if we wus all on us as fit to die as them are, zur, we'd do.—English paper.

FOOD THE ANCIENTS LIKED

NOT SO VERY MUCH DIFFERENT FROM OURS.

Cooks Held in High Esteem After the Simple Life Had Been Pushed Into Shade.

The Ancients, by whom we mean the Greeks and Romans, ate very much the same food that we eat today, and with the same appetite. They looked upon the process, perhaps, with an eye of greater ceremony. In Homeric times the gods took their share of every banquet, and in a later age of the placing of the guests, the conduct of the symposium, were of equal import with the choice of the meats and the wines.

"He dines not who eats alone," was a maxim which never fell upon dishonor. That we should notice similarity rather than difference, as we look backward, is but natural. The craving for well-cooked food is wholesomely human, and if the palate grows more delicate as the appetite becomes less gross the change is not peculiar to this country or that. As in poetry, so in food, the love of simplicity is the proof of a golden, if primitive, age.

The heroes of Homer, for instance, were not nice feeders. They seem to have had the healthy plain food and plenty of it. They had neither butchers nor cooks. They slaughtered their own beasts and prepared their meat as well as they could. They had little taste for fish, which they ate only when there was nothing else to be had and they looked upon game as no better than the food of necessity. Nor were vegetables pleasing to their sturdy palates. Meat, bread and wine were their staple fare, and they asked for no accessories. Pork and mutton and goats' flesh they ate willingly.

Pork Was Highly Esteemed.

Indeed, the beast which, to some is still unclean, was very much to the taste of the Greeks, and was highly esteemed at their banquets unto the end. Athenaeus writes in lyrical strains of a pig that once was served to him and his friends, the half of which was carefully roasted, the other half boiled gently, as if it had been steamed, and the whole stuffed with thrushes and other birds. But best of all the Homeric heroes liked beef, cut into pieces and grilled upon spits. And it was only on occasions of sacrifice that their desires were wholly satisfied. Though the gods, to be sure, claimed the daintiest morsels, there was enough left to appease the stoutest hunger. Nor did they demand any adornment to such feasts as these save fruit.

As the years passed the Greeks grew daintier and more critical of their food. The three meals which broke their day were not unlike those which still obtain. Their first breakfast was simple enough, consisting of bread dipped in neat wine. Their luncheon was taken about noon, and their dinner was as late as ours. Spoons and forks they knew not, nor tablecloths nor napkins; but, if their service was bad, in the fifth century luxury had already invaded Athens.

There is no better proof of the delicacy of the Greek palate than the honor in which cooks were held. They plied their trade with the greatest freedom, and, not being attached to this master or that, they were called in by the rich on occasions of brilliant festivity.

What wonder then the cook's was a respectable profession, becoming a free man?

When we turn to Rome we find the same progress from simplicity to gluttony.

The Ancient Roman,

like the Scot, grew strong upon porridge. Puls was the staple of his diet. But foreign victories brought foreign manners, and luxury made an easy conquest of Rome, which presently adopted the three meals of the Greeks, to divide the day. In the early morning the Roman was satisfied with bread, dried fruits and cheese. Then at noon came the prandium, which consisted, in simple households, of the broken meats from yesterday's dinner table, with a pleasant addition of eggs, vegetables and wine.

But it was the cena to which the epicure looked forward as the very climax of his day, when he might take his ease and indulge his fancy. The cena, indeed, was an elaborate meal, which followed a rigidly prescribed plan. First came the gustus, devised to stimulate appetite, not to satisfy hunger. It consisted of an elaborate array of what we call hors d'oeuvre, and yet resembled the loaded side tables of Sweden and Russia more nearly than the modest dishes of France. There were shellfish and eggs and vegetables.

At the famous banquet of Trimalchio, which, it should be remembered, was not merely a banquet, but a burlesque, and was given by a multi-millionaire, as we should call him to-day, the gustus would have served the most of men for a dinner. A donkey of Corinthian bronze held two baskets of olives, white on one side, black on the other. Then there were dormice covered with honey and poppy seed, hot sausages on a silver grill, and beneath them damsons and pomegranate seeds. But a Roman dined with Trimalchio as rarely as with Lucullus, and the freedman's fancy was separate and his own.

After the gustus came the regular courses (fercula they are called), which might be three, or even seven, in the houses of epicures.

The Satirists and Historians,

as we know, condemn the extravagance, which vastly increased under the empire, and which bade the wealthy Romans send for their priceless delicacies to the ends of the earth. Satire had no more effect than sumptuary laws, and the banquets of rich patricians and wealthy freedmen are legendary. First came the fish, for poor as for rich a necessity of the dinner. Sea-barbel and the turbot of Ravenna were the favorites and the haddock was not disdained.

Oysters were as highly prized at Rome as in modern London, and were brought by the wealthy from Britain to be fattened in the Lucrine Lake. Of the birds, the chief in esteem were fowls and peacocks, and field-fares were as eagerly sought for in Rome as in the Athens of Aristophanes.

But no banquet at Rome was complete without a wild boar, whose entrance upon the table, roasted whole, marked the highest moment of the ceremonial feast. Petronius has described the pomp of its coming with a vast deal of circumstance. "A tray was brought in with a wild boar of the largest size upon it, wearing a cap of freedom, with two little baskets wove of palm twigs hanging from his tusks, one full of dry dates and the other of fish. Round it lay suckling pigs made of Simnel cake with their mouths to the teats, thereby showing that we had a sow before us."

So valiant a beast, freed because the guests of yesterday had sent him away untasted, deserved the ministration of no mean carver. And a big bearded man in a spangled hunting coat plunged a great knife into his side, and as the knife entered, out there flew

A Large Number of Thrushes.

It was a fantastic spectacle, and suggests not the banquet of an epicure, but what the newspapers of today call a freak dinner.

And the Romans, no less than the Greeks, proved their love of the pig by the preference they showed for sausage and black puddings. For the rest they esteemed a hare, a goat, or a dormouse that had been fed on chestnuts as rare dainties, and they finished their feasts with a fine array of pastry and fruit. Some there were who praised the simple life, but we may assume that Horace, when he declared his hatred of parsici apparatus, was expressing no more than the remorse of a jaded palate.

Yet if we compare the luxury of modern times with the luxury of Rome, we shall observe but few differences. We do not, like the Romans, recline at our meals; we do not observe the ceremonies of the triclinium; we are more sensitive in keeping clean our hands, and prefer forks to fingers, but the taste of man has not greatly changed in 2,000 years, and if it could be our good fortune to dine with Lucullus, his table would cause us no confusion and but small surprise.

AFRICAN MARKSMEN.

Where Cross-Bows Shoot as Sure as Guns.

The proficiency of the African cross-bow men amazed the Duke of Mecklenburg, who wondered how the weapon of William Tell found its way into the Bangandu country. But there it was, handed down from a dim antiquity which the natives were unable to reveal. Saveral of the hunting tribes use the weapon, and some of the marksmen are so skilled that they can bring down a high soaring bird with the same sure action of the man with the gun.

"Nothing is done to the arrows used for killing birds," writes the duke in his recently published work, "From the Congo to the Niger and the Nile," "but for shooting monkeys they are invariably dipped in strophanthus juice, a poison which kills them almost immediately."

The duke was at the head of the German Central African expedition of 1910 and 1911, undertaken to supplement the work of the expedition of 1907 and 1908. Though the book makes a marvellous contribution to our knowledge of Central African fauna and flora, anthropology, ethnology and meteorology, and shows the perfection of scientific research, to the layman there are portions as interesting as the most imaginative fiction. One at times, despite the unvarnished narration, is reminded of the wild African stories of Rider Haggard. Even a chapter bearing the extremely practical title of "Research Work at Molundu" is enlivened by a vivid description of an attack on the expedition by "driver ants."

Science is not pursued on easy or comfortable terms in these wilds. It is a moment of real terror when the negroes raise the cry of "Ants, massa, ants!"

"All the spiders, lizards, and, above all, the cockroaches, sought safety in flight, and the boys' screamed whenever they were bitten. Our combined efforts succeeded in diverting the main attack in another direction. The infuriated insects clung for some time to the roof, hanging in bunches to the palm fronds of which it was composed, and dropping one by one to the ground. Woe betide the unwary individual who received an ant in the neck!"

HOW HABITS MAKE WRINKLES

Different Causes Are Given for Their Formation.

There are different causes for wrinkles, which are not entirely due to old age. Habits of thought reflect themselves in the face, and if persisted in create wrinkles through the repeated exercise of certain muscles in fixing the expression of the features. A constantly fretful or worrisome contraction of the skin of the forehead will cause wrinkles there independent of the age of the person.

In persons of a jolly, laughing nature the lines running outward and downward from the eye, caused by laughter, will become more or less fixed.

Wrinkles running across the root of the nose, between the eyes, indicate concentrated habits of thought in general.

An over-exercise of decisiveness or determination will make permanent lines from the sides of the nostrils to the outer edges of the mouth.

The natural cause of wrinkles as they come with advancing years, however, has nothing to do with the expression of the mind in the face. It is caused by the lack of nourishment for the skin to keep the circulation of the blood up to its youthful strength. As we grow older we lose the fat that has accumulated under our skin, and which is due to an imperfectly adjusted circulation in all parts of the body.

When fat accumulates it makes the skin grow larger, and when the fat disappears with advancing age the skin is too large, and in the act of contracting the wrinkles are formed.

School children should be taught fire precaution.

Dyspepsia and pessimism have a lot in common.

Do not let the children play with matches.

It's one thing to teach the young idea how to shoot, but quite another thing to supply them with ammuniton.



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ABSENT TREATMENT

Before the open window of a private room in Westbourne Hospital sat Douglas Shale—looking dreamily out to sea.

He was propped up by pillows, and in his eyes was that calm look so often seen in those who have but recently faced death at close quarters. Presently, into his dreaming came the sound of the door being opened, and the pleasant tinkle of a spoon against china.

It was Mary Glynn—known to Douglas as "Nurse"—with the tiny ration of milk-pudding that was mis-called his lunch. For Douglas was only just recovering from enteric fever, and the doctor was adamant in the matter of meals—so was Mary.

"More food, indeed!" she chaffed him. "That's just like you men to think of nothing but eating. I'd rather have twenty women to look after than one of you—so there!"

"You and the doctor are a couple of bullies, nurse!" smiled the patient, who was really a very good patient indeed, taking the bowl from her. "But just you wait till I'm out of here, that's all! I'll have the very greatest blow-out any man ever had; and I'll make you and the doctor come, too, just to heap coals of fire on your wicked heads!"

"What you do when you leave here," answered the girl, "doesn't matter to me. If you choose to over-eat yourself, well, I can't help it. But if you think I'm going to let you have a single crumb of solid food now, well, you're mistaken, Mr. Ungrateful!"

"Now, look here, nurse," pleaded the starving young man, "I don't believe it would do me any harm at all. Just as an experiment give me one little bit of bread, and if——"

"Now, then," exclaimed Mary, "if you're not careful I'll pack you off to bed again—and how would you like that?"

They both laughed. Then he handed back the all-too-easily emptied bowl.

"Nothing more for hours and hours!" groaned Douglas, in mock misery, falling back on his pillows.

"That's a fact!" said Mary, briskly, as she made him more comfortable. "But here's something that may help to pass the time away," she continued, holding out a bulky envelope.

"Why, it's from Audry, my sister," he exclaimed in a pleased voice. "I suppose you told her that she might write to me at last?"

Mary nodded.

"Well, that was decent of you, anyway. Perhaps you're not so hard-hearted as you pretend to be!"

"Perhaps not!" she replied, laughing as she left the room.

Douglas, being the under manager of a large firm of shipping agents in the North, was obliged to live in Westbourne, many miles from his home on the outskirts of London, where dwelt Audrey and their widowed mother, so that the brother and sister had always plenty of news to send each other.

Audrey's letter began with family news, and the latest reports of their mother's health. From that she went on to give him an account of the doings of their relations and more intimate friends, and then—for Audrey was nothing if not thorough in the letter-writing line—related the stray happenings of the neighborhood.

"Oh, yes, and the house next to ours is let at last!" wrote his sister. "They are charming people named Vardon, a father, a mother, and one daughter, the sweetest girl I have ever seen. Of course, I hoped that her name would be Dolly—and it is! Dolly Vardon is just twenty, the same age as I am, and sings rippingly—contralto. She has the loveliest brown eyes you ever saw, and simply heaps of glorious hair—a sort of old gold color. Oh, Douglas, do get well quickly, as I do so want you to meet her, and she wants to meet you, too! I have told her all about you, and have told her what a dear old brother you are. She is the sweetest thing!"

Douglas put the letter down and once more looked over the sea. The letter made him think of his mother, of Audrey, and—yes, and—Dolly Vardon. It was unusual for his sister to be so enthusiastic about anyone, but the fair Dolly certainly sounded attractive.

He rang the bell by his chair, and when Mary came in, asked if he might write a letter.

"Why, we have cheered up," she said, smiling down at him. "Yes, you've been a good boy, so I'll let you write your note—only a note, mind!"

She left the room and returned with a writing-block and pencil.

"Don't go stooping over your writing, now!" she admonished him, and Douglas smiled dreamily to hear the note of possession in the girl's pretty voice.

"I'll be very good," he answered, looking up at her.

Left to himself he began to write, and was disgusted to find how weak and shaky his hand was. However, he struggled on, concluding with the following:

"Your friend, Dolly Vardon—how nice of her to have a name like that!—must be something very wonderful, and I am looking forward to meeting her. Of all voices, I think contralto is the most beautiful. I wish you could bring her here to tea one day! But as that's impossible, I must get well and come home as soon as I can."

The writing made him tired, and when Mary returned, she found him leaning back on his pillows, with his eyes closed. She gently stroked his forehead with her cool young hand, and after a little he raised himself up and asked her to read to him.

As she bent over the book Douglas, soothed by her voice, found his thoughts wandering to London and to Dolly Vardon with the old gold hair. Mary Glynn had a wealth of hair too, but it was as black as night—as black as only an Irish girl's knows how to be.

. . . . . .

Two days later came a hurriedly written note from Audrey.

"Am just off to a matinee with Dolly. I showed her your letter and we both nearly cried to see how old and shaky your writing looks. While she was in my room yesterday she suddenly said: 'That's your brother's photograph, isn't it?' And it was! I asked her how she knew—for you know you're not a bit like any of us—and she said she just felt it must be! Isn't it funny? I get quite excited when I think of you meeting each other!"

Douglas was, of course, still in his chair, but he felt his strength beginning to come back. Taking the writing-pad on his knee, he answered his sister's note:

"It certainly was curious that Miss Vardon should have picked my photo out of the gallery of portraits—mostly of men, by the way that you keep in your room! Couldn't you get me a portrait of her to cheer me up I wish she could come and sing to me—it's horrid being crocked up like this. But I'm getting better every day."

Dolly Vardon! There was an atmosphere of romance round the name that appealed to him. He felt that he knew her quite well already, and he was filled with gratitude to the girl for having helped him to pass the long days away. One day he would meet her and thank her. She was evidently an impulsive girl and possessed ready sympathies. She would be a splendid friend for his sister—or anyone!

Then, as was the custom, Mary Glynn came in and read to him, gave him his alleged supper and packed him off to bed.

Three days passed without any letter, and Douglas felt that he had a grievance. Then came a fairly long epistle from his sister. After giving him the family news—which, by the way, he skipped shamelessly—she wrote:

"Dolly is now swinging in the hammock under the old chestnut tree, at the end of the garden, and singing to herself. She makes a beautiful picture. She says she would rather not send a photo of herself as she always comes out such a fright. It isn't true, but that's what she says.

"You remember when you got a craze for making verses? Well, I lent them to Dolly to read the other day. When she had finished them she said that she was sure you are just the sort of man she has been wanting to meet—only please don't ever tell her that I said so! And don't get swelled head either! She came in this morning with a large bunch of roses, and asked me to send them to 'her poet' with her best wishes for his quick recovery. Good-bye, old boy—so glad you are getting really better!"

And that was all.

Just then Mary came in with a parcel containing the flowers which, when he had unpacked them, he handed to her to arrange in a rose-bowl. There was a label attached: "To the poet, from Dolly Vardon."

"And who is Dolly Vardon, may I ask?" said Mary, smiling at him.

"Oh, just a friend of my sister's," answered Douglas. "Will you read to me, old girl?" For the two were good friends by now.

"Of course I will," said Mary, sitting down beside him and opening the book. "But you never told me you were a poet!"

. . . . . .

During the next two weeks Douglas regained a good deal of his former strength, and at last, to his great joy, was allowed almost normal meals.

Dolly Vardon and he were quite intimate by this time. He had even written to her and had received in return a note enclosed in a little volume of poems she had sent him. It is always nice to make a new friend, and if that friend happens to be a beautiful girl it is not exactly a misfortune, is it?

Then came one Monday morning when the doctor told him that he might arrange to leave on the following Wednesday. He wrote to Audrey telling her the great news.

"Now, why," he wrote, "should not you and Dolly come up here and take me home? She would be a jolly companion for you. You could get the train that reaches here in the evening. I'm afraid they won't let you in the hospital at that time, but there is quite a nice little hotel near the station where you could both spend the night. Send me a wire."

The next afternoon, to his surprise and great delight, came a telegram:

"Will be with you to breakfast on Wednesday morning. — Audrey, Dolly."

When, at last, Wednesday morning came round Douglas was up in good time packing all the last little things that are so hard to remember—razors, and so on—and was quite excited to think that at last he was going to meet his golden-haired little friend.

It had been arranged, that Mary, Audrey, Dolly Vardon and he should all breakfast together in his room, and the last touches had just been given to the table—which was decorated with one of Dolly Vardon's bunches of flowers—when his sister was announced.

She ran in and threw her arms round his neck and kissed him again and again—Mary stood by the still open door looking expectantly, and with flushed cheeks down the passage.

When Douglas had introduced his sister to Mary a puzzled look came over his face. Where was Dolly Vardon?

"But—er—I say, Audrey, old girl, what have you done with Dolly—er—Miss Vardon? Surely you haven't left her waiting about outside?"

A half-frightened look came into Audrey's eyes.

"Oh, Douglas——"she began.

"What is it, old girl? Anything wrong?"

"Oh, you won't be angry with me, will you? But, Douglas, it's all—that is, she—I mean I made it all up!"

"Made what up?"

"The flowers, and the letters, and the messages, and everything!"

"Everything!"

"Yes—Dolly Vardon and all! Say you're not cross, Douglas? I thought it would help to pass the time away, dear!"

"And so it did, old girl!" said Douglas, a little ruefully. Then he burst into a roar of laughter, in which Mary joined. "And now I've got something to tell you!" he continued, putting his arm round Mary's waist.

"How do you like that ring, Audrey?" he asked, holding out Mary's left hand, on the third finger of which sparkled a single diamond.

"Oh, Douglas, you mean thing!" said Audrey, throwing her arms round them both. "Why didn't you tell me before? Now I see why you aren't cross with me!"

"Cross with you!" scoffed Douglas. "I never really cared for golden hair! And you ought to hear Mary sing!" — London Answers.



THE ONLY PLACE OF ESCAPE.

The Smoking Stove.

One day, when the English statesman, Benjamin Disraeli, was walking through his estate, he found one of his tenants eating dinner by the roadside, although his house was very close by.

"Well, Henry," asked the kindly landowner, "why are you eating out here by the road?"

"Oh, sir," stammered the tenant, greatly embarrassed, "I can't eat inside because—because the stove smokes so much. And——"

"Well, that's too bad," said Disraeli. "I will see what the trouble is at once."

And before the tenant could utter a word, Disraeli hastened toword the house. But scarcely had he opened the door when a shrill woman's voice piped out, "You take yourself right out of here, you lazy good-for-nothing!"

Very much perplexed, the statesman then returned to his waiting tenant by the roadside. He put his hand on the man's shoulder in a kindly fashion, and said, "Cheer up, Henry, my boy! My stove at home sometimes smokes, too."

Obvious.

Gertie—I wish you to know that I don't stand on trifles.

Helen (glancing at her feet)—No, dear; I see you don't.

RESPECT FOR BRITISH NAVY

THE GERMAN SAILORS DIFFER FROM SOLDIERS.

Feverish Preparations Going On at Kiel For Expected Battle.

The New York Tribune publishes an article from a staff correspondent, dated Kiel, Germany, in which he says:

A day with the Kaiser's navy seeing the feverish race against time in the huge shipyards and the imperial torpedo works; watching the gun crews of a German Dreadnought being whipped into shape by enthusiastic "coaches" for the last great death grapple with the British (which they were all sure was to come, and they hoped soon), witnessing the final tuning up of the newest and largest German submarine, whose boyish commander modestly said he wanted to bag a "Lion" or a "Tiger" or an "Ajax," though he would take a shot at a King George if nothing better offered—such was the eye-opening experience.

Poking Fun at Churchill.

Judging by the two score or more officers who were "sampled" in conversation, the young German navy has not had its head turned by its initial successes, but it is undeniably in high spirits and full of whimsical humor at the expense of the English. As a significant illustration of the new naval morale, one of the officers with mock seriousness scribbled an invitation on the back of a menu card to come and take part in "a little submarine practice, during which at least four English cruisers or better will be sunk with wind and weather permitting." "We would not think of offering you less than four because three is already an old story," he laughingly explained, adding that "wind" was metaphorical for Winston Churchill.

New Submarine.

The whimsical invitation was accepted, and while "wind and weather did not permit," a very thorough inspection was afforded of the new super-dreadnought submarine U-32. Of about 1,000 tone and nearly 200 feet long, it carries a complement of thirty officers and men and six torpedoes.

Admire English Navy.

It was particularly striking, however, that among the naval officers and sailors one did not find the bitter hatred of England and the English which one so invariably meets among army officers and soldiers in the field and landsmen generally. The official German report of the destruction of the Audacious had just become known in Kiel, but there was no gloating and no celebration, liquid or otherwise. The officers at once recalled that the Audacious had been a member of the visiting British squadron during Kiel week in June—"a splendid ship"—but made no other comment.

A lieutenant commander said to the Tribune correspondent: "We consider it an honor to fight against the English. The English naval officer is always a gentleman. But the Japs—treacherous, yellow curs—just let them once come. We have no use for them. The English, the French and even the Russian, we can respect as opponents, but not the Japs."

Tuning Up Reservists.

A visit was next paid to one of their best dreadnoughts, the Markgrof. All the gun crews were being driven at top speed, some in pantomime shadow practice, others with real shells. About five hours a day of gun drill, as many of the men are reservists, thirty to thirty-four years old, and need plenty of work to take the kinks out of them. They look like a particularly fine lot of men, and went at the work as if they were playing a game.

A first lieutenant, who proved to have an American wife, in addition to a good American accent, invited the American visitor to his forward turret, where he proudly put his two 12-inch guns through their paces. "An English Dreadnought is about seven miles away," he suggested, then blew his tin whistle and the gun crews stood at attention; then for the next ten minutes pandemonium reigned in the 12-inch turret—all make-believe, but the men went to it as if it were the real thing.

Shot Every 20 Seconds.

A touch of realism was added when one of the 12-inch guns jammed and when the lieutenant shouted the last desperate order, given when the whole gun crew has been put out of action, and from below a fresh lot of gunners swarmed up to take their places. "I can fire a shot every twenty seconds—that is, each gun every forty seconds," the lieutenant explained.

Perhaps most interesting of all was the torpedo practice, "under battle conditions." To save time the water was not pumped out of the torpedo tubes before reloading, as in peace practice, but allowed to flood the room, inches deep. Here, too, the men were being driven along at high pressure and were "Clocked" in the fast time of 1 minute 5 seconds for swinging a torpedo down from the ceiling (where spare torpedoes were fastened), ramming it into the torpedo tube and making ready to fire.

Busy in Navy Yard.

The correspondent was also permitted to make a tour of the huge navy yard, where construction work is being pushed day and night, 8,000 men working by day and 3,000 at night. It was already dark, and the work of turbine and boiler building and so forth was being carried on by the light of only a few small lanterns. The Kaiser's navy yard and all his Imperial Majesty's workshops reminded one strongly of London by night, and one was not surprised when the superintendent said that the lack of illumination was a precautionary measure against a possible visit of hostile airmen—"though none has come so far," he added.

Utmost significance can be attached to the interesting fact that work is not being pushed on those fighting ships under construction which could not possibly be finished under a year, while the main effort is being devoted to those which will be in fighting trim in three months or less.

Have Ships at Sea.

"The English will find German warships in the North Sea now if they will go in and look for them," one officer remarked.

"The British numerical superiority is chiefly in the smaller ships," another said. "In Dreadnoughts we are not at such a great disadvantage. But mere superiority in tonnage and metal-throwing ability will not be the deciding factors in the great battle. We Germans do not fear this advantage of the British." But none of them would hazard a guess as to when "the big battle" would take place.

DRIVING "THE DEVIL'S CAR."

Baron Ciergleys Tells of His Exciting Experiences.

Baron Ciergleys, who has been serving with distinction in the Belgian Army, having charge of the first armored car used in the war, has just returned to his home at Great Chart, near Ashford, Kent, England, for rest and recuperation. The baron has had many stirring adventures, and was wounded in three places during an encounter near Lille, when the driver of the car, Prince Baudouin de Ligne, and the baron's cousin, Count de Villermont, were killed. For his bravery Baron Ciergleys has been awarded the Chevalier de l'Ordre de Leopold.

The baron, profiting by experiences, is now engaged in designing an armored car that will adequately protect the chauffeur. He proposes providing a periscope (similar to that used by submarines), also foot mirrors, that will reveal to the chauffeur the whereabouts of the enemy. The baron told of his experiences recently in a London newspaper, as follows:

"We had a terrible time near Lille when Prince Louis de Baudouin was killed. We had three armored cars, and suddenly we found ourselves in an ambush of 450 of the German infantry. They fired upon us, and we replied with our machine guns and rifles, but the number was too great. Six of our party were killed outright, one was missing and supposed to be killed, and one is recovering with two bullets in his head and arm, while I was wounded in the head, arm and leg. My cousin, Count de Villermont, was shot dead as he was clambering into my car.

"My gun was shot out of my hand, but I had the satisfaction of firing the last shot before the enemy, finding that their ambush had failed, had retreated. I shot the major. Once we were motoring from Antwerp to Lille, and suddenly found a rope-cable across the road, toed to trees on either side. It was an awkward trap. The enemy, having seen us coming, thought that we should have to dismount from our armored car to remove the rope, and thus be captured. The trap did not succeed, because I fired continually at one spot where the rope was drawn taut around the tree. The rope was cut, and fell into the road, and we drove off after giving a few shots more to the dismayed Germans.

"Upon my departure from Ostend I had the satisfaction of an encounter with the Uhlans, killing seventeen as they were riding in, before I bade adieu to my armored car, which is well known to the Uhlans, who call it 'The Devil's car.'"

DOGS IN WAR.

Were Used For Pursuing and Killing Fugitives.

"Dogs of war" is a phrase which once meant a thing as real as the warhorse. Dogs have played their part in battles and campaigns, and in the old wars between England and Scotland dogs were used by both combatants for pursuing and killing fugutives after a defeat.

It is related that Wallace and Bruce each had close escapes from capture by English bloodhounds. Bruce is said to have thrown the English dog off the scent by the now known expedient of wading up a stream far enough to baffle pursuers, and Wallace evaded the hounds by having recourse to a trick more or less common in those strenuous times of killing a follower and leaving the body in the dogs' path for them to come upon. The dogs finding a body, believed that their task was done, and discontinued the hunt.

In the history of the wars of the middle ages one finds reference to the use of big dogs against cavalry for the purpose of throwing the horses into confusion, and not alone for causing panic but casualties, for these fierce canine partisans were clothed in coats of mail studded with spikes and had scythes fitted to their harness.

Instances are recorded where dogs with firebrands fastened to their coats of mail have been set on an enemy's camp with destructive results. Henry VIII. must have found dogs useful in military ways because in an English history it is written that he offered the use of 40,000 auxiliaries and 4,000 war dogs to King Charles V. of Spain to aid that monarch in his war with Francis I.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Earl of Essex entered Ireland for the purpose of suppressing insurrection there his army was accompanied by 100 bloodhounds.

A Squelcher.

He (feeling his way)—Would you get married if you were me?

She—I don't believe I could—if I were you.

Fell Out Again.

"I thought you said Jack fell in love with Alice at first sight."

"And so he did; but you see he took a second look."

A LITTLE RIFLE PRACTICE.

How Soldiers Amuse Themselves on the Firing Line.

An amusing little story, which shows how strongly Tommy Atkins objects to being dull, comes from the Aisne.

At one time, during the course of that long-drawn-out battle, there came a lull in the firing, and the British soldiers began to find things growing monotonous.

Having an old piece of cardboard at hand, an ingenious Tommy roughly marked a target upon it, and stuck it up above the trench on a pole.

The Germans immediately started potting at it, and our Tommies signalled the results of the firing, cheering vociferously every time a bull was scored.

When at last the improvised target had been almost shot away, and they had to pull it down, imagine the surprise of our soldiers when they saw a duplicate pop up above the German trenches!

The same thing happened. The Germans signaled the results of the British markmanship, and loudly cheered each time they had to signal a bull.

Row Avoided.

He (disagreeably)—What the mischief is the matter with this dinner?

She (mildly)—I cooked it, dear.

He—Well, I was wondering what made it so much better than usual.

The Leader

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

The Leader Publishing Co.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915.

TIME-TABLE

EASTBOUND

No. 18 (daily)	due	4.23 a.m.
" 26 (daily except Sun.)	"	6.55 a.m.
" 14 (daily)	"	3.27 p.m.
" 6 (daily)	"	3.55 p.m.

WESTBOUND

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

THE MAILS

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

WINTER AND WAR STRATEGY

Kinds of Weather to be Met With in Europe

Few people in this country have any idea of the climate conditions in Winter in the regions of Europe where the hostilities are being conducted, sa the following description that appears in the fourth war issue of the Scientific American of Dec. 5th is particularly timely and valuable. In regard to the weather conditions, and the effect they will have on the contending armies, the writer gives the following information:

The two main theatres of the present war differ greatly from each other in their Winter climates. Weserly winds from the Atlantic Ocean which, like all large bodies of water, has but a small range of temprevailing westerly and south-westtern Europe enjoys comparatively mild Winters, under the influence of perature fram Summer to Winter. The climate is, however, very moist so that a moderate degree of cold produces much discomfort. Cloudy weather prevails considerably more often than in any part of the United States, except perhaps the region of the Great Lakes and the extreme Nocth Pacific coast. As e go inland we find no abrupt ange of conditions, as there is no large range of mountains running parallel to the Atlantic coast, to orm a climatic divide; very gradually, however, the climate becomes more continental, and the present eastern theatre of the war es in a region that is intermediate in climate between the marine conditions of the western coast and the truly continental climate of central Russia.

The snow fall increases generally rom west to east; not because of an increase in the total precipitaon (rain plus snow), for this ctually decreases, but because, with lower temperatures, a larger proportion of the precipitation taks the frazen form. The snowfall alo increases markedly with altide.

ynopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

HE Sole Head of a family, ny male over 18 years old, homestead a quarter-section ailable Dominion land in Man- Saskatchewan or Alberta. pplicant must appear in person t the Dominion Lands Agency or ub-Agency for the District. Entry y proxy may be made at any ominion Lands Agency (but not b-Agency), on certain condiions.

Duties—Six months residence upn and cultivation of the land in ach of three years. A homesteadmay live within nine miles of his mestead on a farm of at least es, on certain conditions. A e house is required except esidence is performed in the nity.

In certain districts a homeeader in good standing may preupt a quarter section alongside homestead. Price $3.00 per e.

Duties—Six months residence in ch of three years after earning mestead patent; also 50 acres ra cultivation. Pre-emption pat may be obtained as soon as estead patent, on certain conns.

settler who has exhausted his mestead right may take a purased homestead in certain disicts. Price $3.00 per acre. Dus—Must reside six months in h of three years, cultivate 50 es and erect a house worth 0.

he area of cultivation is subject reduction in case of rough, ubby or stony land. Live stock y be substituted for cultivation r certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
uty of the Minister of the In-

.—Unauthorized publication of dvertisement will not be paid 388.

Both regions are subject to rapid and frequent changes in temperature under the influence of barometric depressions passing from west to east, although, especially in the eastern region, these are somewhat less frequent than in the north-eastern United States, as the main European storm-tracks lie north of the war zone.

With respect to temperature and snowfall, one might say in very general terms that the western theatre of war has the climate of South Carolina, while the eastern has that of Iowa.

OTTAWA WINTER FAIR

At this crisis of our National history, when the fate of Empire hang in the balance, as a result of the great European War, our Dominion and Provincial Governments are doing everything possible to encourage greater production. Canada, the great source of food supply for the British Empire, more than ever before, is giving this question of increased production, every attention and encouragement.

The Ottawa Winter Fair has done a great deal in the past to promote better agriculture in Fast ern Ontario and Quebec, and this year the management is putting forth every effort to have this influence felt in a more marked degree. ...

Stock breeders throughout the Province are showing great activity, and the entries at the Ottawa Winter Fair, to be held January 19-20-21-22, will, undoubtedly be greater than formerly. This applies to all departments, as poultrymen as well as stockmen are sending large entries.

The lecture program this year will be unsurpassed and important agricultural topics will be discussed by men in authority, and of wide reputation. The most important feature of the lecture program will be "The Agricultural Conference" which will be held on Wednesday afternoon, January 20. This Conference will be the first of a series of conferences to be held under the direction of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, to promote greater production. Hon. Jas. Duff has been invited to preside at this meeting, andthe subject "Patriotism and Production," will be discussed by some of the most prominent men in the Dominion.

Farmers throughout Ontario and Quebec should avail themselves of the reduced railway rates, and attend the Ottawa Winter Fair this month, as the educative value will be more marked than ever before.

NATION VALLEY

Mr. Loyd Hanson of Morrisburg has been visiting relatives here.

Misses Evelyn Grey, Jessie Nesbitt and Evelyn Merkley of Chesterville are home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Barkley and family and Mr. and Mrs. Robie Johnson spent Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs Enos Munroe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sheldrick and family ate Christmas dinner with the latter's mother, Mrs. Irvine Quart.

Mrs. Matthew Jackson of Morrisburg has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Jackson.

Mr. Clifford Hess of Calgary is visiting his parents here.

Miss Agnes Jamieson of Montreal spent the holidays at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Rae and children and Mr. Edward Rae of Briercrest, Sask., are visiting their mother, Mrs. James Rae.

Miss Viola Hess and brother Wilburn, spent Christmas Day at South Mountain.

The Misses Merkley and Rae and Messrs. Donald Rae and Harold Merkley spent Tuesday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Millar of Inkerman.

Miss Grace Darling is home from North Williamsburg.

Mrs. Grant Grey entertained her mother and sisters of Chesterville on Christmas Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Jamieson entertained several relatives on Christmas evening.

Mrs. Geo. C. Merkley entertained her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bogart on Christmas Day.

Miss Eleanor Moodie of Montreal spent the holidays at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Darling gt tended the "Silver Wedding" at Morewood recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Smith of Chesterville visited recently in the Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert McIlroy and family of Chesterville and sister, Mrs. Wallace, were entertained Christmas Day at Escol Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Munroe spent Christmas Day at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McMillan of Grantley.

BRINSTON

Married—At the parsonage on Tuesday, at 10.30 a.m. by Rev. J. H. Murray, Miss Mamie Johnston of Hainesville, to Mr. David L. Hamilton of Hainesville.—Congratulations.

A number from here attended the Christmas Tree at Toy's Hill on Monday night.

Miss Ritta Murray of the Normal School, Ottawa, is spending her holidays at her home here.

Miss Rutherford of Iroquois visited her cousin, Lena Wallace, last week.

Mrs. Edge Clark is visiting in Ottawa this week.

A good crowd attended the Christmas Tree held here on Thursday night.

Mrs. Rev. J. H. Murray entertained the choir at her home on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Wm. Stevens of South Indian spent Christmas at Arthur Carey's.

Miss Cora Locke of Montreal spent Christmas at her home here.

A few from here attended the dance at Iroquois Friday night.

...Mr. Ward Strader returned to Kingston on Monday to resume his studies at Queens.

A load from here took in the Christmas Tree at Toy's Hill on Monday night.

League will be held as usual on Saturday night at 7 o'clock.

The Palm Mission Circle and band will hold its regular meeting at the home of Miss Ennis on Jan. 8th at 7 p.m.

Miss Fannie Zerron of Morrisburg and Mr. J. Ernest Zerron of Kingston visited Miss Lottie Hamilton a few days last week.

MissDavidson of Ottawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. Miller at present.

Married—At the Parsonage, on Tuesday, Dec. 29th, at 10.30 a.m., Miss Mamie Johnston to Mr. David L. Hamilton, both of Hamilton.—Congratulations.

GLEN BECKER

Happy New Year.

Mr. andMrs. O. W. Duprau spent Thursday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Reddick spent Sunday with friends at Iroquois.

Miss M. Briakall is spending her holidays with her parents at Brockville.

Mrs. James Rice is spending a few days with friends at Amsterdam, N.Y.

Miss Annie Barkley is visiting friends here.

Lucielle and Grace Fetterly are spending a week with friends in Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Fetterly vis ited friends at Froatburn recently.

Mr. Clarence Bouck of Clinton spent Wednesday with his sister, Mrs. Harvey Barkley.

Mrs. Abraham and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Abraham and children of Summerstown are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mason Barkley.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Barkley are visiting friends at Nation Valley.

The Christmas Tree entertainment held in S. S. No. 10 Monday evening was attended by the largest crowd ever seen in this section.

Mrs. R. Martin called on friends here on Monday.

ARCHER

A Happy New Year to all.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Froats and famiily,Arthur Heagle and family spent Christmas at H. Heagle's.

George Weagant and May were in Aultsville on Monday.

Mrs. Curtis Gallinger, Harvey Gallinger, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gallinger and Miss Beatrice spent Christmas at A. W. Weagant's.

A. Weagant was in Morrisburg on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Weagant spent the 26th at Mr. A. Cheley's.

A number from here attended the sale held at Mrs. Hart's at Osnabruck Centre.

Gallingertown

C. Gallinger accompanied by his sister Mrs J. McIntosh have returned home after a week's visit with friends at Syracuse N Y.

H Gallinger has been on the sick list.

Mr and Mrs David Alguire and daughter Mary spent Christmas at S. Cook's at Osnabruck Centre.

Mr and Mrs Wm Froats of Dickinson's Landing and Mr and Mrs Frank Stilson and children of Woodlands spent Christmas day at Alexander Colquhoun's

Mr and Mrs F Gallinger Mrs C Gallinger and Harvey Gallinger were guests at A. W Weagant's on the 25th

A Happy New Year to all

NUDELL BUSH

Mr. John B. Baker and Master Steward Weir were business callers at Aultsville on Friday.

Mr. Bert Baker of Boucks Hill was a business caller here on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Casselman were guests at Brookside on Wednesday.

Master Murray Prunner of Hoasic is spending a few days here the guest of his aunt, Mrs. W. Baker.

Mr. Harold and Wm. Prunner visited friends in Watertown, N.Y., recently.

Mr. Morgan Doyle and C. Hart spent Thursday night at Melvin Baker's.

Mr. Geo. Vassaw, sr., of this place is at present very ill. Mr. Vassaw suffered a stroke on Monday morning.

Mr. andMrs. Thomas Bradley,N. Y., are guests at Mr. Samuel Casselman's this week.

Mr. Wm. Dennison called atMr. D. Sidney Lounts' on Friday.

Mr. Melvin Baker and Chas. Gogo were at Milleroche on Tuesday.

Miss May Williams and brother spent Sunday at Mr. J. Baker's.

Mrs. F. M. Lount spent Monday in town.

Everybody seemed to enjoy Christmas this year as there was considerable traffic through this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Bodotte of Archer were the guests at Mr. C. Hart's on the 25th.

Messrs. Clinton and Fred Pruner of Boucks Hill passed through here en route to Aultsville.

Mr. James Lount was in Aultsville on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Pruner and son, Lorne, spent the 25th at Mr. William Beckstead's at Froatburn.

Mr. Chas. Gogo was in Aultsville on Saturday.

Mr. Sidney Pruner was in Morrisburg on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hart were in Aultsville on Saturday.

Mrs. J. Pruner and son, Ross, were calling at Mr. W. Baker's on Wednesday evening last.

Mr. Sylvester Doyle and son, Leoniel were in Morrisburg on Wednesday last.

Mr. Aden Baker was in Aultsville on Saturday.

Again an aeroplane was seen by the people of this vicinity about nine o'clock Saturday evening flying northward.

Mr. M. Pruner of Froatburn is visiting friends here for a few days.

Christmas passed quitely with quite a few nice home gatherings here.

M. McIntosh and Neil Epaugh spent Wednesday in town.

Mr. Geo. Casselman and Geo. Vassaw are hauling stones to the river this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lount and daughter, Edna, spent a few days here visiting friends.

Mr. Ross McIntosh visited here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Crammer spent Christmas at Dunbar.

Mr. Sam Wells is sawing wood for Mr. John B. Baker this week.

Miss May Williams and son spent Sunday the guest of Earl McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Isa Fetterly of Riverside passed t on the 28th.

r. John Baker spent Saturday evening at Ferndale.

An aeroplane was plainly seen here on Saturday night floating southward.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Paid Up Capital - - - - - - $4,000,000
Rest - - - - - - - - - - 4,750,000

HEAD OFFICE, - OTTAWA, Canada

An efficient banking service is furnished by this Institution to

Corporations, Merchants and Business Firms.

MORRISBURG BRANCH—B. A. HERRING, Manager



Many women with disfigured complexions

never seem to think that they need an occasional cleansing *inside* as well as *outside*. Yet neglect of this internal bathing shows itself in spotty, and sallow complexions—as well as in dreadful headaches and biliousness. It's because the liver becomes sluggish, and waste matter accumulates which Nature cannot remove without assistance. The best

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

remedy is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which stimulate the liver to healthy activity, remove fermentation, gently cleanse the stomach and bowels and tone the whole digestive system. Sure, safe and reliable. Take one at night and you feel bright and sunny in the morning. Get Chamberlain's today—druggists 25c., or by mail from

Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto



15

Reduce the cost of living by eating more bread

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

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

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

PURITY FLOUR

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

611

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

Sunday Church Services

St. Mary's (R.C.) Church
High Mass with sermon at 10.30 a.m
Catachism at 3 p.m.
Evening service at 7 o'clock.
Rev. J. A. Meehan, pastor.

St. James' Church, Morrisburg
Sunday, Jan. 10th—Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; Morning Service at 11 a.m.; Evensong at 7 p.m.

Trinity Memorial Church, Riverside
Sunday, Jan. 10th—Evensong at 2.30 p.m.
Rev. C. O. Carson, M. A

The Methodist Church
Morning service at 10.30; evening service at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.
Rev. A. J. H. Strike, pastor.

Knox (Presbyterian) Church
Morning service at 11 o'clock; evening service at 7. Sunday-school at 10 a.m. Rev. H. Cameron, pastor.

St. Paul's (Lutheran) Church, Morrisburg
Sunday, Jan. 10th—Morning Service at 10 a.m.; Sunday School at 11 a.m. Evening Service at 7 p.m.

St. John's Church, Riverside
Sunday,—Service at 2.30.
Rev. C. H. Little, D.D.

CORNWALL GENERAL HOSPITAL

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

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

You are Asked to Assist in this work

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

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

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

FREE

Four Weeks' Course in Agriculture

—FOR—

Farmers' Sons

FINCH VILLAGE

FEB. 1ST. TO 26TH.

No text books required. Good boarding places for those from a distance. Hours 9 to 12 a.m. and 1.30 to 4 p.m., Monday to Friday. Special lectures given by outside men. Lantern slides used to supplement lectures. Subjects under consideration—Live Stock and Principles of Breeding, Dairying, Field Crops, Feeds and Feeding, Poultry, Soils and Underdrainage, Botany, Insects and Fungus Diseases, Horticulture, Marketing and Co-operation, Book-keeping and Farm Management.

Arrange to attend this Course. Write for descriptive circular and outline of subjects to

E. P. BRADT,
Department of Agriculture,
Morrisburg, Ont.

In The Matter of The Ottawa & St. Lawrence Electric Railway

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario at the next Session thereof for an Act.

(1) Extending the time for the construction of the said Company's line under Section III of the Ontario Railway Act.

(2) To change the name of the Company to OTTAWA & ST. LAWRENCE RAILWAY COMPANY and that the Company be given power to operate by means of steam or other motive power.

(3) To extend the line of the said Company so that it may be given power to construct and operate its line from Brockville in a westerly direction along the St. Lawrence River through the Townships of Elizabethtown, Front of Yonge and Escott, in the County of Leeds to a point in or near Rockport; and to run a branch line or to deviate its main line running in a northerly and north westerly direction through the County of Leeds so as to touch the Town of Smith's Falls.

(4) To amend the Act passed in the third year of His Majesty's Reign respecting the said Railway by striking out the word "Kenmore" in the thirty-second line of the preamble and submitting in lieu thereof the word "Metcalfe."

(5) To grant power to the said Company to extend its line from the Village of Russell, in the County of Russell, in a south-easterly direction through the Township of Russell, to the Village of Embrum; thence in a north-easterly direction through the Townships of Russell and Cambridge to the Village of South Indian.

Dated at Toronto this second day of December, 1914, Johnston, McKay, Dods & Grant, Traders Bank Building, solicitors for the applicants.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Williamsburg

Guests of Misses Bertha and Stella Barkley last week were Miss Verna Whitteker, Mrs Hattie Willard and brother Arthur of Morrisburg and Miss Ethel Whitteker

Mr and Mrs James Riddell and son Arthur spent Monday in our village.

Guests at Mrs E. M. Casselman's Jr. were Mrs A. Curry Heckston, mother of Mrs Casselman, Mr and Mrs Howard Casselman and baby of Morrisburg and Mrs Walter Casselman of Toye's Hill.

The Christmas tree which was held on Thursday evening in the Presbyterian Church was a grand success notwithstanding the rough night. Also the one held Friday evening in the Lutheran Church was largely attended, the proceeds amounted to over $100.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther C. Barkley and family spent Christmas with friends at South Mountain.

Mr. C. L. McIntosh and friend spent Christmas night in Chesterville. Clifford says it was a cold night to drive.

Mr. Edward Perault, who has been working at Maple Ridge spent Christmas at his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Wells and daughter, Blanch, of Hoasic, Mrs. E. Tuttle and sons, Lee and Jay, of Dundela, spent Christmas at Mr. Jerimiah Lanes.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hollister, who have been visiting friends in town returned to their home in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Casselman are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Casselman, sr.

Miss Mary Norval and Miss Minnie Pharoh spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Maggie Fisher at Winchester Springs.

Miss Meda Whittaker of Cahore spent her Christmas holidays at her home here.

Mr. Martin Casselman of Cardinal spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Casselman.

Mrs. Percy McIntosh and family are visiting this week at the home of Mr. Thomas Eastwood.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Strader and family and ...iss Julia Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Beckstead and Miss Jessie, Mr. and Mrs. Claud Merkley and baby, drove to the home of Mr. Clayton Paynes, Brinston to spend Christmas.

Corp. Alfred Casselman of the 59th Regiment spent Christmas at his parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Seeley and Miss Ruth Seeley of Irena were visiting at the home of Almon Casselman on Tuesday.

Mr. Joseph Redmond of Nor..., N.Y., is spending his holidays with his grandmother, Mrs. Almon Casselman.

CLAYTON CASSELMAN
"Ledge" Greenwood, B.C.)

The sad news of the death of Clayton Casselman by drowning has lately been confirmed in a letter from the government agent at Prince Rupert, B.C. to his brother, J. C. Casselman of Boundary Falls The first news to reach his relatives here of the unhappy occurance was conveyed in a letter by Andy Shields, and which was later confirmed by the agent at Prince Rupert, to the affect that in October first of this year, Casselman, whilst on his way to Prince Rupert, fell from a launch and was drowned in the waters of the Skeena River. A most sorrowful act of bravery was performed by an Indian who also lost his life by jumping overboard to the rescue, and knowing the dangerous nature of the river at the time.

Besides leaving a number of brothers and sisters to mourn his untimely death, the saddest of all will be his aged mother and father who are old settlers of the U. E. Loyalist stock of Dundas County, Ontario.

The late Clayton Casselman was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Casselman, sr., of this place. The deceased has been in the west for a number of years. Two other brothers are also in the west, John and Russel.

MARRIED

At the Presbyterian Manse, Williamsburg, on Wednesday, December 23rd 1914, by Rev. D. A. Ferguson, William Arthur Steinburg, Morewood, to Dinah Gertrude Thompson, Winchester Springs.

Rev. D. A. Ferguson, minister, and Mr. Edgar McIntosh, elder of Presbyterian Church were in Chesterville on Tuesday afternoon at the in... tion of Rev. T. B. McCorkindale, M.A., late of Lakefield, Ont., into the united charge of Chesterville and Dunbar.

TheRed Cross tea which was held at the home of Mrs. G. L. Barclay on Tuesday evening was largely attended, the proceeds amounting to $11. The ladies of the society wish to thank the people for turning out in such large numbers. The next Red Cross tea will be held at the home of Mrs. J. D. Beckstead. Everybody come and spend the evening.

Misses Maud Strader and Amber McIntosh and Master Strader McIntosh spent this week with friends in Ottawa.

AULTSVILLE

Those who spent the holidays here were Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Gogo, Ottawa with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baker—Privates H. Ault and E. Hanes at their parental homes. Mr. and Mrs. J. Joubert and Miss Ethel Elliott, Montreal, with Mrs. W. Elliott, sr.; Master Percy Sangster of Bainsville with Chas. Cramer; Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Cook and sons Duncan and Graham of Brockville, with Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Froats; Mr. Arthur Alexander of Ottawa with Mr. and Mrs. H. Rupert; Mr. D. Hanna of Montreal with Miss Zeron; Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Loucks and sons, Allen, Donald and Malcolm of Montreal and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bouck of Cornwall, with Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Loucks; Mrs. Geo. Brydges and son, Wilfred and the Misses Lillian and Agnes Couliff of Ogdensburg, N.Y. at their parental home; Mr. and Mrs. Allen Markell and family of Ottawa with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sampson; Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Casselman and children of East Williamsburg, with Mr. and Mrs. O. Cook; Mr. Arthur Hunter of Iroquois with Mr. and Mrs. P. Hunter; Mr. and Mrs. Allen Baker of Ottawa, with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Baker; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis with Mr. and Mrs. James Jarvis and family.

Mrs. J. Duffin and son Wm. spent Christmas with the former's sister, Mrs. L. Campbell, Farran's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Shaver spent the week-end holidays in Brockville with Mr. and Mrs. McCary.

Mrs. J. Hunter and brother Wilfrid Steen visited their sister, Mrs. L. Whiting, Brockville, last week.

Mr. Geo. Markell of Brockville spent the week-end here with his family.

Miss Mable Sweet of Winchester delighted an appreciative audience in the Methodist Church on Christmas night with her readings. The musical part of the program was under the direction of Mr. J. S. Morgan, and the whole program throughout was of a very high order. Those who assisted with the program from out of town were: Rev. N. McLaren and Mr. Donald McLaren, Woodlands; Mr. and Mrs. Beddingfield and Master Wm. Beddingfield, Miss Laura Hollister and Mrs. Farran, Farran's Point.

The pupils of the Methodist S.S. enjoyed a sleighdrive Christmas afternoon. Mr. W. Reddick and Mr. F. VanAllen furnishing the teams and sleighs. Although the day was cold the older folk seemed to enjoy the ride.

WINCHESTER SPRINGS

Miss Bessie Rennick of Winchester spent Monday and Tuesday at Miss Clara McIntosh's.

Miss Nellie McQuaig of Kemptville High School is spending her Christmas holidays at her home here.

Mr. Harold Fisher and Miss Maggie Fisher spent a few days at their home here.

We are glad to report that Mr. J. A. McIntosh is able to be down stairs again..

Our assistant teacher, Miss Winnie Leveigne has resigned her position in the school here.

The Misses Hazel Weaver, Winnie Pharoh and May Notval of Williamsburg spent Saturday and Sunday at Mr. W. J. Fisher's.

Mr. Howard McQuaig is home from the West renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hutchinson and son of Kemptville spent a few days last week at Mr. Lorne McIntosh's.

A load of young people journeyed over to Toyes Hill to a concert on Monday evening. All report a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Morley McPherson and family spent Christmas Day at the home of Mr. Ozias Durant, the Boyne.

Mr. A. Bain of Perth spent Sunday at Mr. J. A. McIntosh's.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Whitteker, Mr. and Mrs. William Merkley and Master Garnet Merkley of Williamsburg spent Christmas at Mr. Walter McIntosh's.

Mr. and Mrs. David Salter spent a few days last week at Brinston.

Mrs. Allen McIntosh has returned home after spending a few weeks at Kemptville with her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Hutchinson.

Those who spent Christmas at Mr. Oren Casselman's were Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Strader and family.

Mr. Theodore Durant, Miss Dena Durant, Mr. Frank Cross and Mr. Kirkie of Cornwall.

Mr. Thomas Gallinger spent Christmas Day at Mr. Hudson McIntosh's.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon McIntosh are visiting at Mr. Norman McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanna of Ottawa, Mr. Higgison of Inkerman, Mr. and Mrs. George Barkley of Williamsburg were calling at Mr. J. A. McIntosh's on Friday.

STEINBURG—THOMPSON

At Williamsburg, on Wednesday December 23rd, 1914, by Rev. Ferguson, Miss Gertrude Thompson to Mr. Arthur Steinburg of Morewood.

Bouck's Hill

Mrs Wilson Hyndman and niece Verna Herriman were calling on Miss Elma Becksted Christmas Eve

Quite a number from here attended the nomination at Williamsburg on Monday.

Mrs C. O'Shaughnessy and daughter Greta spent Christmas at her parental home at Froatburn.

Mrs Myron Weegar left last week to spend a few days with her sister in Montreal.

Miss Jennie Johnson and cousin Miss May Johnston are spending a week with William Johnston a prominent lawyer of Toronto

Mr and Mrs Clarence Becksted and little son Denzel are spending a few days with Cornwall friends.

Mr and Mrs Nathaniel Merkley and family were visiting friends at Morrisburg on Saturday.

Mrs Jacob Whittaker and daughter Kathleen were visiting friends at Aultsville a few days.

George O'Shaughnessy is assistant clerk in our general store during the Christmas holidays.

Guests at Hilas Herriman's recently were Mr and Mrs Wilson Hyndman of Calgary and Mr and Mrs Elgin Herriman and family.

Eva Curry of this place has been engaged in our public school here for the coming year. We all join in wishing her success.

Mr and Mrs Melvin Barkley and family of Winchester Springs and Mrs Willard and son Luther spent Thursday last at M. Merkley's

Mr and Mrs William Lane and children of Morrisburg spent Christmas at Charley Lane's

Mr and Mrs Geo Jowett of Inkerman were calling on friends here recently

A number from here attended the Christmas entertainment which was held in the Presbyterian Church at Williamsburg on Thursday evening which was a decided success.

Mr and Mrs J. Barkley were the guests of their son Preston Barkley on Christmas day.

EAST WILLIAMSBURG

Monday being voting day made our burg rather lively.

Mr. Laurence Garlough left on Friday for Davenport to join his brother, Earle who went away a few months ago. They intend studying for doctor.

Mrs. John Wells of Aultsville who has been spending a few days in our burg returned home on Monday.

Mr. James Wells of Winnipeg is spending this week with his parents. He attended the convention at Montreal and arrived here on New Years night.

Mr. James Wells and brother, Stanley, were at Froatburn on Saturday.

Mrs. James Harper was at Nuddell Bush on Monday attending her father, Mr. George Vassaw who is ill.

Mr. andMrs. George Lawrence of Maple Isle were calling in our burg on Thursday.

Quite a number from our burg attended the concerts at Aultsville on Monday and Friday night for the Presbyterian and English Churches held in Fraternity Hall.

Mr. L. Casselman and Miss Maggie Schwerdfeger of Riverside were calling at Mr. John Willards on New Years Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wells and family, and Mrs. John Wells of Aultsville spent New Years Day at Mrs. Martha Watson's.

Mr. Walter Watson and sister, Myrtle, were calling at Woodland on Monday.

Mr. J. M. Willard and family spent Saturday last with friends at Morrisburg.

Mr. Meredith Garlough is spending a few weeks with his brother at Williamsburg.

Guests at Alfred Wells' on Christmas were James Gow and Miss Maud and Masters Jimmie and Willie of Hoasic and Mrs John Wells of Aultsville and Mrs Martha Watson and family.

Mr and Mrs Cornelius Wells and daughter Grace spent Christmas at Gooseneck Island.

Mrs Schwerdfeger and daughter Addie of Morewood are visiting at Thomas Garlough's.

Quite a number from our burg attended the nomination on Monday.

Mrs Ida McPherson and Mrs Nellie Cross were at their brother's George Brydges on Christmas day.

Allan Hart of Moutreal is spending a few days this week with his brother John Hart.

Mrs Charlie McIntosh of Cornwall and baby are visiting the parental home.

Grace Wells is spending her holidays with her sister at Gooseneck Island.

Mr and Mrs George Lawrence of Maple Island spent Christmas at the latter's parental home.

Lawrence and Clarke Garlough of Williamsburg spent Christmas at their home here.

Meredith Garlough spent a couple of days last week with his brother at Williamsburg.

Irvine Burnside and family spent their Christmas with friends at Iroquois.

Clarence Baker and family were at Isaiah Fetterly's on Christmas.

Quite a number from our burg attended the Presbyterian concert at Aultsville on Monday evening.

FROATBURN

Hugh Young was in our burg on Tuesday.

Miss Grace Swerdfeger spent Monday with Amy Froats.

David Bowman of Glen Becker visited in Froatburn recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smyth of Riverside spent Sunday at Jas. Schwerdfeger's.

Marcus Reddick spent the past two weeks at Milleroches.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Watson spent Friday at C. D. Shaughnessy's, Boucks Hill.

Hr. and Mrs. Cory Brown and Mrs. M. Casselman of Morrisburg spent Friday with guests at Froatburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Merkley and daughter of Morrisburg were in our burg on Friday.

Our annual school meeting was held in the school house, Dec. 30.

Mrs Cephrenus O'Shaughnessy of Bouck's Hill, Mr and Mrs Dalton Saddlemire of Glen Becker spent Christmas day the guest of Mr and Mrs Chas Watson.

Mr and Mrs Ova Lane of Riverside were in our burn on Monday.

Mr and Mrs Harold Salmons and son Jack of Pigeon Island spent Sunday at J. Styles.

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

A. Gallinger of Archer passed through here recently.

Robbie Casselman of Glen Becker spent Sunday at M Becksted's.

Mr and Mrs Alex. Millward and children, Mr and Mrs M. Reid of Morrisburg and Mr and Mrs Nelson Pruner of Nudell Bush spent Friday at John Millwards'.

Mr and Mrs Durham Wells of Hoasic passed through here on Friday en route to Riverside

Mrs James Schwerdtfeger spent Friday at her parental home at Riverside.

Mason Becksted and family spent Christmas at James J. Styles.

DUNDELA NEWS

Happy New Year

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowden and children of Cardinal spent Christmas at the former's home here.

Mr. Elery Casselman returned home on Tuesday after spending a few days in Uncle Sam's Domain.

Miss Floy Sypes of Ogdensburg, N.Y., is spending a couple of days under the parental roof.

Mr. Ed. Cooper is spending the winter at the home of Walter Preston at Cardinal.

CEDAR GROVE

Miss Ermar Dafoe, B. A., of Goodwater, Sask., arrived home Christmas morning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hart of Wales were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Werely

Mr. Fred Dafoe, Mrs. Ada Pier of Osnabruck Centre were quitely married here.

Mr. William McInnes of Queens University is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Dafoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gove of Osnabruck Centre visited the former's parental home here on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Willis Werely visited friends at Northfield on Tuesday.

FARMER'S WIFE ALMOST A WRECK

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Own Story.

London, Ont.—"I am a farmer's wife and a very busy woman. Last summer I was taken with severe pains in my back so bad that I could not get up or scarcely move without pain, and my periods were painful. My husband called in a good doctor and I was under his care for some time, but he did me little or no good.



One day a friend of mine told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had been greatly helped by it. I began taking it and soon got well, and my periods became natural again. Since then I have had perfect health. In fact I have never felt so well in my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine many women need. If you think this letter will help other women please publish it."—Mrs. K. C. YOUNG, Tambling's Corner, London, Ontario, Canada.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 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.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

OTTAWA WINTER FAIR

Howick Hall

OTTAWA JANUARY

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Excellent Programme of Lectures Including Agricultural Conference

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Write the Secretary for Official Programme

JOHN BRIGHT, President, Ottawa, Ont.

W. D. JACKSON, Secretary, Ottawa, Ont.

Hints for the Home

From a Nurse's Notebook.

Cream Toast.—Make thin slices of golden brown toast, crisp and dry. Place the slices in a wire sieve and steam until soft over hot water. Then butter and put in a soup plate—about three slices, cut in half. Over them pour white sauce. Make this by heating a cupful of milk in a double boiler and then adding two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed into two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook gently over a low heat until the flour has lost its starchy taste. Season with salt and pepper and serve very hot. Such a dish loses its appetizing qualities if it is not hot when served, so it should be carefully covered in transit from the kitchen to the room where it is to be served.

Eggnog.—Beat the yolk of an egg unti it is creamy and add a pinch of salt. Then add enough milk to fill a glass three-quarters full. Last, add the white beaten stiff, and sprinkle with grated nutmeg. This is nourishing and, excepting in cases where raw egg cannot be digested, is easily assimilated.

Lamb Broth.—Lamb broth can be taken by almost every one. Here is a good recipe for making it. Have a pound of the neck of lamb cut into small pieces and put it in a granite or almuinum saucepan with two cupfuls of cold water for two hours. Then bring it to the boiling point and let it cook, just below the boiling point, for three hours. Strain and season with salt. This could easily be made in a fireless cooker.

Chicken Broth.—This can be made in the same way as lamb broth. Use the neck, the wings and the back of chicken and reserve the other parts for other uses. If rice can be taken, a little rice, well boiled, can be added to either chicken or lamb broth.

Clam Broth.—Wash six clams and put them in a kettle with half a cupful of cold water. Steam until they have opened, strain and serve. Clam broth and beef broth may both be frozen, just to the mush stage, and then served in a sherbet glass. A feverish patient often finds this broth sherbet tempting.

Cornmeal Gruel.—All gruels must be thoroughly cooked, not very thick, and free from lumps. Put three tablespoonfuls of cornmeal into a third of a cupful of cold water, salt to taste, and then add two cupfuls of boiling water. Boil 20 minutes, stirring constantly, or else cook in a double boiler for an hour.

Cracker Gruel.—Break a soda cracker or two, buttered thin, into a cupful of boiling milk and cook, stirring constantly, for three or four minutes. Season with salt.

Oatmeal Gruel.—Cook half a cupful of prepared oatmeal in a quart of boiling, salted water. When the rice is cooked to pieces, strain and dilute to taste with hot milk.

Stewed Prunes and Figs.—Wash prunes or figs to be stewed and then soak in cold water for ten hours. Cook for half an hour in the same water. Sweeten slightly if necessary.

Spinach on Toast.—Cook some well washed spinach for 20 minutes in boiling, salted water; drain it and rub it through a sieve. Have ready a piece of buttered, thin toast, which has been quickly dipped in boiling water. Moisten the spinach with a little melted butter, season with salt and pepper, and pile neatly on toast.

Custard with Fruit.—Very often good boiled custard can be served to advantage with fruit. The fruit adds attractiveness to the custard and so tempts the appetite. A few prunes, neatly cut in pieces, can be covered with custard; dates can be used in the same way; orange pulp cut in dice can be added to it, or a spoonful of apple snow can be placed on top of a dishful of custard.

Apple Snow.—Bake an apple in an earthen dish covered. Remove core and skip before baking. Then rub it through a sieve, add it to the well beaten white of an egg and beat for 20 minutes. Sweeten to taste and serve piled up in a glass cup.

Orange Whip.—Squeeze the juice from an orange. Beat the white of an egg and add a tablespoonful of sugar and a little of the orange juice, beating stiff again. Then pour the rest of the juice into a glass cup, pile on the write and serve.

Grapefruit and Orange.—Grapefruit pulp cut in dice and served in a glass with the juice of an orange and a very little sugar, with a tablespoonful of brandy or sherry, if that is allowed, makes a most refreshing dish for an invalid.

Bavarian Cream. — Bavarian creams of all sorts make delicious and nourishing desserts for invalids. For chocolate Bavarian cream, soak half a box of gelatin in cold water for at least half an hour. In a double boiler heat one pint of milk and two ounces of grated chocolate; add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Next add half a cup of sugar and remove from the stove. Turn into a deep bowl and add one teaspoonful of vanilla; set this bowl into a pan of ice water and stir until it thickens like a sauce; then add a pint of cream whipped stiff. Stir lightly, pour into a mould, wet with cold water, set it on ice and serve with whipped cream. This must be made very early in the morning if it is to be used for lunch or tea. If a fruit cream is desired substitute fruit juice, stewed and strained, or the juice from canned fruit, for the milk, omitting the grated chocolate. Both raspberry and peach Bavarian cream are delicious.

Useful Hints.

Two or three slices of lemon put in the boiling water will whiten linen.

Make whitewash with skim milk instead of water, it makes ceilings whiter, and stops them peeling.

A raw potato cut in half will clean marks off black material. A black serge garment can be made absolutely spotless and as new, if washed in potato water.

After you have used all the ham that will cut nicely from the bone, and after chipping the remaining meat for frizzled ham, boil the bone with cabbage.

To make shepherd's pie, cut boiled beef into slices, season and brown; add a gravy to the meat, cover with mashed potatoes or biscuit crust and brown in the oven.

Use a paper dishrag. It is far more sanitary than a cloth, is firm and cleans well. One lasts for about a month, can then be burned, and another purchased in its place.

When making mush, do not thicken it too much or the mush will be harsh and unpleasant to eat. Quit thickening before you think it thick enough and it will be about right.

Fats that are derived from the cooking of bacon, ham, chicken, beef and other meats, should be kept, each in its own receptacle, to be used for different purposes.

Mashed potatoes, left over, should be packed into a cup or bowl until needed for frying. Another way to use them is to put into a double boiler with some warm milk.

To remove the odor of food from a wooden chopping bowl, soak the bowl in boiling water in which a little soda is dissolved. Use a tablespoonful of soda to a gallon of water.

If a small piece of camphor is placed in a bowl or glass of water it will be found to float on the surface, and when lighted will prove a good night light, especially as camphor is a good disinfectant and its smell is not at all disagreeable.

NAVIES' CASUALTIES.

Sea Fights More Destructive to Life Than Formerly.

That the immense armies of to-day make war more sanguinary than at any other authentically recorded era of the world's history is the consensus of military expert opinion. Whether the ratio of casualties to the number engaged is higher than in the period when the musket's range was 200 yards remains to be determined when this war is over and there is opportunity to study the official returns of the killed and wounded, but the loss of life may be safely put down as exceeding the world's past experience of war, tragic as that experience has been. Modern war, which requires armies of millions, may be expected to slay its tens of thousands where war as it was one hundred years ago was contented with its hundreds.

What is true of war on land applies to war at sea, although the hecatomb is not as conspicuous after a naval battle as after one fought on terra firma. The number of lives lost by the blowing up of the four British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy, Hogue and Hawke, 1,984, exceeds by almost three hundred the total casualties sustained by Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar. Assuming that the German flagship Scharnhorst was sunk with all on board in the recent battle off the Falklands, she carried down with her more than eight hundred officers and men, a number of victims almost equalling the killed and wounded of the victors of the battle of the Nile, respectively 218 and 678. To get the clearest idea of the contrast between present and old time naval warfare it must be remembered that Nelson commanded twenty-seven fighting ships at Trafalgar and fifteen at the Nile. The losses of the vanquished in these two battles cannot be stated with precision, but they would naturally be heavier than those of the victors, more especially as both the French and the Spaniards crowded their ships with men.

The modern battle fought with fleets and vessels three or more miles apart offers another opportunity for heavier losses in the difficulty attendant on rescuing the crew of a sinking ship. It was easy enough for the victors in old times to get rescuing boats into the water, but now even with steam launches it may easily be too late to succor men desperately battling with the waves at a distance not to be passed without the consumption of considerable time.

Had Heard of Them.

It was company field-training. The captain saw a young soldier trying to cook his breakfast with a badly-made fire. Going to him, he showed him how to make a quick-cooking fire, saying:

"Look at the time you are wasting. When I was on the West coast I often had to hunt my breakfast. I used to go about two miles in the jungle, shoot my food, skin or pluck it, then cook and eat it, and return to the camp under the half-hour."

Then he unwisely added:

"Of course, you have heard of the West coast?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young soldier, "and also of Ananias and Baron Munchausen, too."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JANUARY 10.

Lesson II. Deborah and Barak Deliver Israel.—Judg. 4.4-23; 5.1-22.

Golden Text. Psa. 34. 17.

Verse 4. The wife of Lappidoth.—Deborah was a married woman. She was a wife in the home, and, undoubtedly, the mother of children. This is a very early evidence that great leadership in the state is not inconsistent with wifely and motherly faithfulness and attention to the duties of the home. Much has been said about the particular sphere of women with the implication that this sphere is the home alone. No wife or mother has the right to neglect either her husband or her children, but woman's sphere is any place of service which will help the cause of humanity. This was Deborah's sphere.

5. Dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah between Ramah and Bethel in the hill-country of Ephraim.—Because of the incursions of the Canaanites, it was no longer safe for the Israelites to have their seat of government, as it were, or, rather, the place of judgment, in the northeastern part of their borders, and hence they went up into the hill-country of Ephraim. The judges sat in an open place, usually under the gate of the city or in the market-place, where many people could be gathered together for special announcements. "The earliest seats of Israel's worship, the earliest rallies to her patriotism, were upon Mount Ephraim" (George Adam Smith).

6. And she sent and called Barak.—Deborah saw very quickly what the greatest need of Israel was, and she also discovered that the time was ripe for a decisive blow. So she sent for the man on whom she thought victory would rest. Barak mobilized his troops on Mount Tabor. Kedesh in Galilee is the old, important and very often mentioned city of the Old Testament. Reference is made to it in the Tel el Amarna letters and in the Egyptian inscriptians. Other references in the Bible are Josh. 20. 7; 21. 32. The inhabitants in B.C. 734 were captured and taken away by Tiglath Pileser. Josephus says that the city lay between Galilee and the Tyrian border, and that it was in the hands of the Tyrians, who were continually fighting with the Israelites.

7. The river Kishon.—This river flowed at the foot of Mount Carmel. It was poetically called "The waters of Megiddo" (Judg. 5. 19). The Kishon was a swift-flowing, turbulent stream.

8. Barak said, If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, I will not go.—It is strange that a warrior, used to battle, should be afraid to go into the conflict without the presence of a woman who presumably knew nothing about warfare.

9. And she said, I will surely go with thee.—Doubtless there was considerable argument between Deborah and Barak before she finally agreed to go. She could not see why Barak ought not to lead his army to victory.

Notwithstanding, the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honor; for Jehovah will sell Sisera into the hand of a woman.—Deborah calls attention to the fact that Barak was less great than he might have been, and that, although he would win the victory, it would not be his victory; it would be the victory of Deborah who was his inspiration, his real leader.

10. And Barak called Zepulun and Naphtali together to Kedesh.—These tribes were very quickly rallied, for we read that there went up ten thousand men at his feet. "At his feet" is a very picturesque expression to indicate the eagerness of the Israelites to follow the call of Deborah and Barak. They came in such numbers and were so ready for the fray that they virtually crowded round his feet.

11. Now Heber the Kenite had separated himself from the Kenites.—This verse seems to be introduced to show how it was that Sisera (see verse 17) could flee away to the tent of Heber the Kenite for refuge.

12. And they told Sisera.—The news of the movements among the Israelites was brought to Sisera in his headquarters by his scouts.

13. Sisera gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron.—These were the awful implements used by the heathen people against the Israelites. They were instruments of torture. As the fighting between the Israelites and their enemies was hand-to-hand conflict, it is readily seen how terrible these iron chariots, which were arranged with teeth and other sharp protuberances, appeared to the Israelites.

From Harosheth of the Gentiles, unto the river Kishon.—This was the far-flung battle line which Sisera threw out, reaching from Mount Tabor over to Mount Carmel, although it is evident that his forces were massed at the River Kishon.

14. And Deborah said unto Barak, Up.—Deborah was close at the side of Barak, as Barak evidently was depending entirely upon her. He moves when she commands. His command, however, brings the ten thousand Israelites after him.

15. And Jehovah discomfited Sisera.—The Israelites were fighting for Jehovah, they were fighting immediately under his leadership. When a battle went in favor of the Israelites, it was because they believed Jehovah discomfited the enemy. This further evidences how close the tie was between the Israelites and their God, and how, after all, the entire credit was given to him.

With the edge of the sword.—As already stated, the fighting of the Israelites with their enemies was hand-to-hand conflict. It must have been fierce in its contact.

Sisera alighted from his chariot, and fled away on his feet.—Sisera evidently was a coward. He left his men to their own discomfiture. He himself would flee to safety. This fact relieves somewhat the awfulness of the manner in which he met his death shortly afterwards at the hands of a woman (Judg. 4. 17, 22).

16. But Barak pursued after the chariots, and after the hosts.—Even the charriots were put to confusion, so that the footmen of the Israelites could pursue the horses of the enemy. "Not a man left," is the emphatic way in which the writer describes the awful loss that the enemy suffered.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

Victorious Leader of Army Is Virtually Dictator of Russia.

A Jupiter or a Mars in appearance, six feet six inches in his stockings, lean and lithe as a race horse, towering above his fellows with the easy grace of a prince, but alert, suspicious, self-reliant; the head long and narrow with delicate lines of ancestry, refinement, and the extreme idealism which is bigotry, covered now with the sparse grey locks of 58, remnants of golden curls of childhood; the chin bold and assertive, and the mouth sensuous, cold and cruel, both softened to the casual judgment by the cloak of an ample beard and moustache, the thin lips transformed at rare intervals by an ingenuous smile; the nose beaked like a Caesar's, the blue eyes patient, calculating, alive with intelligence and quiet with command, and yet the eager eyes of the adventurer embarked after many struggles upon the quest of honor and power—such is the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, Generalissimo of the Russian army, virtually dictator since the war began throughout the empire of the Czar of all the Russias.

Moulded in the physical likeness of his German mother, whom, in his unhappy boyhood, he adored, despising his Russian father, who had broken the mother's heart by infidelities, who had dishonored the family name and dissipated the family fortune, Nicholas, as soon as he was grown, gravitated with unerring instinct and unresisting will into the path his father had trod, remembering only that the father had been a famous soldier.



Grand Duke Nicholas.

Handicapped by His Strength.

Nicholas was from the beginning of his military career handicapped in various ways. Alexander III. did not enjoy the contrast between his three puny, narrow-chested, dull-eyed sons and this youthful Jove, his cousin, before whom statesmen and peasants bowed with unconscious homage, whispering beneath their breath, "If only he could be our future Czar." Every impediment to advancement was placed in the young man's way. The Imperial pleasure limited him to cavalry. It did not make Alexander III.'s crown feel easier upon his head when he realized that his cavalry was said to be the best in Europe, and that Nicholas Nicholaievitch had made it so.

The St. Petersburg Court teemed with scandals against the men whom his kinsman, the Czar, desired not to honor. Nicholas was too poor to combat them with his own paid agents, his father having bequeathed him scarcely anything but debts. The confiding, middle-aged widow of a merchant millionaire became his morganatic wife. She remained in Moscow, contented to parade her royal connection among her bourgeois friends, far removed in distance and knowledge from the affairs at Court. Nicholas was outwardly faithful to her until she died and her fortune was his own. Almost the next day his marriage arrangements were announced to the woman he had secretly longed for years to make his wife, the Princess Anastasia of Montenegro.

A Slavic Wife.

Alexander III. had brought three of the daughters of the King of Montenegro from their father's mountain home to be educated in his household. They were hostages for Montenegro's political submission. The youngest, Princess Helen is Queen of Italy to-day. Her two sisters, Alexander III. settled in accordance with his wishes, Princess Militza became the wife of the Grand Duke Peter, brother of Nicholas Nicholaievitch. Princess Anastasia was married to the Duke of Leuchtenberg. It was when she was the wife of another man that Nicholas Nicholaievitch wooed and won his present wife. Patiently they waited until she could persuade the Czar Nicholas to permit the divorce and until he was himself free to marry.

Anastasia was forty when she became the Grand Duchess Nicholas. She has the vigorous frame, the far-sighted intelligence, and the emotional devotion to the cause of the Slavs which characterize her old father. She was endowed with the barbaric voluptuous beauty of the Orient, and at the Court of St. Petersburg she early learned the arts of fascination and political intrigue practised there with Oriental finesse. She is a firebrand in spreading the gospel of the brotherhood of the Slavs and unscrupulous in the methods employed to further her husband's ambitions as the natural leader of the Russian Slavs.

The Grand Duchess Nicholas has long since become a Russian of the Russians. Regal in bearing, magnificently gowned in the costume of the ancient Czarina, she has more than once created a furore at the fancy-dress balls.

Anastasia has, however, thwarted her husband's schemes—if they exist—at a vital point. Married for seven years, she has not presented him with a child.

Seized Reins of Power.

From the beginning to the end of the Russo-Japanese War, Nicholas Nicholaievitch was at various times promised to the generals and the soldiers as their commander-in-chief. Both believed that disaster overtook them because the Czar failed to keep that promise, actuated by jealousy and fear of his cousin's popularity. At the close of the war the Russian capital swarmed with revolutionists, ready to strike at a given signal. Chaos reigned, and the vast machinery of the police availed nothing. The Czar was ready for flight and abdication. Nicholas Nicholaievitch took up the reins of government in his strong grasp; indifferent to the attempts made upon his own life, he went about the streets unprotected, and started the long procession of political prisoners to the mines of Siberia. Peace was restored. Then Czar Nicholas the Little, safe once more, stripped authority from Grand Duke Nicholas the Great.

When the present war began, Czar Nicholas aspired to lead his troops in person, to be his own generalissimo. The Grand Duke Nicholas assumed the supreme command by force, so one hears. He issued manifestoes to the Jews and to the Poles without consulting the Czar, this one knows. The Cabinet Council of the Empire holds daily sittings at Peterhof, save when the Czar is at headquarters in the West, and its resolutions are submitted to the Autocrat for confirmation. But the real executive is Grand Duke Nicholas, since every member of the Cabinet belongs to the Court Military party acknowledging the Grand Duke as its leader. The Czar does not dare defy his Cabinet during a state of war, and the Cabinet obediently obeys the commander-in-chief.

People Are Ignorant.

The people know almost nothing concerning the progress of events. The socialistic Russian papers and those printed in the German tongue have long ago been suppressed. A double censorship is in force for the papers still in existence, all reports of the war and political comment going twice to the censor, first in manuscript and then in printed form.

The Russian people who are loyal to the Czar are disturbed and restless over the problem of the succession. The little Czarevitch, Grand Duke Alexander, ten years old last July, is hopelessly lame and fragile; a sturdy, perfectly formed infant growing up to robust boyhood ruined in health by the accident on board his father's yacht two years ago, due to the machinations of the revolutionists. A dozen plots to kill him had failed. The one to cripple and torture by lingering disease has succeeded. No one believes he will live to manhood. The Czarina is forty-two and is not likely to give a second heir to the Imperial Crown.

The Czar's brother, Michael Alexandrovitch, the heir to the throne until the Czar's son was born, has steadfastly refused to give the Government any hope that he would ever accept the crown. He is now in the field fighting for Russia, but has left his morganatic wife and young family back in England, where he will undoubtedly return whenever peace comes again.

The next in succession are the sons of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the brother of Alexander III.—Grand Duke Cyril, who is married to his cousin, daughter of the English Duke of Edinburgh, and Grand Duchess Marie, Alexander II.'s only daughter; Grand Duke Boris, and Grand Duke Andrew. Cyril alone of the three brothers is married, and he has no son, only two infant daughters.

Will He Become Czar?

After them the succession in the regular order falls to the Grand Duke Serge, another brother of Alexander III., who by his royal marriage with a sister of the King of Greece, Serge has a son, Grand Duke Dimitri, twenty-three years old, handsome, elegant, and irresponsible. With him ends the hopes of an heir through the descendants of Alexander II.

It would surprise few people at court if the betrothal was announced of the Grand Duke Dimitri and the Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest daughter of the Czar, with the proclamation that Olga was to ascend the throne as sovereign Czarina in the event of the death of her crippled brother, Dimitri being Czar-consort.

Grand Duke Nicholas can well disregard these elaborate precautions to secure the succession in the regular line as mere stumbling blocks which he can thrust aside in his strong, masterful stride to seat himself upon the throne. The Russian people may so wish to reward him if he is victorious in the war against Germany. At any rate he will be a great popular hero, completely over-shadowing the Czar.

A STRIKING NARRATIVE.

Theodore Hook's Contribution to Strike Literature.

A strike all too often becomes a serious affair; a general strike, which involves allied or sympathetic trades along with those more directly concerned, is even more threatening or disastrous. In France, especially, the general strike is dreaded; and not long ago, as newspaper readers will recall, the strongest government measures were empoyed to break one up. Three-quarters of a century ago, the matter was regarded more lightly—particularly by a clever gentleman on the other side of the Channel. Theodore Hook, one of the few punsters whose punning was usually witty as well as playful, contributed what is certainly a unique page to strike literature in his account of the affair.

"The bakers, being ambitious to extend their do-mains, declared that a revolution was needed, and, though not exactly bred up to arms, soon reduced their crusty masters to terms. The tailors called a council of the board to see what measures should be taken, and, looking on the bakers as the flower of chivalry, decided to follow suit; the consequence of which was that a cereous insurrection was lighted up among the candle makers, which, however, wick-ed it might appear in the eyes of some persons, developed traits of character not unworthy of ancient Greece."

Hook could, however, pun with equal gayety upon matters that touched his own pocket. He enlivened the usually prosaic and unwelcome duty of paying his taxes by a word of advice to his neighbors to do likewise—which it is to be hoped the worthy Mr. Winter, the collector, found of some assistance:

Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes;
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
I advise you to pay him without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary!

Second to a Bird.

He came home and found his young wife dissolved in tears. "What do you think has happened" she cried. "I left the cage open and our canary has flown away."

He undertook to give what consolation he might, and took the poor, distressed woman in his arms. As she rested against his shoulder a new access of sobs convulsed her. "Ah, George," she murmured, in a choking voice, "now I've only you left."

The Leopard's Spot.

Master—Can a leopard change his spots?

Freddie—Yes, sir.

"Now, that's quite wrong. You know that a leopard cannot change his spots."

"Oh, but he can, sir, really."

"Well, tell me how, then:"

"When he's tired of sitting on one spot he can change to another."

A clear conscience makes a soft pillow.

Mazie—Artie, where are we going on our honeymoon? Artie—Around the world, darling. They're going to give it in seven reels at the corner picture show.

"I am a doctor." "If you are a doctor, how does it happen that old Tompkins died from heart trouble when you were treating him for liver trouble?" "It's a lie. When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."

THE ROYAL BANK

ISSUES ITS STRONGEST STATEMENT.

Cash on hand reaches record level of 17.93% and liquid assets total 46.16% of liabilities to public. Bank writes off half a million on value of investments. Surprising results under exceptional trade conditions.

The great care which has been exercised this year by the larger banks in Canada in maintaining themselves in the strongest possible position, and in this way being able to guard against any developments that might arise in the country, is strikingly illustrated by the showing made by the Royal Bank of Canada in its annual statement for the fiscal year ending Nov. 30th, 1914.

A close study of the general statement of assets and liabilities would seem to indicate that the management has given its every consideration towards keeping the bank strong both in cash and immediate liquid assets, such a policy being rendered advisable by the very unusual conditions brought about in Canada by the outbreak of the European war. In order to maintain such a position, even opportunities for profits were apparently ignored to some extent, but as a result the statement, as a whole, is perhaps the strongest ever issued by the Royal Bank and at the present time this should be as satisfactory to shareholders as it is reassuring to the public generally. Under the conditions it enables the bank to play a prominent part in helping the Dominion through an unprecedented situation.

New Record of Cash on Hand.

The part of the general statement which is of particular interest is perhaps that which shows the cash position and the liquid assets. At the end of the fiscal year, the amount of cash on hand reached the new high level of $27,683,855, which is equivalent to such an ample percentage as 17.93% of liabilities to the public. This account compares with $21,466,209, last year, which was equivalent to 13.83%, or an increase of over $6,000,000. Including the cash on hand, the liquid assets amount to $71,244,677, which is equivalent to as much as 46.16% of liabilities to public. The principal accounts in this department include notes of other banks, $2,525,205; cheques on other banks, $5,752,485; balance due by banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada, $3,144,502; Dominion and Provincial Government securities not exceeding market value, $1,158,568; Canadian Municipal securities and British, foreign and colonial public securities, other than Canadian, $2,185,062; railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks, not exceeding market value, $13,557,741; call loans in Canada, $8,574,058; call and short loans elsewhere than in Canada, $6,080,847.

Indication of Contraction in Trade.

With the falling off in general business in the country, the current loans have naturally shown a slight contraction, these amounting to $84,585,972, as compared with $86,989,390 at the end of the previous year and other current loans and discounts elsewhere than in Canada $15,002,488, as compared with $15,551 594.

Growth During Year.

Even under the unprecedented conditions that prevailed, the progress of the bank as indicated by increased deposits was most satisfactory. Deposits not bearing interest at the end of the year totalled $31,224,129, as compared with $36,276,871, at the end of the previous year, while deposits bearing interest reached a new high level at $104,827,078, as compared with $101,900,790. The total deposits aggregated $136,051,208, as against $138,177,622, a decrease of approximately $2,000,000. It will be remembered, however, that during the year the Bank repaid the deposit of the Alberta and Great Waterways Co., amounting to $7,000,000, and allowing for this, the ordinary deposits during the year showed an increase of $5,000,000.

Large Amounts Written Off.

The profit and loss account indicates that owing to the exceptional conditions, the management has deemed it advisable to follow a very conservative policy in its valuation of investments, and this year has made a special reservation on this account of $500,000.

The profits for the year amounted to $1,886,142, equivalent to 16.30% on the paid up capital. As the balance of profit and loss at the end of the previous year amounted to $1,015,119, the total amount available for distribution, with the profits added, amounted to $2,901,262. Of this amount dividends accounted for $1,387,200; $100,000 was transferred to officers' pension fund; $250,000, written off bank premises' account; $50,000, contributed to patriotic funds; $500,000, allowed for depreciation in investments. This left balance to be carried forward to profit and loss account at the end of the year, $614,062.

The statement of Assets and Liabilities, and the Profit and Loss account, are as follows:

Assets. 1914.	
Current coin	$ 12,995,483
Dom. notes	12,688,371
	$25,683,855
Cent. gold res.	2,000,000
Notes and cheques	
Govt. deposit	578,000
other banks	8,277,691
Due by other banks	3,148,854
Government securities	1,158,568
Municipal sec., etc.	2,185,062
Bonds, debts, etc.	13,557,741
Call loans in Canada	8,574,058
Call loans out Canada	6,080,847
Liquid assets	$71,244.678
Cur. loans in Canada	84,585,973
Cur. loans out Canada	15,002,488
Overdue debts	568,198
	$171,401,337
Real estate	600,000
Bank premises	5,861,180
Other assets	1,541,536
Total assets	$179,404,054

To the public:— Liabilities. 1914.	
Circulation	$ 13,505,255
Demand deposits	31,224,129
Savings dep.	104,827,078
Due other banks	2,536,701
Bills payable	744,389
Acceptances	1,481,717
Total pub. liab.	$154,319,272
To the shareholders:—	
Paid-up capital	$ 11,560,000
Reserve	12,560,000
Prev. balance	614,062
Divs., inc. and pay	350,719
	$179,404,054

Profit and Loss Account.

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 29th November, 1913	$1,015,119.58
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of Management and all other expenses, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	1,886,142,67
	$2,901,262.25
Appropriated as follows:	
Dividends Nos. 106, 107, 108 and 109, at 12 per cent. per annum	$1,387,200.00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account	250,000.00
Contribution to Patriotic Funds	50,000.00
Depreciation in Investments	500,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.	614,062.25
	$2,901,262.25

H. S. HOLT, President. EDSON L. PEASE, Gen. Man.

Montreal, 18th December, 1914.

The annual meeting of the shareholders will be held in Montreal, on Thursday, January 14 next, and the resume of the president, H. S. Holt, is looked forward to with considerable interest in financial and business circles.

The Pathos of Life.

One of the reflections most common to people of more than average thoughtfulness is something like this: "When we go hence how little accompaniment we leave behind us, and how well the world goes on without us." It is as pathetic as it is true of most of us. We do not distinguish deeds. We do not realize our ideals. When the most faithful worker dies a crowd is ready to rush into the place left vacant even if it be inconspicuous. Few leave a memory that endures for a generation except in the hearts of a handful of friends. If this life is to be regarded as finel we might be tempted to regard it as not worth living, it is so disappointing to our noblest hopes, our loftiest ideals. But if this life is a discipline, a preparatory school, if the chief gain of any life is not fame but character, even our disappointments and frustrations are prophetic. Life is a cruel mystery unless its horizon be widened to include eternity.

Savages Insignificant Size.

Is it not possible that we who have never ventured far from our home may under-estimate the intelligence and brain capacity of those great tribes of savages who are but a name to us. A scientist, lecturing recently in London, stated that he was one of a party of scientists who journeyed to Torres Straits, and in carrying out investigations discovered that the head measurement, or cranial capacity, of the natives was just about the same as that of the average University undergraduate. In the interior of Borneo the scientists unearthed a savage tribe who live in houses a hundred yards long, raised on twenty-feet poles, with chambers for each family, and a long corridor for the communal life of the joint tenants. The nature of these latter dwellings indisputably shows that the natives have a keen sense of the hygienic, and their social intercourse exhibits the true spirit of brotherhood.

Do Long Breaths Hurt?

DANGEROUS PLEURISY ALWAYS BEGINS THIS WAY.

Speediest Cure is Nerviline.

Ouch, that stab-like pain in the side is like a hot knife blade in the ribs!

Probably got over-heated—cooled too fast—now there is congestion, tightness, such soreness you can't draw a long breath.

This is the beginning of Pleurisy.

Pleurisy is far too serious to neglect a single instant.

Quickest relief will come from a vigorous rubbing with Nerviline. This trusty old pain reliever willfix you up in no time—will take away the congestion— make you well just as it did Mr. Samuel St. Johns, of Stamford, who says:—"In running to catch a train last week I became much overheated. I put up the train window and rode that way in order to get cooled off. In an hour my side was so full of pain and my breathing hurt so much that I thought I had pneumonia. I always carry Nerviline in my grip and at destination I rubbed my side thoroughly three times. The warm penetrating effect was soon noticeable and I quickly got relief. Nerviline I consider saved me from a serious illness."

Any sort of a cold can be quickly broken up with Nerviline which is a marvel for reducing inflammation, for relieving congestion in the throat and chest, for curing stitch in the side, lumbago, neuralgia. sciatica or rheumatism. Nothing more soothing or powerful. The 50c. large family size is the most economical. Small trial size 25c. at dealers everywhere.

And the less some people give the more they expect.

When a Woman Suffers With Chronic Backache

There is Trouble Ahead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE KAISER'S LATEST ULTIMATUM.

Gott, Gott, dear Gott, attention blease:
Your bardner Vilhelm's here,
Uud has a word or two to say
Indo your brivate ear;
So durn away all udders now
Und listen vell to me,
For vat I say concerns me much,
Meinself und Shermany.

You know, dear Gott, I vas your friendt,
Und from mein hour of birth
I quietly let you rule in Heffen,
Vile I ruled here on earth,
Und ven I toldt mein soldiers
Of byegone battle days,
I gladly split de glory,
Und half gave you of praise.

In every way I tried to prove
Mein heart to you vas true,
Und only claimed mein honest share
In great deeds dat ve do.
You could not haf a better friendt
In sky, or land or sea,
Dan Kaiser Vilhelm number two,
De Lord of Shermany.

So vat I say, dear Gott, is dis,
Dat ve should still be friendts,
Und you should help to send my foes
To meet deir bitter ends.
If you, dear Gott ,vill dis me do
I'll nothing ask again,
Und you and I will bardners be
For evermore, Amen!

But listen, Gott, it must be mighty quick
Your help to me you send,
Or else I haf to stop attack
And only blay defend.
So four and twenty hours I gif
To make de Allies run
Und put me safe into mein blace—
De middle of de Sun.

If you do dis, I'll do my bart:
I'll tell de vorld dot fact,
But if you don't, den I must tink
It is an hostile act.
Den var at once I vill declare,
Und in mein anger rise
Und send mein Zepp'lin ships to wage
A fight up in de skies.

Dis ultimatum now, dear Gott,
Is von of many more,
Mine mind is settled up to clean
De whole vorld off de floor.
Because you vas mein bardner, Gott,
An extra chance is giffen;
So help at vonce, or else I'll be
De Emperor of Heffen.

—Van De Todd in Canadian Magazine.

TRAPS FOR OFFICERS.

Some Tempting Bribes That Have Been Refused.

Immense public interest is always aroused when the names of British officers are associated with bribery. Hundreds of attempts are made to induce men who hold high rank to betray their country; and before Secret Service was brought to such a fine art as it is to-day, attempts were still more numerous.

While he was governor of Gibraltar the late Sir Henry Smith one day received a mysterious letter offering £1,000 in return for "a slight service," which the letter did not describe.

Sir Henry took no notice of the communication. But in a few days came another letter increasing the offer to £2,000, and covertly suggesting that the governor might turn a blind eye on the landing of men and weapons behind the Rock.

Next, a notable sheik, Wazir Mahomet Ali, called and offered £3,000, finally £5,000, for the favor mentioned.

Rising abruptly from his seat the governor, a big, powerful man, took the sheik by the shoulders, twisted him round, ran him to the door, and sent him sprawling down a flight of steps.

Some years ago a Captain Grant was despatched on a diplomatic mission to a little state beyond the north-west frontier of India. First there was an attempt upon his life, but Grant managed to convey the idea to the native ruler, who knew no law except fear, that there was an extensive British force in the background.

Afterwards he was visited by a distinguished envoy of the ruler, who offered the equivalent of £500 if Grant would settle the matter in hand in accordance with the ruler's wishes. Gradually the offer increased to £1,500 in money, the best horse in the district, and five wives to be selected by the young officer himself. Grant did not accept the offer.

Sir Robert Hart, the famous administrator, when in China, one morning woke to find a procession of bearers and carts before his dwelling with money, silks, vases, sedan chairs, and valuables to the tune of about £1,000 in English money. All this finery had been dumped down without any preliminary negotiations by the orders of a mandarin, who wanted some little shortcomings in the shape of embezzled Customs dues overlooked. Sir Robert, more amused than angry, bundled the whole lot back.

Different treatment was meted out, however, by an A.B. in the navy named Walter Barratt, who made the acquaintance of a charming and genial stranger at Plymouth. They had confidential chats, and the stranger threw out hints which the straightforward mind of the sailor failed to understand. Finally, feeling sure of his man, the tempter offered Barratt a bribe of £500 for the theft of a signal-code book.

When the bluejacket grasped the situation, he set about the man and pummelled him unmercifully. Barratt was "run in" for assault, but the charge was dismissed immediately when the magistrate heard the story.

HOW SHOT IS MADE.

Molten Lead Is Dropped From a High Point into a Water Tank.

The manufacture of shot, described by Mr. O. C. Horn, in Forest and Stream, requires a high tower, a perforated pan, a tank of water, and "tempered" lead.

Shot is made by dropping molten lead from a high point to the earth. The lead forms into globules just as the raindrops do when they fall from the clouds. Ordinarily, we do not realize that raindrops are little spheres, but under the proper conditions they freeze, and we have hailstones, which may be called shot made of ice.

In the making of shot, pure lead is melted and mixed with a "temper" that consists mainly of tin, and then poured into a perforated pan or sieve. The perforations vary according to the size of shot to be made.

A temper is mixed with the lead in order to make the globules form when the lead falls. If pure lead were used, it would fall in the form of little bars, instead of round shot.

In order that the globules may have plenty of time to form, the lead must fall a long distance, and so towers are built. The towers used to be made as high as two hundred feet and even more, but modern towers are rarely over one hundred and fifty feet.

The perforated pan into which the molten lead is poured is at the top of the tower, and the globules of lead fall through the perforations into tanks of water at the bottom of the tower. The water cools them, and also prevents them from flattening out, as they would if they fell on a solid floor.

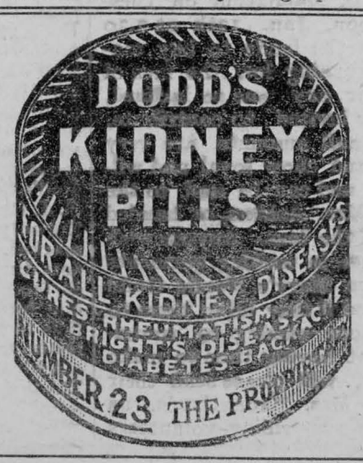
From the water the shot go to steam dryers. After drying the perfect shot are separated from the imperfect by means of glass tables inclined enough so that the shot, when poured on at one end of the table, will roll to the other end. At the farther end of the table are two gutters, side by side. The imperfect shot roll slowly and with difficulty, so that they have not enough momentum to carry them beyond the first gutter. The perfectly round shot roll easily and swiftly, and when they reach the foot of the table, they jump nimbly across the first gutter and land in the second.

After separation, the perfect shot are polished by rolling in plumbago, and workmen then put them in bags for shipment, or send them direct to the cartridge-filling department to be loaded into shells.

Any man can borrow trouble without bank references or security.

Some people are willing to take almost any old thing except a hint.

Sometimes a self-made man makes a noise like a phonograph.



Seeing Under Water.

It is undoubtedly true that, under certain conditions, it is possible from a good altitude to perceive objects at a certain depth below the surface, but this is mainly the case with calm, clear water, with a favorable light. In the choppy gray waters which abound round British coasts, a submarine would rarely be detected, more especially as the view from the pilot's and observer's seas is, in the majority of cases, most defective at the present time, and the fierce slip-stream from the propeller revolving in front, added to the high speed of travel, render the use of goggles imperative. But, in the opinion of a writer in the London Daily Telegraph, minor difficulties such as these may, and no doubt will, be overcome in time, and experience alone can show in how far the aeroplane will serve as a protection against submarines.

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

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

What I Know.

I know that this day will never come again. Therefore I will make it the best day in which I have ever lived. I know that happiness is a thing winthin, and it is always in the world and very near to me. I know I have but to search for it, and that as soon as I begin to hunt it out I have it. Also, I know that as soon as I get happiness and begin to give it away it comes back doubled—and more—to me. I know this. I know that work is a stimulus, and that it keeps the world alive and moving. I know that the people who work with love in their hearts and interest in their brains are the real doers and benefactors of mankind. I know that I can be a doer and a benefactor. I know that life is exactly what I make it. I know that other people and other forces can influence my life and work only as I follow it. I know that I am young if I live youth; I know that I am happy if I live happiness; I know that I am worth while if I attempt and accomplish worth-while things. I know that the greatest thing I can ever do is to do my best at all times and under every circumstance.—George Matthew Adams.

He Shall Not Want.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "our minister has decided to go to another pasturage."

MURDERED

Put right out of business, a whole family of corns by Putnam's Corn Extractor, which cures corns and warts in one day. No pain or sore if "Putnam's" is used. Refuse substitutes, 25c. per bottle at all dealers

Teacher—A train leaves London travelling thirty miles an hour. It is followed thirty minutes later by a train travelling sixty miles an hour. At what point will the second train run into the first? Boy—At the hind end of the rear car.

TAKE NOTICE

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD.

When Ethel was five years old she went to school for the first time. "How do you like your teacher, Ethel?" asked her mother. "Well, mamma, I don't think the teacher knows very much." "Why not, my dear?" "Why she keeps asking questions all the time?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The "Honeymoon."

A custom commonly observed by newly-married couples among the ancient Teutons was drinking a wine made from honey during the first thirty days after marriage. The use of the word "moon" was used simply to designate the period of time, one month, that the use of the wine continued. In no other respect was the moon supposed to have significance in the matter. Although the custom of drinking this particular kind of wine was long ago abandoned, the word honeymoon has survived in a different sense. It is now applied to the period after marriage, long or short, generally devoted to a trip away from home.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.



FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 90 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

Machinery For Sale

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

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

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

Pleasant.

Hostess—I want you to sing, Mr. Basso, but it's such a pleasant party I hate to break it up.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

At a crowded concert to hear Patti a young lady was looking for a seat. "Is it a seat you want, miss?" asked the Irish usher. "Yes, a seat, please." "Indade, miss," said Pat, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting — just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

"Charles says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me." "If that's the case you ought to make him call twice a day," came the reply.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

An Irishman, hearing of a friend who had a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "Faith, that's good. Sure, an' a stone coffin will last a man a lifetime."



WHAT IS *YOUR* MIRROR'S STORY?

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1880 CH

WANTED

Reliable, middle-aged woman for general house work. Good place—no family. Address Box 92 Leader Morrisburg.

TO RENT

Comfortable House on St. Lawrence St., Morrisburg. Water and light laid on. Good orchard.

ARTHUR BROWN.

45-tf.

FOR SALE

Beith Litter Carrier with 170 feet track. Bargain to quick purchaser.

P. M. BARKLEY,
Box 35 Williamsburg.
46-tf

POULTRY WANTED

We will pay the highest price for all kinds of live poultry. Drop a card to

AGULNIK & ADOFF,
Morrisburg.

49-tf

WANTED

A good general servant. Apply at Knox Church Manse.

51-2

FOR SALE

A good watch and chain. Apply to Mrs. Agnes VanAllen, Mariatown, or F. D. Stata, Morrisburg.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank all my friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during the illness and death of my husband.

MRS. JEREMIAH SHENNETT
Williamsburg.

CARD OF THANKS

I take this first opportunity of thanking the neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted me during my husband's death and at the funeral. I extend special thanks to Mr. A. Haggerty who gave his personal attention to my husband from the time of his death.

MRS. J. H. SYPES.

CARD OF THANKS

To the Electors of the Township of Williamsburg:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I wish to express my thanks to you for electing me as councillor for 1915 and to assure you that your confidence in me will be kept in mind throughout my term of office.

Yours respectfully,
EDGAR A. VANALLEN.

To the Electors of the Village of Morrisburg:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I wish to extend thanks to the friends who supported me in the recent contest for Reeve.

I also realize, and regret, that some who would otherwise have supported me were misled by false reports, particularly in reference to the meters.

Yours faithfully,
J. H. MEIKLE.

Morrisburg, Jan 6th, 1915.

CARD OF THANKS

To the Electors of the Village of Morrisburg:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I take this means of expressing my sincere thanks to those who supported and worked so arduously for me during the past election.

Although not elected, I consider I put up a strong fight for which I take but a small share of the credit placing it where it justly belongs—with my friends.

Yours faithfully,
M. J. CASSELMAN.

Morrisburg, Jan. 5, 1915.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Whitteker the Optician will be at
Wales, Jan. 19th
Aultsville, Jan. 20th
Morrisburg, Jan. 21st to 30th.

Mr. P. Barker of North Gower spent New Years with his family here.

* * *

Mrs. F. W. Sherman and Charlie Sherman left on Tuesday last for New York City.

* * *

Mrs. J. P. Morgan of Aultsville spent New Years with her mother, Mrs. Warren Henderson.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Cheley and baby of Ottawa spent the holidays with the former's parents.

* * *

Mr. Jas. H. Wells, Winnipeg, is on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wells, at Riverside.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Fetterly of Brockville are here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fetterly.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Hickey and child of Montreal were holiday visitors at the home of Mr. J. S. Hickey.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Serviss of Brockville spent New Years with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Lapierre.

* * *

FOR SALE—Horse Blankets and Buffalo Robe in good condition; will be sold very cheap. Apply to Dr. Chamberlain.

* * *

The children of St. Mary's Sunday School, through the kindness of Mr. E. J. Frenette, enjoyed a sleigh ride on Monday last.

* * *

Mrs. Darling and Mrs. Dickson of Montreal spent the holidays with their mother, Mrs. Wm. Kellogg and sister, Mrs. A. Moore.

* * *

Guests at Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Berkley's, Riverside, on Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Casselman and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Casselman.

* * *

Mr. Robert Henderson of the Kingston Standard, Mrs. Henderson, and Miss Corbett of Kingston spent the holidays with Mrs. Warren Henderson.

* * *

Owing to the illness of Mr. Elliott principal of the collegiate institute, Mr. J. S. Jamieson, former principal, has been engaged to relieve Mr. Elliott during his illness.

* * *

The annual meeting of the congregation of St. Paul's E. L. Church will be held Sunday evening after the regular service. Members of the congregation are requested to be present.

* * *

Mr. Garnet E. Lavis, who is attending the Agricultural College at Guelph spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Lavis, Riverside. We note with pleasure Garnet has passed his Christmas Exams. with honors.

* * *

The Curling Club met at the curling rink on Wednesday night and formed the following rinks: Rev C. O. Carson, F. Stewart, Ross Strike, J. Hilliard, skip: C. P. McMartin, Archie Wood, Alf. Clement, Rev. H. Cameron, skip: Leo Laurin, B. B. Tucker, S. P. Ryan, Dr. Gorrell, skip; L. Patterson, Dr. Meikle, F. S. Broder, Rev. A. J. H. Strike, skip. J. H. Meikle, F. H. Broder, J. Harback, F. R. Chalmers, skip; Lt. Drummond, A. T. Flynn, F. H. Meikle, H. Winstanley, skip.

* * *

The following item appeared in last Wednesday's edition of the Daily Standard, Kingston, in the Society Column: "A good cut of Mrs. Robert Henderson of this city appeared in the Sunday edition of the Buffalo, N.Y., News of Dec. 27th. Mrs. Henderson won the prize for the best short story in a recent competition. The story was entitled, 'The Boy Who Did Not Fail.'" Mrs. Henderson is the daughter-in-law of Mrs. W. L. Henderson of this village and is a popular short story writer.

* * *

An exceptionally fine program, varied to meet all tastes, including a song by Mr. J. P. Gormley entitled "Sister Susie Sewing Shirts for Soldiers", is being prepared for the Patriotic Concert in the Music Hall here Friday evening next. Not merely should our citizens keep the date open and attend, but others residing in the vicinity of Morrisburg appreciating the fact that the entire proceeds will be given over for the relief of the famine stricken inhabitants of plucky little Belgium, should be conspicious by their presence.

WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY REMEDY

"Fruit-a-tives" Have Proved Their Value In Thousands of Cases

WONDERFUL RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CURE

Only Remedy That Acts On All Three Of The Organs Responsible For The Formation Of Uric Acid In The Blood.

Many people do not realize that the Skin is one of the three great eliminators of waste matter from the body. As a matter of fact, the Skin rids the system of more Urea (or waste matter) than the Kidneys. When there is Kidney Trouble, Pain In The Back and Acrid Urine, it may not be the fault of the kidneys at all, but be due to faulty Skin Action, or Constipation of the bowels.

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

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

A number of the young people attended the dance at Iroquois on New Year's night.

* * *

Mr. T. M. Henry,, who for the last six years has been engaged as Mathematical teacher in the Collegiate Institute here, has accepted the principalship of the Iroquois High School. Miss L. S. Fair, B. A., of Toronto, specialist in Mathematics succeeds Mr. Henry here.

* * *

Friday evening next, January 15 is the date fixed for the Patriotic Concert in the Music Hall. As the entire proceeds of the concert will go to swell the Belgian fund, a most deserving object, we predict on this occasion the capacity of the house will be tested.

* * *

Rev. J. D. Richardson, M.A. of Cornwall will conduct both services in the Methodist Church next Sunday, Jan. 10th. It will be missionary Sunday. Contribution by envelope to this all-important fund. The members of this church gave $700 last year to the general fund of Missions and the W. M. Society contributed $541. Remember the date, next Sunday, January 10. Rev. Mr. Richardson will make his first appearance in the Methodist pulpit here next Sabbath. He is very popular in his own town, and will undoubtedly instruct, inspire and please the congregations here.

* * *

Charlie Pottaso, aged about forty years, was instantly killed while at work at the Toronto Paper Mill, Cornwall. He was an oiler in the mill, and at the time of the accident was engaged in oiling the shafting under a paper machine. No one was near him at the time. His body, which was in a terribly mutilated state, was found wound around the shafting and revolving with it. Both legs were broken. One bone of the body went through a window thirty feet away. Pottaso is survived by a wife and five small children, the youngest of whom is only two or three weeks old. He had been in the employ of the mill for eight years.

* * *

The sewing meetings and afternoon teas for Red Cross work are to be resumed and the first one for this year will be held at the home of Mrs. A. D. MacArthur on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 12th at 2.30 o'clock. As the funds to buy materials are running low the men of the town, or any one so inclined, are cordially invited to contribute. Large or small amounts are very acceptable and show loyal and willing hearts, and can be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Ashton, or handed in at any of the teas. Anyone wishing assistance in making garments for the Queen Mary's Needle Guild will be helped if they bring them to this tea. Those wishing to contribute and not having time to make the will please send their mate MacArthur's, as ther ing volunteers for

New Years Resolutions
"BUY ONLY THE BEST"



Made In Canada

Always Reliable

The above is a cut of the Well Known
WELLAND VALE LINE
of the best AXES made

FOR SALE BY
HUNTER & CASSELMAN
MORRISBURG, : : : ONT.

Telegram No. 7 to The Leader—Regarding reduced rate to clubs, boarding houses, cheap business course for Farmer's Sons, list of last year's graduates and where they are placed, civil service courses, stenography and business courses, new 1915 term, etc., you had better write Principal Rogers. — Brockville Business College.



MRS. FLORENCE H. McKEE, SOPRANO

Well and favorably known throughout the United States, will be heard at the Concert for the Belgian Sufferers under the auspices of the Dramatic Club.

MUSIC HALL, FRIDAY, JAN. 15

DILLABOUGH—LOUCKS

Wednesday evening, December 30, 1914, the marriage was solemnized in the Methodist Parsonage, Morrisburg, of Florence May Loucks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Loucks, Matilda, and Mr. James Wm. Dillabough of Morrisburg. Rev. A. J. H. Strike officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Dillabough purpose residing in Morrisburg.

Their friends extend heartiest congratulations.

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT

Notice is hereby given of the application to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario at the next ensuing session thereof, by the Eastern Ontario Electric Railway Company as incorporated by Cap. 134. 9. Ed. VII, and extended by 3 Geo. V. C. 130, for a special Act further extending the time for the commencement and completion of the Railway which the company is authorized to construct, and that the name of Louis R. Murdock of Boston, Mass., be substituted for Henry Hastings as Provisional Director.

GEO. E. SMITH,
For the Company.

Dated at Toronto Dec. 29, 1914.

49-6

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

DUNDAS AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the members of the Dundas Agricultural Society will be held in the Town Hall, Morrisburg, on Tuesday, Jan. 19th 1915, at one o'clock p.m. for the election of officers and the transaction of other business.

W. K. FARLINGER,
President.
CHAS. W. MARSH,
Secretary.

Surprise Store

A Few Quotations

Ready-made Suits from.....$6.00 to $9.00

Men's Heavy Cloth Pants....$1.50 to $3.00

Men's Heavy Flannel Shirts.....60c to $1.25

Men's Woolen Socks regular 35c for.....25c

Men's Smocks regular $1.00 for.....90c

A full line of Sweater Coats at a reduction

Brooms 4 for $1.00

Also a full line of Patent Medicines at half price. All other articles at reduced prices.

Casselman & Prunner
Morrisburg, - - Ont.

Fire! Fire!

Owners of buildings and content will do well to remember that Fire is liable to destroy their property when they least expect a visit from this destructive fiend. They will, therefore consult their own best interests by insuring with the undersigned in the Royal and other good solid British companies.

Remember that CHEAP Insurance often proves to be very DEAR when losses occur.

All HONEST claims promptly and liberally settled.

A. F. MERKLEY,
Local Agent, Morrisburg
D. MONROE, Cornwall,
District Inspector and Adjuster.

WANTED

A Reliable Man to sell
Hardy Canadian Grown Stock
—IN—
MORRISBURG AND DUNDAS COUNTY

Start now at the best Selling Time. Send for list of SPRING OFFERINGS, and terms to agents.

Liberal Commissions. Handsome free outfit.

Stone & Wellington
The Fonthill Nurseries
(ESTABLISHED 1837)
TORONTO

A Strong Eye

is so valuable a possession that it should be far more highly appreciated and taken care of than it is.

Don't Strain the Eyes

You may lay up for yourself years of eye-trouble by so doing.

We can relieve your eye-strain with prouer glasses and help preserve your eye-sight.

Make the appointment today for an examination.

The WHITTEKER OPTICAL PARLOR
A. A. WHITTEKER J. M. WHITTEKER



YOUR FEET

Should be kept warm and dry, and now is the time when you require good foot wear to make this sure.

We have just the thing in
BOOTS SHOES RUBBERS
OVERSHOES
FELT SHOES and MOCCASSINS
for men and women

We also carry a large line of Caps, Mitts, Gloves and Underwear.

Our many satisfied customers are proof of our footwear quality and price.

MULLIN BROS.
MORRISBURG

Portland Cement

We are handling one of the Canadian Cement Company's

BEST BRAND

Delivered in any quantity

We have a carload of
British Columbia Red Cedar Shingles
and a small quantity of
Featheredge Siding

COAL

If you have not ordered your Coal why not come and see us and get the best on the market.

GUARANTEED BY
BAKER & SNYDER

300 Gold Fish

To Be Given Away

FREE

WITH

Rexall Goods

Watch This Advertisement Next Week

D. T. HENDERSON
The Rexall Store
MORRISBURG, - - ONT.