THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD.

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VOL. 20. ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, OCTOBER 21, 1915. NO. 3

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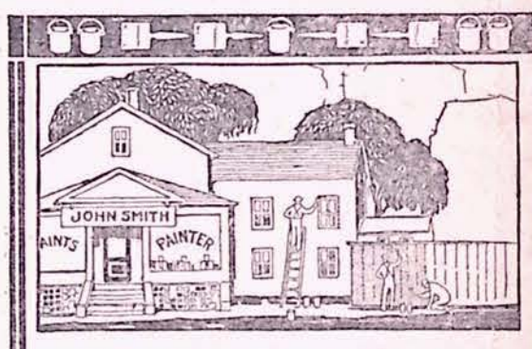
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9 08	Judique	5 00
8 55	Mary'ville	5 13
8 40	Port Hood	5 33
8 20	Glencoe	5 46
7 50	Mabou	6 11
7 40	Glenville	6 23
7 25	Black River	6 43
7 12	Strathlorne	6 55
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Letters and repairing to be done may be sent to the above address.

THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD
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One of the best Advertising Mediums.
RATES MODERATE.

Arichat, October 21, 1915.

The Allies' Superiority.

The encouraging thing in connection with the fighting of the past few months on the western front is not that the allies have made great gains, but that the Germans have been found utterly unable to retake ground captured by the British and the French. At no point on the line of the allies' advance have the Teutons succeeded in recapturing and holding the positions they had lost. There is plain indication here that the allied forces are proving their superiority—not sufficient superiority as yet to smash the German lines completely and throw the devils out of France and Belgium, but a superiority which suggests the coming of that great triumph.

The most recent demonstration of the allies' superior strength is seen in the success attained by the glorious French troops in their movement against Chaulnes. That movement has not yet been carried through, but the town has been virtually encircled on three sides and is being "pocketed" much as Combles was "pocketed". But wherein is the importance of Chaulnes?

The town lies south of the River Somme and is described by military writers as "a point of great importance". Its importance is found in the fact that it dominates all the high ground between the river and the French lines to the south for ten miles or more and the force which holds it has control of a considerable section of a main line of railway and of three highways. Over this railway and the highways the Germans have been able to transport great quantities of supplies. With Chaulnes in French hands these channels of transport would be closed to the Huns and the operation of their supply system rendered much more difficult and much more costly in men.

The fierceness of the allies' attack, as one writer points out, is compelling the enemy to keep huge bodies of troops continually manning the trenches. If the supplying of food to these troops is interrupted, their efficiency is lessened; if the allies by holding Chaulnes or any other important position are able to hamper or check the flow of German munitions supplies the strength of German resistance is weakened. It is not that the positions the allies have been taking have been great fortresses—though many of them have been most strongly fortified—that explains the importance of the gains, but the fact that every advance throws part of the German machine out of gear. The process is slow, the "nibbling" process announced by General Joffre some months ago, but it is sure.

OLDER BUT STRONGER

To be healthy at seventy, prepare at forty, is sound advice, because in the strength of middle life we too often forget that neglected colds, or careless treatment of slight aches and pains, simply undermine strength and bring chronic weakness for later years.

To be stronger when older, keep your blood pure and rich and active with the strength-building and blood-nourishing properties of Scott's Emulsion which is a food, a tonic and a medicine to keep your blood rich, alleviate rheumatism and avoid sickness. At any drug store.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

The "Slackers."

Life's greatest mystery in Canada today, is this: How can some male creatures, who have eyes to see and ears to hear, dawdle along on the even tenor of their way, deaf to the call of manhood and Empire, while they see on our streets in various parts of Canada maimed soldiers, back from the battlefields, where thousands of brave men have laid down their lives in the cause of Christianity and civilization.

Walking along the streets of every city and town in Canada today, the "slacker" sees women in mourning, flags flying at half-mast, in honor of some brave fellows who had heard and steadfastly followed the beckoning call of honor and civilization.

In every Canadian paper he glances at, the "slacker" reads of gallant deeds done by Canadian soldiers; masters of prose relate, in glowing words, how dauntless lads who sailed from Canada laughed as they went "over the parapet" in the face of death, determined that the fair fame of this Dominion should not suffer through any act of theirs. When shall their glory fade?

Every day, in the long casualty lists, the "slacker" can see names of lads he went to school or college with. Is it possible that there is so little manliness in his make-up that he can remember some Damon of his youth, and not feel a pang of regret and thrill of pride in the passing from life and glorious deeds of the great souls with whom he had taken part in boyhood sports and "climbed the same apple tree?" They passed up the joys of this world for a great principle; can he afford to "yellow dog it," in the expressive phraseology of today, while wounded men in khaki point the finger of scorn at him and the spirits of the great [illegible] him on?

The great prize of principle or the beggarly pittance of personal preferment, he must choose one. Which will it be? There is only one choice for [illegible] man who has so far dodged the recruiting officer. He cannot conscientiously blind his eyes to the great light which has shone like a star on the foreheads of other men, who had the same boyhood, the same aspirations, the same rights and the same opportunities as himself. The word duty has the same meaning to all eligible men in Canada today.

Canada has been pledged to provide half a million men for the service of the Empire. Recruiting has of late fallen off to nearly zero, and still approximately 140,000 men are lacking. The casualty lists show the "wastage" now going on, who are going to take the places of the greathearts killed and wounded? No MAN can hide behind the excuse that his family, his craft or his profession has done its "share". His duty lies like an open book before him. How can he blind his eyes to that fact?

How can eligible men in Canada today resist the call of example set by friends of their boyhood? How can they look bereaved mothers and "war widows" in the face? How can they expect anything but contempt from honest men? Can they find life worth living under such conditions?

KEMPT ROAD LETTER.

Editor Richmond Co. Record:

DEAR SIR.—Fall is with us again and we are experiencing weather conditions seldom excelled for this season of the year, and if the farmer does not wear a pleasant smile, surely, indeed, he must be hard to satisfy with crops good and harvested in prime condition.

To George McDonald the people of Kempt Road are indebted for having their grain threshed to their highest satisfaction, and in record time. No matter how the straw came George was always master of the situation, and his patrons here are loud and long in their praise of himself and his mill. George is a sociable, enterprising fellow, who is neither given to boasting nor vain babbling.

Now, Mr. Editor, we have seen and read of variations in style of women's hats, dresses, etc., and of gent's apparel as well as in various commodities of life, but to associate any of these things with a hay stack is something new to people of our settlement, and to a resident of Grand Anse, Kempt Road must give credit for the fashion just introduced in our midst.

Even though opposed to the Murray government, the writer is pleased to record a feeble effort being made by it to better road conditions in our settlement.

School has re-opened, being under the direction of Miss Margaret McLeod, a young lady of the section just entering pedagogical duties. We wish her success.

In the passing away of Alex. A. McDonald, we have lost a citizen whose motto in life seems to have been "Toil on," of whom, it must be said, "He hath done what he could". The deceased had been ailing since last winter, when he sustained an injury from which he never recovered. He leaves a widow and two daughters to mourn his loss, to whom the writer extends his sympathy in their affliction.

RUDDY.

Watch for Geo. J. Andrew's new ad. next week.

La Grippe

Pneumonia and Colds exhaust in the short period of their course more of the nerve tissues of the body than weeks of hard work. After them take

Asaya-Neurall

THE NEW REMEDY FOR Nervous Exhaustion

which contains Lecithin (concentrated from eggs), the form of phosphates required for nerve repair.

Free sample having containing treatment for one week (enough to prove its worth in most cases), and book explaining formula, mail upon request to Asaya Laboratory Co., Montreal.

Uses for Sheathing.

Have you ever thought how many uses you can find for matched lumber around your barn? Doors, partitions, grain bins and a host of other uses will suggest themselves to you at once.

Write for particulars to

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ANTIGONISH, N. S.

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SCREENED, RUN-of-MINE PEA and SLACK.

Unexcelled for Steam and Domestic purposes.

SHIPPING PIER AT PORT HASHINGS, C. B.

HIS DAY

Wilson's married daughter said of the communication that it was most likely a practical joke. Alternatively she hinted that the firm had but to glance at her grey-haired father and instantly he would be sent home to spend the day as usual in the park if fine, and if wet in the free library.

"But," she added, with candor, "so long as you're away from the house, dad, and out of my sight excepting at meal times, I don't very much care what happens. If they tick you off, mind you're back here by 1 o'clock sharp. Don't bother about kissing the children."

Wilson, generally obedient to commands, insisted upon giving farewells, and the youngest—sometimes his companion on journeys with himself as coachman and the infant toiling in the pushcart—the youngest was persuaded, after some trouble, to say, "Good luck!"

The early tramway car was moving, but he hopped on neatly, and the girl conductor, whose help he had declined, gave a brief lecture on risks endured by the mature who were either careless or daring. The subject of ages was discussed by passengers on the way, and everybody guessed everybody's age; one man, with his own idea of amicable discussion, flatly contradicted each statement made and suggested that that truth and his companions had never been made formally acquainted. "At any rate," he challenged, turning, after he had quarrelled with the rest, to Wilson, "I'll take my oath you won't see your 60th birthday again." The only reply was a non-committal wink.

The girl conductor watched him so narrowly as he prepared to alight in New Kent road that he did not venture to give another exhibition of agility by jumping off before the tramway car came to a stop. A few minutes' walk took him to the gates, once familiar to him, of a cartage contractor's establishment: some lads who had arrived in good time hailed him as Mr. Noah and asked whether he had been caught in the wet recently. Under the leadership of a bright youth they were enjoying sport when senior hands strolled up, with bags and blue tea cans, and these addressed the butt with a respect that put an end to joyous chaff.

"Mr. Wilson, I believe," said one. "Heard they'd called some of the superannuated ones, owing to so many of our men joining, and I had a sort of a kind of idea that you'd be among 'em. You see," argumentatively, "I put it to myself like this: Never having been asked to subscribe threepence towards a wreath, I concluded you must be still alive."

"You weren't far out."

"I seldom am. And what sort of a job do you think they're going to give you?"

"That's what I've been wondering."

"Some odd work about the yard," suggested the man, genially, as the gates were opened by the timekeeper, "that don't require much muscle and makes no demands upon brains."

Wilson, after a brisk two-minutes' interview with the foreman, discovered himself to his great content attending to the harnessing of a horse, loading a van, and giving directions to the bright boy who was to be his colleague, and now endeavored to explain that his earlier deportment had been prompted by the other lads. "I've always tried," pleaded the boy, "to keep on friendly terms with my mate, and it's hard lines on me that I should have made such an unfortunate start at the outset." He was told that bygones might be considered bygones. Other cartmen came to give advice concerning the round to be undertaken and to offer hints; discovering that the new hand was on a task which he had carried out for close upon 40 years, they apologized and retired. Wilson had a confidential talk with the horse before stepping up to the driver's seat, and the horse nodded to intimate that he would do his share in the day's work.

It was a proud man who drove out of the gates, and it was an anxious man who, a few minutes later, found himself in the stress of traffic in the main road. He drove cautiously, and when tramway cars rang at him and whistled at him he drew off the lines without delay; this to the open disgust of the boy who found himself robbed of one of the pleasures and rights of van-lads. The junction at the Elephant presented difficulties: earlier days; motor omnibuses at every corner, criss-cross streams of vehicles perplexing to the eye and disturbing to the nerves, pedestrians dashing about; fortunately there were policemen to control and give signals. In Blackfriars road the perils were less.

"Bless my soul!" cried a warehouse man at the first delivery, "if it isn't my aged and highly respected chum Wilson come to life again! You won't believe it, but it was only the day before yesterday I was thinking about you. A clumsy lout of a carman put down a big case here that was intended for a pace on the city side of the river and I says to myself, 'Now the venerabe Wilson'—excuse me calling you so, won't you?"

"That's all right. 'Tisn't the first time I've been referred to by that title."

"'The venerable Wilson,' I says 'would never have committed such a catastrophe like that. In all the long years I knew him,' I goes on to myself, 'I don't say that I ever knowed him make a real and genuine bloomer!' And I wish," continued the warehouse man earnestly, "that I could prove that what I am telling you now is gospel truth, because I am aware there's lots of people who place no faith in coincidences. It happened like this. A clumsy lout of a carman—"

At the end of the repetition Wilson assured the other that the occurrence was in no way incredible and gave particulars of many dreams of the past wherein he received letters from his firm begging him to return and give assistance. The van-boy whistled a line of We won't go home till morning, and the friendly chat came to an end as going across the bridge the lad spoke of the attractions of a sailor's life and declared that if he were offered the job of an admiral he would take it like a shot. Wilson approved of some of the details of the project, but suggested it was a mistake to be saying X, Y, Z until you had first learned A, B, C. He could remember the time when he cherished ambitions that had come to nothing.

In the city the van's journey took something of the air of a triumphal progress that required only the music of Pomp and Circumstance. Acquaintances recognized here, alterations identified there, inquiries made and particulars obtained concerning old Barclay and old Richardson and old up that had formerly been patronized for the midday meal now called itself a high-class restaurant, but the boy was in a position to act as guide to another establishment of a less haughty and exclusive type.

"Enjoyed your meal?" asked the waitress, in taking the money.

"Miss," he answered frankly, "I ain't relished anything so much for years."

"Terrible war this that's going on," [illegible] the young woman. "Don't [illegible]"

[illegible] its compensations.' [illegible] say!" she [illegible] them [illegible]

had slept well and had gone off again to his work happy as a sandboy.

"The one drawback is," she lamented, "that he seems rather more independent in his manner than what he used to be. I suppose the fact that he can pay now for his board and lodging may have something to do with it. And I foresee the time when, as the saying goes, it'll cost half a crown to speak to him!"—Pearson's Weekly.

SLUMS AND SOCIETY.

Some Amusing Reminiscences of Rev. James Adderley.

Canon, actor, journalist, author, socialist, labor agitator, slumworker, society mentor, and a man who has distinguished himself in a dozen-and-one other ways, it is scarcely surprising that the varied experience of the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley, new vicar of St. Gabriel's, Birmingham, and honorary canon of the Midland city, should be vastly entertaining and amusing.

Some of the best stories told by the canon in his reminiscences, "In Slums and Society" (Fisher Unwin), concern famous preachers he has met. Incidentally he confesses that he got to know Dr. King, who became Bishop of Lincoln, very intimately through singing comic songs to him after dinner. "He (Dr. King) forgave me many things in after years because of those songs," the canon frankly confesses.

Very amusing is his story of Dr. Temple, the gruff, outspoken Archbishop of Canterbury. "He had been holding a confirmation and had missed his train home," says the canon. "The vicar, foreseeing that this meant the Bishop's presence at Evensong, asked him to preach. He refused. Then, to be prepared against all criticism, the vicar said:

"'I would like to inform your lordship that I used to preach written sermons, but I have lately registered a vow never to preach except extempore. I find it so much better.' Grunt from the Bishop.

"The sermon came and went. Steps were heard tramping up the aisle to the sacristy. Then the Bishop, before all the choir and sidesmen, raised his hand over the vicar and said, 'I hereby absolve you from your vow!'"

Father Benson, whose weakness was long sermons, also figures in an amusing story. "Once, after he had finished a fifty minutes' oration, he went up to the Holy Table to give the Blessing, when he suddenly remembered that there was a notice he had been asked to give out. He proceeded to do so. 'Bless me if he ain't busted out again!' said the verger."

Local clergy, sextons, and bridegrooms figure in many of Canon Adderley's stories. He relates the story of a bridegraam who, on being asked, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" replied, "I renounce them all." "If you go on like that," said the clergyman, "I shall turn you out." "That is my desire," promptly replied the bridegroom.

Then there was the bride who, on being remonstrated with for having brought her young man to the wedding in a state of intoxication, said, "He won't come at all when he's sober"; and to the story of a clergyman who announced that the preachers for Lent would be found "hanging in the porch" might be added that of the announcement from one pulpit that "the collection to-day will be to get rid of the dry rot in the pulpit."

Another parson arriving at a church on a very wet night remarked that he was soaked through. He was encouraged by his friend saying "Never mind, you will be dry enough in the pulpit!"

MOTION OF CLOUDS.

Its Study Made Comprehensive by Use of Nephoscope.

While clouds have been observed and their motions studied scientifically for a long time, it is only within very recent times that suitable instruments have been devised to render that study more comprehensive. One of the most interesting of these instruments for the study of the motions of clouds is the Besson nephoscope. It consists simply of an inverted harrow or comb fixed horizontally at the end of a vertical rod which is mounted in bearings carried by an upright post, so that the rod may be rotated.

Near the bottom of the bar is a cross-piece, to the ends of which two strings pass to the hands of the observer, while underneath is a circle graduated with the points of the compass.

The method of observation is to select the cloud to be observed, stand on the side of the post opposite the cloud, and with the strings rotate the upright rod, and therefore the comb, until the cloud appears to pass along the points of the comb. It is necessary to approach or recede from the pole until this appears to take place. Then, standing still the observer notes the time the cloud consumes to move from one point to the next. Finally, there is noted the orientation of the comb by means of the graduated circle at the bottom of the rod. This gives at once the direction of motion of the clouds, while the apparent velocity of the clouds, while the apparent velocity of the cloud along the comb is a measuring of the rate at which the cloud is moving, expressed in terms of the height of the cloud. For instance, if two clouds at heights of 3,000 feet and 6,000 feet appear to be moving at the same rate along the comb, then the latter is actually moving twice as fast as the former.

The height of a cloud is not so easily determined. Usually two observers, each provided with a theodolite, are required, but sometimes one theodolite can be made to suffice. This instrument has its telescope removed and two parallel plates of glass arranged in place of the telescope. Then two images of the cloud—one formed by reflection in the glass, the other by reflection in a small sheet of water lying on the ground below, are made to coincide by rotating the plates of glass. The position of the plates so determined is read off on the graduated circle shown near the observer's hand. The height can then be computed mathematically.

As a result of these observations, it is found that, in general, if one stands with his back to the wind, low clouds move in about the same direction as the surface air, while the higher clouds travel nearly in the same direction, but have a motion from left to right, which becomes more pronounced as the height increases. High clouds usually travel much more quickly than low ones, although apparently they do not.

The highest clouds rarely exceed a height of six miles.

Clever Amateurs.

Dozens of old graduates were back and they talked a lot about themselves and a lot more about others not so fortunate as to attend.

"Most of our old crowd are married and happy," said one.

"Married, anyhow," said another, with the grin that always accompanies this silly joke.

"I accept the amendment," returned the first speaker, "but chiefly on account of poor Billy Tompkins. He had an unfortunate martial experience."

We hadn't heard of it and begged for particulars.

"Why, the girl he married turned out to [illegible] professional pickpocket."

[illegible] who had first spoken [illegible] eye twinkled [illegible] observed, "I guess the [illegible] pretty clever amateurs [illegible]"



Quaint effects are produced by the use of velvet and moire ribbon in various widths. Particularly is this so in this chocolate-colored taffeta suit, trimmed with brown velvet ribbon, which is in half-inch width, stitched in tape effect on the sleeves, body and belt of the coat and on the hem of the skirt.

THE GLORIOUS ROAD TO YPRES

(London Daily Mail.)

There are roads and roads. There is the great Roman road known as Watling street, down which the legions marched in changing station over 1,500 years ago. There is the great way along which Saint Paul came when he went to the City to teach it Christianity. There is the road Moore's unconquerable little army trod when it staggered to Corunna.

But greatest of all is the road from Poperinghe to Ypres, a vein through which the best of Britain's blood goes flowing, and will go on flowing, for some time yet to come. It is the road to the greatest glory of our army, old and young. It is the road to the field of honor—aye, and the valley of death.

It is a broad white road, running as straight as a sword into the city of devastation at the end. It is typical of the highways of Flanders. With a wide strip of cobblestone pavement in the centre, flanked by soft earth on either side, it lies under an avenue of trees. Of all the roads in the country it is perhaps the widest.

The latter fact, coupled with a glance at a map, will show the reader its great strategical importance. In the first place, it is the shortest as well as the best road which leads to Ypres. That it should be alive with the soul of the British expeditionary force is, therefore, not surprising. Since the first khaki column appeared upon it long ago, when the "Contemptible" troops hurried to turn the flank of the retreating Teutons, it has been used by those troops. And it will be used until the next retreat begins and even after.

Along this road from Poperinghe to Ypres the first weary, dirty, but indomitable, remnants of French's command came hurrying after the Prussians. When they temporarily reeled under the furious counter stroke of the enemy, the edge of their recoiling tide just lapped the road before they gathered themselves together again to hurl themselves with renewed and wonderful vigor on the Germans.

When the Canadians came to Ypres a few days before they closed the gates to Calais last year, it was on this road they marched. In those days Ypres was not a wreck, and the highway which led to it was not continually under fire as it is now. All the trees were upright then. On that late April afternoon they dappled the white centre of the road with shadows and the sun, filtering through their leaves, flashed in flame on the maple leaf each man wore. Since that afternoon many more Canadians have marched their last march along the road from Poperinghe to Ypres.

A short time after the battle gas cloud had rolled over the French trenches the road was crowded with victims. Mixed throngs of Zouaves, Algerians and Europeans, maddened with agony, reeled and stumbled into the village of Vlamertinghe, which stands west of Ypres on the Poperinghe road. They fell and died by the wayside, the prey of German infamy, and for days afterwards their twisted bodies lay on either side necessarily unheeded by the crowds of British troops hastening into the salient. They have been taken away and buried since. But here and there among the crosses that are scattered along the road nameless graves are theirs.

At the present time the varied pageant of war still streams along the straight white way. Here a platoon pack and rifle, and wearing the steel wings down, the men, loaded with helmets, which mean a tour of the trenches, singing a cherry song. There is a battery of field guns, grey and clean-cut, with sturdy teams and rumbling wheels.

Then a train of big drab motor-omnibuses comes by, headed westward, which means heavenward to the weary passengers they bear. Once these omnibusses, gay with red and blue, carried crowds of Londoners to town. To-day they are on more serious business. They are taking the infantry back to a short rest in billets after a week in the trenches.

Occasionally a motor-ambulance convoy speeds up or down the road. They are very businesslike, these ambulances. Everything is businesslike in this business of war. Grey and smart, each with its scarlet cross—the sign of sacrifice—painted on its sides, they are vehicles of efficiency. Night and day they ply along this path leading into the broken city. They bring their burdens of the maimed and dying out of hell—and they are very busy.

Such is the traffic that comes and goes upon this road. During the hours of darkness the traffic is not so great. Sometimes the road is deserted. It is then that the mystery and the awfulness of it are most apparent.

Far ahead, as one looks to the east, the light of flares fills the sky with an uncertain glow and dies and comes again all night long. It seems to beckon forward. With every flare a soul rises up to the God who made it. Ypres, like a lonely ghost, stands delicately traced in misty shadows upon the darkness far down the great road. Every night the crackle of the rifle fire comes stealing softly from the valley.

On either side the trees rise up, swaying in the wind which rustles their leaves. They are like the spirits of the dead guarding the road which is sacred to their memory. Now and then a shell, thrown into the entrance of the distant town, fills the air with a blob of flashing light and a shower of screeching shrapnel, followed by a heavy, vicious crash. Shells have been bursting in the town itself and over the road ever since the first projectile dropped into the Grande place.

In spite of the horrors with which it is associated, the road from Poperinghe to Ypres is a splendid road which has looked on mighty men and things, and will be sweet with their memories long after the guns are silent. Our army has made it the most glorious road in history. It is an avenue of pride. It has been followed by those marching to fight the most terrific battles of British history.

It has borne upon it the powers of heaven setting out to meet the armies of the devil. It has been the last track trodden by some of our bravest and noblest sons. Along its course came England to keep her plighted word with Belgium. And it has seen the valor of our time pass on to combat, youth ablaze in its eyes, laughing, singing and unafraid.

PALE, WEAK GIRLS

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

Healthy girlhood is the only path to healthy womanhood. The passing from girlhood to womanhood lays a new tax upon the blood. It is the overtaxing of the blood that makes growing girls suffer from headaches and backaches, from paleness and weakness and weariness, from languor, despondency and constant ill health. Unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood and a life of misery. Nothing but the blood-building qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can save a girl when she undertakes the trials and tasks of womanhood. That is the time when nature makes new demands upon the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood to meet these new demands. In this simple, scientific way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give growing girls new health, and makes their dawning womanhood bright and attractive. Miss A. Sternberg, Haileybury road, New Liskeard, Ont., says: "I have much reason to be grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they restored me to health, if, indeed, they did not save my life. In 1914 I began to feel run down, and the doctor who was called in said that mine was a bad case of anaemia. I lost flesh, always felt tired, and I got so nervous that I could scarcely hold a cup to take a drink. My heart would flutter alarmingly. The doctor did not seem to be able to help me at all, and my family and friends all thought that I was in a decline and could not recover. I was in bed for some weeks when my aunt came to see me and urged that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. father got a supply, and by the time I had taken three boxes there was a noticeable improvement, and from that on I steadily progressed toward recovery. I continued using the pills for some time longer, and they restored me to my old-time health and strength. I shall never cease to praise this medicine and to urge all weak, run-down girls to give it a fair trial, as I have proved in my own case their great merit."

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

CHASING SUBS. MERRY SPORT

Generally speaking, official names are frigidly unimaginative conceptions. Only those who know the navy from stem to stern can tell from its title what special duty any particular unit of our fleet is entrusted with.

Jack holds in small esteem this sonorous indefiniteness in nomenclature and corrects its shortcomings by giving to various bits of seapower the designations which he deems most befitting them. And he has an infallible knack of making the label describe the contents of the can. There is no ambiguity about the names he devises. They are piquant and appropriate, conveying what a thing does as well as what it is. For example, the craft employed in seeking out enemy submarines are known among bluejackets as the hunting dogs.

This is both terse and explanatory, since hunting is their job and they do it in pack-like fashion. One of their catches now lies alongside Temple pier, whither all London is craning its neck to get a look at it; although, as compared with what might have been done, the putting of this particular exhibit on view is somewhat like taking your country cousin to Saint Dunstan's when you might have shown her Saint Paul's.

However, there it lies ringing in the nimble sixpences, while the hunting dogs continue their quest for more game of similar kind. Now a word as to the dogs themselves. One finds in the packs quite a motley collection of breeds. There are heavy lurchers which beat over the ground with untiring persistency; pugnacious little terriers which nose around the holes and when they have found call up the bigger dogs to the killing; also greyhounds, keen of eye and swift of movement, which pounce with deadly spring upon any quarry that may show itself in the open. But whatever the breed, all work hard, and it is no secret that their hunting has been remarkably successful.

Very little had been heard about their doings, but all the same, every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom lies under a great debt of obligation to these toilers on the deep, who have done as much towards keeping our tables well laden as any part of the fleet, and in some ways, perhaps, more. As to the work of submarine hunting, one cannot gain much idea of its exigencies from the little sop that is being given to the curiosity of London.

It is really one of the most strenuously exciting bypaths of sea warfare. Those who tread it are encompassed by dangers; they have to take many chances, and if there be anything glorious about uncertainty, theirs is the glorious life in all its fulness. Never do they know what they are going to bump into nor in what guise disaster will rise from the depths and smite them. It may take the form of a mine or of a torpedo fired from one of the boats they are tracking down. Whichever it be, the result is the same; their own vessel gets reduced to a bundle of splinters. All these risks are cheerfully accepted, as they add relish to the hunt by endowing the quiet preliminary of beating up the game with a sporting zest that keeps the blood astir.

Submarines are elusive things. Rousting one out from a stretch of open water somewhat resembles searching for a needle in a hayrick. There is always the chance that one may find the needle by sitting down upon it unexpectedly, and the submarine may be discovered with similarly unpleasant abruptness. When this happens there follows a breezy time for the finder. Underwater craft are stalked in strange ways and with methodical persistency. Those who go out after them have much skill in the use of snare and gun, and work the dogs which they unleash with the thoroughness of a poacher overhauling a handy covert. No need to reach for your blue pencil, Mr. Censor. No indiscreet revelations are coming. All the same one cannot expect the people who are flocking around U C-5 to believe that submarines are taken in a hair spring or coaxed into captivity with lumps of sugar.

When tracking down U-boats the hunting dogs work perspicaciously. Anyone unfamiliar with their methods, who watched them beating over a patch of grey and apparently empty sea, might think they were nosing about rather aimlessly, when the truth would be that they were hot upon the scent. This much can be said for them: once they did pick up a scent they seldom fail to kill, and they kill more often than they capture, as one would expect from the nature of their hunting. Perhaps one may be permitted also to say that they do not do much aimless wandering, and that once an enemy submarine puts fairly to sea it has very small chance of getting back to its harbor again.

In this connection it should be remembered that a dog cannot snap at a rat until the rat has come out of its hole. Quaint tales are accumulating against the time when the full story of the anti-U-boat campaign may be told. When it is, we shall hear of submarines that fought submarines, albeit not altogether designedly, of others which bobbed up confidently expecting only an easy victim, and found themselves gripped in jaws that crushed them relentlessly to death. Also, there will be tales of unwary boats which came unwisely and unwittingly to the surface in the midst of British squadrons, and thereafter only heaven was left to help them. You must know that the submarine occasionally behaves like a mole-blind creature and blunders into places it were better to have kept out of it, and thereupon suffers the usual fate of those who leap before they look.

Betimes the submarine hunters go fishing. One that was indulging in this sport "hooked a big 'un"—so much so that instead of the angler hauling in the fish, the fish ran off with the angler. The fisher did not worry over it, but astutely guided the fish into a convenient bay, where it was successfully "landed." More than one queer game of hide-and-seek has been played by U-boats and their pursuers around the hull of an apparently neutral vessel—usually with results that were bad for the submarine.

Sometimes submarines have hung about a particular place for so long that they came to be regarded as quite an institution. "Fritz" and "Karl" were the names given by our bluejackets to a couple which haunted a locality "somewhere in the sea" with great persistency. They did no harm to anybody and afforded much sport to the "dogs," and so in time came to be regarded with a certain amused tolerance. Finally both "Fritz" and "Karl" fell victims.

"Somewhere Else in the Sea" there was another U-boat which our bluejackets recognized for an old friend and christened "Von Tirpitz." This one ended as mackerel do. If you are a dull person and cannot understand why our sailors laugh at enemy submarines and bestow nicknames upon them, let me point out that it is because of that priceless gift of dry, grim humor which enables Jack to keep working incessantly at the most trying tasks without losing his nerve, his temper, and his abundant confidence in the ability of the British navy to beat the German at any trick he may try.—London Daily Mail.

Fatigue from Poisoned Blood



Sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels leave impurities in the blood which render it poisonous. Poisoned blood is the cause of tired, languid feelings, as well as of headache, backache and bodily pains and aches.

By awakening the action of these filtering and excretory organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills thoroughly cleanse the system, purify the blood and cure such ailments as indigestion, biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation. 25 cts.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

HE GOT HIS MEN.

(New York Sun.)

Three years ago two missionaries were killed in northern Canada near the Arctic Circle. From somewhere in that far north country a report reached Ottawa that the murderers had been caught and were being brought out for trial.

News of crime travels slowly in that wild, barren winter land; but when, several weeks after the death of the missionaries, the meagre details reached one of the stations of the northwestern mounted police patrol, an inspector was sent to find the murderers. There is a tradition among the men of this force that assigned to such a mission you either get your men or you do not come back.

The inspector finally traced the crime to a tribe of Eskimos which had an evil reputation in the north. Some of the members were being hunted for the murder in 1912 of Harry Vincent Radford, the American explorer, and his companion, George Street, a Canadian. Peaceful Eskimos living along the coast warned the inspector and his assistants that an attempt to go inland would mean death. They told of the murder by this tribe of two prospectors whom they had mistaken for police. There would be almost a thousand of the tribe sworn to resist the arrest of any one of their number against the three or four men that the inspector could muster. Tegalue, the guide of Radford and Street, could not be persuaded to return to the land of the murderers, and no members of any neighboring tribe could be induced to undertake such a hazardous journey.

The story of those three years of search in the Arctic cold, of trailing by dog sledges and snowshoes, battling a way through storms, across barren blizzard swept wastes and among a murderous, hostile people, if ever told, would be an absorbingly interesting narrative of adventure. Three years is a long time for such a continuous struggle against obstacles; no weakling could finally have brought out his men.

Sore Corns Go!

Absolutely Painless

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

Good Guess.

A musical director tells a story of young women at a reception given Mme. Schumann-Heik. The young woman was an enthusiastic admirer of the songstress, and she had often expressed to the hostess her intense desire to meet the celebrity. When, however, her turn came to be introduced to the famous woman she was [illegible] that she lost her self-[possess]ion completely.

Blushing deeply and twisting about the rings on her fingers, she managed to emit, "You—er—er—you sing, I believe."—Everybody's.

Bored for His Title.

There is a popular belief that titles often fall to the importunate. It was an old colonial official official who, when asked why a certain individual had received a K. C. M. G., pointed to a hole in the carpet in front of his desk. "Do you see that?" said he, "X. [illegible] that hole when representing to [illegible] to be knighted. Mat[ters fin]ally reached such a pitch [illegible] that we must either give [him the t]itle or buy a new carpet. [We g]ave him the K. C. M. G."



This dainty gold-colored affair of georgette crepe, with its broad La Jerz bands, is nothing more or less than a sport frock, in spite of the material it contains.

Pale-Cheeked Girls Tired-Out Women Quickly Built Up

WONDERFUL RECORD MADE BY NEW BLOOD-FOOD REMEDY.

Certain Results Guaranteed.

Pale people have pale blood.

In other words, the blood is watery and lacks red corpuscles.

The stomach is wrong.

Assimilation is poor and food is not changed into blood. Naturally the system is robbed of vitality, lacks strength and reconstructive power.

Don't slip from vigor into weakness.

Don't allow the appetite to fail, but instead use Ferrozone.

You're bound to feel rejuvenated and strengthened at once.

Appetite is braced up, digestion is stimulated, vigor imparted to the stomach. Everything you eat is transformed into nutriment that supplies what your thin, weak system needs.

Vital, life-giving blood that makes rosy cheeks and dancing eyes—that's the kind that Ferrozone makes.

The strength and buoyancy that defies depression and tiredness, that's the sort you get with Ferrozone.

Every pale woman can transform her bleached-out appearance with Ferroone.

Not only will it impart looks and spirits, but by rebuilding all weak, tired organs, Ferrozone establishes a soundness of health that's surprising.

For women and girls who want to feel well, to look well, to be well, and stay well, nothing known in the annals of medicine is so certain as Ferrozone.

Won't you try Ferrozone?

Concentrated cure in tablet form, that's Ferrozone, 50c per box or six for $2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

THE STROKE OAR

(By Willard Blakeman.)

A number of young men, mostly collegians, were sitting in a group on the forward deck of a North River steamer. They were going up to Poughkeepsie to a boat race of college crews on the Hudson. An elderly man sat near them listening to their talk and enjoying the exuberance of youth which came bubbling out of them. Presently he drew his chair near them and said:

"Your talk takes me back a good many years. I pulled in the race of 186— between Harvard and Yale, a race never to be forgotten by me on account of a curious culmination connected with it."

"What was that, sir?"

The man hesitated. Presently he said: "I'll give it to you, but understand that I don't put any interpretation on it.

"I was at Harvard the year I have mentioned. Yale had beaten us for several years. We had lost several consecutive races, and this year we were especially anxious to break up the run of ill success and get some encouragement into our supporters by winning a race. Those who could go back in college affairs said that there had been no success since Wilkins had been captain of the crew and stroke at the same time. We hadn't the coaches in those days you boys have now and were more dependent upon some single member of the crew.

"I was captain of the crew in 186— and made it up myself. I expected to give the stroke, but a couple of months before the regatta I was taken ill and when the race was about to come off had not sufficiently recovered to row at all. I had a hard time to find a man to take my place in the crew, and as for getting one who could give the stroke and carry the crew to a possible success—it was impossible.

"The evening before the regatta I was sitting in my room at the ——— House alone and feeling very blue when there came a tap at my door. I said, 'Come in,' and a young man entered who was one of the most striking fellows in appearance I ever saw. He was very thinly dressed, and the muscles stood out all over him. The only thing against him for strength was that he was very pale.

"'Going to get licked to-morrow?' he said.

"'I suppose so. Who are you?'

"'I am a Harvard man. I reckon I'll have to help out. Can you use me?'

"I asked him a lot of questions about what class he was in, what course he was taking, when he had entered, when he would graduate, and could get nothing definite out of him. He said that he was an expert oarsman, and if I could put him on the crew and any one after the race attempted to prove that he had no right to be there it would be time enough to be more explicit. The college needed a victory, and after a victory it would pluck up.

"I fully agreed with him as to the necessity of a victory and arranged with him to be at the boathouse as the boat was about to be put into the water. He was there, all right, and when in rowing togs his frame was a sight to behold. I've never seen better biceps in my life. When the crew entered the boat he took the stroke.

"What a sweep he gave that oar of his! It seemed a feather in his hands. And his stroke was so perfect that, though there was not a man behind him who had ever been in a boat with him before, there was no difficulty in all of them keeping perfect time with him.

"The boat shot out into the middle of the river, where the faces of the crew were not very plain to those on shore, and I was glad of it, for I had my doubts about my stroke's right to be there. The boats lined up and [illegible] a start at the first signal [illegible]

"There was a noticeable difference between the work of the two crews. Now and again some Yale man would send up the spray, but not a man in the Harvard boat struck a cupful of water on the recover. It was all in the leadership of the stroke.

"Our fellows took the lead from the first and kept it around the stake boat and won the race by a good hundred yards. It was the prettiest won race I ever saw. When I got to the boathouse the men had carried in the boat. I looked around for my stroke, but didn't see him. One of the crew said he had just gone up the bank. I followed but he was nowhere to be seen.

"It would take a lot of time to tell you what was said about the introduction at the last moment of a new and unknown man. There was much adverse criticism, and it fell principally on me. One thing I heard startled me. Several persons who had known Wilkins when he was in college declared that my stroke was he. I wondered if he had come back and got into the crew without letting me or any one know that he was doing what he had no right to do. I learned where Wilkins lived and wrote a line to him asking if he would kindly tell me where he was on the day of the regatta. What do you suppose was the reply? His father wrote me that he had been very ill for some time and died the evening before the race.

"Now, young gentlemen, I don't wish any comments on my story. I have none to make myself. I have simply given it to you as, according to my senses, it occurred. I may have dreamed it."

DUMBEST OF ALL ANIMALS.

This Creature Sits On Its Mouth During Its Entire Liftime.

What would you think of an animal who sat on his mouth? You would guess he didn't know very much, wouldn't you? Neither he does. You could call him the dumbest of dumb animals. In fact, he's so very dumb that most people don't know he's an animal at all. He's the sponge.

No, not the sponge you are acquainted with—not the bathroom kind. That's just his skeleton. The sponge we're talking about is the one that lives in the bottom of the sea, where he sits all days on his mouth.

In the beginning he's an egg, which splits all up in many cells and then swims around for a day or two. Then there comes a dent in one side—that's his mouth. Soon the sponge stops swimming and sinks to the bottom, mouth downward. There he eats and eats until sometimes he gets to be three feet tall and as thick as he is tall.

He's covered with a jellylike flesh. When sponge fishermen hunt him to sell they go out in boats and pull sponges from the bottom of the sea with long-handled forks. Then they put them on the shore to dry. After days the jellylike flesh drops off and the fishermen tramp the sponges with their feet. Then they are considered clean enough to sell. We really get the bones of the sponge, that's all.—Exchange.

A Fine Judge of Eggs.

The ichneumon is an animal that every housewife should possess. There is no finer judge of eggs in existence. The ichneuman, in fact, makes a study of eggs all his life, and he is not particular whether they are hen's eggs or turtle eggs so long as they are eggs. It is impossible to deceive the animal with regard to their freshness. If a dozen fresh and part fresh eggs are mixed up together the wily little animal will pick out the fresh ones with a certainty and quickness that are positively amazing. At the zoo he is provided only with the genuine new laid. He would have to be in a very bad way before touching an egg that was "shop laid."

IN A DEPARTMENTAL STORE.

I saw a shopgirl bid good-bye
To a boy in a khaki coat;
She smiled at him though her eyes were dim,
And sobs rose up in her throat.
His face was hopeful, and glad and strong,
And eager beyond belief;
But behind her smile I could see a soul
That was shattered and torn with grief.

I saw a shopgirl bid good-bye
To a boy who was off to war;
The love-light gleamed from her eyes and seemed
To sweeten the whole great store.
Folk turned away as she raised her head,
As her hand on his arm was laid;
For behind the light in her tender eyes,
Was a soul that sobbed—and prayed.

I saw a shopgirl bid goodbye
To a boy who had heard the call
Of honor, and land, and deeds that stand
For a nation over all.
His thoughts were out in the open fight . . .
But, oh, as she watched him go,
Her clasped hands fell on the counter there,
And her face was stark with woe.

—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in The Christian Herald.

The Appetite of Youth Quickly Restored

Appetite is useless unless digestion is good. Dr. Hamilton's Pills make tremendous appetite and keep digestion up to the mark as well. The liver, bowels and kidneys are stimulated, the stomach strengthened, and robust health quickly follows. Dr. Hamilton's Pills instill vigor and snap into the system, make folks feel youthful and happy. You'll forget you had a stomach, forget your days of sickness if Dr. Hamilton's Pills are used. Insist on having Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, no other medicine so good.

Lamps of the Sea.

Many kinds of jellyfish are phosphorescent at night and present a wonderfully beautiful appearance when slowly moving through the water, and it is the phosphorescence which has given them the poetic title of "the lamps of the sea." They are not less beautiful in the daytime, for most of the species are striped or tinted, some being melon-shaped, with rows of fringes deviding the sections. The tentacles are often plumed, and while waving about in graceful curves attract or gather in the food of the animal. The "Portuguese man-of-war" is probably the best known as well as most attractive in form of the whole family.

Peculiar Occupations.

The trade of tooth stainer, followed in eastern Asia, is as odd a calling as any. The natives prefer black teeth to the whiter kind, and the tooth stainer, with a little box of brushes and coloring matter, calls on his customers and stains their teeth. The process is not unlike that of blacking a boot, for a fine polish is given to the teeth. The pigment used is quite harmless. In Arabia the trade of "gossiper" has many followers. The "gossiper" collects all the news, tittle-tattle, jokes and stories he can get hold of and then goes from house to house retailing them. If he has a good manner and can adapt his recitals to his audiences he makes a very fair income.

The Demon of the Desert.

It is not generally known how a devil rides a camel, but Mr. Hans Vischer acquired the information and imparts it in his volume, "Through the Sahara."

One night a camel suddenly ran amuck. Other camels followed suit, and a general panic ensued.

"The frightened yells of my escort told me that a ghost, a wicked demon of the desert, had seized the camel. I was told how these evil spirits sometimes took a fancy to mount a camel; the camel would then look to see who was digging it in the ribs, and, perceiving no one, fear would grip its heart, for then it knew that [illegible] was on its b[ack] [illegible]

Jutland Mystery

As it was evident that certain circumstances in the recent engagement off the coast of Jutland were not accounted for either in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch or in the official reports published in Germany, so in all independent attempts to reconstruct the battle critics are obliged to employ hypotheses in filling up the hiatuses and explaining such incidents as have not hitherto been explained by those who witnessed them. It is significant that in Sir David Beatty's report of the proceedings of the battle-cruiser fleet there is no indication to show when or how the Indefatigable and Queen Mary were sunk, while in the unofficial narratives which have passed under the eye of the censor there is a hint of conscious suppression, as if certain facts concerning the sinking of these as well as the third battle-cruiser were purposely withheld, perhaps for fear of giving useful information to the enemy. Thus Mr. Pollen, while making it clear that both were blown up at a very early stage of the engagement, intimates that he is not at liberty to enter into "the true explanation," adding that "the Admiralty, no doubt, will give this to the public if it is thought wise to do so."

When the first meagre accounts of the battle reached this country a conclusion commonly drawn was that the advanced squadrons had been caught in a trap. It was the obvious explanation of the loss of the battle-cruisers, and it was also put forward by several critics abroad. All of them seem now to have abandoned it in the light of further evidence, but it appears that many naval officers here still cling to it as the most reasonable explanation, and dismiss the explanations offered by Sir John Jellicoe, Sir David Beatty, and all British, French and Japanese seamen as biased, if not, indeed, deliberately invented to excuse a gross tactical blunder. Their belief is simply this: That the Germans led the British battle-cruisers on a course of their own choosing over submarines or mines placed in position for that very purpose. On no other ground, they say, is it possible to account for the loss of two such units in the first half hour of the action. Mr. Pollen's express statement that neither torpedoes nor mines had any part in the matter is apparently accepted as evidences that they had.

What was the tactical blunder that led to this lamentable disaster? According to these censors it was nothing less than a reckless abandonment of one of the first principles of warfare, which is to bring to bear upon the enemy at the point of contact a greater force than he can put in opposition. What Sir David Beatty ought to have done, they hold, was instantly to turn northward toward the main effect. Thus he would have effected concentration, and had the Germans failed to follow they would have been obliged to acknowledge that they declined action, thereby greatly enhancing the prestige of the British navy, to the manifest prejudices of their own morale. The case is so simple that anyone who offers to think otherwise must, they conceive, be utterly ignorant of the very elements of naval tactics.

It is true that the case is simple, so simple that we are surely justified in assuming that Sir David Beatty must have had something else in mind. Let it be remembered that when he first met the Germans they turned south, evidently trying to escape or to lead him into danger. He must have been very well aware of the risk he ran in [illegible] would have been safer to steer to the northward. But had he not followed the Germans, the main fleets, as Sir John Jellicoe had pointed out, would never have been in contact. Is it not safe, then, to assume that his object was to draw the enemy, as he put it himself, into the jaws of the British fleet? He had six battle-cruisers against Hipper's five, and had he done what some tacticians say he ought to have done, is there any reason to believe that he could have accomplished his purpose? Is there any reason why Hipper with his inferior squadron should have followed?

The tactical considerations on which offhand condemnation of Sir David Beatty are based are really a little too elementary to be altogether convincing. There is an abundance of examples in naval history for the subordination of obvious tactical truisms to strategic considerations, and it is by no means clear that in this case Sir David Beatty was excessively hotheaded or that the results did not justify his action. It is inconceivable that if the losses of the Germans come near Sir John Jellicoe's estimate they can possibly regard the result with complacency. But, it may perhaps be urged, the circumstances were such that they were able to claim a victory. True; but they claimed a victory with no less assurance after the disastrous engagement off the Dogger Bank in January, 1915.

In conclusion, censure is undoubtedly justified if we must accept Capt. Sims' opinion that the British had no business to invite a general fleet action or to attempt the destruction of the German fleet, "because they already had as complete control of the sea as would have resulted from the defeat of the enemy fleet." On the opposite side we have the opinion of some English enthusiasts that a British naval commander is obliged to attack incontinently against any odds. That absurd belief in a non-existent tradition may be dismissed [as un]worthy of serious consideration [and] we can dismiss it without accepting Capt. Sims' singular argument, though that argument be amplified by trite tactical maxims.—New York Tribune.

ALASKA'S COAST LINE.

Longer Than the Distance Round the World at the Equator.

Have you any idea of the extent of the Alaska coast line? The shores of the territory are washed by three great oceans. These are the Arctic ocean on the north, Bering Sea on the west and the Pacific ocean on the south. The Aleutian islands, off the Alaska peninsula, are separated from each other and the mainland by a network of rocky straits, and much of the southwestern and southeastern Alaska is made up of mountainous islands that have rocks of all shapes and sizes. The islands are really the tops of mountains half lost in the waters. They rise in spires and cathedrals, some of which are thousands of feet above the water and others hidden beneath it, lying there concealed and ready to rip open the hulls of ships as the iceberg of the Atlantic ripped the Titanic.

The extent of the Alaska coast with its windings surpasses that of the United States proper. It is greater than that of all our states on the Pacific from Puget sound to the boundary of Mexico added to that of our states on the Atlantic, including the gulf. All told, it is more than 26,000 miles long, or longer than the distance around the world at the equator, and in proportion to its length it has perhaps more dangers than any other coast line on earth.

Nevertheless not one-half of it has yet been sounded by the coast survey vessels, and more than half of the general coast line is not marked by [buoys] or by any aids to navigation.—[Christ]ian Herald.

A GOVERNMENT PUBLIC-HOUSE

Interesting Experiment Under Trial in Scotland.

First One, Near Carlisle, a Model Place.

The central control board's new model public-house at Carlisle, which has been named the Gretna Tavern, was opened here this afternoon by Lord Lonsdale.

The Gretna Tavern is a converted postoffice skilfully adapted by Mr. Redfern, the architect to the control board. The character of the building both exterior and interior, in itself constitutes a new type of refreshment house. It is as far removed from a Gothenburg bolag tavern or a German bier halle as from a British public-house of any type. It is neither dingy, like the old style of pothouse, nor garish like the new, nor "quaint" like the still newer fancy imitations of antique architecture, nor gimcrack like most coffee taverns and temperance refreshment rooms. It is a solid stone building of dignified aspect, occupying a commanding position in a dignified street. Inside the two principal rooms are a long open bar formed out of the old selling counter, with very little alteration, and a large hall behind which was the sorting room. The latter serves the new purpose admirably. It is spacious, lofty and well lighted. There is a counter at which various things will be sold, several tables at which meals and minor refreshments will be served, a stand for newspapers, a piano, gramophone, and sundry conveniences.

Adjoining the hall is a well-equipped kitchen where all kinds of meals can be cooked and a storeroom. There are also some rooms for the attendants and the manageress, but no sleeping accommodation. No one will sleep on the premises. The only alcoholic liquor that will be served is beer. Customers must drink standing at the bar; in the hall beer will be brought to them seated at the tables. The idea is to encourage people to stop for rational recreation by making them comfortable, but not for mere drinking.

The opening of this establishment, which has been converted to its present purpose in three weeks, marks a definite stage in the evolution of a large scheme of liquor traffic control in this district. The occasion for embarking on the scheme was the creation of a colossal munitions factory in the neighborhood of Carlisle, begun last autumn. The preparation of the ground, the making of roads and railroads and the erection of hundreds of buildings over an area nine miles in length brought many thousands of workmen to the spot. They flowed over the neighboring villages and the small town of Annan and into Carlisel itself, where some 5,000 are now accommodated in lodgings all about the town.

It was foreseen that the influx of so large a body of men, most of whom are navvies and day laborers, gathered from Scotland, Ireland and all parts of England, would cause difficulties. They have nothing to do in the evenings and nowhere to go but to the public-house; and the local public-houses, being for the most part small and quiet places fitted for a rural population, were quite unfitted to cope with the flood of strangers. So the board began to take them over and gradually acquired all the licensed houses surrounding the area. Some 40 have been bought. A few have been closed, the rest are managed for the board. Then the same process was extended to Carlisle, but the transaction is not yet completed there, and the houses have not been actually taken over. In the case of these pre-existing houses the premises are, of course, old ones, although they may undergo some rearrangement. The change lies in the ownership and management.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Gretna tavern introduces a new element into the experiment. It offers the British workman and workwoman an ideal sort of public-house. The idea is not new and private enterprise has already made some essays in the same direction. But I have never seen anything quite like Gretna tavern and the direct ownership and management by a department of state is a new departure. The board is following it up by building two more model taverns on the same lines, one at each end of the factory area.

It remains to be seen how they will be appreciated by the workmen for whom they are intended. Too much must not be expected at first. British workmen, especially those of this class, are slow to move from their habitual tastes. The model taverns are more likely to be appreciated by the factory workers who will come in due course when the works are completed and the navvies have melted away. In any case, the experiment is highly interesting and it cannot fail to influence the future of the liquor traffic. Some useful lessons will be learned from the experience if care is taken to draw them correctly. Hasty inferences and foregone conclusions, inspired by prejudice or hope, are to be deprecated. It is very difficult in the present abnormal circumstances, when when so many new factors have come into play together ,to trace the true relations of cause and effect—as an instance, the increase of drunkenness shown by the police returns in this district. It has been cited as evidence of the failure of the experiment here; but it is obviously due to the influx of 12,000 homeless navvies. Six months hence it may be possible to submit the results to a judicial examination and draw some valid conclusions. Meanwhile, the scheme is launched as a complete thing, for the board has taken over breweries as well as public-houses and it embraces both urban and rural populations over a well defined and sufficiently large area.—London Times.

THE HEIGHT OF MOUNT EVEREST

World's Highest Peak Was Never Ascended.

Is in Wild Country, and Attempts Are Barred.

For many years the East Indian government has prohibited any attempt at the ascent of Mount Everest. As long ago as 1902 six European Alpinists set out for India to view the world from the top of its highest mountain. But the virgin snows of Everest could not have cooled their ardor half so rapidly as did the cold water with which the Indian government soused them. The mountaineers simply met with a blank refusal, and the reason of it was perhaps obvious and logical.

The nearest approach to a railroad toward Mount Everest is about 100 ... way. To the north of this ... is a succession of ... sep... ...ne of ... the ... man



For midsummer, here is an attractive lingeries frock of white net with deep border of batiste featuring a cut-out design. This trimming is introduced on the apron tunic and forms the broad lapels on the bodise. A rose ribbon girdle is draped attractively about the waistline.

fiercely resent the intrusion of any strangers. The whole country lies in Nepal, which while still an independent state strictly forbade any person to go north among these mountains, and since Nepal came under the suzerainty of India the prohibition has been continued, for obvious reasons, by the Indian government.

When the ascent of Mount Everest is finally made it will probably be on the side of Tibet, whose southern boundary is not far from the mountain, but by her agreement with China the Indian Government is bound to keep explorers from crossing into Tibet from India. Permission was refused to Sven Hedin to cross the border on his last great expedition, when he finally crossed from Ladakh.

Some interesting facts about Mount Everest may not generally be known. Many persons have wondered how the determination of the height of Mount Everest could be so exact that its elevation is fixed at precisely 29,002 feet. It happened in this way: In 1849 and 1850 six trigonometrical determinations of the height of the mountain were obtained by the Indian survey at six different stations, all south of the mountain. The height of 29,002 feet assigned to Mount Everst was the mean of the six different values for the height just obtained.

But the geographical survey of India informed the world in 1908 that Mount Everest is higher than it was computed to be by those six trigonometrical determinations. It reported that between 1881 and 1902 six other determinations of the height of the mountain were made at five stations, all excepting one being nearer to the mountain than the previous surveys. These six new determinations gave a mean value of 29,141 feet after correction for refraction. According, therefore, to our present information, Mount Tverest is 139 fet higher than it was earlier computed to be.

Why is it then, that this latest result of the scientific computation of the height of Mount Everest has not yet appeared in books and maps? It is because the Indian survey is not convinced that the final determination has been reached. It says that the height, 29,141 feet, is a more reliable result than 29,002 feet, but the more recent determination is still probably too small. It desires to ackuire more thorough knowledge of the problems of refraction and of the effects of deviations of gravity upon trigonometrical work before announcing the final determination of the elevation of the world's highest mountain. Meanwhile it will retain on its maps the first determination of 29,002 feet.

This decision certainly commended itself. It would be more vexatious than useful to change the figures now and then in order to add or subtract a few feet as the latest determination of the mountain's height. It is better to wait until refinement of scientific method yields the closest approximation possible. This is the suggestion of the Indian survey, and all map makers have apparently adopted it.

PLANETS AND GRAVITY.

The Vast Difference in Conditions Upon Mars and Jupiter.

In an article entitled "Is Mars Alive?" in the Popular Science Monthly Waldemar Kaempffert describes the possible appearance of a Martian. In speaking of the different conditions prevailing on the planets Mr. Kaempffert says:

"The bigger the planet on which you live, the harder it is for you to move about. If you were suddenly transported to Jupiter, the largest of the planets, and if you were able to live on its semi molten surface, you would find it hard to lift your arm. A steam crane would be welcome assistance in moving your body about. This is due entirely to the enormous gravitational attraction which Jupiter would exert upon you. The bigger the planet the harder are you pulled down to its surface; the harder it is to put your foot forward.

"Mars is only one ninth as massive as the earth. Hence you would weigh much less on Mars than you do on the earth. A Martian porter could easily carry as much as a terrestrial elephant. A Martian baseball player could bat a ball a mile. A very ordinary Martian athlete could leap with ease over a moderately sized house. Because his planet is not able to pull him down with the attractive force that the earth exerts upon us, the typical Martian has conceivably attained a stature that we would regard as gigantic. Three times as large as a human being, this creature has muscles twenty-seven times as effective. His trunk must be fashioned to inclose lungs capable of breathing the excessively attenuated Martian air in sufficiently large quantities to sustain life. As a canal digger—assuming that he had no machinery—he would be a great success, because he would excavate a canal with the speed and efficiency of a small Panama canal steam shovel.

"Beyond that we cannot go. Intelligence is not necessarily a human attribute. It has so happened on this earth that man has become the dominant race not because of his physical powers, but because of his brains. It may well be that the biological conditions of Mars are such that a creature very unhuman in appearance may have gained the ascendency in the struggle for existence on a planet that is fast drying up."

Blobbs—How pale both the bride and groom looked at the wedding. Slobbs—Yes, I suppose they realized they were being made wan.



Things You Ought To Know

Miss Rotha Purcell, of Carnesville, Ca., was appointed a delegate to the state Democratic convention. She is the first woman delegate to a political convention in Georgia.

Ore that will run $10,000 to the ton is said to lie in a recently rediscovered mine in Colorado, the old Horsefall lode, in which the vein was lost many years ago and never rediscovered until now.

U. S. Department of Agriculture experts have demonstrated the practicability of making good print paper from zacaton, a grass which grows extensively in the southwest and as far south as Argentina.

The total length of the railways in Spain is now 9,377 miles, of which mere than three-quarters is of standard gauge. The receipts of the railways decreased 3,000,000 in 1914 from receipts in 1913.

Three Chiese girls who recently arrived at Vancouver, are the first women stowaways to land in Canada.

A mammoth oil-driven harvester that is being tried on Australian wheat fields strips about sixty acres a day.

Military training is compulsory on all male citizens between the aged of 12 and 25 in New Zealand.

According to a consular report from Amsterdam, the national wealth of Holland has increased since the war began by 060 per capita.

It costs Paris nearly $100,000 a year to care for the trees on its streets and boulevards and in its parks, more than 1,000 new ones beinog planted annually.

Glass that will not splinter when broken is being made in France by pressing together under heat two sheets of glass with a sheet of celluloid between them.

French scientists have decided that carrier pigeons are influenced by magnetism, and that, with the growth of wireless telegraphy, much less dependence can be placed on them.

Business Night, inaugurated by the merchants of Vernon Centre, Minn., is proving a great success. Each Thursday night the movie theatre is free to the farmers and other visitors, the bands play and the men's quartette sings. Autos line the streets, and by the increased business in town the merchants are more than repaid for the expense.

LIFE OF A SHIP.

Vessels That Were Built Over Century Ago Still Seaworthy.

The war has disinterred aplenty of old hulks that we thought had passed away for good—hulks philosophic, chiefly. Lastly come two old sailing ships, the one built in 1776 and the other in 1786, patched up and put overboard in Denmark to reap the high carrying rates of a submarine age.

This feat sounds like robbing the graveyard, and it is unusually enough in the merchant trade. But it is not exactly amazing as ships go, and these hoary old Danish bottoms can undoubtedly give a good account of themselves. It is hard to say just what the record is for long-lived ships. A few years ago the oldest Vessel afloat was said to be another Danish vessel, a small sloop named the Constance, laid down in no less distant a year than 1723. Next in point of honor stands the Victory. Laid down in 1759, she was not past middle age when Nelson commanded her at Portsmouth, flying the flag of the commander-in-chief of the British navy, even if the changing science of war has made her unwanted in the North sea. A recent Lloyds Register gave one merchantman built in 1819, two in the '20s and twelve between 1830 and 1840.

According to American records, we are not so found of our old ships on this side of the Atlantic. The fate that nearly befell the Constitution years ago comes to warships, yachts and merchantmen rather early in life. On the records of the navy department, the oldest ships that appear are the Constellation and the Constitution, both laid down in 1797. Next in line is the Portsmouth, built in 1843. The old America, built in 1851 and still as sweet a craft as ever, can head the list of yachts. On the roster of merchantmen there are plenty of boats from the '60s, a fair showing from the '50s, buht almost nothing earlier. The schooner Catherine of Ellsworth, Me., is set down to 1833, and the schooner Joyce Rebecca was built at New London, Ct., in 1837. There may well be older craft off the record, yet still minding the helm as well as ever. For steam vessels, the old Nantasket of Boston bay fame, built in 1857, was only lately doing service on the Hudson under another name.

Of course, these oldtime wooden craft have all been repaired and repaired until it is hard to say to just what year they should be ascribed. Nobody ever thinks of letting a boat go to pieces like the one-hoss shay. It is usually a change of fashion, in model, that eventually lands a sailing craft on the mud bank to await whatever last trump there is for boats that have done their best. These two old Danish coasters of the eighteenth century will look as absolete as last year's automobile when they put out to sea. They are both old enough to have heard the guns of Nelson—one might even remember the work of John Paul Jones. Let us hope it is not their fate to be catapulted into the hereafter on the nose of a von Tirpitz torpedo.—New York Tribune.

RUNNING NOSE COLDS CURED SNEEZING STOPPED INSTANTLY

The worst of a cold is how suddenly it comes. No time to hurry to the drug store, croup develops, the lungs are affected with pneumonia or tuberculosis and it's too late. Keep Catarrhozone on hand—it kills colds instantly. Something magical about the way it cures catarrh and bronchitis. Catarrhozone is the best remedy, because it cures in nature's way, it heals, soothes and restores permanently. Carry a Catarrhozone Inhaler in your pocket, use it occasionally and you'll never catch cold; that is worth remembering.

Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for GENUINE CATARRHOZONE, which is sold everywhere. Large size, containing two months' treatment, costs $1.00; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

LITTLE, BLACK AND UGLY.

And Very Touchy, Too, is the Devil's Coach Horse Beetle.

My, how very touchy he is! Point your finger at him and see how he turns up his tail and opens his jaws, just as if he were a lion instead of a tiny beetle. He thinks he is gaing to frighten us away. But we won't hurt him, anyway because he is a very valuable sort of beetle—a tiny barbage man. He's called the devil's coach horse beetle.

He's long, black and ugly. He spends this time hiding under stones or crawling about in gardens. Like a majority of beetles, he's one of nature's scavengers.

Have you ever thought what a dirty old world this would be if it were not for the animals and birds and insects that go around cleaning up? Certain birds and animals devour the bodies of other animals, but they leave it to the beetles to clean up the crumbs.

So he's busy all day devouring the little particles that the big eyes of the buzzard cannot see. He's always celebrating clean-up week. So don't blame him if he turns up the end of his tail and looks at you threateningly when you disturb him. He's too busy to play.

"De Man dat rocks de boat," said Uncle Eben, "generally can't swim an' needs de most rescuin'."—Washington Star.



LIKE A TINY SOLAR SYSTEM.

Power and Possibilities That Are Locked in an Atom.

The most generally accepted theory about the structure of the atom—which is no longer regarded as the ultimate indivisible particle of any element, as this of coruse could have no structure—is that it is positively charged nucleus surrounded by a system of electrons which are kept together by attractive forces from the nucleus. Thus it becomes a sort of infinitestimally small solar system.

In an article in the General Electric Review, Dr. Saul Dushman draws the following conclusions from a discussion of the laws that govern the atoms of the several elements:

"Considering the relationships exhibited by the different radioactive elements, one realizes that the dream of the alchemists may not have been as fatuous as has appeared until recently. The concept of an absolutely stable atom must be discarded once for all, and its place is taken by this miniature solor system, as it were, consisting of a central nucleus and one or more rings of electrons.

"But the nucleus itself is apparently the seat of immense forces, and in spite of its exceedingly infinitesimal dimensions it contains both alpha particles and electrons. Once in awhile the nucleus of one of the atoms will spontaneously disintegrate and expel an alpha or beta particle. A new element has been born. What causes these transformations? Can they be controlled? These are questions which only the future can answer. But if we had it in our power to remove two alpha particles from the atom of bismuth or any of its isotropes, not only would the dream of the alchemists be realized, but man would be in possession of such intensity powerful sources of energy that all our coal mines, water powers and explosives would become insignificant by comparison."

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Gents,—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly,
VILANDIE FRERES.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

To print a kiss upon her lips
He thought the time was ripe;
But when he went to press, she said:
"I do not like your type."
—Boston Transcript.

A kiss he printed on her lips
And showed her no contrition,
Because the artful minx inquired:
"Well, where's the next edition?"
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A kiss he printed on her lips
And she made this oration:
"Please, please, continue doing that
It boosts my circulation!"
—New York Evening Sun.

A kiss he printed on her lips.
She smiled, the artful creature,
And modestly inquired of him:
"Was that a special feature?"
—Moscow (Idaho) Star-Mirror.

He tried to kiss her lips again,
But couldn't quite get at her;
She held a book in such a way
They were "next to reading matter."
—Boston Courier.

To print a kiss, he did insist,
Upon her lips—but listen!
The maid was meek, she turned to check—
'Tis more "Preferred Position."
—Mentana Daily Record.

He called her coltie, lamble, kid,
Until she made petition:
"All barnyard names I now forbid,
Am I a "Stock Edition?"
—William Willetts.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Life's Dictionary of Musical Terms.

Aria—A title given to a part of an opera to indicate that the singer expects the action to be interrupted by applause at the conclusion.

Bravo: The pass-word of the professional claqueur.

Bravura: The pyrotechnic style of those virtuosos who habitually exceed the speed limit.

Cadenza: A capsule of compressed technique inserted by a soloist whenever the composer's music becomes dangerously easy or intelligible.

Conductor: An automaton which, if properly wound up, keeps time to the playing of an orchestra.

Encore: A French abbreviation of the Yiddish phrase, "Once more yet again already," much used by patrons of music who insist on getting their money's worth.

Opera: An expensive form of entertainment provided as a background for a lavish social display.

Oratorio: An old-fashioned relic of the days when the Bible was taken seriously and music was innocently believed to be a combination of melody, harmony and rhythm.

Motif: The tag with which Wagner labels his musical ideas. By learning the names of the motifs one can talk intelligently about any of the operas.

Recitative: A barking utterance of unintelligible words, used by operatic composers to save the trouble of writing real melodies.

Legend of Hapsburg Castle.

According to legend, the ancient castle of Hapsburg, overlooking the Rhine, was founded in 1020 and was without surrounding walls for defensive purposes, a strange omission in those warlike days. A friend coming to stay at the castle so greatly deplored the absence of the usual defences that its lord declared that before sunrise on the following morning his stronghold would be surrounded by impregnable walls. Naturally the visitor smiled and did not believe that this thing could come to pass, but in the early morning he was awakened by the lord of the castle, who bade him look out upon the walls. He had kept his promise, but in an unexpected way. Instead of seeing a surrounding wall made of stone, the visitor saw an unbroken circle of the lord's followers, all in their armor and bearing weapons. And it has since been the boast of the Hapsburgs that the family's devoted subjects were sufficient defence in no matter what emergency.

Laura (as her lover is about to start on a tour around the world)—My dear Robert, promise you will write to me from every town you visit. Robert—Laura, is it love that prompts you to say that, or are you merely collecting postage stamps.—Chicago Herald.

FORSAKEN ENKHUIZEN.

At One Time One of Holland's Richest and Greatets Cities.

Of all the so-called "dead cities" of the Zuider Zee, Enkhuizen has most completely lost her former prosperity. One who wanders about her silent and empty streets can impossibly realize that this shrunken and depopulated city was once one of the wealthiest and most important in Holland.

Enkhuizen dates from the ninth century or ever earlier. In the zenith of its greatest, the seventeenth century, it possessed 40,000 inhabitants and a fishing fleet of 400 boats engaged in the herring trade. Enkhuizen sailors were well known for their courage and seafaring ability.

But less than a hundred years later the harbor of Enghuizen was silting up, and her commerce had already declined. Since then whole streets have been pulled down, as the population diminished, for only a few thousand inhabitants remain. But the ancient gate, the Dromedaris, that guards its now empty harbor still stands, a monument of the past greatness of Enkhuizen.

The noble western Kerk is built of the deep red, narrow bricks often used in Netherlands architecture. In its choir are some sixteenth century wood carvings. Its unlovely wooden belfry is detached, but connected with the church by a minute but attractive old house. The small, old, red tiled houses, each with a different facade, form an irregular line that it singulariy charming. The streets of the little town are very quiet and empty. Their stillness is almost unbroken except by sorne beautiful chimes.—Argonaut.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Modesty.

When every pool in Eden was a mirror
That unto Eve her dainty charms proclaimed,
She went undraped without a single fear or
Thought that she had need to be ashamed.

'Twas only when she'd eaten of the apple
That she became inclined to be a prude,
And found that evermore she'd have to grapple
With the much debated problem of the nude.

Thereafter she devoted her attention
Her time and all her money to her clothes,
And that was the beginning of convention,
And modesty as well, I suppose.

Reaction's come about in fashions recent;
Now girls conceal so little from the men,
It would seem, in name of all that's decent,
Some one ought to pass the apples 'round again.
—Chicago Music News.

GILDED LIMES.

A feature of Native Festivals and Feasts of South India.

Instead of changing cards the well-to-do natives of southern India show their esteem on New Year's Day by presenting to their friends limes covered with brass leaf, or in some cases with gold leaf. As the natives have several New Year's days of their own in addition to the special ones of the English, the Mohammedans and the Hamil and Telugu branches of the Hindus, the gilded limes are passed around rather frequently. The custom is a purely local one, and it had its origin so far back that no one remembers when or why it was started.

In addition to the New Year's festivals gilded limes are sometimes presented to the host at the ordinary "tamash" or social gathering. If a native is too poor to afford gilded limes, not to mention gold covered ones, he gives plain, undecorated ones.

It is said that a great quantity of brass leaf is used for decorating limes for these special occasions, and the bazaar trade in this kind of gilt is very large throughout the southern part of India. Brass leaf is sold also for the decoration of gilded caps, or "topi," worn by the Mohammedans in that part of India, as well as for ornamenting the dress of the Mohamedans women.

Couldn't Fool Him.

She hailed from a remote country village in England and had traveled by rail on a visit to friends who resided in a distant town. While entering the railway station for the return ourney she found to her dismay that she had lost her handbag, which contained her return ticket and cash.

After a fruitless inquiry and search a lady to whom she had spoken of her loss very kindly offered the suggestion that the old dame should wire to her husband at her expense, and ask him to telegraph a money order, also telling him the circumstances in which she was placed. She assented to this, and the telegram was sent and duly delivered to the old dame's husband. He tore the missive open and read it.

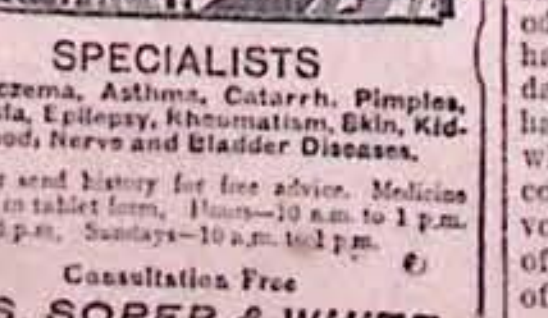
"Any answer?" asked the messenger.

"Na, nor brass neither," said he. "They'll find they nobbut got a noodle this time. They'll not hoodwink me; that bain't Mary's writin. I could tell 'ers from hundreds."

Dispositions.

The Dispositions of men are different. A house is managed well by men and women of different dispositions, just as much as a carpenter cannot build a house with big and tall timbers only. Even a man of obstinacy or argumentative is not unnecessary in a family. But there must be a supervision over them all. If there is no one who binds them all the different dispositions bring confusion to the house.—Kyuo.

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(Please Mention This Paper.)

TEXAS RANGER FOOLED THEM

Sent N. Y. Scientists a Horned Rattlesnake,

And They "Swallowed" the Fake Smoothly.

New York—Gone is the glory of the great "bull snake" rattlesnake, the wonderful rhinoceros diamond back, the unparalleled Texas unicorn. Gone also is the pedigreed "goat" of the New York scientists who let a simple Texas ranger fool them with a new species of Crotalus adamanteus from the Mexican border, more wonderful than the sea serpent of Atlantic City bathing places, that wore a horn an inch long on the top of his skull. For B'rer Snake shed his skin the other night and the horn came off.

The mysterious rattler came to Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the Bronx Zoological Park, about three months ago, having been shipped north by W. A. Snake King, as he calls himself, a Texan who lives near Brownsville and who spends a great part of his time bagging reptiles for the Zoo. It was he who sent the huge diamond back that nearly cost the life of Keeper Tooney a few months ago, and the freak snake was an outcropping of this accident.

Curator Ditmars wrote to King in Texas telling him of the affair, and the snake hunter refused to take it seriously. He has been bitten so often by the "varmints" that he could not conceive of anyone, even a New York zoo keeper, being inconvenienced by them. Also it had cost him not a little trouble to get that snake, and perhaps he was peeved that his acquisition was not a desirable citizen.

PROMISED RARE SPECIMEN.

"You see," explained Mr. Ditmars, "when the army went to the border they drove all the snakes away for miles, and it was hard to get specimens. King wrote me that he drove his flivver automobile across the boundary line into the sand desert in search of some for us, and when he was in Mr. Carranza's territory some deliberately unfriendly natives plugged a couple of holes in his gasolene tank with American rifles. He had to go back home and get a couple of horses to tow his machine to where the snakes were. Of course it hurt after that to hear that one of the few he captured on the trip started a campaign of 'schrechlichkeit.' Anyhow, he wrote in answer to my letter, saying 'the next time I send you one it'll have a horn on it.'"

Sure enough, a few weeks later the mysterious snake arrived. It had a beautiful horn, fully an inch long, extending from the skin over the eyes. It was the only reptile the snake experts had seen with such an appendage. The so-called horn rattler of Texas only has two little bumps over the eyes much like the tip on a snail's head.

"King wrote me that he couldn't classify the snake," said Mr. Ditmars. "But he had discovered an entire race of them, and could furnish any number to the zoo. He asked me to examine it thoroughly and have some other scientists look it over and possibly write a treatise on the new species."

The curator did as Mr. Snake King asked. He called on two or three expert biologists. They got out their magnifying glasses and their microscopes and they looked at Senor Snake's horn.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed one, whose name it wouldn't be fair to tell. "Why, one can see the blood vessels in the membranous composition of the protuberance. It is absolutely genuine and unique."

The rest either agreed or admitted that they were stumped. But Raymond L. Ditmars has been handling snakes since he was in short knickerbockers, and at the age of 20 he was lecturing on them for the Board of Education. It is said he wasn't a success as a lecturer, because he insisted on illustrating his discourses with live specimens instead of stereopticon slides. Anyhow, he was canny and wary on the new marvel.

"I'll wait until Monsieur Snake sheds his skin," he allowed.

SKIN AND HORN CAME OFF.

The reptile was put in a glass cage, where the public and more scientists came to marvel at him. He seemed to enjoy the discussion that he caused, for he refused to slough. In the hot weather the average rattler gets a new suit of scales every few weeks, like a new Palm Beach suit, but this one stuck to his old uniform until it was positively shabby about the rattles and had a seedy look where it got the most wear.

At last came signs of the expected change. The reptile's eyes turned bluish in color and the next morning Mr. Ditmars, visiting the cage, saw a strange snake inside. It had a head as bald of horns as the outside of an egg. But on the skin, the old suit which had been discarded, stuck a strange contraption that looked like a bone collar button with the tip sharpened.

Mr. A. W. Snake King, with the assistance of an Indian, had cut an incision in the snake's skin over the eyes, and had inserted the spine of some Mexican bush, the base of which had been flattened to form a foundation. Then the skin had grown over again, the tiny scales had ringed themselves about the orifice, until it seemed perfectly natural Only when the skin was shed did nature cast off the thing.

Now the skin lies on Curator Ditmar's desk in the reptile house, a warning to natural scientists and a monument to the simple Texas ranger who had the biologists plumb locoed for three months. And little Pancho Snake, no longer a mystern, but an ordinary Crotalus admanteuy once more, coils his six and a half feet of new fall fashion union suit up in his cage and sticks out his fangs in full appreciation of the hoax.

Official Ignorance.

One of the best of the many stories of English official ignorance of the colonies is recalled by P. A. Silburn in "The Governance of Empire." Lord Palmerston was forming a new ministry and in a preliminary council was arranging its composition. He had filled up all the portfolios with the exception of the colonial office. First one name and then another was suggested and thrown aside. At last he said to Sir Arthur Helps: "I suppose I must take the thing myself. Come upstairs with me and show me where these places are on the maps."

One of London's Seven Curses.

There are in London thousands of poor folks whose principal meals come from the fried fish shop which, because of its evil smell, has been described as "one of the seven curses of London." Yet to a hungry man the smell of fried fish is a most enticing odor. George Gissing has described haw maddening it was to him in his darkest days "to smell the fish he had no money to purchase," and how when affluent to the extent of a few coppers, he "eagerly bought and devoured the crisp golden colored slices of fresh cooked fish—surely the food of the gods."—London Chronicle.

We may merely be as young as we feel, but unfortunately we don't all look the part.

THE FAMOUS PRODUCTIONS OF

FLORENCE AND ROME

ARE REPRODUCED IN THE NEW

ART STONEWARE

NOW ON VIEW AT

ROBERT JUNOR'S

62 King St. East

HAMILTON, ONT.

Puzzle of the Eagle and the Whale

There are two animals that puzzle naturalists more than any others. They are nature's submarine and aeroplane, the whale and the eagle. It is known that whales occasionally descend as much as 3,000 feet below the surface of the sea. Why they are not injured scientists have yet to discover. It is this pressure which prevents a modern submarine descending even 300 feet, let alone 3,000.

Eagles have been seen through telescopes to fly with apparent ease from 30,000 to 40,000 feet above sea level. At that height no human being can live owing to the rarefaction of the air. How the birds live and fly at far greater heights than man can endure for long is a question still to be answered.—Pearson's Weekly.

Iron Bridges.

Introduction of the semielliptical arch in bridge building in England met with complaint on behalf of the Tweed side people, because the roadway over it being almost level, as one old man said, "You did not know when you were on it and when you were off it." The first iron arch constructed was made in England at Coalbrookdale by one Darby. The bridge consists of one semicircular arch, 100 foot span, each of the ribs being cast in two pieces only. It was opened for traffic in 1779, and a new era in the art of bridge building was thus entered upon. Up to 1860 cast iron was predominant in bridge construction, and although it is believed that wrought iron was introduced before 1800 it does not appear to have been extensively used be-

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

How Boston Might be Destroyed.

One of the most novel methods yet conceived of destroying a city is described in Popular Science Monthly. The author says:

"An enemy need not bother mustering battleships or waste his time bombarding from afar the intellectual hub of this land of ours. In time of peace let him have his spies build a big pumping station right in the middle of that city, and at the proper time start drawing indiscriminately from the ground below the water saturating the subsoil. You know a large number of Boston's big buildings rest upon floating foundations. Pump out the water in the supporting quicksand, and down those structures would tumble into the yawning cavities so created. It would be far more effective in its demolition than the projectiles of a hostile fleet."

Married His Widow.

Sir Thomas Lipton had this very good Scotch story:

Some time ago he visited Scotland, when he met an old friend whom he had not seen since they were at school together. They go to discussing old times and Sir Thomas suddenly asked: "And how's Geordie?" referring to an old Scotch school friend, known to both of them.

"Oh," was the answer, "he's dead long ago, and I shall never cease to regret him as long as I live."

"I never knew you had so much respect for him as all that," said Sir Thomas, in surprise.

"Na, na, you're wrang there," answered his friend "It wasn't the respect I had for him, not that; but, you see, I married his widow!"

Rheumatism Goes Quickly Its Virus Forever Destroyed

EVERY CASE IS CURABLE.

Good-bye to Rheumatism!

Your aching joints, your stiff, sore muscles, those sleepless nights and suffering days—good-bye forever—your day is gone.

Sufferer, cheer up, and read the good news below.

"A man met me a months ago, and said, 'Don't stay crippled, quit complaining, limber up.' My answer was, 'I'm rheumatic. I can't do it.' He looked me over in a pitying sort of way and told me to go to the nearest drug store for Nerviline and Ferrozone. The combination had cured him. I was convinced of his sincerity and followed his instructions. I rubbed on Nerviline three times every day—rubbed it right into my aching joints. The pain quickly lessened, and I became more limber and active. To draw the virus of the disease from my blood I took two Ferrozone Tablets with every meal. I am well today, not an ache, not a pain and no sign of stiffness at all."

What Nerviline can do in a case like this it can do for you, too. For nearly forty years Nerviline has been recommended for Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica and Lame Back. It is the one remedy that never disappoints.

The Kilted Evzone.

The Greek soldier may present to some a highly humorous picture in his ballet skirts and tunic. Despite his pecularities of dress—which, by the way, are scarcely more peculiar than those of some other nations—he is an excellent fighting man.

The evzone, as he is called, would no more abandon the skirt than would a Scot his kilt. It is a part of his national honor, a part of his personal being. It is a right handed down to him from ancient times. A bas relief of the soldier who fought at Marathon shows him in similar costume. His costume is no ephemeral piece of clothing, for it is worn with the dignity of ages behind it. The evzones are ignorant of fear, and if they look anything but soldierly their appearance is believed by their ability to fight under extraordinary conditions.

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher positon than the rest and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings.

Speaking of preparedness, as The Wichita Beacon frequently does, says The Kansas City Star, every schoolboy knows that the Pilgrim Fathers ... their guns to church with ... that the preacher set his ... the pulpit while he ta... Prince of Peace.

ISSUE NO. 36, 1916

HELP WANTED

WANTED—GIRLS TO WORK ON knit underwear—seamers and finished stitchers preferred. We also teach learners, any girl with good knowledge of plain sewing; good wages; ideal factory conditions. Zimmerman Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Aberdeen and Garth streets, Hamilton, Ont.

WANTED — HOUSEMAIDS AND waitresses. Previous experience not necessary. Apply, "The Welland", St. Catharines, Ontario

WANTED—BY THE 3RD OF SEPTEMber—good competent general servant; no objection to child over 6 years. Apply, Mrs. Alex. Murray, 24 Duke St., Hamilton, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—GIRLS OF GOOD EDUCAtion to train for nurses. Apply, Wellandra Hospital St. Catharines, Ont.

GIRLS WANTED

Experienced knitters and loopers, also young girls to learn. Clean work and highest wages.

CHIPMAN-HOLTON KNITTING CO., LIMITED,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

RABBITS FOR SALE.

RUFUS RED BELGIAN HARES; Grey Flemish Giants. Fully pedigreed. All ages. D. C. Waters, 175 Jackson street west, Hamilton, Ont.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—PLANING SAW AND Chop Mill; doing good business; also motor truck, 1 1-4 ton capacity, in No. 1 condition. Apply to John McCormick, Lawrence Station, Ont.

Effect of Cold On the Senses.

An explorer who took part in an antarctic expedition states that the most remarkable effect of the cold which he noticed was the loss of sense and touch in the fingers. It was almost complete.

"Suppose you wanted to look for a knife in your kit bag. You would put your hand in and feel round for it, and you would actually have it in your hand and not know. It was the same with everything we handled. We saw that we picked it up an saw that we held the article; we could not feel that we had it."

He added that it was not possible to shave, because the skin became irritated and sore, while if the beard became too long it became moist and then froze into a block. The only thing to do was to keep the beard and mustache clipped close.

A Woman's Message to Women

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides regularly or irregularly, bloating or unnatural enlargements, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, I invite you to write and ask for my simple method of home treatment, with ten days' trial entirely free and postpaid, also references to Canadian ladies, who gladly tell how they have regained health, strength and happiness by this method. Write to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box 8, Windsor, Ont.

A Trick With an Egg.

Place two V shaped wineglasses of the same size near the edge of a table. In the right hand one put an egg, just fitting the rim in the glass. Hold the bases of the glasses firmly down, the top rims touching each other. Now with a quick, sharp breath blow upon the line where the egg and the glass meet. The egg will jump to the other glass. With a little practice this can be done every time. Be careful to blow in a line with the left hand glass or the egg will jump in the wrong direction and land on the table.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Without Mother.

It's awful lonesome at our house
'Thout Mother!
'Thout Mother!
It's just as quite as a mouse
'Thout Mother!
An' Father looks so lonely there
Of evenin's, sittin' in his chair;
It just ain't cheerful anywhere
'Thout Mother!

It's awful hard to get along
'Thout Mother!
It seems like everything goes wrong
'Thout Mother!
Course, Father does the best he can;
But then, you know, he's just a man,
An' don't know how to fix an' plan
'Thout Mother!

Seems like I don't enjoy my play
'Thout Mother;
Things just get worser every day
'Thout Mother!
There's no one now to mend my doll,
Nobody's sorry when I fall—
Oh, home just ain't no place at all
'Thout Mother!

But Father says we must be brave
'Thout Mother,
'Cause him an' me, we only have
One 'nother.
An' if we're brave, an' strong, an' true,
An' good, just like she told us to,
We'll go up to Home, when life is through,
To Mother.

—Marie Galbraith in the Christian Herald.

A Street in Moscow.

One street in Moscow, Miasnitskaya Ulitza, is devoted almost entirely to stores selling machinery. The windows of these shops are large and of plate glass and display the various wares to good advantage. Many windows are devoted to large exhibits of various mechanisms, and at a certain hour in the afternoon these machines are, so far as possible, set in motion to give practical illustration of their workings.

"A leap year is never a good sheep year.—Old English Saying.

Time for Peaches and Cream! To get full palate-joy with maximum of nutriment for the day's work eat them on shredded wheat biscuit—a complete, perfect meal, easy to prepare, appetizing and satisfying. In Shredded Wheat all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain is retained, including the bran coat, which is so useful in promoting bowel exercise.



RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

All the Local News.

Newsy Budget of Occurrences in and about the Vicinity.

Dr. J. A. Macdonald, jr., M.P.P., St. Peters, was in town last week.

James Campbell, of Sydney, a native of Arichat, attended the exhibition here last week.

Geo. W. Kyte, M. P., wife and two daughters were present at the exhibition here last week.

Dr. Rhindress, of N. Sydney, a half-brother of Premier Murray, was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Thomson, of Halifax, were in town for several days recently.

Mrs. W. H. Micheau, Mrs. J. M. Kemp and Miss Henrietta Cameron, St. Peters, were in town last week at the exhibition.

The fat and round figure of Councillor D. W. Morrison, St. Peters, was seen on the exhibition grounds last week. Dan. is a splendid tonic for a fit of the blues,

All who met Premier Murray in town last week were delighted with him as well as Mrs. Murray. Premier Murray's pleasing personality is not lost upon the people of this province, and his great ability is another strong factor in his favor.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. McNeil, bubbling over with enthusiasm over a two weeks' trip to Montreal and from seeing their two fine boys—Hector and Walter, engineers—arrived home last week. The trip was a tonic to them as well as a delight.

We have been advised that it would not be in the public interest to publish a letter in criticism of the Cape Breton Railway at this time. The government is contemplating the purchase of this and other branch lines and criticising the management might cause harm. As far as we know the management is all right and unfair criticism would be all wrong.

Mrs. James Forest, Lochside, has received the sad news that her son Edmund, a private in the Canadian army, was killed on the western front on the 16th ult. No other particulars, so far as we know. It seems strange that she had not been notified before. Private Edmund Forest is another Cape Breton hero who has made the supreme sacrifice. Brave boy; he did his duty and was no "slacker," but a brave subject of the King. We hope to publish further particulars about this young soldier and the manner of his death at an early date.

Capt. Alex. Boutin, of West Arichat, was accidentally killed on Saturday morning by falling into the hold of the steamer Weymouth while she was lying at Harrington's wharf, Sydney. Capt. Boutin, who was 84 years of age, was loading bags into the hold of the steamer and slipped, falling head foremost into the hold, causing a fracture at the base of the skull. Death resulted almost immediately. An inquest into the accident was held, the jury returning a verdict of accidental death caused by falling into the hold of the steamer Weymouth while loading cargo. Capt. Boutin was mate of the Weymouth and formerly commanded a coasting schooner. He was a man highly thought of by his neighbors and friends and was the father of a large family who will have the sympathy of everybody in the tragedy that has sent a splendid type of citizen to his eternal home. The body of the unfortunate man was forwarded to his home, interment taking place at West Arichat on Thursday.

School for the Deaf.

There are throughout the maritime provinces many children so deaf that they cannot take advantage of the instruction in the ordinary schools. Such children are eligible to admission to this school where their speech will be improved and lip-reading taught them. Medical, men, teachers, etc., who may know of such children will please communicate with Mr. J. Fearon, Principal of the School for the Deaf, Halifax.

The first snow squalls of the season took place on Wednesday afternoon, a reminder of what's yet to come.

We regret to report the serious illness of Capt. W. Babin He is in his 84th year and his chances for recovery are slight.

Mr. Gardner, of the Magdalen, was awarded a special prize for two of the prettiest cushions it was ever our privilege to see. In his spare hours Mr. Gardner likes doing this kind of fancy work, and does it well.

Mrs. W. S Thompson, who was the guest of her father, Geo. J. Andrew, during the exhibition and after, returned to her home in N. Sydney on Monday.

Rev. Dr. MacPherson, the distinguished president of St F X. University, was in town last week and was an interested spectator on the grounds of the Arichat Fair.

We thank our esteemed contemporaries, the Journal-Bulletin (Hawkesbury), Victoria News (Baddeck) and Greetings (Port Hood) for very kind and friendly editorial references to our Special Number, conscious as we are of its shortcomings.

B. Bourinot was registered at the King Edward hotel, Halifax, on the 11th inst., and from there extended his trip to St. John, returning home at week-end. He was called away on important business and was denied the pleasure of being present at Arichat's first Fair.

Mrs. W. T. White, wife of the assistant manager of the W. U. Telegraph office at N. Sydney, with a staff of 125 operators, has been spending a pleasant vacation among her relatives and old friends here during the past two weeks. Mrs. White's youngest son is on the W. U. Telegraph staff at Lima, Peru.

D. A. Hearn, K. C., Sydney, has received a further message concerning his son, Bombardier J. Wilfrid Hearn, of the Canadian artillery, recently reported wounded, Bombardier Hearn sustained shell wounds in the arm and chest and his condition is reported as "dangerous". This brave young hero first saw the light in Arichat and many old friends of his father and himself hope he may not have to pay the supreme sacrifice at this time.

"Free Lance" writes the RECORD under date of October 10 as follows: "We deeply regret to have to record the passing away of our young friend and comrade, Corporal Kenneth Matheson, of L'Ardoise Highlands. The sorrowful news was received by the bereaved family that he succumbed to his wounds on the 3rd inst. after being removed to an English hospital. General sympaty is extended to his parents and the other members of the family in their irreparable loss. He was 29 years of age and a splendid type of the "Breed of Manly men." Besides a father and mother he leaves four sisters and one brother to mourn their great loss." [The RECORD also extends its sympathy to this gallant young hero's parents, Postmaster and Mrs. Matheson, L'Ardoise Highlands, on their son's death in a noble and righteous cause.]

The steamships Magdalen and Weymouth brought a goodly number of visitors to the Fair here last week, and many others drove in by way of Lennox Ferry, the Lennox Passage bridge having been thrown open to traffic on the 10th and 11th through the courtesy of the contractors and Engineer Robertson. Among the many visitors in town were M. E. Gillies and wife, Irish Cove; John J. and Jas. Johnston, Red Islands; K. N. Macdonald, Mount Auburn; C Gash, Irish Cove; Kenneth McIntosh, C. E., St. Peters; W. O. Cutler, McIntyre's Lake; Mrs. W. L. Irish, Mulgrave; Charles M. Morrison, St. Peters; W. A. Urquhart, West Bay; J. H. McIntosh, Dundee; Councillor McRae, J. W. McRae and P. Dunphy, St. Geo.'s Channel; Murdoch McPherson and wife, Grand Anse; D. A. McLeod, Cleveland; J. H. Walker, Walkerville, besides many others from various sections of the county.

Richmond's Successful Fair

The Richmond County Exhibition held here on October 10th and 11th was a pronounced success from start to finish and reflects great credit on the managing committee. Great praise is due its able president, the Rev. G A Andrew, and to the very efficient secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. E. Morrison, for the painstaking manner in which they discharged the arduous duties which devolved upon them. Unstinted praise is also merited by the various committees on exhibits for a lot of hard work; to the ladies who served meals to the large number of visitors who attend the Fair, and to a host of others who in various ways helped to make the Exhibition the great success it was.

Everything was in readiness on Monday, the 9th, and all looked forward to an auspicious opening the following day, but in the afternoon a drizzling rain began to fall accompanied by a disagreeable north-east wind, which continued with intermittent rain-squalls until about midnight.

Tuesday morning dawned auspiciously. The sky was clear, and a brisk north wind blew which quickened every step. The few remaining exhibits which had been brought in were put in place, and the doors of the court house, where the exhibits were stored, were thrown open. It is needless to particularize, as the prize-list when published will give a fuller idea of what the exhibition was like; but a visit to the court house to look over the exhibits would well repay anyone. The vegetable exhibit was pronounced by the judges to have been the best they had seen at any County Exhibition this year. These were shown in the main body of the building (upstairs), while the ladies' fancy work, cooking and various culinary exhibits, and various other kinds of handiwork, as well as drawings, etc., from the schools of the county were shown in the rooms adjoining. The fancy work was pronounced by Miss Fraser, who awarded the prizes, to have been grand, and as fine as could have been exhibited anywhere. The art exhibit from the Arichat schools also came in for much praise, and reflected great credit on teachers and pupils.

The county was signally honored on having the Premier of the province, Hon. Geo. H. Murray, come down to formally open the Exhibition, which he did in a splendid address from the steps of the court house at 3 p. m., Tuesday. Addresses were also delivered by Rev. G. A. Andrew, Geo. W. Kyte, M. P., Dr. B. A. LeBlanc, M. P. P., Prof. Cumming and Hon. I. LeBlanc.

In the evening the Premier was the guest of honor at a delightful entertainment at the Convent given by the Sisters, where an address was read to him on behalf of the citizens by Municipal Clerk Campbell, to which he fittingly replied. Splendid addresses were also delivered at the Convent by Prof. Cumming, Mr. Moore, of the Agricultural Dept., Ottawa, and Geo, W. Kyte, M.P.

The exhibits of horses, cattle and sheep on Wednesday were splendid, and prizes were awarded in all lines.—COM.

Mrs. Jessie Mauger.

The death of Mrs. Jessie Mauger, widow of the late P. J. Mauger, occurred at Cape La Ronde on Sunday night last. Ailing for some months past and in great pain the greater part of the time, it was still the conviction of her many friends that her iron constitution would rob the grave of its prey and overcome the inroads of the disease that was sapping her life; but this fond expectation was not to be realized. Heroic in life, she was no less heroic during her most trying illness and when the shadows of death appreached she was resigned and prepared to meet her Maker. Her husband predeceased her less than three years ago, leaving to her the responsibility of looking after a family of six young children. These children, now deprived of a mother's love and protection, have the sympathy of the community in their great bereavement. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Pringle, The Points, West Bay. Her aged mother, approaching her 90th year, was with her during her illness and at the time of her death. Taking a serious cold while stopping in Arichat for a night last winter, Mrs. Mauger's friends say was what aggravated other complaints and hastened her death. The funeral took place on Tuesday and many teams were in the procession. Interment took place in the Church of England cemetery here, the rector, Rev. G. A. Andrew, conducting the services in the church and at the grave. Deceased was in her 47th year. The RECORD extends its sympathy to the children and to their aged grandparents.

FOR

Indigestion and Biliousness

Indigestion, biliousness, headaches, flatulence, pains after eating, constipation, are all common symptoms of stomach and liver troubles. And the more you neglect them the more you suffer. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup if your stomach, liver, or bowels are slightly deranged or

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S

SYRUP

have lost tone. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the curative extracts of certain roots, barks, and leaves, which have a remarkable tonic and strengthening effect on all the organs of digestion. The distressing symptoms of indigestion or liver troubles soon disappear under its beneficial action. Buy a bottle to-day, but be sure you get the genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup. There are many imitations, but not one that gives the same health benefits. 1015

is the

Best Remedy

NOW SOLD IN TWO SIZES ONLY.
FULL SIZE, Price 1.00 TRIAL SIZE, Price 50c

BUY THIS PACKAGE ONLY



FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM

LUMBAGO—SCIATICA—BACKACHE NEURALGIA—RHEUMATISM

25c. and 1 Yard Rolls, $1.00. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

YOUR KITCHEN

Is more constantly occupied than any other room in your house. Why not have a floor in it that is handsome, sanitary, warm and easy to keep clean? Hardwood combines all these qualities at a reasonable price.

Write for particulars to

Colonial Lumber Co.

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

For Sale.

BOAT 30 feet over all, with cabin; equipped with 10 H. P. engine.

For further information apply to

RAYMOND EMBREE.

Port Hawkesbury, C. B., Oct. 3, 1916. 1 4

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I will bring action against any person trespassing on my property or offering the same for sale.

B. GIBBS.

Forest Hills, Mass., Sept. 16, '16.

WANTED.

A Schooner to carry pit timber from Saleter's Cove to Glace Bay.

For particulars apply to

J. H. CAMERON,
Grand River, C. B.

Sept. 18, 1916. sp23 4w

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has a Motor Boat of 7½ horse power for sale. Built by Embree, of Port Hawkesbury.

JAS. H. WALKER.

Walkerville, Richmond county, Sept. 19, 1916.

TO THE CONTRACT HOLDERS AND CREDITORS OF THE CANADIAN HOME INVESTMENT CO., LTD., IN LIQUIDATION.

Take notice that whereas the above-named company is in liquidation under the Winding-Up Act (Canada), James G. Forrester, 401 Credit Foncier Building, Vancouver, B. C, being the liquidator, and

Whereas, the Provincial Treasurer of the Province of Nova Scotia has in his hands the sum of $25,000 deposited under the provisions of Chapter 12 of the Acts of 1906, and amendments thereto, as security for the payment of just claims of the creditors and contract holders resident within the Province;

Therefore, all persons claiming the benefit of such deposit are required on or before the 20th day of October, 1916, to file their claims with the Provincial Treasurer. Such claims should also be filed with the liquidator of the Company.

For further information apply to the undersigned.

STUART JENKS,
Deputy Attorney-General.
Dated September 15, 1916.

GENTLE BUT EFFECTIVE

DAVIS LIVER PILLS

FOR CONSTIPATION

40 Pills, 25c.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Limd., Montreal.

ALLEN'S COUGH BALSAM

For Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup, Childrens Bronchial Colds

The Standard Canadian Remedy for 50 years.

Contains no Opium or other harmful drugs.

Is palatable—doesn't nauseate.

Especially recommended for tight, hard Bronchial Colds in Children.

25c., 50c. and $1.00 Bottles.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Props., MONTREAL



Getting into the Home

Women buy more than two-thirds the merchandise sold in retail stores and every woman reads the Classified Want Ads. Our paper goes into the homes and the Want Ads. will reach the Spenders.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

In Effect September 15, 1915.

		A. M
St. Peters	Leave	8.30
Sporting Mountain	"	8.53
Grand Anse	"	9.09
Whiteside	"	9.09
Basin Road	"	9.37
Evanston	"	9.45
Chapel Road	"	9.50
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station)	Arrive	10 20
		P. M.
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station)	Leave	3.45
Chapel Road	"	4.10
Evanston	"	4.15
Basin Road	"	4.23
Whiteside	"	4.35
Grand Anse	"	4.50
Sporting Mountain	"	5.11
St. Peters	Arrive	5.30

Trains connect at Point Tupper with all I. C. R. Passenger Trains except Nos. 7 and 22.

Baggage for stations where agents are not on duty must be claimed at baggage car door immediately on arrival.

Trains run daily except Sunday

GEO. E. JOHNSON,
General Manager.

CANN LINE.

Strait of Canso Summer Service for 1915.

MALCOLM CANN.

Mulgrave and Guysboro daily (Sundays excepted), calling at Queensport every morning from Guysboro. Monday, Wednesday and Friday trips extended to Boylston.

ROBERT G. CANN.

Mulgrave and Canso daily (Sunday excepted.)

J. R. Durkee, Manager

The RECORD will shortly be published on Friday, its old publication day.

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Can Have their Requirements Satisfactorily filled at this Great Dry Goods and Grocery Store

Our Stock is Repletc

In Every Department.

Ladies' Dress Goods

To Satisfy Our Numerous Lady Customers.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

To Fit and Please Young and Old of Both Sexes.

Grocery Dept.

STOCKED WITH NEW, FRESH GOODS.

Our Stock is so Immense that we can only mention a few Leading Lines in this issue.

Follow the Crowd

AND SEE AND BE CONVINCED

JOHN LeBRUN

Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEEL

MERCHANT BARS, SHEETS and PLATES—From 12 gauge up to 1 inch thick. Any Widths up to 50 inches.

HEAVY FORGINGS. HAMMERED SHAFTS.

NOTHING REQUIRED IN CANADA TOO LARGE FOR US.

Steam and Electric Car Axles. Fish Plates and other Ry. Materials

Tee Rails. 12, 18 and 28 lbs. per yard.

Scotia Pig Iron for Foundry Use.

Also MINERS and SHIPPERS of

The Famous Old Mines 'SYDNEY'

COLLIERIES: SYDNEY MINES

COAL

SHIPPING PORT: NORTH SYDNEY

An Unsurpassed Evaporating Coal. Highest in Carbon, Lowest in Ash.

UNRIVALLED FACILITIES FOR BUNKERING at NORTH SYDNEY.

The Best House Coal. *The Best Steam Coal.*

QUICK DESPATCH LOADING—BEST RESULTS STEAMING.

Two points that always appeal to Shipowners.

SAILING VESSELS LOADED PROMPTLY.

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BARRISTER, Etc.

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SYDNEY, C. B.

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Gentle but Effective

40 Pills, 25c.

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DYLCIA TOILET CREAM

50c. bottles. A sample to any lady for 5c. Write Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal

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HARDWARE

RANGES, STOVES

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GOOD GOODS OF ALL KINDS AT RIGHT PRICES.