THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD.

"Pledged But to Truth, to Liberty and Law: No Favor Wins Us, and No Fear Shall Awe."

VOL. 20. ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, MARCH 24, 1917. NO. 15

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Sydney, C. B.,

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Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—OH MINARD'S Liniment.

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In effect June 28th, 1914.

SOUTHBOUND.		NORTHBOUND
10 40	Point Tupper	3 40
10 29	Port Hawkesbury	3 50
10 12	Port Hastings	4 08
9 57	Troy	4 20
9 44	Creignish	4 33
9 27	Craigmore	4 45
9 08	Judique	5 00
8 55	Maryville	5 13
8 40	Port Hood	5 33
8 20	Glencoe	5 48
7 50	Mabou	6 11
7 40	Glendyer	6 23
7 25	Black River	6 43
7 12	Strathlorne	6 55
6 55	Inverness	7 05

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Steamship Co., Ltd.

The S. S. "SCOTIA" is intended to leave Campbell's wharf, Halifax every THURSDAY at 10 p.m., calling at Sheet Harbor, Port Hilford, Port Beckerton, Isaac's Harbor, Goldboro, Drumhead, Whitehead, Canso, Queensport, Guysboro and Beaulieu and Country Harbor ports.

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Sept 25, 1916 1y

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

FOR INDIGESTION
DAVIS LIVER PILLS
Gentle but Effective
40 Pills, 25c.
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When digestion fails, whether from lack of tone, chronic changes, over work, or excess of any kind, nothing so soon restores tone and healthy activity to the digestive system as the pure and herb extract—Mother Seigel's Syrup. It tones and regulates the liver and bowels, and clears the system of the decayed products of indigestion—the fruitful cause of headaches.

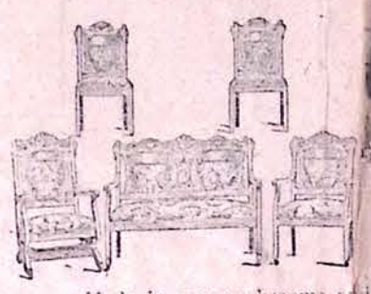
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Languor, acidity, heartburn, flatulence, brain fog, and biliousness. It makes food nourish you, and thus builds health on good digestion.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

The most striking evidence these facts at hand for the trial size sold at 35c per bottle.

MADE IN TRURO.



Parlor Suit
Five Pieces
$23.85

Made in our workrooms, and built to give lasting satisfaction.

COUCHES, EASY CHAIRS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES.

Write for Catalogue. We pay freight on orders amounting to $10.

VERNON & CO. FURNITURE and CARPETS
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NEW GOODS
Now in Stock.

A Full Line of GROCERIES
FLOUR, FEEDS, [illegible]
SPECIAL PRICES ON [illegible]

C. J. LeBLANC.

I have just received a lot of
FURNITURE
INCLUDING
Iron Bedsteads, Chairs Rockers, Extension & Parlor Tables.
Prices Reasonable.

Also Stoves, Ranges and Baseburners

SECOND-HAND BASEBURNERS (almost as good as new). Sizes: Nos. 10, 11 and 12.
CALL AND SEE THEM.

1 CAR FLOUR Boston Brand *at a low price*

CALL AND LEAVE YOUR ORDER.

A. D. SAMSON, ARICHAT, Branch at Petit de Grat.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Just arrived a new line of
Willard's and Moirs' Chocolates IN FANCY PACKAGES.

TABLE RAISINS
FIGS
GRAPES
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HOLIDAY GIFTS TO SUIT ALL.

A. A. LeBRUN.

DAVIS MENTHOL SALVE
For Bites Stings Scratches
In tins, 25c.
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Elderly People
Who are weak, chilly and easily exhausted should take as required.
FERROVIM

THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD
PUBLISHED ON SATURDAY
Richmond County Record Building, Main St., Arichat.

BERTRAM BOURINOT,
Editor, Publisher and Proprietor.

Annual Subscription $1.00; $1.50 will be charged if not paid till the end of the year. Foreign Subscriptions $1.50 per year.

One of the best Advertising Mediums.

RATES MODERATE.

Arichat, March 24, 1917.

OUR HALIFAX LETTER.

DEAR RECORD,—Probably there has not been a more encouraging week since the war started than the past one. The splendid results in Mesopotamia; the retreat of the Germans on the Somme; the decrease of submarine casualties; and the splendid response to the $150,000,000 loan by the Dominion government,—all furnish most gratifying causes for rejoicing.

Of course the Germans claim they are retreating on account of strategical reasons, but no retreat was ever made for any other reason; it is simply to keep the forces from being annihilated in a position which the British artillery had made untenable. It is not likely this retreat will stop for some time. The success of the British, and the imminent junction of the British and Russian troops near Bagdad, have spoiled the German dreams of a near-Eastern Empire. It is likely that events will follow each other rapidly in this theatre of war.

The Russian revolution, which seemed so serious when it was first announced, has now every appearance of being [illegible] to the Allies' cause; meaning that the prosecution of the war is going to be undertaken in a more vigorous way than has formerly been the case.

With all these encouraging signs it behooves every fit man to take his place in the great push which will undoubtedly finish the war. These are the days when no man can hold back.

Halifax, March 22, 1917.

John K. Murchison in the Land of Hi Ancestors.

To the RECORD and its Readers:

I take great pleasure in giving the many friends of Comrade Murchison and others that may be interested a brief account of his visit to the principal towns of Lochalsh, being extracts from a letter recently received by the writer. The original is in Gaelic and if defects are noticed in the translation I crave the indulgence of my educated friends.

K. A. FERGUSON.

March 16, 1917.

Lieut. Murchison writes in part as follows:

(Translation.)

'Plockton was the chief town of Lochalsh, until the railroad was built to Kyle, which town holds first place, it being the terminus on account of the fishing industry. My forefathers came from Plockton, Auchtertire and Balamacharie.

"The view from the crown of the hill above the town, where one one sees the mountains and castle over the Loch, is the most magnificent I have ever had the pleasure of looking at, and the citizens are the acme of kindness."

His visit to Kyle he describes as follows:

"It's an interesting sensation to hear the inhabitants refer to 'Little Rory Murdoch's wife,' 'Kenneth John Murdoch,' etc., bringing home-like names to mind. I thought I should meet with Driver Cameron and other worthies from Grand River.

"The following clans are well represented here: MacLeod, MacRae, Finlayson, Ferguson, Murchison, MacKay, MacKenzie and Matheson.

"Capt. Finlayson took me for a spin in his steam launch to the [illegible] crossed to Col. Donald Murchison. When he unmoored the boat he went in the engine room, leaving me at the 'tiller,' without uttering a word.

"We steamed to Kylerhea with a passenger, a native of Skye, and from thence to the monument. I managed the boat splendidly to the shore and back, the captain congratulating me on my knowledge of steering.

"I intend going back to Plockton at 5 p.m. to pass the night with 'John the Weaver' (Matheson) and to accompany him codfishing in the early morning.

"Tomorrow afternoon I will return to Kyle to hear the Gospel preached in the good old Gaelic on the Sabbath.

"I hope to go on a tour through the Islands to Stornoway and Portree, from thence to Edinburgh, Glasgow, down to London."

"A Socialist's" Letter.

MR. EDITOR,—In the mud-slinging contest between Mr. Morrison and Mr. Williams, of this place, the innocent bystander is sometimes bespattered.

As some of the mud slung by Williams is aimed at Socialist, I will recall to his mind a little history.

Some years ago the temperance party, then as now, represented here by Mr. Morrison, undertook to discipline Mr. Williams, then as now, Councillor for this district.

A meeting was called, a resolution passed, requiring Williams to appoint as prosecutor whoever the temperance party would name.

Williams tamely signed that resolution. Question: Whose the voice and who the dog then?

One man alone in that meeting protested against the coward who would hand over the appointments in his district to outside parties.

That man was the Socialist now charged with being led.

The Socialist would have been Councillor for this district had he opposed if he would agree to be a tool in the hands of Williams and his party.

Lastly, Socialist is charged with sporting a dirty face. I would not notice this only I hear Williams and his admirers consider it their greatest shot.

What splendid [illegible] they would make. What a pity some gentleman would not employ them to see that their feet and face are clean.

A SOCIALIST.

Point Tupper, Mar. 14, 1917.

Point Tupper Letter.

To the Editor of the RECORD:

DEAR SIR,—In one of A. E. Morrison's latest screeds he tries to offer an apology to Michael Morgan for holding him up for ridicule as a member of the Tory Patronage Committee. He only called him the "war horse of Bear Island," and that was no offence. A. E. tried to cover up his tracks by having his nasty insinuations inserted among your news items, but when he was smoked out of his hole like a rat he acknowledged his identity. He shows his gratitude to Mr. Morgan for past favors by bestowing upon him the title of "Gaekwhar of Baroda" and "triumvirate," whatever that means, and holds up his Socialist friend as something ideal and very much above Mr. Morgan. If A. E. objects to the religious beliefs of some people surely he has no fault to find with Mr. Morgan as a Christian. Another case of stabbing in the back What a man!

MORE ANON.

Point Tupper, Mar. 15.

"Ratepayer" Again.

SIR,—"Mainlander" in your issue of the 10th inst covers a lot of your valuable space without saying much worth while. His principal grievance seems to be against this town and his slurs are not taken very much to heart by the good people of St Peters. It appears to excite him a great deal to speak of St. Peters as the "county seat," and if I am not mistaken "there is a reason," but I would not like to give my suspicions any publicity at this time In case they may be unfounded.

There is no disputing the fact that St. Peters has been ignored too long in municipal, provincial and federal appointments, and if made the county seat at some time in the future these appointments may be more equitably distributed. The shiretown has always got the cream while we have had to be satisfied with skim milk

We are in the very centre of the county and its situation if nothing else entitles it to be considered seriously as the future county seat, and mainlanders in general will be very slow indeed if they do not take advantage of the present agitation to press their claims strongly in this matter. A change of this nature would not necessarily mean a change of county clerk or treasurer. Dan Campbell is a very efficient official and we would welcome him to St. Peters to continue the good work he has been doing in those capacities ever since his appointment

Arichat is too far out of the way to be the shiretown, and it should be more in the centre, giving our mainland councillors and others less trouble in getting here than it gives them in getting to the present shiretown

About dividing the county into two municipalities if a change of county seat is made that does not alarm us, and if the island wants to "retaliate" in that manner that is their funeral and not ours.

Trying to make out St. Peters a lawless place does not make Arichat any more respectable. We have no liquor in St. Peters, but there are rivers of it in Arichat by all accounts. Arichat should get Jack Hill to stamp them out. We had some liquor dives in the past, but they have all been knocked out of business, and the chief sinner has given it up long ago.

I do not pretend to be a writer: sawing wood is more in my line; but I try and do my best to defend a town where I was born and have lived all my life.

Thanking you for space and hoping "Mainlander" won't be so "windy" next time.

Yours truly,
RATEPAYER.

St. Peters, March 15, 1917.

Tender.

Sealed Tenders, marked "Tender for the Operating of the Draw in the Lennox Passage Bridge," and addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to Noon of

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1917.

Applicants will be required to state salary expected per annum, and must be prepared to give a bond to the Municipality in the sum of Six Hundred Dollars for the faithful performance of their duties. Names of sureties should accompany tender.

For the guidance of those wishing to tender the following regulations received from the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, are appended.

FIRST.—Every swing or draw bridge over a navigable water shall be marked at night by a white light on each side of the navigable channel, by a white light on each end of the swing protection, and by a lantern surmounting the swing span showing a red light up and down the channel when the passage is closed, and green when the swing is open.

SECOND.—Every swing or draw shall, whenever it is desired to have a vessel pass through the bridge, be in charge of some competent person present thereat whose duty it shall be, upon being notified by whistle or in any other manner that a vessel desires to pass through the bridge, to open the same as promptly as possible, and no such vessel shall pass through the bridge until the swing or draw is fully open.

Lights will be furnished the contractor.

The Municipality does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Municipal Clerk's Office,
Arichat, C. B.,
March 15, 1917.

D. H. CAMPBELL.
Municipal Clerk

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.

HER HUMBLE LOVER

The footmen move to and fro with the tea and coffee cups; there is the usual little pleasant preliminary chatter at the whist tables. Lady Bumbleby, who dislikes whist because, as she explains, it makes her think, settles down in her chair and coaxes Hector Warren into talking—into telling her some more of his stories about the wonderful people he has met, and the more wonderful places he has seen, and Sir Frederic still bends over his photograph album. And Signa, nestling in the capacious armchair just beside which Hector Warren stands, listens with half-closed eyes, and is happy. Perhaps Hector Warren knows that she is within hearing, for certainly every now and then he turns his head and addresses his story as much to her as to Lady Bumbleby; and at such times Signa's eyes meet his with a rapt attention, and sometimes with a smile, which repays him in more precious coin than Lady Bumbleby's laugh.

Yes, she is very happy as she nestles back and listens, and lets her eyes wander idly around the beautiful room, so cheerful and pleasant with its many wax candles and subdued brightness. There is no spark of unworthy vanity in her composition or else she would have noticed the [illegible] figure at the table, [illegible] of [illegible] is heavy and the glance that [illegible] times lifts to Hector Warren [illegible] and angry. In her innocent [illegible]sciousness, she really thinks Sir Frederic is deeply interested [illegible] the presentment of Lady Rookwell's friends and relatives, and idly wonders how on earth a man can grow absorbed in a photograph album for the half hour together.

"What a wonderful memory you must have, although you couldn't recollect Lady Rookwell's nieces," says Lady Bumbleby to Hector Warren; "but I don't want to keep you talking all the evening. Weren't you going to sing, Miss Grenville? I believe she is asleep," she says, craning her neck to catch a glimpse of Signa.

"Are you?" he says, bending over her so low down that he almost touches the top of her head, and makes Sir Frederic wince as if some one had stabbed him.

"Not in the least," says Signa, looking up and meeting his eyes. "I have been listening to your stories. You never tell Archie and me any," she says, reproachfully.

"Doesn't he, my dear," puts in Lady Bumbleby. "Then that makes me all the more grateful. You must be a very agreeable sort of man, Mr. Warren, to exert yourself to amuse an old woman like me."

"There, you see what you have done!" he says, to Signa, in that low, confidential tone, which makes Sir Frederic mad. "You have tempted Lady Bumbleby into direct libel. Now the best thing you can do is to atone for it by singing her something."

Signa nestles still closer.

"I am so comfortable," she says, then she laughs and gets up, and he goes with her to the piano.

A sudden inspiration falls upon Sir Frederic. He is nearest the instrument. Why should this man, this adventurer and dinner-table wit, coming from Heaven knows where, monopolize the most brilliant and beautiful girl in the room? He, Sir Frederic, will slip in between. So, with a couple of long strides, he reaches the piano, and opens it before either Signa or Hector Warren can get near, and stands tall, but awkward and ungainly, trying not to color and frown.

"Oh, thank you!" says Signa, in the low, sweet voice which, though it is the same in which she would express gratitude to a cowboy for opening a gate for her, thrills to the very centre of Sir Frederic's heart.

"Have you—have you got your music?" he says, and he knows that his voice is harsh and hurried compared with the calm, easy tones of Hector Warren.

"It was put in the carriage," says Signa, looking round at the card-table.

But Hector Warren, with many apologies for interrupting the game, has inquired of Mrs. Podswell, and comes up to the piano with the information that the music is in the canterbury.

"I'll get it," says Sir Frederic, hurriedly, and he gets it, nearly knocking some valuable china ornaments from the canterbury as he does so.

"Thanks," says Signa, gratefully, as he comes up red and hot. "What shall I sing?—or shall I play?" and she looks up at him with a kindly smile.

Sir Frederic turns over the music hurriedly, and takes a song haphazard, feeling all the time that Hector Warren would have chosen with careful deliberation.

"That!" said Signa. "I'm afraid—never mind, I'll try it, as you wish it."

"Oh, any other," he says, shyly. "I didn't choose this particularly. Pray sing what you please; I shall be grateful for anything."

"Now I must sing this!" says Signa, with a harmless smile, but he colors and thrills.

He stands with one hand upon the music and the other on the piano, all his soul wrapt in a delicious bewildered delight as the clear sweet voice rises and floats softly through the room; so wrapt that he forgets to turn over at the proper time, and Signa has to stop.

With a start he apologizes, and turns over two leaves; then, in his attempt to recover the right pages he knocks the whole of the music off the stand.

"I—I—beg your pardon!" he stammers, crimson with mortification and confusion. "I'm very clumsy——"

"What's the matter?" calls out Lady Rockwell, without turning her head.

"Nothing," says Signa, gently, and he feels so grateful that he could go down on his knees and kiss the edge of her dress.

"I never can turn over music myself," she says, as he arranges the song on the stand again. "How well it would be if they printed it so that it didn't require turning over; but everything is made awkward, isn't it?"

He stammers something in his gratitude, and she sings again. This time he keeps a careful watch, but all the delight has gone from his heart; he knows, or thinks he knows, that Hector Warren has been looking on and enjoying his awkwardness and mortification.

There is a murmur of applause as the song finishes, and Lady Rockwell calls out:

"Mr. Warren knows all your best songs, my dear."

"This was Sir Frederic's choice," says Signa, and Sir Frederic colors to the roots of his hair again.

"Do you not sing?" she asks him, as he stands trying to find some one word to say to her.

"No," he replies, "I can't sing, and I wouldn't if I could, after—after you had sung."

"Then will you ask Mr. Warren?" says Signa, innocently; and, with compressed lips, he goes across the room awkwardly.

"Miss Grenville wishes you to sing," he says, without lifting his eyes to the handsome face.

"Certainly," says Sir Hector Warren immediately; and he goes to the piano as if obedience to Signa's wish was the first duty of his life. Sir Frederic stalks off, instead of remaining at the piano, as he should do, and throws himself down beside Lady Bumbleby's chair, and watches the two at the piano. Why cannot he look and move like Hector Warren? He does not drop the music, does not color and stammer like a shy hobbledehoy. Why cannot he, Sir Frederic, bend over her and look into her eyes with that calm, gentle, reverential smile? And what are they whispering about? Why doesn't he sing and have done with it? And poor Frederic thrusts his hands into his pockets, and glares at them from under his heavy brows.

"I dare not attempt it," says Signa, shaking her head, in answer to some pleading question of Hector Warren's. "It is most difficult, and—and I should put you out."

"No," he says, "I will chance that. Do try. I shall be so grateful."

And he places a piece of music up on the stand.

"Then you must play," says Signa, getting up resolutely. "I dare not attempt it unless you play."

He sits down, and then Sir Frederic, with a cruel pang, understands that they are going to sing a duet.

With a faint color in her cheeks, and with lowered eyes, Signa begins. It is an old fashioned duet, a dialogue between a shepherd and his mistress, exquisitely simple and therefore touching and effective; and as their two voices mingle—hers so clear and sweet a soprano, his so light and musical a tenor—the card players cease playing and turn on their chairs to listen with keen enjoyment of what is really a very fine execution; but every note fills Sir Frederic with an anguish of jealousy and envy; his face grows white with the effort to maintain his composure; and when, at the close of the song, a burst of applause such as is not usually heard in drawing-rooms greets the performers, he half rises and utters an inarticulate cry.

"What's the matter, Sir Frederic?" says simple Lady Bumbleby, breaking off in the midst of an exclamation of delighted enthusiasm. "Are you in any pain?"

"No, no," he says, huskily.

"Oh, I thought you were. Wasn't it beautiful? I never met any one like Miss Grenville! Lady Rookwell may say what she likes about her niece, Laura Derwent, but I'm sure she couldn't hold a candle to this girl! What a prize she would be for a young fellow! I declare, if I were a man I should be simply madly in love with her—I should, indeed! And do you know" and she leans forward to whisper, with a confidential little chuckle,—"I think one young man is already, and that's Mr Warren."

Sir Frederic mutters something unintelligible.

"And what a wonderful man he is!" she goes on, with a shake of her head. "One of the most charming and well-informed men I ever met; sings like an angel, too! Really, looking at them as they stand there, I think they would be a suitable pair, don't you?—I love match-making!—Really, very suitable!"

Sir Frederick wipes the perspiration from his brow, and stammers something; then he gets up with a jerk, that makes Lady Bumbleby jump.

"I—it's very hot," he says; "there is no air in the room——"

"No? I was just thinking it was so comfortable and nice," she says, innocently. "I wish you'd go and ask them to sing again, Sir Frederic."

But he doesn't answer, and stalks to the card-table, standing over Lady Rookwell, with his back to the piano, to shut out the sight of the pair that Lady Bumbleby thinks will make such a good match.

"Curse him!" he mutters. "It—it shall not be! Never! No, never! I'll—I'll find some way to prevent it! I—"

"What's the matter—am I playing wrong?" asks Lady Rookwell, looking up; and driven away again he mutters a negative, and with a scowl that takes in the whole room, goes straight out into the hall. But even here there is no rest for him; Hector Warren's voice reaches out like a tormenting fiend's, and fills his jealous soul with fury.

Then, as he reflects that he has lost two chances; that he has sat with her at dinner, and had the opportunity of hovering near her at the piano, he curses himself for not having made the best of those chances, and, remembering his mother's advice, he struggles hard to be calm and composed.

"After all," he mutters, leaving the hall, utterly indifferent to the astonishment with which the butler and a stray footman regard him, "the chances are all on my side. If I could but keep cool! I am playing into his hands! I feel it! I feel it! But I will keep cool and self-possessed. He shall not have another opportunity of crowing over me! Here," he says, turning to one of the footmen, who instantly tries to look as if he were quite unaware of Sir Frederic's presence, "bring me something to drink; a glass of water—champagne—anything! The room is hot—"

"It is 'ot, Sir Frederic," says the man, with ready sympathy for a man who asks for a drink. "Champagne cup, sir? Yes, Sir Frederick," and he brings a cool cup in which the frosted ice is floating temptingly.

Sir Frederic takes a long drink, and returns the cup to the man, with half a sovereign accompanying it, and waves him away.

"That will do," but the man hesitates a moment.

"If you'd like a cigarette, Sir Frederic—begging your pardon—they're on the table in the conservatory."

"No, no," he says, impatiently, and he takes a step toward the drawing-room; but the hated one is still singing, and he stops short.

"I—I—think I will have a cigarette," he says, ashamed that the man shall see his weakness; and he goes into the conservatory. But he does not help himself from the little white box which Lady Rookwell considerately supplies for those of her guests who are devotees of the Goddess Nicotina; instead he opens the door of the conservatory, and, leaning against the frame, stares at the dark, summer sky moodily.

Suddenly he hears Signa's voice close behind him, and he starts and thrills.

"Do not mind," she says, with a soft laugh. "I am quite sure I shall not catch cold; besides, you will never find it amongst the others!"

Then Hector Warren's voice replies: "I think I shall. I know your shawl amongst a thousand."

"I don't suppose Lady Rookwell and the others have brought quite so many as that," she says, "but I wish you would not trouble; why, the night is so warm!"

"I do not care!" he says. "I will not leave it to chance. Will you wait here? There is an awful draught," he adds, not seeing Sir Frederic leaning against the open door.

"Please don't close any doors!" says Signa. "I will wait here," and she sits on a low wicker chair, "if you will insist upon going for the stupid shawl."

"That is the word," he says. "I insist."

And he goes.

Sir Frederic looks round the stand of flowers at the figure seated so near him. If that hated Hector Warren were not coming back, there might be a chance of having her to himself for a few precious minutes. He looks round, and is just thinking of retreating, when he sees one of Lady Rookwell's wraps lying on a chair near him.

Even such a head as Sir Frederic's has inspirations, for love will quicken the dullest brain.

With a thrill of hope and determination he seizes the shawl and comes up to her.

"Miss Grenville, I beg your pardon—"

For naturally Signa, whose thoughts are miles away, and who is unaware of his presence, starts.

"I didn't know any one was here," she says, with a laugh. "It was so hot in the room that Mr. Warren proposes that we should come into the conservatory; and he has gone for my shawl, though really it is hot enough here."

"Yes, yes, I know," he says, hurriedly, in mortal dread of the reappearance of Hector Warren. "It is awfully hot even here, but it is cool outside, and here is a shawl. Will you come?"

Signa cannot refuse, or say, "I am waiting for Hector Warren, and I will go with no other gentleman but him;" so she rises and with a trembling hand he puts the shawl around her shoulders, narrowly escaping an accident with the ox-eyed daisies in her hair.

"Ah, yes, this is better," says Signa as with her hand just touching his arm, they pass out under the veranda. "What a lovely night! I wonder they do not have open air fetes in England as they do in Italy—the weather is often beautiful enough."

"Yes," he says, absently, his ears strained to catch the dreaded footsteps. "Yes, yes, it would be an improvement on the usual dinner-party wouldn't it? If—if you like—if you care in the least about it, I will have one at the Park."

"Oh, no, not at all," says Signa, laughing. "It was merely an idle expression of opinion, and meant nothing."

"Your opinion can never mean nothing to me," he says, his breath coming quickly, his voice almost inaudible so nearly that Signa does not catch the full meaning of his response, and does not heed it.

"What lights are those?" she asks. "How pretty they look."

"Those are the lights of the Park," he says; "they can be seen from almost all parts of Nortnwell."

"Yes? It looks very pretty from here."

"You make me very proud to hear you say that," he says. "I—I have always been proud of—of my home but I shall value it from this hour more than before, now that you have praised it."

As he speaks, he hears the dreaded footsteps; but it stops suddenly at the conservatory door, where Hector Warren stands with the shawl on his arm.

He stands looking at the two figures in the light streaming from the drawing-room windows— looking at them with a strange expression on his face, that is neither that of jealousy nor envy, nor even fear, but of deep, almost solemn gravity. For a moment it seems as if he means to join them; then, with compressed lips, he murmurs:

"No! It must come, sooner or later. Why should it not be now?" Then he looks at the Park lights, just as they are doing, and murmuring: "Will she refuse?—will she?" he turns and leaves them, his head bent, his face very grave and set.

Signa turns her head rather uneasily at this speech of Sir Frederic's.

(To be continued.)

Dangerous Throat Troubles Prevented by Nerviline.

IT ENDS MISERY OF COLDS QUICKLY.

Don't wait till night.

Get after your cold now—this very minute, before it grows dangerous you should apply old-time "Nerviline." Rub your chest and throat, rub them thoroughly with Nerviline. Relief will be immediate.

Nerviline will save you from lying awake to-night, coughing, choking and suffering from congestion in the chest and acute pain in the throat.

Nerviline will break up that dull neuralgic headache—will kill the cold and chill at its very beginning — will save you from perhaps a serious illness.

To take away hoarseness, to break up a grippy cold, to cure a sore throat or bad cold in the chest, you can use nothing so speedy and effective as Nerviline. For forty years it has been the most largely used family remedy in the Dominion. Time has proved its merit, so can you by keeping a bottle handy on the shelf. Sold by any dealer anywhere, 25c per bottle.

The Brook Cherith To-day.

This desolation doubly desolate is the gorge of the Brook Cherith in the Jordan valley, whose limestone cliffs hid the prophet Elijah from the wrath of Ahab. Here the ravens fed the prophet while the wicked king and the people over whom he ruled suffered the pangs of famine. The rain ceased, the crops failed, the king raged in his impotence but the prophet, solitary and alone beside the dwindling brook, had daily proof of the watchful care of Jehovah whose word he had obeyed. Then, when the brook failed for lack of rain, God led Elijah to the home of the widow of Zarephath. The place is still desolate, and you wonder what living thing the Arab in the foreground can be aiming at. The gorge is now called the Waddy Kelt, and in a snug corner of the canyon walls nestles the old Elijah convent, in which Greek monks commemorate the long vigil of the prophet of Israel. Possibly instead of raven, they are fed by tourists—who knows?—Christian Herald."

SONG OF TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Where the wind is without fear and the head is held high
Where knowledge is free,
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth,
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection,
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that Heaven of freedom, my Father let my country awake.

(It has been written of the Hindoo poet and thinker. "He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but who has spoken out of Life itself, and that is why we give him love. . . We are moved because we have met our own image. . . The Diety to Whom these songs are offered is at once the striving Spirit of Creation, and that Creation's eternal source and end.")

—Rabindra Nath Tagore.

Actresses have an abiding faith in angels, whether they believe in heaven or not.

HAIR GOODS
—FOR—
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Mailed at lowest possible prices, consistent with high-grade work.

Our Natural Wavy 3-Strand Switches at [illegible] and [illegible] in all shades are leaders with us. Just send on your sample, or write for anything in our line.

GENTLEMEN'S TOUPEES at [illegible] and [illegible], that defy detection when worn.

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM
62 KING STREET WEST
Hamilton, Ont.
(Formerly Mdme. I. Mintz).

$25.00 FOR A LETTER

CAN YOU WRITE ONE?

Thirteen Prizes to Be Awarded In a Letter Writing Competition.

Some years ago the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., offered a series of prizes to residents of Ontario for the best letters describing cures wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Hundreds of letters were submitted in this competition, yet there must have been thousands of users of the pills who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to win a prize. To all these another letter writing competition is offered. Thousands of cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never been reported. These will furnish the material for the letter to be written in this contest. There is no demand upon the imagination; every letter must deal with facts and facts only.

THE PRIZES:

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award a prize of $25.00 for the best letter received on or before the 17th day of February, 1917, from residents of Ontario, on the subject, "Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." A prize of $10.00 will be awarded for the second best letter received; a prize of $5.00 for the third best letter, and ten prizes of $2.00 each for the next ten best letters.

THE CONDITIONS:

The cure or benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills described in the letter may be in the writer's own case, or one that has come under his or her personal observation.

More than one cure may be described in the letter, but every statement must be literally and absolutely true.

The letter should not be longer than is necessary to relate the benefit obtained from the remedy in the case described.

Every letter must be signed by the full name and correct address of the person sending it. If it describes the cure of some person other than the writer of the letter, it must also be signed by the person whose cure is described as a guarantee of the truth of the statement made.

The writer of each letter must state the name and date of the paper in which he or she saw this announcement.

Fine writing will not win the prize unless you have a good case to describe. The strength of the recommendation and not the style of the letter will be the basis of the award.

It is understood that The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. shall have the right to publish any letter entered in this contest if they desire to do so, whether it wins a prize or not.

The contest will close on February 17th, 1917, and the prizes will be awarded as soon as possible thereafter. Do not delay. If you know of a cure write your letter NOW. Observe the above conditions carefully, or your letter may be thrown out.

Address all letters as follows:
The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont.
Letter Contest Department.

TO CANADA.

Our neighbor of the undefended bound,
Friend of the hundred years of peace, our kin,
Fellow adventurer on the enchanted ground
Of the new world, must not the pain within
Our hearts for this vast anguish of the war
Be keenest for your [illegible]
[illegible] your grief [illegible]
That aches with [illegible]
[illegible]derent for
The tragic crimson on your maple leaf?

Bitter our lot, in this world clash of faiths,
To stand aloof and bide our hour to serve;
The glorious dead are living; we are wraiths,
Dim watchers of the conflict's changing curve,
Yet proud of human valor, spirit true
In scorn of body, manhood on the crest
Of consecration, dearly proud of you,
Who sped to arms like knighthood to the quest.

From quaint Quebec to stately Montreal,
Along the rich St. Lawrence, o'er the steep
Roofs of the Rockies rang the bugle call,
And east and west, deep answering to deep,
Your sons surged forth, the simple, stooping folk
Of shop and wheat field, sprang to hero size
Swiftly as e'er your Northern Lights awoke
To streaming splendor quiet evening skies.

Seek not your lost beneath the tortured sod
Of France and Flanders, where in desperate strife
They battled greatly for the cause of God;
But when above the snow your heavens are rife
With those upleaping lustres, find them there,
Ardors of sacrifice, celestial sign,
Aureole your Angel shall forever wear,
Praising the Irresistible Divine.

—Katharine Lee Bates, in New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Word "Boche."

The word "Boche," a new one in the French language, introduced since the beginning of the great war as a designation to be applied to a German, is regarded as a most offensive expression when applied by any one to a French man or woman. It now figures frequently in French courts as a term of abuse for which the user sometimes pays a money penalty or as much as eight days of imprisonment. Recently nine women were brought into court, and the complainant, a man, asked for 2,600 francs as damages because these dames had called him a "boche." One definition of the word says that it is a shortening of the word "caboche," which, interpreted into English, means a dunderhead, a nincompoop, a blockhead, a numskull, an ignoramus, a mutton head and several other things which the German is not. It is in no way related to the American word "kibosh," which has not been accepted by lexicographers.

It isn't wise to take even advice unless you are sure it really belongs to you.

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores.—50c box.

Zam-Buk

DON'T GET "BLUE."

They're a Disgrace to the Average Healthy Person.

To give way to the "blues" is worse than folly—it's the quintessence of selfishness; and instead of the sympathy meted out to a person in the doldrums, what he heartily deserves is a thorough good shaking and a real bad time. Truly troubled persons, people who've been through the mill, are the ones who grumble the least; they know when they're well off. The other, and major portion of the community, only think they're badly done by. You'll generally find a cripple or otherwise afflicted person quite cheery. Then think shame of yourself that you, a strong, healthy individual, permit yourself to grizzle and growl, and be your own devil, driving yourself out of your Eden.

"Blues" arise either from liver or selfishness. If the former, take a dose of medicine; if the latter, take yourself seriously to task. Look within; don't try to find out why you're not happy, but why you're miserable. Is it that you expect too much from life? The happiest man is he who is content with little from the present, and expects much from the future. Go out into the world, and instead of comparing your misfortunes with other people's successes, realize your own blessings in life as contrasted with some poor thing's downright bad luck.

Don't think so much about what you haven't got, as what you do possess. This is the way not to think "Here am I, twenty—thirty—forty years of age. Not many men have worked as hard as I. I flatter myself I've got my fair share of brains, and I'm only earning a few dollars a week, while that absolute young idiot, Jones, who's never done a day's work in all his life, has more money than he knows what to do with!" Well, what if Jones is better off than you! There's nothing in that to make you unhappy! Instead, think how good God's been to give you your fair share of brain and your health!

Now, this is really the best way to treat your "blues." Go for a stroll in any street in any city; go with your eyes very wide-open and power of observation very alert. In a few minutes you'll see a dozen poor unfortunate beings who are truly to be pitied—poor, deformed poverty-stricken wretches who might say with truth they've never had a chance in life. These "blues!" they're a disgrace to any healthy man or woman; and, besides, a doleful person becomes so wearisome. He may meet with a little superficial sympathy, but his acquaintances soon learn to avoid him. The "bluer" you feel, the cheerier you should be.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years [illegible] was thrown from a sleigh and [illegible]red, her elbow so badly it re[illegible] very painful for [illegible] years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,
J. B. LIVESQUE.

St. Joseph P. O. 18th Aug., 1900.

THE CLOWN'S FACE.

Pathetic Incident From Which the Use of Black Lines Come.

"One of the greatest tragedies of the theatre," said a prominent comedian, "is connected with the clown.

"In the time of Louis XVI there was a famous clown known as 'Fat William' (Gros Guillaume), who held his audience in the Rue Favari by his wonderful eccentricities of gesture, voice and mimicry. One night, so the legend runs, his wife was dying, and he was still obliged to go on and entertain the clanking, clashing, ribald Parisian mob that stood in the pit. It was in the days before there were seats in the orchestra.

"Like all imitators of the Italian 'commedia,' his face was whitened with flour. Under the burden of his great domestic sorrow he was stupid and slow in his performance, and in order to stir him up his companion on the stage hit him a resounding whack with a heavy cane. The combination of his sentimental troubles and the physical pain caused Gros Guillaume to weep. As the tears streamed down over his whitened face the aspect was so comical that the audience cheered and laughed itself into hysterics. And ever since then every clown has black lines on his whitened face.

"Many are the black lines of the face of the actor that the audience know not of."—Chicago Tribune.

The Subconscious Conscience.

Tired and dusty, the excursionists were returning from a Sunday at the shore. One of them, a bald man with big ears, overcome with his day of recreation, dropped off to sleep. In the hat-rack above another passenger had deposited a ferocious crab in a bucket and when the little man went to sleep the crab woke up and finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring.

By careful navigation the crab reached the edge of the rack. The next moment it fell down, alighting on the little man's shoulder. Not feeling quite safe it grabbed the voluminous ear of the little man in order to steady itself and the passengers held their breath and waited for developments. But the little man only shook his head slightly.

"Let go, Mary," he murmured. "I tell you that I have been at the office all the evening."—New York Times.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Sing Sing's Funny Side.

I got my first laugh in Sing Sing from Johnny Connaughton, our "P. K."—I suppose I ought to write "Principal Keeper," now that he is dead. They had just brought in a man for his first bit and he was spelling for a soft berth by showing off his erudition.

"I'm a linguist," said he, "and I talk 27 languages."

"Well," retorted Connaughton dryly, "we talk only one here, and little of that!"

The joke was on the newcomer by this time. But soon after the boot was on the other leg and it was our chaplain who got the laugh. He had been talking in chapel about the prodigal son, and of how he was ragged and unshaven and starved, and in desperation he took a job tending pigs.

"And," says the chaplain, "there was nothing to eat and he had to eat the stuff they threw to the pigs."

"Why didn't he kill one of the pigs and eat pork?" asked a convict, so simplelike that we knew he wasn't kidding.—New York World.



Yank Out Those Stumps

The Kirstin method clears your land for the plow.



Send To-day For This Book

TURN your sullen, gloomy, profit-eating stump lands into happy, smiling fields that bear rich crops, and put money into the bank for you.

Our Free Book, "The Gold in Your Stump Land," shows you how you can transform your barren stump fields into rich virgin farm land. It shows you photographs of immense stumps it has pulled; it contains letters from the men who pulled them; and it will convince you that the easiest, quickest and cheapest way is with a

Kirstin Stump Puller
One Man — Horse Power

The horse power machine for the big jobs, for the fields of many stumps; it will pull anything it tackles, and, because of its triple power, prevents strain to men, horses and machine. Will clear two acres from a single setting.

The One Man Puller gets the biggest stumps. Double leverage gives you a giant's power; a push on the handle means a pull of tons to the stump. Clears an acre from one anchor.

Every Kirstin guaranteed for 15 years, flaw or no flaw, your money back if the Kirstin bond does not live up to its promise. We guarantee the Kirstin method to clear land ready for the plow from 10% to 50% cheaper than any other method.

Money Back Bond
15 Year Guarantee
Warranted saving of 10% to 50% over all other methods.
Profit Sharing Plan

Big Money to those who Order Now. To early buyers in each locality we offer a special opportunity to join in our profit sharing plan. No canvassing; just a willingness to show your Kirstin to your neighbors. Don't wait — send the coupon today.

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Send me free copy of "The Gold in Your Stump Land"
Name.................
Address.................



WHALING DAYS OVER.

A Once Thriving Industry That Has Nearly Vanished.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution and for a period of seventy-five years following the conclusion of that struggle whaling was the most important branch of the American fisheries. From 500 to 700 vessels sought whales in all the oceans and seas of the world, and in one year New Bedford alone sent out 300 vessels, whose cargoes of bone and oil were the basis of the industrial life of the city.

The pursuit of sperm whales reached its climax in 1837, when oil valued at nearly $4,500,000 was brought in, mostly from the south Pacific. The height of the industry was in 1846, when 70,000 persons derived their support from whales and 720 vessels, valued at $21,000,000, were engaged.

For more than fifty years the fishery has been declining, and in numerous ports that once derived most of their wealth from the industry there have for a long time existed only memories of former greatness. For a number of years the sperm, right and bow head whales that supported the fishery in early years have been very scarce and their pursuit has been unprofitable, and the present importance of the whale fishery, amounting in value to less than 2 per cent. of the American fisheries, depends on the taking from shore stations of species of whales that formerly were for the most part neglected.

PLANS FURTHER EXTENSIONS

The Canadian Pacific has plans for wharves at Vancouver which will cost $1,500,000. These plans will dovetail into those which the city contemplates to carry out at the port. The latter is growing in value and bigness all the time. There is great complaint from shippers of congestion, for Vancouver is becoming a great port. The city is going to spend $5,000,000 on wharf extension in the immediate future, and the railway company, on its own account, has plans for a further extension of the wharves which it will use for its own business. Both east and west the Canadian Pacific Railway has now for its shipping interests, facilities which render it absolutely independent—this independence making for better and more efficient service in the ocean carrying business, which the company has notably extended during the past few years. The fleet of the company now numbers, all told, over 100 vessels; but it has especially strengthened its Atlantic and Trans-Pacific service in latter years—recognizing, as it did, the possibilities of increased exchange between this continent and Europe and Asia, an intimacy and largeness of communication which, somewhat hurt by the war, are resuming their urgency and importance from day to day.

Minard's Liniment for sale Everywhere.

WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I steal in the United States alone, over $300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike; the young and old; the strong and weak; widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railway train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners in a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless; I am everywhere; in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railway crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush or maim; I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I am Carelessness.

Bottle Tricks—Old and New.

Ever see a bottle with full-sized eggs inside? How did they get in there? Simplest thing in the world. If you let an uncooked egg stand in vinegar for about twenty minutes you can elongate it enough to get it into a small-necked bottle. Pour in cold water, says the Popular Science Monthly for January, and the egg will return to its original shape. How do they get a ship inside a bottle? Another easy trick. The ship is built outside and then placed in the bottle through a false bottom. Is there anything simpler?—Exhange.

Some people are so honest they won't even take a hint unless they are perfectly sure it belongs to them.

Don't judge by appearances. In spite of the size of his trunk, the elephant doesn't boast such an elaborate wardrobe as the peacock.

Science in the Kitchen.

Thomas A. Edison was praising the excellent native dyestuff plants that have sprung up since the war, relates the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"There was a lot of silly, ignorant talk among us at the beginning," he said. "Who'd have believed that such talk would have borne good fruit—good dye fruit?"

"Yes, the talk was so silly and ignorant at the beginning that it reminded me of the cook who said to her mistress:

"'That there new butler you've got in is certainly a fine scholar, ma'am.'

"'Yes?' said the mistress.

"'O, yes, ma'am,' said the cook. 'The servants' sitting-room is altogether a different place of an evening since he came.'

"'Yes?'

"'Oh, yes, indeed. He talks science—science—all evening long. It is certainly fine.'

"'What kind of science does he talk, cook?'

"'Well, ma'am last evening, for instance, he showed us how we was all descended from Mr. Darwin.'"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Not Equal to Bridge.

A well-known bridge player who imagined himself an authority on the game, and who had proved to be a perfect bore among his friends by his verbal comments, suggestions, and advice upon methods of play, decided to write and publish a book. One copy was sent to a famous player for his opinion about it. In about ten days the book was returned to the author with the following note:

"My Dear Sir: Your favor of the eighth inst., accompanied by your book, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it as good a game as bridge."—Exchange.

HIS SOLDIER MOTHER.

(By Margaret Vandis Bryant.)

A quiet night, with just a distant roar
Of cannon! So it is with war.
Life goes on in the same old way,
And as the dawn must usher in the day
So we must find our hopes and hold them true.
Our hopes for victory, for home, and you.
If we are brave, dear one, who gives us courage to keep on
Our way, and to be manly, to be strong?
Whose letters bring to us most joy and cheer?
Who tells of home news, never letting fear?
Creep in those lines? She, who has put us in God's care,
Must reflect strength and love to us in prayer.
Who gave her sons with all a woman's grace,
And left a memory for them—her smiling face.
Her faith, her trust, her love? There may be heroes, dear,
Upon the the battlefield; but those speak no fear,
Who fight their battles silent and alone,
Sitting beside the firelight at home.
They, too, are heroes; for it is most true
God made the bravest of the brave in such as you.

—From the Canadian Magazine for January.

Breaking the News.

Young Michael and his father were both employed in the same stone quarry. One day a bank caved in and killed the father.

No one cared to break the news to the widow, so the foreman eventually went over to young Mike and said to him:

"Mike, you'll have to go home and tell the mother. It's your place to do it, but whatever you do, boy, break it gently to her. Let her know of it easy like. Understand?"

Michael nodded his head and slowly made his way home. As he came up to the door he saw his mother busy in the garden. Thus he said to her when she looked up with surprise:

"That's a fine gold watch fayther's ownin', mither."

"He never owned wan in his loife!" was the sharp rejoinder.

"Then I'm glad of it, mither, for it 'ud be smashed now under twenty tons of rock!"—Exchange.

Way He Put It.

Two friends were talking over the good fortune of a mutual acquaintance who had succeeded in gaining the hand of a rich girl, relates the Boston Globe.

"I didn't think Edward had it in him," said one friend. "It must have taken a lot of diplomacy on his part to win out in that venture."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "As a matter of fact, I happen to know that he told her the simple truth."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, he told her he couldn't live without her."

Keep Firm.

Your red kimono loosely hangs—
Your Turkish slippers slosh around,
Your auburn hair is in strings and bangs—
'Twere better far to keep it bound!
To your excuses I am hep—
You're "seeking rest and sweet content!"
But Thisbe, dear, 'tis but a step
From negligee to negligent!

You never can tell. A likely young man isn't always a likeable one.

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—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT for small family; highest wages; comfortable home. Address Mrs. John Eley, 25 Homewood Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

WANTED—WOOLLEN SPINNERS ON Davis and Furber and English Mules. Medium and heavy yarns—steady work. For full particulars, apply to the Slingsby Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

Charity's Reward.

There is going the rounds of the clubs where certain of the town's physicians and surgeons meet a story of a young doctor who had number of charity cases. This young doctor, as runs the narrative, had occasion to visit a woman who was very poor, with several children. He prescribed for her cases and, touched by the evident poverty of the family, gave the woman $5. "Buy the medicine and use what is left for food," he said, kindly, going his way. The next day he returned to see how his patient was getting along.

"Mother's doin' fine," said one of the children, who met the young doctor at the door. "She took that $5 and got a real doctor."—San Francisco Chronicle.

From British Examination Papers.

The earth is an absolute spheroid.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the invisible Armada.

Shakespeare founded "As You Like It," on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."

Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French Revolution.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, femine or neuter.

Geometry teaches us how to bisex angles.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and cannot meet unless you bend them.

Horse-power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

Gravation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

A renegade is a man who kills a king.

In India a man out of cask may not marry a woman out of another cask.

The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt.

The Zodiac is the Zoo of the sky where lions, goats and other animals go after they are dead.

The Pharisees were people who like to show off their goodness by praying in synonyms.

An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking for it.—Independent.

IF YOU CANNOT FIGHT, PAY, PAY, PAY!

Fight or Pay! These are the alternatives that are before the people of Canada to-day. From taking one or the other of them there is no escape for the man of military fitness.

All of us must make sacrifices if the war is to be won. That is so self-evident a proposition that it should not be necessary to make it. Yet there are people who even yet do not accept it as applying to themselves. In the matter of financial sacrifices, many a man is beginning to say to himself that he has given as much as he should be expected to give. But where is he to draw the line if he be in earnest about "Doing his bit" to win the war?

Plainly, there is one place at which he cannot draw it, and that is where the claims of the Canadian Patriotic Fund present themselves.

If there is one fund more than another that must be maintained, at cost of sacrifices, if need be, it is this one. The work it has undertaken cannot be allowed to drop. The dependents of our soldiers must be protected against want, privation or unnecessary suffering. All Canada has pledged itself to the men at the front that their families will be looked after, and that pledge must be fulfilled.

For 1917 the call on Ontario will be $6,000,000. Of this large sum about $4,000,000 will have to be raised from individuals. It is clear, therefore, that no good citizen can say that his subscription will not be needed. If he cannot Fight, it is up to him to Pay.

Spanish Titles.

The Spanish military attache, Colonel Don Nicholas Urculla y Cerolejo, said at a dinner in Washington:

"Yes, Spanish titles are very, very elaborate. I heard recently of an American girl who wrote home from San Sebastian to her millionaire father:

"'Well, I'm engaged to three dukes, five marquises, seven counts, four barons and a don.'

"'What on earth do you mean?' her father cabled.

"'Don't get excited,' she cabled back. 'It's all one man. He's a Spaniard.'"— Philadelphia "Bulletin."

Wrong Quarry.

With a wild sweep the wind tore round a corner and removed the hat from the head of a respectable and near-sighted citizen, who chanced to be passing, says Tit-Bits.

Peering wildly round, the man thought he saw a hat in his yard, behind a high fence. Hastily climbing over he started to chase it, but each time he thought he had caught it it got another angry move on. Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded, shrilly.

He explained mildly that he was only trying to retrieve his hat. Whereupon the woman said, in wonder:

"Your hat? Well, I don't know where it is, but that's our little black hen you're chasing!"

There is no strength without skill.—Napoleon.

Who's to Blame for the High Cost of Food? It may be the farmer, it may be the middleman, it may be the weather—but never mind—you have Shredded Wheat at the same old price, the same high quality, the one perfect, complete food, supplying more real nutriment than meat, or eggs, or vegetables, costing much less and more easily digested. Cut out the high-price foods. Eat Shredded Wheat for breakfast with milk or cream. Eat it for dinner with stewed fruits and green vegetables. A deliciously nourishing meal for only a few cents. Made in Canada.

You will like its Fine Granulation

Buy your sugar in these neat 2 or 5-lb. cartons, which you can place directly on your pantry shelves.

Just cut off the corner and pour out the sugar as you need it.



Lantic Sugar

comes also in 10 and 20-lb bags for housewives who like to buy in larger quantities

"The All-Purpose Sugar"

2 and 5-lb Cartons
10 and 20-lb Bags

Wounded Men All Heroes

Would you like to look behind the war scenes? Would you like to watch the British soldier when the tumult and the shouting dies, the fighting is over, and he is on his way back, broken in body, but magnificent in heart, to a hospital and possibly to England? You have only to read a splendid book called "The Diary of a Nursing Sister on the Western Front, 1914-1915."

"The nurses are wonderful"—all the wounded soldiers tell you that, and when you have only delved into a few pages of this enthralling record of a woman who went to and from the front trenches in a hospital train during the first battle of Ypres and Neuve Chapelle you will echo with the sublimest conviction, "The nurses are wonderful."

LIST OF DISCOMFORTS.

Listen to this half-jesting list of discomforts, and then ponder what they mean to the average British woman:

The worst discomforts of this life are: (a) cold; (b) want of drinking water when you're thirsty; (c) the appalling atmosphere of the French dining-car; (d) lack of room for a bath, and difficulty of getting hot water; (e) dirt; (f) eccentricities in the meals; (g) bad (or no) lights; (h) difficulty of getting laundry done; (i) broken nights; (k) want of exercise on the up journey. Against all these minor details put being at the front, and all that that includes of thrilling interest—being part of the machinery to give the men the first care and comparative comfort since they landed at the time they most need it—and least expect it.

And then, again, this advice to the people who would join the R.A.M.C., considering it light work:

I hope they know how to scrub floors, dish out the meals, sleep on the floor, go without baths, live on tinned rations, and heave bales and boxes about and carry stretchers; the orderlies have a very hard life—and no glory.

To gain a real idea of the self-sacrifice of the life, however, you must read between the lines, because the diary is a simple record of personal experiences, and there is no mention of the author's splendid devotion to duty in those early days of the war when our men were passing through the grimmest sufferings that mind can conceive. But it is all there; her gentleness and patience; her astonishing forgetfulness of sleep when there were wounded to be looked after at night; her courage under bombardment and her invincible cheerfulness.

TELL OF BULLETS AND SPUNK.

Her praise is all for the men—the British soldiers who came under her care. She says:

The officers were all full of bullets and spunk. They were magnificent, and [illegible]-riddles and whistled, and the men were the same.

The biggest wonder of it all is the grit there is in them and the price they are individually and unquestioningly paying for doing their bit in this [illegible].

She [illegible] conceal her feelings over their wonderful pluck, and she tells thus of their thoughtfulness for one another:

One thing one notices about them is that they have an enormous tolerance for each other and never seem to want to quarrel. They take infinite pains in the night not to wake each other in moving over the lumps of arms and legs sprawled everywhere, and will keep in cramped positions for hours rather than risk touching some one else's feet or hand. If you want to improve matters they say, "I shall be all right, Sister, it might jog his foot." They never let you miss anyone in giving things round and always call your attention to anyone they think needs it, but not to themselves. The Germans begin to clamor for something directly they are in the train and keep it up till they go off.

NOT BAD OFF, ONLY

One man with a broken leg gave me both his pillows for a worse man and said, "I'm not bad at all—only got my leg broke." A Reading man, with his face wounded and one eye gone, kept up a running fire of wit and hilarity during his dressing about having himself photographed as a Guy Fawkes.

And here are two typically British anecdotes:

This was a conversation I heard in my ward to-day. Brother of Captain —— (who has lost his leg) visits the amputation man and, by way of cheering him up, sits down, gazes at his ugly, bandaged stump on a pillow, and says:

"That must be the devil."

"Yes, it is," says the leg man.

"Hell," says the other, and then both seemed to feel better and began to talk of something else.

We were tackling a bad wound in the head and when it was finished and the man was being got comfortable he flinched and remarked: "That leg is a beast." We found a compound fractured femur (thigh bone) put up with a rifle for a splint! He had blankets on and never mentioned that his thigh was broken. It too had to be packed, and all he said was: "That leg is a beast" and "That leg is a beast."

To realize all the wonder of this cheerfulness we must turn to a picture of receiving the wounded:

October 25, 1914. We had 368 wounded; a good 200 were dangerously and seriously wounded; perhaps more; and the sitting-up cases were bad enough. The compound fractured femurs were put up with rifles and pickhandles for splints, padded and with bits of kilt and straw; nearly all the men had more than one wound—some had ten; one man with a huge compound fracture above the elbow had tied a bit of string with a bullet in it as a tourniquet above the wound himself.

HER STANDARD JOKE.

The Sister records that in the midst of all this suffering she had a "standard joke" which always succeeded—although she must often have said it with an aching heart:

You have only to say cheerfully: "How are you getting on in this dug-out?" for every man to brighten visibly, and there is a chorus of, "If our dug-outs was like this, I reckon we shouldn't want no relievin'!" and a burst of *wit and merriment* follows. You can try it all down the train; it never fails.

Of course these men fresh from the trenches had stories to tell. The book is often full of them. Here are two which particularly struck the Sister:

A sergeant of the 10th Hussars told me he was in a house with some supposed Belgian refugees. He noticed that when a little bell near the ceiling rang one of them always dashed upstairs. He put a man upstairs to trace the bell and intercept the Belgian. It was connected with the little trap door of a pigeon house. When a pigeon came in with a message, this door rang the bell and they went up and got the message. They didn't reckon on having British in the house. They were shot next morning.

Here is a true story: One of our trenches at Givenchy was being pounded by German shells at the time of Neuve Chapelle. A man saw his brother killed on one side of him and a man on the other. He went on shooting over the parapet; then the parapet got knocked about, and still he wasn't hit. He seized his brother's body and the other man's and built them up into the parapet with sandbags, and went on shooting. When the stress was over and he could leave off, he looked round and saw what he was leaning against. "Who did that?" he said.—London Daily Mail.

NERVOUS DISORDERS

Are Promptly Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your hand trembles or is unsteady, it is a sure and early sign that your nervous system is at fault. The trouble if not taken in time will develop slowly to a worse stage, and there is no person more to be pitied than one suffering from nervous trouble. You feel unaccountably weak after exertion, lose flesh, turn against food, and suffer palpitations and indigestions after eating. Sometimes sharp pains shoot down your spine and legs, and often neuralgia robs you of your sleep at night. These are some of the troubles that indicate the presence of nervous disorders. If they are neglected they result in a complete nervous collapse, sometimes in paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have won a great reputation in curing all forms of nervous diseases. The nervous system depends entirely upon the blood supply for nourishment. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually increase the supply of rich red blood; feed, strengthen and tone the nerves, enabling them to perform their functions and dispel all signs of breakdown. Mrs. B. Walncott, Beaver Bank, N. S., says: "I was all run down and awfully nervous. The slightest noise would startle and annoy me. I suffered pains around the heart, and every particle of color left my face and hands. I always felt tired and slept poorly at night. I was so poorly that my friends thought I would never recover. I tried many medicines but they did no help me. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to drop all other medicine and try them. It was fortunate I did, for in the course of a few weeks I found them helping me. I continued taking the pills for some weeks longer and them completely cured me. I earnestly advise every weak woman and girl to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and I am sure they will not be disappointed."

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

SCHOOL IN THE HOME.

Problems of Homework and Parents Are Discussed.

Parents who encourage their children to carry out experiments learned at school, and generally to utilize the knowledge gained there at home, are doing a wise thing. There is, on the whole, too great a gulf between home life and school life. It is a constant cry, nowadays, that the children do not learn anything at school. After many years of what is considered the best education, we find much to be desired in the child's equipment. The boy is often a disappointment to his employer, and the mother is surprised to find that her daughter knows less than she knows herself. One of the chief reasons for this failure is to be found in the fact that too much is attempted during the child's school life. Another reason is that there is little interest of a practical nature taken in the child's work at home.

The cry, "Have you finished your lessons?" is often heard; but there the matter ends. The parents seldom take the trouble to ask, "What lessons have you to do this evening?" and the children do not often volunteer the information. Very frequently the child is stopped in his recital of the day's doings at school by an impatient request to "be quiet," and the telling of the tale is never completed. Those who have had experience in teaching, know at once when there is any interest taken in the child's lessons at home. Some children, though they may not be quite so bright as others in the class, always get on more rapidly, and have a clearer understanding of their work. Where a child is naturally gifted, and where at the same time there is an intelligent interest taken in his work in the home, his progress is made very rapidly indeed.

The child with an unsympathetic home circle, or an apathetic or unintelligent one, loses very often the interest that he would otherwise have in this work. He feels that at home it matters little or nothing how he gets on at school. He cannot discuss his work with anyone there, and he cannot get help when it is wanted, or give information—for this last is never needed. We all know that a fact once heard is soon forgotten. We know, too, that a fact heard, and then repeated once or twice to others, will linger for a long time in the memory. The child learns by teaching, and if we will allow our children to teach us what they have learned at school, if we will allow them to use their knowledge at home, we shall find that they make much more progress, and are far happier into the bargain.

Some parents, on the other hand, take, if possible, too great an interest in their children's school life. They ask all the questions, without waiting to be told anything. And, worst even than this, they "drive" their offspring to such an extent, that jaded and worn, the children can never hope to do themselves or their parents credit.

Fooling the Boss.

Murphy was taking a day off, says an English weekly, and wishing to enjoy himself thoroughly, he walked round to watch "the boys." He was surprised to see his friend Kelly working as if carrying a hodful of mortar up and down a ladder was the only thing he took any real pleasure in.

"It's yourself that's working mighty hard to-day, Kelly!" expostulated Murphy.

"Whist! I'm just making a fool of the boss!" said Kelly, winking slyly.

"And how are you doing that, Kelly?"

"Sure, Murphy, it's as easy as kissing your hand. He sees me going up the ladder with my hod full of mortar and he thinks I'm working. But, Murphy, my boy, it's the same hodful I'm carting up and down all the time."
—Youth's Companion.

WINTER HARD ON BABY

The winter season is a hard one on the baby. He is more or less confined to stuffy, badly ventilated rooms. It is so often stormy that the mother does not get him out in the fresh air as often as she should. He catches colds which rack his little system; his stomach and bowels get out of order and he becomes peevish and cross. To guard against this the mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. They regulate the stomach and bowels and break up colds. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ODD JOTTINGS OF WAR TIME.

The girls of the Manchester High School have volunteered their services in the cultivation of land in and near that city.

Estates in Bessarabia which formerly belonged to Germans, have been sold by Russian authorities, and realised £420,000.

Cardiff City Council has unanimously resolved that after New Year's-day no conscientious objector shall remain in its pay.

Women cinema operators are now at work in several of the halls at Leeds, and it is stated that they are doing their work very well.

The Y. M. C. A. has served during the past months 160,000 hot drinks, all free, in its refreshment dug-outs quite close to the front.

Dudley Education Committee has resolved to throw open to wounded and disabled soldiers the evening art and technical school under its control, free of all cost.

It is estimated that no fewer than 1,200,000 steerage tickets have already been sold to aliens in the United States who wish to return to Europe at the close of the war.

The Russian clergy have organized detachments for the collection of wounded and dead on the field of battle, aiding the former and burying the latter with Christian rites.

Women chainmakers in the Black Country, long the worst paid of all women workers, are to share in wartime prosperity to the extent of an advance of 20 per cent. in their wages.

Amateur actors at Ruhleben recently produced "Hindle Wakes" for four performances, and bespectacled German professors of languages attended the performances to study the dialect, as the players were nearly all Lancastrians by birth.

Dr. Georgina Sweet, of Brisbane, has been appointed acting professor of biology at the Melbourne University — the first time a woman has ever been made a professor in the Melbourne University, and proabbly the first time anywhere in Australasia.

An eight-carat emerald that once reposed in the coffers of the Archduke whose assassination precipitated the European conflict, and which was presented by the Archduke to an Indian dancer, is being sold in New York for the relief of the Allied war sufferers.

Mr. Carl Acherman, who is visiting Budapest on behalf of the United Press of America, states that the famous palace built in that city in 1749 by Maria Theresa, most of which has been closed for a hundred years, is being prepared for the use of the new Emperor.

A play entitled "The Most Precious Jewel" has proved a great success at the Palace Theatre, Berlin, the "jewel" being half a pound of real butter, which two enterprising burglars are fortunate enough to discover when searching for more gold in the safe of a millionaire.

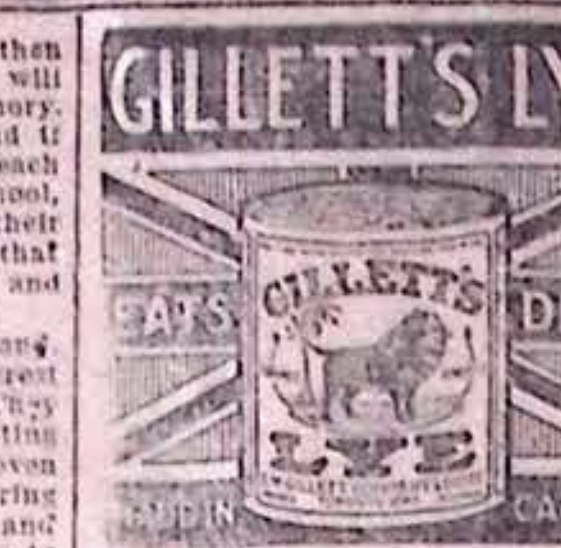
Mr. A. Ponsonby, M. P., the unwanted member for Stirling Burghs, told an Independent Labor party gathering at Nelson that he believed more lies had been told since the beginning of the war than ever in the history of the world before. He did not say by which side.

A Petrograd telegram states that the London committee for the relief of Russian prisoners of war in Germany, over which the Countess Beckendorf, the wife of the Russian Ambassador, and Lord Derby, preside, has issued a report showing that assistance has been given to 240,000 prisoners by the despatch of food, clothing and medicine

A seaman summoned at Liverpool for failing to join a transport, pleaded that no one would have him because he was a "regular Jonah." He has been in four shipwrecks and three torpedoings, has three times been injured at sea, and several times forced to relinquish his berth because of his shipmates' superstitious dread of his ill-luck.

Mine Gas Detector.

A new electric instrument to detect explosive gas in mines has just been patented. Such an instrument is necessary because of the greatly increased use of electric mine-lamps instead of the old-time Davy safety-lamps. The Davy lamp gave the miner warning of the presence of gas, but the electric flash-lamp of course does not. The new detector consists of two glowing electric wires connected in series. One wire is treated so as to burn more brightly in gas-laden air than in pure air. In perfectly pure air the two wires glow with exactly the same brightness. By noting the difference in the brightness of the two indicators the miner can not only detect the presence of dangerous gas, but can also tell almost exactly how much of it is present.



FARM AND GARDEN

THE CARE OF COWS.

Wholesome milk cannot be produced from sick or ailing cows. It is therefore important that the dairyman secure a healthy herd and provide conditions far maintaining them in the proper manner.

In the stable there must be good ventilation to insure proper health and vigor of the herd. Oxygen is as much a food as meal, and plenty of air is needed to supply it. Carbonic acid and other impurities cast off daily by the lungs are poisonous and must be gotten rid of.

It is impossible for the cow to reach her maximum production or long maintain health, in the absence of proper ventilation. It has been advised that an animal should have as many cubic feet of space as the number of pounds live weight. Space, however, is not so essential as the frequency with which the air is changed. We know the stable is properly ventilated when we fail to detect any strong or disagreeable odors upon entering it, and when we find no moisture collected on the ceiling and walls.

When windows are used the cold air enters the stable near the ceiling, drives the warm air out at the other side and the cold air at the door is left undisturbed.

HOW TO VENTILATE STABLE.

To preserve the heat derived from the bodies of the animals, and at the same time remove the impurities, the King system of ventilation is to be recommended. That consists in allowing 500 to 1,000 cubic feet of space for each animal, and making provision for a change of air at the rate of 3,000 cubic feet per hour for each animal, bringing in the fresh air at the ceiling and removing the cold air from the bottom of the stable.

Plenty of windows should be provided. Sunlight is a disinfectant, and acts as an invigator and a tonic. Light in the stable facilitates work, and by showing up the dirt is a stimulus to cleanliness. It is suggested that three square feet of window glass be provided to each animal. Windows should be placed both sides of the stable, and the number can scarcely be too great.

Each individual in the herd must be healthy, and any animal suffering from a constitutional disease should be gotten rid of. The disease most common to dairy animals is tuberculosis. To guarantee the absence of tubercle germ the herd must be subjected to the tuberculin test and the reacting animals eliminated.

The milk from fresh cows should not be saved until from three to seven days after the birth of the calf.

THE RATION FOR THE HERD.

The bill of fare should be ample in amount and well balanced. Changes in the ration should be infrequent, but when necessary should be made gradually. Feeds which have soured, fermented, or in any way spoiled, should not be used, nor those that will affect the character or taste of the milk.

Rape, cabbage, turnips, if fed at all should be given immediately after milking. Malt sprouts should be fed in limited quantity. Wet brewery grains should be fed in tight mangers, in limited quantity and should be obtained frequently from the source of supply.

Silage should be fed after, and not before nor during milking, in order that it may not taint the air of the stable, and be absorbed by the milk. Silage, no doubt, affects the taste of milk, as do other foods, but this taste is not objectionable. Garlic and other weds in the pasture often cause undesirable flavors in the milk. In these cases the trouble may be neutralized by taking the cows from the pasture several hours before milking.

The impure air of the stable is one of the main causes for the bacterial infection of milk. For this reason no dry or dusty foods should be fed during or for one hour before milking.

Cows should be supplied with water from wells, springs or running streams. All pond holes in the fields should be fenced off so that the cows cannot gain access to them in any case. Cows should not be permitted to drink from pools of stagnant water in the fields or in the barnyards. Watering troughs should be kept clean and supplied with fresh water from day to day.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS.

Following is the dry cure for hams as recommended by President H. J. Waters, of the Kansas Agricultural College: For each 1,000 pounds of meat use the following: Forty pounds common salt, 10 pounds New Orleans sugar, four pounds black pepper, one and a half pounds of saltpeter, half a pound of cayenne pepper. Weigh the meat and take such part of the ingredients as that is a part of the 1,000. Let the meat cool thoroughly. After mixing the ingredients, half the amount should be rubbed well into the meat. Put the meat in a dry, cool place—never in a cellar. Let it remain two weeks, then rub on the remainder of the cure and let it lie about six weeks, when it is ready to hang. It is important that the meat be well rubbed each time the cure is applied, and that plenty of the cure be forced into the hock end and around the joints. Less cure should be used on thin sides than on the joints. The heavier and fatter the meat the longer the time required for curing. The warmer the weather the quicker the meat will take the cure. These arrangements are estimated on the basis of about 200 or 225-pound hogs, and ordinary January February and March weather.

It does not necessarily follow that an imported sheep is a superior animal. Look for something beside the record of importation.

Sheep raisers should have two pastures and several small lots. Two pastures are beneficial in making a change. Ewes, when raising lambs, should be put in small lots to prevent their disowning them.

The United States Department of Agriculture in 1855 found that it required four hours and 34 minutes of human labor to produce a bushel of corn. In Minnesota it has been found that 45 minutes is the time required to produce a bushel of corn now, or only one-sixth as long as in 1855. In other words, a day of human labor now is worth more than six times as much as in 1855, due to the use of more and better machinery, better varieties of corn and better soil management.

Foxy Hubby.

It was an ingenious husband who sent his wife shopping in a taxi the other day. A friend who happened to see him say good-bye to her from the curb, remarked on his apparent extravagance.

"It's economy, really," said the husband. "Whenever she's in a store she will be worried to death because the taxi is eating up money all the time, so she won't stay long enough to spend half as much as she would if she went on foot or in a street car."
—New York Times.

THREE NEW MINERALS.

Hibbenite is Name of Element Found in British Columbia.

"Hibbenite," named after President John Grier Hibben, is a new mineral just discovered by Prof. Alexander H. Phillips, '87. The manner of its coming to light is one of the surprises of laboratory research, and makes a story which in essence is not dissimilar in a minor way from the famous Darwin-Wallace coincident discovery of the theory of evolution. A single specimen of ore sent to the laboratory of Guyot Hall by David McBurney was found by Prof. Phillips to contain three entirely unknown minerals. Prof. Phillips began an investigation and had already completed his description and analysis of the first of these and before publishing his results was waiting to complete his analysis of the other two, when Mr. Hamel, one of the graduate students, an alumnus of Toronto University, happened to visit his alma mater. His former professor, Dr. T. L. Walker, showed him a specimen of a new mineral. Mr. Hamil was much astonished, and explained to Dr. Walker that Prof. Phillips was also at work upon this same substance. Dr. Walker then informed Prof. Phillips by letter that he had discovered the new mineral, for which he proposed the name "spencerite," and Prof. Phillips was naturally estopped from proceeding with this phase of his investigation; the honor of discovering "spencerite" therefore falls to Dr. Walker. Prof. Phillips, however, turned to the second and third new minerals. The second proved to be a new basic zinc phosphate which occurs in crystallized form and to which Dr. Phillips has given the name "hibbenite." The third, which has not yet been named, occurs in small lens-shaped crystals, which have no definite orientation to the crystalline directions of the "hibbenite."

This amazing bit of ore, which is now found to include three hitherto undiscovered minerals, was picked up in the Hudson Bay mine at Salmo, British Columbia, where it occurred in the form of pillars to a cave in the mine proper. As it was not recognized as anything particularly valuable or unique, about 200 tons of it were sent through the mill. The specimens of "hibbenite" and the as yet innominate mineral now at Guyot Hall are therefore the only specimens at present known.—Princeton Alumni Weekly.

Pale Cheeked Women Told About Restoring A Rosy Complexion

A few years ago the girl with pale, drawn cheeks scarcely knew what to do in order to restore her fading appearance. At that time there was no blood-food medium made that really would put color and strength into systems that were more or less worn out.

To-day it's different. The blood can be quickly nourished, can be made rich, red, and healthy. All you have to do is take two Ferrozone Tablets with a sip or two of water after meals. The effect is almost magical.

Mothers, look at your children. Are they ruddy and strong—do they eat and sleep well, or are they pale, weak, and anaemic?

FERROZONE will rebuild them. Take your own case — is your blood strong and rich? Have you that old-time strength and vigor, or are you somewhat under the weather?

FERROZONE will supply the strengthening elements you require. It is a blood-forming, nourishing tonic that makes every ailing person well. FERROZONE is a marvellous rem[illegible] in concentrated form [illegible] that especially [illegible]ses of anaemia, poor color [illegible], tiredness, and loss of weight.

Every day you put off using FERROZONE you lose ground. Get it to-day, sold in 50 cent boxes by all dealers, or by mail from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Facts About Naval Fliers

Canadians have done a vast deal to give Britain her present supremacy in the air. It is said that sixty per cent. of the officers in the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service are colonials, and a large percentage of these from Canada. Perhaps it is the glamor of the warships and the prospect of fighting Zepps, and German destroyers and sneaking subs. that draws Canadians to the navy. Anyway one remarks on the number of young chaps in the smart navy blue and gold lace, whose accent proclaims them from the land of the maple leaf.

Like its mother service, the Royal Navy, the R. N. A. S. is more difficult of entry than the Royal Flying Corps, the army's branch. They are great sticklers in the senior service. Before a man proves his right to wear the golden albatross, emblem of the dominion of the air, he must have passed a severe test. Moreover, a probationary sub-lieutenant may be discharged at any time. "This will not necessarily indicate that any blame is attributable to the officer," states this regulation. "The special nature of the duties peculiar to the air service renders essential a very high standard of mental and physical fitness."

As with Canadian hockey and lacrosse players, the age at which most men are best fitted to start the nervy work of flying ranges between the years of nineteen and twenty-three. The navy prefers them to be within those years. No nomination by an M. P. or other potentate is necessary. If quite physically fit (and the stringent medical requirements which lay great stress on eyesight, give the doctor a loop'hole for getting rid of a sound but otherwise undesirable candidate) and in possession of a good education, the aspirer to the air service applies to the Secretary of the Admiralty at Whitehall, London. Here, several stern old sea dogs scrutinize him, question him, and examine his references, which must be satisfactory. Later an air service committee interviews each candidate. Then the case is passed on by the Lords Commissioners and the candidate informed of his fate.

Life in a naval air station consists largely of practice and patrols. Up at 6.30, the airmen get busy at once for this time of the day is best. Many daily run out over the cold North Sea. Work goes on steadily till dark and often at night the aviators stand by their machines waiting the word to go after Zepps. Night flying is not nearly so dangerous adventure as it used to be. Though even in daytime green pilots sometimes lose their aerodromes.

Testing the nerve of tyros at the game is a little task entrusted to the older hands. One young Canadian flyer delights in taking up a green aviator and spiralling straight down for several thousand feet.

"Many a chap cracks up at this test," quoth the adept. "The machine is away over on its side, of course, and though you are always strapped in, the strap is superfluous then. Centrifugal force presses you against the seat. In fact weak seats sometimes break under the strain. Most fellows get seasick in their first spiral, and I will defy the novice to tell where the ground is. The motion utterly confuses one, and a beginner asked to take the controls doesn't know what to steer for."

Soaring upwards the aviator enters the first layer of clouds at about 5,000 feet. Emerging from this he finds another layer at from 7,000 to 10,000 feet. Thus, on the drearist day of winter, when other Canadians sojourning in damp England bemoan the loss of Old Sol for weeks, the flyer can have bright sunshine whenever he wishes, for about the 10,000-foot level the sky is blue and bright on the wettest day.

The aviator's wardrobe is extensive. In winter he wears flying boots lamb wool lined, leather breeches and coat and fur gauntlets, fur-lined helmet and goggels. Even then it is cold. Apart from this, among ordinary kits one Canadian told me he had two jackets, three pairs of socks, two caps and about seven pairs of boots, to say nothing of thick woollen socks in abundance. There is real gold, too, in all the gold lace which adorns the sleeves and cap.

Young Canadians, erstwhile bank clerks, students or commercial men, in this new sphere of life find the companionship of the mess very pleasant. Often there is only one Canadian at a station. But the Canuck airman is never lonely in his off hours. Good comradeship prevails. Should there be no baracks, the officers' quarters are situated in some comfortable hotel, where they have their own dining and sitting-rooms, and generally a billiard table or two. In war time there is no useless ceremony at the mess. At dinner the officers wear stiff collars and No. 1 jackets, not working clothes, though at a few stations a dinner jacket is worn. At mess dinner the president always says: "Mr. Vice, the King." Mr. Vice replies: "Mr. President and gentlemen, the King." All remain seated, however, to drink the toast, largely done in non-intoxicants. The mention of a woman's name, gambling or swearing is a direct breach of naval mess etiquette. All must remain at table until the King's health has been honored. After dinner the airmen while away the time smoking chatting, or playing billiards. Early to bed is the rule where such early hours of rising are kept.

Little Surprises.

"Mister, here's them five tons of coal you ordered this morning."

"No, sir, this isn't the real genuine alive oil; that's the reason we sell it so cheap."

"You don't need to waste any sympathy on me, old peg; I am satisfied with my job, my boss and my wages."

"Gentlemen, the conductor has asked us to move forward. Come on, there's plenty of room."

"Young man, we find that we have not been paying you enough so we'll increase your salary $10 a week beginning to-day."—Portland Express.

Grand Complexion Improver! Better Than Cosmetics

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when skin disfigurements can be removed, isn't it foolish to plaster on cosmetics?

Go to the root of the trouble—remove the cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of. How much happier you'll feel — pimples gone, cheeks rosy again, eyes bright, spirits good, joyous health again returned. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, get a 25c box to-day.

A Song of Triumph.

Work!—
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, swift, keen race of it,
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal,
Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so good as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaking the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rendering a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!
—Angela Morgan in the New York Times.

It is just as true for us as for the crystal that the nobleness of life depends in its ceaseless energy. All doubt and repenting and botching, and retouching, and wondering what it will be best to do next, are vice, as well as misery.—Ruskin.

Men Wanted for the Navy

The Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve, wants men for immediate service Overseas, in the Imperial Navy



Candidates must be from 18 to 38 years of age and sons of natural born British subjects.

PAY $1.10 per day and upwards. Free Kit. Separation allowance, $20.00 monthly.

Experienced men from 38 to 45, and boys from 15 to 18 are wanted for the CANADIAN NAVAL PATROLS.

Apply to
COMMODORE ÆMILIUS JARVIS, Naval Recruiting Officer, Ontario Area,
103 BAY STREET, TORONTO, or to the
Department of Naval Service, OTTAWA.

THE BOYS IN KHAKI

(By Charles J. Bulfin, Whose Only Son Wears the Color).

Oh, we love the boys in khaki,
[illegible] them from the start,
When we see a lad in khaki
There's a man with a lion heart,
We love the boys in khaki,
'Tis then they play the man,
For when they don the khaki,
They do the best they can.

We love the boys in khaki,
'Tis then they show some style,
For when they wear the khaki,
Oh, they're the men worth while;
So here's to the boys in khaki,
Drink deep in water clear,
For our heroes in the khaki,
Are the men the foe need fear.

We love the boys in khaki,
They're the men of the bulldog breed,
How well they look in khaki,
And they are the men we need;
Success to the boys in khaki,
They are our very own,
Their shoulders fill the khaki,
They are lads we can't disown.

We love the boys in khaki,
Oh, watch their manly stride;
They surely adorn the khaki,
We're full right up with pride,
Oh well are the boys in khaki,
They do our hearts beguile
When we meet a lad in khaki,
We hand him our finest smile.

We love the boys in khaki,
They're fighting for those in need,
When a lad puts on the khaki
Oh, then he's a man indeed;
Then here's to the boys in khaki,
We hold them all most dear,
For the finest we have are in khaki,
'Tis the swellest garb this year.

For the heroes who don the khaki,
There's a Roman Toga for such,
For the shoulders of those in khaki,
Right there is the place to reach,
For we love those boys in khaki,
They're manly, noble, true;
Sure we love the lads in khaki,
Just as sure as the skies are blue.

We love those boys in khaki
Who rest in a foreign grave—
Oh weep for the lads in khaki
That sleep the sleep of the brave;
We grieve o'er the lads in khaki
Who fell in this awful strife,
They're wrapped in their glorious khaki
In which they gave up life.

So we love our lads in khaki,
Our heroes for whom we yearn;
Heaven bless our boys in khaki
And grant them a safe return.

Then here's to the boys in khaki,
Oh give them heart and hand;
Drink deep to the lads in khaki,
Who fight for a native land.

P. S.—A hint for the W. K. squad:
Our girls love the boys in khaki,
'Tis the measure of a man;
Clean daft on the lads in khaki,
Will marry one when they can.

Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send no money, but write me to-day. My treatment is highly recommended to adults troubled with urine difficulties by day or night. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS,
Box I Windsor, Ontario.

Care With Ashes.

During the winter months the disposal of ashes from stoves and furnaces demands attention. Though many fires are caused by the disposition of hot ashes against frame buildings, wooden fences, etc., the practice is still continued.

Too much care cannot be given to the disposal of ashes. Either metal containers should be used, or the ashes should be placed at a safe distance from anything combustible.—Conservation.

Carlyle Declined the Honor.

Among the many distinguished men who have refused honors was Thomas Carlyle. Disraeli offered him in the queen's name the Grand Cross of the Bath, "a distinction," writes Froude, "never before conferred upon an English author, with a life income corresponding to such rank." Carlyle declined the honor, but he was deeply touched by the compliment, the more so as he had frequently attacked Disraeli in his writings. Most readers will probably agree with the verdict of the Chelsea bus conductor who said to Froude: "Very proper of the queen to offer it and more proper of him to say that he would have nothing to do with it. 'Tisn't they who can do honor to the likes of he."—London Standard.

Knew the Signs.

Among the callers upon a certain grouchy art editor in San Francisco was a very timid young man who diffidently laid a cover design before the great man.

After a moment the editor growled: "Have you shown this drawing to any one else?"

"No, sir," said the timid one.

"Then," demanded the editor, "what is it makes you stand so close to the door?"—Exchange.

Dwarf Fruit Trees.

Dwarf fruit trees are ornamental and easily cared for; they fruit much sooner than standard trees and are particularly suitable for small gardens. The quality of the fruit is equal to that of standard trees and with proper care will be superior.

Dwarf cherry trees will produce a crop of fruit in two or three years. The sweet varieties are the strongest growers and are as beautiful as any shrub when in flower.

Even in the thirst for glory a man seldom stops to think of the next morning.

POULTRY NOTES

A PROFITABLE DUCK.

(C. S. Valentine, an authority on the Indian Runner, in Buffalo News.)

No student of economics will deny that the bird that grows twice as fast as all others is making for first place as a business proposition. Money thus invested can be turned over twice as fast. Then, too, the everyday layer outdistances the alternate layer. The everyday layer is the duck.

The Indian Runner is pretty thoroughly established in the United States and Canada. Mexico sends many inquiries and the largest order reported by the Cumberland Pencilled Runner Club in 1915 came from Alaska.

It is also reported from Hawaii that the duck industry there had taken a new lease on life, having passed out of the hands of the Chinese. The present demand is for Muscovies; while a large demand has sprung up for duck eggs, especially those from the Indian Runner breed.

Wherever the attention of consumers is called to duck eggs and to young duck meat in the right way, a brisk demand soon follows. The meat of the 10 to 12-week-old duckling is excellent. Some claim the young runner duck is the best poultry meat to be had.

When the layers are properly handled duck eggs are so sweet and rich that they equal hens' eggs. No market informed as to the quality and value of duck eggs, will neglect them, especially those of the Indian Runner. The eggs of the Pekin and Aylesbury crowd the large goose eggs for size. The runner egg sometimes reaches four ounces, averaging nearly three ounces; while the Pekin eggs average four to five ounces.

Add to this three other facts, viz. (a) that ducks thrive on a goodly proportion of cheap feed; (b) that the skillful grower seldom loses a duckling; (c) that there is now a steady demand for these products, and it will be seen the duck industry holds a favorable place with the heretofore popular hen.

Many growers who raise green ducks for market look askance at the Runner, or at any of the small breeds of ducks. They want Pekins, which weigh ten pounds or more to the pair when ready for market. Pekins, Aylesburys and Rouens, with a standard weight of nine pounds for adult males, are probably the only birds, except geese, that will make an average of half apound a week of growth for the first ten weeks.

Producers of green ducks want a bird that grows rapidly fattens easily, has white "pins" and of which the male and female are nearly equal in size. Even these meat producers demand a breed that lays well, else they cannot get enough young stock.

Despite their size, Runners lead all other ducks, even for meat. Some have said, the smaller the Runner the better. For instance, a grower of Runners for high-class hotel or restaurant trade may be found urging that round-bodied birds smaller than standard should be selected as breeders. There are several reasons for this. One is that the wild birds for which they are sometimes substituted are usually of a small, round-bodied type. Another reason is, if there is too much weight, the charge per portion must be increased to the customer, or the proprietors, buying by weight, will suffer a very small profit.

An important factor in favor of Runner flesh lies in its gamy qualities, which enable restaurateurs to substitute it for real game.

The grower who produces eggs as a specialty wants small eaters with not too large bodies. Yet he wants a fair carcass to sell when he has obtained the best part of the egg yield from each bird. The quicker this can be done, the greater the profit. And because ducks lay almost daily during the best of the season, they are ideal subjects for crowding for eggs till the moult, when they can be sold for more than it costs to replace them with young stonck. A Canadian breeder reports returns of $7 each from his first flock of Runners, in less than a year from table eggs.

The utility brower needs to think more than has been his custom that he must breed his stock along the lines of weigh and type, in preference to feathers. In all breeds weight tends to run down, unless the birds are bred to a standard weight. Moreover, typical birds are likely to be better layers. Agricultural schools claim this is especially true of the Runner duck.

Charcoal is one of the most essential articles of food for poultry.

Clean the poultry house once a week at least. It is useless to spray and powder a dirty house.

For winter egg production the poultry house must be warm and dry, well lighted and ventilated without draughts.

Keep the hens moving, making them work for all they eat by throwing the feed in cut straw or other suitable material.

Feed a variety of grain, wheat, oats, barley, cracked cron and buckwheat. Mix them together before feeding.

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.

Household Hints.

Molasses will run out of a measuring cup quickly if the cup is first dusted with cornstarch.

Wire baskets, such as are used for holding unfiled letters in offices, make excellent receptacles for vegetables.

As you iron, pin a piece of brown paper to each article you discover to be minus a button or otherwise in need of mending. This saves looking them over twice, and few discrepancies are lost sight of.

When the stove becomes rough from accumulated polish, try giving it a rub with sandpaper before polishing.

If your wall paper has suffered a scratch, moisten a scrap of the paper you have saved, carefully scrape off the coloring with a thin knifeblade and apply to the spot. When dry the injury will be quite healed.

Electrolysis to Boil Eggs.

The latest device in electric cookery is an egg boiler in which the heat is generated by electrolysis—that is, by passing an electric current through water. Four eggs can be cooked over one and one-half teaspoonfuls of water, and as soon as this is converted into steam the current is automatically cut off.

His Great Scheme.

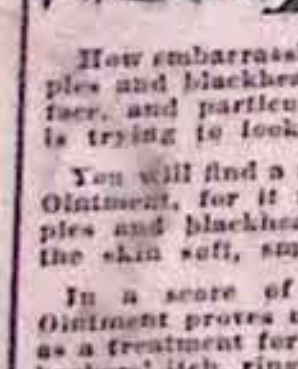
"I have solved the crowded car problem!" exclaimed the jubilant street railway man.

"How?"

"We'll put a phonograph in each car and keep it playing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Then everybody'll have to stand up."—Washington Star.

Blobbs—Your friend, the book agent looks like a man with a history.

Slobbs—He had an encyclopaedia when he got me to sign on the dotted line.



ASHAMED OF THE PIMPLES

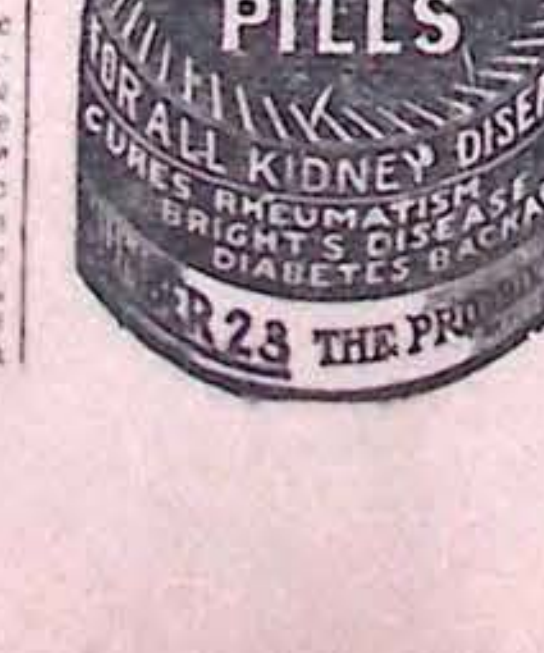
How embarrassing it is to have pimples and blackheads break out on the face, and particularly just when one is trying to look the best.

You will find a friend in Dr. Chase's Ointment, for it not only cures pimples and blackheads, but also makes the skin soft, smooth and attractive.

In a score of ways Dr. Chase's Ointment proves useful in every home as a treatment for eczema, salt rheum, barbers' itch, ringworm and all forms of itching skin disease.

All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper.

Dr. Chase's Ointment



DRS. SOPER & WHITE



SPECIALISTS

Piles, Eczema, Asthma, Catarrh, Pimples, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Skin, Kidney, Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.

Call or send history for free advice. Medicine furnished in tablet form. Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 6 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Consultation Free

DRS. SOPER & WHITE
25 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont.

Please Mention This Paper.

THE HOUSE FOR GIFTS

When in Hamilton do not fail to visit Junor's, the House for Gifts. See our display of China, Art Pottery, Cut Glass and Antique Furniture, Pictures, etc. You will be made welcome.

ROBERT JUNOR

62 KING ST. E. SOUTH SIDE
Hamilton, Ont.

All the Local News.

Newsy Budget of Occurrences in and about the Vicinity.

Martinique notes will appear in our next issue.

Wednesday, March 21, was the first day of spring.

The harbor ice is fast breaking up and the steamers will soon be able to get into the government wharf.

The scarcity of snow in the woods has interfered greatly with farmers in getting out wood required for fencing.

Seed potatoes will likely be very high this spring, as the early frosts of last fall destroyed a large quantity in P. E. Island.

Messrs. Johnston, Matheson, Smith, Melsaac, Fisher and Nelson were among the commercial men in town this week.

A Bill was introduced by Premier Murray in the Local Legislature on Monday, whereupon, if same is passed, a tax will be imposed on all theatre-goers in the province. What next?

On March 17, 1871, Kaiser William I of Germany entered Berlin in triumph on his return from the Franco-Prussian war, and on the same date in 1917 his troops fly before the Franco-British troops in France.

Over 60 enemy submarines captured or destroyed between Jan. 1 and Feb. 15 should make the Huns sit up and take notice. If Germany can build and stand the loss of 10 subs. a week it is beyond our calculation.

It is said the number of men going to the States this year from this county to engage in the porgie fishery will not be as large as in previous years. The porgie fishery was almost a complete failure last year.

Mrs. S. Binet left for Halifax on Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Thos. Gue. After a brief visit there she will proceed to Weymouth on a visit to her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Hallett. Mrs. Binet has not been enjoying her usual good health of late and it is hoped the change of scene and air may do her good.

Someone, speaking of March winds being high, said they had a right to be, as everything else was high. How about onions at 70 cents a pound? We were amazed (says the Mants Journal) when a friend wrote us from Boston that they were 15 cents a lb. there. In regard to onions, some people would be glad if the price went higher (after eating) so as to take one's BREATH away.

Capt. A. J. Morrison, vice-president of the Ingraham Supply Co., one of the most prosperous concerns in Sydney, has just returned from New York and other American cities. Capt. Morrison is a Richmond county boy and is one of Sydney's most prominent and esteemed citizens. A loyal friend, he has always been a steady and appreciative patron of the RECORD and one of its most intelligent readers.

Geo W Kyte, Esq., K. C., M. P., paid his constituents here a visit on Wednesday. Mr. Kyte is one of the most prominent men in the Liberal party in Canada and as a public speaker is often in much demand in many parts of the Dominion. This has brought Richmond county very much to the front and put it squarely on the map and given it a new importance when it could produce such a gifted and eloquent speaker. The RECORD always likes sticking up for the native product, whether Grit or Tory.

We note that Dr. Macdonald and Dr. LeBlanc, the local members for Richmond county, are taking an active part in the proceedings of the Legislature and will before long be two of the most useful men in the House. Dr. LeBlanc is referred to as "one of the brightest Acadians in the province," and those who heard his speech here on nomination day in June last know that the compliment is well deserved. It was about time for the Acadians to have one of their race to properly and efficiently represent them in the Legislature. Too long had they been represented by an inflated booby who was struck more on himself than he was on those he was supposed to represent.

The ice still holds fast.

Signs of spring are every day becoming more noticeable.

There will be a Dominion election before the frost of another winter.

The steamer Margaret arrived from Halifax on Saturday and landed considerable freight.

The poll tax on young men in this county over 18 years of age will be $1.50 per head the present year. A Bill will likely be introduced in the Legislature to legalize the measure.

The "county seat" question is getting a good airing in our columns at present. We ask our correspondents to boil down their matter before submitting it for publication.

The German retreat in France we hope will not stop until the British and French drive them back into their own country. Fighting the Huns on their own soil would cause us all intense satisfaction. 'Tis coming.

Geo. I. Rice, the well known commercial traveller, writing from Sydney under date of the 15th inst., states that he "enjoys getting the RECORD very much and would send kind greetings to my many good friends in the good old town. Trusting that you and your good family are enjoying the best of health."

A West Bay subscriber, remitting his subscription under date of the 19th inst., writes the following as an expression of his appreciation of the RECORD:

"No other paper, daily or weekly, within the confines of this vast Dominion should be more welcome and appreciated than that of the RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD, particularly in the several homes of Inverness and Richmond Counties respectively. The broad views, the patriotic sentiments and progressive ideas, together with its noble and independent attitude on public questions in general, have all combined to make it one of the most popular mediums through which public questions are quite frequently discussed."

The above is one of the best expressed letters of appreciation we have ever received and coming from one of our most sincere and intellecual friends we value it very highly.

POULAMON NOTES.

Tommy Boudreau, who has been confined to his home since a month or so with a sore leg, we are all glad to hear he is getting better.

A. A. LeBrun, the popular merchant of D'Escousse, is confined to the bed with an attack of appendicitis. His many friends will be glad to see him around again soon and in good health.

The following girls left for Pictou last week: Eva LeBlanc, Maggie Fougere, Miss Fougere Corinne Benoit, Florinda Fougere and Lennie Fougere.

The following left this week for Pictou: Clarence Petitpas, Sadie Provost, Obline Provost and Melina Provost.

Miss Beatrice Boudreau and her sister left for Truro last week.

One of the Black Diamond boats was in port for shelter on Sunday.

Fred Langlois left for New Glasgow this week.

Hector Samson and Charles McDonald left for Louisburg on the 19th inst. to join the S. S. Cerona as quartermasters.

Another link which connected the past with the present is broken and another landmark of Poulamon has been removed in the person of Mrs Belonie Benoit, who passed peacefully to her rest at the old homestead on March 19 at the advanced age of 87 years. Widow Henriette (the name by which she was best known in the surrounding settlements) was a woman of sterling worth, a true Christian and a warm hearted friend, always ready to assist whenever help was needed. Her husband, the late Belonie Benoit, predeceased her over 42 years ago, which bereavement left her sole charge of a family of six young children, whom by her honest labor and good management she succeeded in bringing up and fitting for life's duties. She leaves to mourn her loss a large circle of friends, one brother and two sisters, two sons and two daughters, twenty-five grandchildren and nineteen great grandchildren. The large concourse of people who attended the funeral on Wednesday morning showed the respect in which she was held by all those who knew her. The services at the church and the grave were conducted by Rev. Father Boucher. May her soul rest in peace.

GRAND ANCE & BALMORAL.

One of the biggest knock-out blows the farmers have to endure is in buying hay; but in order to keep the cows cud in motion the farmer will have to stand as a target and take his medicine.

Young calfs are making their appearance, also a few lambs.

Dan Gillis has been driving the mail of late to and from Grand Ance and Balmoral. Dan is very obliging, but wait until he gets home his race horse from Marble Mountain; that's when he'll cut a shine.

Dan Hill was to Dundee last week and has taken a car load of props to make for Jim McDonald. Dan is a wood destroyer.

John McLean met with a painful accident recently by having his hand cut off at the wrist in a sawmill that he and his brother, Allan, have had set up this winter. Being both smart and intelligent young men, they were getting a good start on sawing when the accident occurred. Being under good treatment, we wish him a speedy recovery.

There died at Balmoral last week Mary McPhee, at the age of 104 years. She leaves to mourn three sons and three daughters.

Another of our brave young men has enlisted and is now training for overseas service in the person of A. J. McPherson. This makes two out of a family of three boys who have enlisted to fight for their country, the other being Murdo., a lieutenant in the 185th, now in France.

Some of our young folk attended a birthday party and dance at Henry White's recently, and report having had a splendid time.

A sleigh drive, which was to have been in evidence Monday night, was called off on account of a hidden moon and a northeast snowstorm.

HUSTLER.

Pondville Notes.

John Smith, of Dundee, accompanied by Matthew Maddox, brought two loads of lumber to Dunphy's mill to be dressed and returned home very much pleased with the work.

Charles and John Gibbs left for Boston last week, where they will remain for the summer.

Malcolm McPhail and his sister, Maggie, were visiting friends here last week.

The hum of Dunphy's mill can be heard for miles, from early morning till late at night.

Miss Meda Briand was visiting her cousin, Leo Briand, Poulamon.

Albert Edwards left for Boston for the summer. On his return he intends residing on his farm at Barrachois.

Mrs. Felix Fougere, we are glad to state, is recovering from a severe attack of la grippe.

There were two pie social held in our school house this winter, which proved a grand success, realizing the snug sum of $47.18. This will be used to repair the school.

Duncan McRillop, of Cleveland, was on a business trip here this week.

Felix Fougere, of Boston, after an absence of many years, is visiting his sister-in-law, Mrs Mary A. Fougere.

Miss Clara McPherson is visiting friends in River Bourgeois this week.

William Dunphy is getting out lumber to build a new carding mill, which will add greatly to the improvement of his plant.

Stanley McLeod's Report Good Roads Convention.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It might interest some of your readers to know what was done at the meeting of the Good Roads Association which was held in Halifax on Feb. 22nd and 23rd.

The first thing on the program was a meeting at the Masonic Hall at 9 o'clock a. m. of the directors, but as the train (night express) was three hours late, caused by ice in the dock at Pt. Tupper, we did not arrive in Halifax until 12 o'clock a. m. I also missed the moving pictures on good roads shown in the Orpheus Theatre, which demonstrated the use of the most modern machinery in the construction of roads; but we were in time for the public meeting held in the Masonic Hall, which was largely attended, all phases of the [illegible] were taken up and fully discussed. The meeting adjourned at 1.00 p. m., giving members that wished an opportunity to witness the ceremonies at the opening of the Legislature, where we heard the Speech from the Throne delivered by Lieut. Governor Grant, who spoke on all the big questions of the day. He mentioned the Lenox Passage bridge and said he was gratified to know it was completed and filled a long felt want in Richmond county.

The directors of the Nova Scotia Good Roads Association and all others concerned again gathered at 4 o'clock to finish unfinished business and elect new officers for the coming year.

Next day the directors met in the Halifax hotel to draft out some request to present to the government. These resolutions passed are written in legal phraseology and therefore need a lot of space, so I will omit all but what I think most important, that is, that the money required for the purpose of maintaining the main highways be secured.

A. By means of an annual road tax of 50c. on the hundred dollars on the value of all property adjacent to the main highways.

B. By the payment by the government of Nova Scotia annually a sum equal to that received from the road tax.

C. By contributions from cities and towns.

RESOLVED, that in the opinion of the Nova Scotia Good Roads Association, Highway Labor or Statute Labor, so called, should be abolished in Nova Scotia and that a tax in cash should be substituted there or.

We had an appointment with Premier Murray at 11 a. m. when the above resolution was presented by our President. Mr. Murray received the delegation with his usual courtesy and listened attentively to what the various speakers had to say and promised to give it due consideration; but said, as far as he was concerned about having an independent commission, when he wanted the moneys spent to go to advantage on the roads he inquired for some good man. Somebody mentioned a Mr. Yorston, of Halifax, to be the best man. After some inquiries he appointed him. Somebody present said he was a Tory. Mr. Murray said he did not know, never asked him his politics. After some further discussion the meeting broke up.

Mr. F. Pearson, President of the N. S. G. R. A., said he hoped to to have the people who showed the moving pictures of good roads to tour Nova Scotia and show them in every town and city to interest people in good roads. If he does, I hope we will be fortunate enough in Richmond county to see them.

Yours truly,

STANLEY W. McLEOD.

Cleveland, March 5, 1917.

The RECORD invites comparison with any local weekly.

Try the new
DYLCIA
TOILET CREAM
Preserves the Skin against Wind and Sun
50c bottle. A sample to any lady for 5c.
Wyllie Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal

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"I AM assured that my people will respond to every call necessary to the success of our cause,—with the same indomitable ardour and devotion that have filled me with pride and gratitude since the war began."

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE

OUR soldiers must be fed; the people at home must be fed. And—in spite of Germany's murderous campaign to cut off the Allies' Food supply, by sinking every ship on the High Seas—an ample and unfailing flow of food to England and France must be maintained.

This is National Service—
Not to the Farmer only—
But to YOU—to everybody—
This appeal is directed

WE must unite as a Nation to SERVE—to SAVE and to PRODUCE. Men, women and children; the young, the middle aged and the old—all can help in the Nation's Army of Production.

EVERY pound of FOOD raised, helps reduce the cost of living and adds to the Food Supply for Overseas.

PLANT a garden—small or large. Utilize your own back yard. Cultivate the vacant lots. Make them all yield food.

WOMEN of towns can find no better or more important outlet for their energies than in cultivating a vegetable garden.

Be patriotic in act as well as in thought.

Use every means available—
Overlook nothing.

For information on any subject relating to the Farm and Garden, write:
INFORMATION BUREAU
Department of Agriculture
OTTAWA

Dominion Department of Agriculture
OTTAWA, CANADA.
HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

In Effect September 15, 1913

	A. M.
[illegible] Leave	8.30
Sporting Mountain	8.53
Grand Anse	9.09
Whiteside	9.37
Basin Road	9.43
Evanston	9.50
Chapel Road	
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station) Arrive	10.20
	P. M.
[illegible] Leave	3.45
Chapel Road	3.10
Evanston	4.15
Basin Road	4.23
Whiteside	4.35
Grand Anse	4.50
Sporting Mountain	5.11
Peters	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.

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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

FERROVIM
TRADE MARK
The Invigorating Tonic
For Sudden Exhaustion, Thin Blood, General Debility
$1.50 per bottle. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal

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

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As some people do not know my right address, I wish to notify them that my business is in Sydney Mines, and that I have no interest at all in the Sydney office. Anyone wanting me should notify me to the following address only:

A. DRUKER,
Optometrist & Optician,
Greenwell Block, Main St.
SYDNEY MINES.

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