THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD.

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VOL. 20. ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, SEPTEMBER 29, 1917. NO 41

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9 44	Creignish	4 33
9 37	Creighmore	4 45
9 08	Judique	5 00
8 55	Marysville	5 13
8 40	Port Hood	5 33
8 20	Glencoe	5 48
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THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD PUBLISHED ON SATURDAY

Richmond County Record Building, Main St., Arichat.

BERTRAM BOURINOT,
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RATES MODERATE.

Arichat, September 29, 1917.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—:o:—

The Eastern Nova Scotia members of Parliament have returned to their homes after a long and strenuous session of the Ottawa House, during which there were great displays of fireworks on both sides. The member for Richmond was in the thickest of many a heated controversy. It will soon be in the power of the electorate to choose their representatives and in Cape Breton South and Richmond the Grits and Tories have as nominees four very able and brilliant men—Kyte and Carroll, the present members, on the Liberal side; Butts and Douglas on the Conservative side. We shall give a personal sketch of these gentlemen as soon as possible.

The United States government must be given credit for a common sense administration of their part in the war so far, and in many of their acts Canada would do well to follow suit. The U. S. government have just passed an amendment to the sailors' and soldiers' insurance bill which equalizes the allowances [illegible] and officers. Rank is ignored and the wife of a private under the amended act is entitled to as much as the wife of an officer. This is as it should be, and the Canadian government should not delay in equalizing pensions for the dependents of soldiers in this country.

Daniel McNeil, K. C., ex-Grit M. P. P. for Inverness, has been appointed county court judge for Inverness, Guysboro and Antigonish counties. It is not so many years since the new judge was an ardent and active supporter of Premier Murray's government and was a member of his Cabinet without portfolio. Reward for his services to the Conservative party has come to him sooner than it has come to others whose life has been devoted to that party and whose services were as great or greater than Mr. McNeil's. We have in mind Mr. Gillies, K. C., a life-long Conservative, and one who redeemed Richmond for his party and kept it in the Conservative column in three consecutive elections. Thrice elected and thrice defeated, Mr. Gillies fought and bled for his party, and his friends have long expected to see his services adequately rewarded. Fitted by education and training to adorn any position, Mr. Gillies' friends in Richmond have not yet abandoned hope of seeing him enjoying the fruits of the many years of valuable service which he rendered the Conservative party when fortune smiled upon it and when it met with severe reverses.

Under the arrangements which have prevailed since the war began, it is a well-known fact that there are thousands in Canada who have not subscribed a dollar to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. The defaulters are not, by any means, poor people, either. They are either apathetic towards the war, or their sympathies are against the Allies.

A new plan to raise Patriotic fund monies has been suggested. In brief, it is proposed to cease collecting voluntary contributions from individuals, and to turn over to the provinces and municipalities the task of contributing on a pro rata basis the amounts required.

There has been, since war broke out, much criticism of the methods used by the Patriotic fund—considerable of the criticism being quite justified.

Assuredly there should be a system of collection which makes it certain that everybody shall contribute, and the government should take over the disbursement of the Fund and see that all are treated alike—that, we believe, being the intention and desire of those who contribute the sinews of war.

FIRST DUTY OF NEW PARLIAMENT.

The first duty of the new Parliament will be to conscript the labor of the alien enemy and the foreigner in Canada. That pledge will be demanded from leaders by returned soldiers who have difficulty in securing suitable work, who have been offered less wages than that paid to foreign work men, merely because they are returned soldiers and consequently disabled to some extent. That pledge will be demanded by the men to be conscripted, whose jobs, like the jobs of those who have already gone, will be filled by foreigners and alien enemies. Having conscripted the lives of our own men, the next government ought not to hesitate to conscript the work of alien enemies and shirking foreigners. While our boys are fighting for the country, leaving all they hold dear and risking their lives for a dollar ten a day, these foreigners are living in comfort and even luxury, enjoying all the good things of life and laying up earthly treasures that will be used to handicap the earthly career of our own soldiers when they return. It is difficult to believe, yet we learn that it is an undoubted fact, that when a returned soldier goes out in search of work, he invariably [illegible] stows into his pocket the badge that indicates he has done his bit. These men have learned from experience that the fact that he is a returned soldier lessens his chances of securing employment, or at any rate will bring an offer of lower wages than that paid to ordinary workmen, a large percentage of whom will be foreign slackers, another proportion of whom will be alien enemies with strong pro-German proclivities and activities. There is no scarcity of labor in Canada. The vast source of female labor has not yet been tapped. The women in other countries have proved that they are able to perform work that has to be done. The women of Canada can do it too, and the foreigners and alien enemies, who are now living on the fat of the land, who recognize no beefless days, who contribute nothing to patriotic or war charities, can be conscripted to build ships or make land ready for the plough.

A BRITISH VICTORY.

General Haig has struck hard north of Ypres, a movement which suggests that the objective may be to force a retirement of the enemy along the Belgian coast, a retirement which would destroy the submarine boses at Zeebrugge and Ostend. This particular part of the German line has been strengthened by every means which skill could suggest and time complete. There was a perfect network of the most elaborately constructed trenches, filled with men. In hundreds of the large shell craters concrete towers had been built with walls impervious to anything but the heaviest artillery, and each one bristling with machine guns. There were deep marshes in some places and two or three strongly fortified woods, with endless miles of barb wire entanglements; and Germany's best were there awaiting the attack. Possibly the war has not yet seen such an intense bombardment as that delivered by the massed batteries of Britain. Four or five lines of barrage fire were poured upon the enemy's positions, a fire which scorched and blackened and reduced to ruin every defensive work. Down went tower and wire network. Trenches were obliterated, woods were levelled and all possible succor shut off by the tornadoes of steel and flame. Then the men of Britain and of Australia advanced only a few paces behind the awful canopy of their own barrage and occupied the positions, the surviving foe here and there offering stern resistance. Every objective aimed was gained. Along a front of eight miles our men penetrated to a depth of over a mile, capturing all the contained villages and fortified posts and taking several thousand prisoners. The total loss inflicted on the enemy has been estimated as fifty thousand men and possibly half as many more fell in the violent counter-attacks which followed. Every objective was gained and has been held. The victory was a most striking one, even if a pause has followed.

—:o:—

PRESENTATION AT D'ESCOUSSE

The ladies of the D'Escousse branch of the Women's Institute met at the home of Miss Cecilia McDonald on Sunday evening and presented her with a set of silver knives and forks in a very pretty case. Mrs. Thos. Morrison, secretary and treasurer, spoke on behalf of the members, the gift being presented by Miss Alfreda Poirier. Miss McDonald, who is soon to be married to Mr. Edward LeBlanc, of Poulamon, is a very amiable young lady and a general favorite, and [illegible] was greatly surprised [illegible] ed the Institute thanked [illegible] the good wishes and gift were appreciated. This was the second occasion the Institute has had of honoring one of their faithful members on the eve of their marriage, the first having been in February last when they presented Miss Florence Doyle, now Mrs. Leonard Pertus, with a silver cake basket. These are occasions of real pleasure to all the members.

In the Commons Col. Currie stated that the $40,000 spent on publishing the report of the high cost of living would provide clothing for four battalions of infantry.



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HER HUMBLE LOVER

Sir Frederic paced up and down for another hour, then, parched with thirst, remembers the wine, and, going in, drinks a goblet with unsteady hand and feverish haste; then absently he sinks into the chair in which Signa had been seated, and half drowses. There is no fear in his heart, though he knows that he is waiting for the man whose villainy he has unmasked, and whose wife he has sent away; he has passed beyond the range of all feeling save miserable despair.

The evening draws in; lights shine here and there in the windows of the village street; peasants drop in at the Mountain Goat, wearied with their day's work, to get their simple draught of wine and water. The landlord opens the door and looks into the sitting room, but thinking his strange guest has fallen asleep, retires again on tiptoe.

Presently there comes the sound of horse's hoofs down the paved street, and with an abruptness that brings the horse to his haunches with a clattering noise, Lord Delamere pulls up. lord, who has been waiting behind the blind, comes into the passage, then shrinks from his task, and muttering:

"He said he would wait and explain; let him do so! Yes," creeps discreetly out of sight.

Hector hastens through the little hall and opens the door of the room, suddenly, but gently.

"Well, Signa," he says, cheerfully, with an undertone of joyous relief. "I have come back, you see. Where are—Why are you sitting in the dark? Saunders is not so bad, after all. It is a sprain and I left him in good hands. Signa"—for the silence suddenly frightens him—"are you there? Are you asleep? Where are the lights?"

Hurriedly he takes his match-box from his pocket, and, striking a match, lights a candle, then, shading it with his hand, he turns round and sees—not Signa, but Frederic Blyte asleep in her chair.

For a moment he stands as if he were dreaming, and the candle almost drops from his hand; then he looks round the room eagerly, and without waiting to rouse the sleeper, darts upstairs into her room. She is not there. With a sudden, awful fear, which he chokes with a discordant laugh, he returns to the sitting-room, and lays his hand upon Sir Frederick's shoulder. The sleeper awakens, and with startled eyes stares up at the dark, threatening ones glaring down at him, for a moment, in a bewildered fashion. Lord Delamere's hand grasps him tighter.

"Wake up," he says, not roughly, but with deep intensity more ominous than any mere roughness. "Why are you here?"

Sir Frederick rises and confronts him, and even in that moment Lord Delamere notices the change that time and passion have wrought in the once self-satisfied countenance.

"You have returned then," says Sir Frederic, not yet quite in possession of his faculties.

"I am here, yes," retorts Lord Delamere, impatiently. "Answer my question; why are you here?—in this place?—in this room?"

"Take your hand from my shoulder," says Sir Frederic, gloomily. [illegible] ...mere's hand drops, and he [illegible] "Why are you here?—what [illegible] your business?"

"I came to seek you, I followed you here," answers Sir Frederic, calmly, but with the calmness of a man wrapped in despair, and too careless of his danger to heed it.

"Well, you have sought and found me," says Hector, instantly. "And then, what did you come for?"

"I came to tell you that you were a villain," says Sir Frederic, "a cruel, heartless villain."

An awful smile crosses Lord Delamere's face.

"Could you not wait until I returned to England? Was it necessary to take so long a journey for such a purpose?" he says, with deep sarcasm. Then he starts, and looks at him closely.

"Was it to tell me only, or to tell—another?" he asks. "Have you seen Sig—Lady Delamere?"

"Yes, I have seen her," answers Sir Frederic, with a sigh.

"Where is she? Do you know where she is?" demands Lord Delamere, with a fierce haste.

"I have seen her, I know where she is," is the response, dogged and heavy.

Lord Delamere seizes him by the arm.

"You have seen her, you have followed her here, to pour some wild, mad story in her ear!"

"I have come to tell her the truth, the truth of which I warned her the night you treated me like a dog and tore her from me."

Lord Delamere draws a long breath.

"The truth? What is it? No matter. Don't answer. Tell me, where is my wife?"

"Safe from your pursuit," says Sir Frederic, doggedly. "She has left you, Lord Delamere; she has taken the only course open to a pure-minded, innocent girl, when she finds that the man she has married is a villain who has deceived her. She has flown."

Hector rushes to the door with the look of a madman, then he pulls himself up and looks round, for there is an air of security and confidence about the words and tone of his foe that alarms him.

"So!" he breathes, "you have been here—how long? She left—when? One word! Idiot, madman, insane as you are, you would not be so mean as to allow her to go by herself."

Almost madly he put the question, and with the same heavy manner Sir Frederick answers:

"Yes," he says, "she has gone alone. She would not permit me to accompany her——"

"You!" echoes Lord Delamere, with a wild scorn that is so like Signa's that Sir Frederic flushes a heavy red.

"I am a gentleman and an honest man, Lord Delamere; you know that she would have been as safe with me as——"

"Cease, you madman!" breaks in Lord Delamere, seizing him by the arm. "Do I not know that she would have rather died than have you with her—oh, my darling—but—but—oh, Heaven, sent me calm sufficient to deal with the fact!" and his lips open with a wild prayer. "Now, listen to me. You say that she is beyond my pursuit. Whither have you sent her? Answer at once, or as there is a Heaven above us, I will wring the answer from your throat!" and, indeed, his hand waves in the air with an ominous motion.

"I am not afraid; you cannot awe me, Lord Delamere!" says Sir Frederic. "I directed my man——"

"Your man!"

"Yes, my coachman, to take her ladyship to Aletto; if he drives quickly—and he will do so, he knows the road, and the horses were fresh—she will catch the night mail!"

Hector tears the watch out of his pocket, and with his hand to his head makes a rapid calculation.

"Oh, Heaven! it is too true!" he groans. "She will cross before I can reach her. Oh, fool, fool, to leave her alone and unprotected. I felt this evil! I felt it approaching! Oh, Heaven! If I had but stayed! Oh, my darling! my darling!" and giving way to his emotion for a moment, he hides his face in his hands, quite forgetful of the tall, white-faced Sir Frederic. After a moment he recovers, and he looks darkly at his companion—darkly and wonderingly.

"You madman!" he exclaims. "What wild story did you tell her? And to think that she should believe you—you—believe your simple word against my love and devotion! It is incredible—incredible! Am I, too, mad? I cannot believe it. By what witchcraft, what miserable art did you gain her ear and convince her?" he demands, with desperate intensity.

Sir Frederic flushes, then pales again.

"You are right. My bare word, though she knows I would not lie, was not enough. I brought proofs, Lord Delamere, absolute, irrefutable proofs of your crime——"

"Crime!" he echoed it with a bewildered air. "Crime! But you said proofs! What proofs? Answer! If your life—that I can scarcely keep you knew that you were in peril of my hands from your throat, you would be more acute, Sir Frederick Blyte!"

"I am not afraid," he responds, doggedly. "I told you so before. I know I am dealing with a desperate, unscrupulous man; but I am utterly and completely indifferent. For myself I care nothing—it is of her——"

"Silence! You shall not speak of her!" exclaims Lord Delamere, sternly. "The proofs—the proofs by which you convinced her, you madman!"

"They were not far to seek; they were ready to my hand," replies Sir Frederic, coldly. "The girl you ruined, whose lover you shot, is here in this place. I had but to bring them together; Signa had but to hear the miserable, cruel story from the victim's own lips——"

Lord Delamere interrupts him with a groan.

"Oh, Heavens! I see it all!" he says, striking his forehead, and leaning against the table. "I see it all! Oh, my poor darling, what you are suffering now! And alone, too—alone!" and more than once he hides his face in his hands.

There is silence broken only by the buzz and hum of the peasant's chattering over their wine. Then Lord and looks sternly at his companion. Delamere lifts his pale, haggard face.

"Sir Frederic," he says, and his voice is stern and solemn, "this day you have done a wrong which, if there be any true manhood in you, will bring you remorse that shall last you until your death!"

Sir Frederic starts and glares at him.

"Wrong!" he says, hoarsely. "I have done my duty—my duty. I have unmasked a villain, and undeceived a pure, trusting woman."

"No!" responds Lord Delamere, in an awful voice; "you have committed an error that, by its consequences, amounts to a crime."

"Error!" says Sir Frederic, panting. "Yes. Who were you to judge? You elected yourself my judge; you tried me on a matter of life and death; you convicted me; you sentenced me without hearing both sides. For myself, I can bear the consequence of your mad injustice and malice; but she—oh! [illegible] whom I have watched over as never father watched over daughter, husband over wife, you have broken her heart, and sent her into the world to bear her misery alone! Oh, Heaven! if there be any sense in you, any feeling of humanity, any capacity for remorse, you will wish that you had died before you did this day's black, bitter work!"

White and trembling, Sir Frederic glares at him.

"What—what is this?" he demands, hoarsely. "Do you dare to tell me that it is not true?—that——"

"Look at me," retorts Lord Delamere, confronting him with flashing eyes, and with a face awful in its sternness and solemnity. "Is this the face of a coward—an assassin? You mad fool! If you had but waited—if you had but met me man to man, instead of man to woman—I would have convinced you——"

With an awful cry, Sir Frederic staggers against the table, and holds out one trembling hand, as if to put the wretched doubt away from him.

"No, no! It is true! You shall not deceive me!" he pants.

Then his voice changes to one of wild, piteous supplication:

"You dare to say it is not true? Prove it to me, prove it to me, and I will grovel at your feet like the cur you deem me!"

"And will that bring my darling back to me?" demands Hector, in a dry, harsh voice. "Will that atone for her broken heart? Though I stretched you dead at my feet, would that efface the agony you have made her endure——"

"Stop! stop! Spare me!" moans Sir Frederic, bending like a reed before the hurricane. "For Heaven's sake, spare me! Oh, Heaven! what have I done?"

"You have broken a trusting woman's heart!" is the stern response. "You want proofs—you shall have them. Not proofs such as yours, but evidence so indisputable that your craven soul shall, indeed, grovel in the dust. Come with me, you madman!" and, with a wild gesture, he snatches the candle from the table and strides out.

Sir Frederic follows, trembling and awe stricken.

CHAPTER XXXII.

There is a bright moon overhead, and as they step out into its rays, Lord Delamere flings the candle from him and strides into the road toward the fountain.

Sir Frederic looks at it and shudders. If—if—the girl's tale should be false, then—then he has, indeed, broken Signa's heart and wronged this man!

With white, working face, Lord Delamere makes his way up the lane; every step is familiar to him, and stopping before a small cottage within the churchyard boundary, he knocks gently.

"Where—where are we going?" asks Sir Frederic, faintly.

"To a man who knows the truth, and whose word even you dare not doubt," says Lord Delamere in a low, stern voice.

The house is quite still; no sound or light comes in answer to the summons.

Hector waits a moment, then he looks toward the chapel, from the windows of which streams of exquisite colored light are falling faintly on the grass and gleaming crosses of the churchyard.

"Follow me!" he says.

With bent head Sir Frederic follows. As they go along the narrow gravel path between the house and the chapel, a shadow comes into the light from the windows and follows, too. It is a woman's figure; it is the girl Lucia's!

Hector pauses a moment at the porch, and Sir Frederic comes up to his side. They stand in silence as the last strains of the organ accompanying the evening service die away upon the air, and Hector stands with bared head as if the music and the solemn chant had come upon his troubled and tortured soul like healing from angels' wings. Then he lifts his head. As he does so, the light falls full upon it, and at the instant, with a low cry, the girl, who has been watching, springs before him and falls upon her knees, with upstretched hands and with pleading, half-fearful, half-joyous face.

Hector starts and his face grows pale, then he says, gently:

"Lucia, you are here, then?"

"Yes, yes," she pants, "I am here! I have been waiting for you! Something told me you would come, and ah, Heaven! you are here!" and she clasps her hands wildly.

Gently, almost pitifully, he bends over her.

"Get up, Lucia; I want to speak to you. This gentleman—you have seen him before?"

She looks coldly, indifferently on Sir Frederic, and nods.

"Yes! How long you have been coming, Hector. I have seen you in my dreams so often, and they told me that you would come, but when I woke—and, oh!"—she breaks off, her tone of gentle melancholy changing to one of fierce questioning—"it is not true what they say in the village?"

"What is not true, Lucia?" he says, in the same voice, the voice in which he would speak to a wayward child.

She laughs with light scorn.

"They said—— Come near, he will hear!"

Humoring her, he draws a little apart, and she stands on tiptoe to whisper.

"They said that I was not your wife, Hector, that—that you had another wife, that the beautiful girl at the fountain who would not let me touch her was your wife——" she breaks off suddenly, alarmed, smitten with dread by a look in his eyes. "Tell me! Speak [illegible] Italian. "It is false, [illegible] It could not be true, [illegible] would not be so cruel, so false—ah!"

"Lucia," he says, gently, and Sir Frederic, as he hears the tone—he cannot understand the words—puts his hand to his head, bewildered. Is this man a master in the art of deceit? If this is not further proof—this meeting of these two and their manner—what is it? "Lucia," he says, "we will talk of that another time. Go now."

"Go, and you!"

"Go, and wait for me at the fountain; I will come to you directly. Go now, like a good child," and he puts his hand on her head soothingly.

Her head sinks on her bosom, but she obeys him. With a swift gesture, she snatches his hand to her lips, before he could have prevented her had he wished to do so, and glides away.

Lord Delamere motions to Sir Frederic to remain where he is, and then bareheaded enters the chapel.

Sir Frederic sees him disappear in the light, and then turns away a few paces; as he does so, he feels a light touch upon his arm, and looking down, sees the girl at his side.

She waits a moment, looking steadily up into his face, her eyes gleaming darkly in the half darkness; then she draws nearer, and whispers, in broken English:

"Milord —that young girl—she who listened at the fountain, and snatched her hand from poor Lucia, who is she"

Sir Frederic hesitates; then he says, slowly, coldly:

"That lady was Lady Delamere, senora."

"Miladi De—lamere!" she echoes. "Then it was my Hector's sister?"

Sir Frederic shakes his head.

"No; the lady was his wife. Why do you ask?"

"His—his wife? His!" painting in the direction of the porch.,

"Yes," he says, bewildered, his mind in a whirl. "Why do you ask? You have asked me a question; will you answer mine; do you understand me?"

She does not reply, does not seem to understand or even hear him; her lips, half-parted, murmur the words:

"Wife—wife," in a dazed tone, as if she were trying to realize it.

"Why do you ask?" he says, touching her arm to recall her.

She shakes his hand off in a dull, heavy sort of way, and still murmuring "Wife," glides slowly from his side.

With his hand to his brow, Sir Frederic turns to the porch.

What is this mystery which, even at the moment of its promised solution, thickens and becomes more inscrutable?

Steps are heard on the walk. It is Lord Delamere. Beside him is the priest, his beautifully placid face, with snow-white hair inflaming it, looks angelically serene beside the dark, haggard one beside it.

Seeing Sir Frederic, he touches Hector on the arm. Hector looks up.

"My frie—the man of whom I spoke," he explains.

(To be continued.)

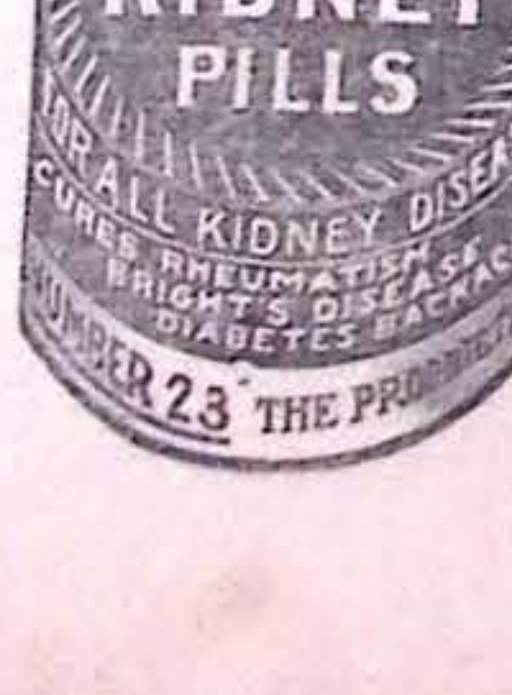


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Chinese Locksmiths.

The earliest locks known to man were of Chinese make. Although it is impossible to tell the exact date of those still extant, they are wonderfully well made and as strong as any manufactured in Europe up to the middle of the eighteenth century. The Chinese locksmith of to-day uses exactly the same kind of tools that his forefathers had, for they are very simple and primitive. He carries all his implements in two cabinets, sitting on one and working at the other. When he has finished all the work available in one neighborhood he fastens the two cabinets to a bamboo rod and slings it over his shoulder. He tramps through the towns burdened in this way and stops when he is called, much as a scissors grinder or umbrella mender does in our country.—Wide World Magazine.

CRUSHING A NATION.

Cambray League and Fall of Venetian Republic.

The League of Cambray was the political combination of continental Europe in 1508 against the Venetian republic, which tore from the "Queen of the Adriatic" her resplendent crown and forced to her lips the cup of deepest humiliation.

Back of the league and causing its formation were jealousy, ambition and the desire of crippling the proud people, whose history was the wonder and envy of the world. Too powerful to be overthrown by any single power, it was resolved that Venice should be crushed by the combined forces of all Europe.

During the terrible days of Attila about A. D. 453, Venice was founded out among the lagoons of the Adriatic, where, it was felt, safety would be found from the ravages of the Hun. The history of the thousand years from the foundation of the city to the year 1508 reads like magic. Rising from the waves, Venice became the wonder of the world. Her navy cut the waters of every known sea. Her merchants were the greatest on earth. Her bank was the financial centre of the world.

And for more than ten centuries did Venice remain the glory of the world, the centre of wealth, opulence and power, the home of culture and intelligence, the hearthstone about which sat the finest of the intellectual graces and hospitalities, and such she might have remained, but for the League of Cambrary, which with its overwhelming forces, gave her a blow (at Agnadello in 1509) from which it was impossible for her to recover.—Exchange.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

OUR UNEXPLORED LAND.

Fortunes May Await Seekers in the Vast Vacant Stretches.

Unexplored Canada is the subject of an article, by Charles Camsell, of the Geological survey, at Ottawa, in "The Geographical Journal." He says:

"I find in Western Canada areas aggregating 642,000 square miles in extent which must still be considered as unexplored, and in Northern Quebec about 259,000 square miles more, making an aggregate of 901,000 square miles. This does not include areas under 4,000 square miles in extent."

East of Reindeer Lake and Kasan River, in Manitoba and Northwest Territory, there are 73,000 square miles of unexplored country, it is estimated. This is larger than Missouri or North Dakota, and larger than the sum of the areas of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. On the peninsula between Ungava and Hudson Bays, Quebec, there is a still more extensive area of 75,000 square miles that is a blank on an honest map. Here are other large tracts that invite the explorer: South and east of Backs River, Northwest Territory, 72,000 square miles; north of Eastman River, Quebec, 65,000 square miles, northwest of Great Bear Lake, Northwest territory, 61,000 square miles; north of Great Slave Lake and Banks River, Northwest Territory, 61,000 square miles; east and south of Kaniapiskaw River, Quebec, 54,000 square miles. For the purpose of comparison the area of New York is 49,204 square miles. Northwest Territory contains more blank spaces even than Yukon. Ontario has three, in extent from six to eight thousand square miles. Twenty-eight per cent. of Continental Canada is still unexplored.

The earlier pioneers searched the Canadian wilderness for fu[illegible] animals; to[illegible]men penet[illegible] look for min[illegible] and oil. [illegible] purpose these unexplored a[illegible] geological man of Ca[illegible] [illegible] part of th[illegible] lie in what [illegible] as pre-Cam[illegible], or in geol[illegible] mations similar to those in w[illegible] der certain conditions, the rich deposits of copper, nickel, iron, silver, and gold of Northern Ontario occur." But there must still be productive agricultural land in the Peace River and Athabaska River regions marked as unexplored. In the basin of the Mackenzie River "is believed to be one of the largest areas of possible oil bearing country yet unexplored on the face of the earth." It is to be noted that experts estimate that the oil supply of the United States will be exhausted in thirty years.

Indians have reported lakes in Yukon sixty and seventy miles long that no white man has ever seen; the Mackenzie mountains even the Indian knows nothing about; and it will be many years before the mystery of Northern Canada is lifted for the cartgrapher. Fortunes await the daring prospector; for the hunter there is an abundance of game and fish, and innumerable virgin peaks invite the mountain climber.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

THE CROW.

An Appreciation of a Generally Unappreciated Native Bird.

Country people are now much more friendly to the crow than they were in my boyhood. He is not so black as he was painted. The farmers have learned that he is their friend, for all his occasional corn-pulling and chicken-stealing. His is the one voice you are pretty sure to hear wherever your walk leads you. He is at home and about his own business. It is not his grace as a flyer that pleases us; he is heavy and commonplace on the wing—no airness, no easy mastery as with the hawks! only when he walks is he graceful. The pedestian crow! how much at home he looks upon the ground—an abony clod-hopper, but in his bearing the lord of the soil. He always looks prosperous; he always looks contented; his voice is always reassuring. The farmer may be disgruntled and discouraged; his crows are not. The country is good enough for them; they can meet their engagements; they do not borrow trouble; they have not lived on the credit of the future; their acres are not mortgaged. The crow is a type of the cheerful, successful countryman. He is not a bird of leisure; he is always busy going somewhere, or policing the woods, or saluting his friends, or calling together the clans, or mobbing a hawk, or spying out new feeding grounds, or taking stock of the old, or just cawing to keep in touch with his fellows. He is very sociable; he has many engagements, now to the woods, now to the fields, now to this valley, now to the next—a round of pleasure or duty all the day long. Not given to solitude and contemplation like the proud hawks, not pugnacious, never or rarely quarrelling with his fellows, cheerfully sharing his last morsel with them, playing sentinel while they feed, suspicious, inquisitive, cunning, but never hiding; as open as the day in his manners, proclaiming his whereabouts at all hours of the day, looking upon you as the intruder and himself as the rightful occupant. The stiller the day the more noise he makes. He is never a sneaker, never has the air of a prowler. He is always in the public eye or ear. His color gives him away, his voice gives him away; on the earth or in the sky he is heard or seen afar. No creature wants his flesh, no lady wants his plume, though a more perfect and brilliant ebony cannot be found in nature. He is a bit of the night with a sheen of the stars in it, yet the open day is his province; publicity his passion. A spy, a policeman, a thief, a good fellow, a loyal friend, an alarmist, a socialist, all in one. Winter makes him gregarious, as it does many men; at night he seeks the populous rookery in the woods, by day he wanders in bands seeking food. In spring he establishes a crow network all over the country and is rarely out of earshot of some of his fellows. How we should miss him from the day! Among our community of birds he is the conspicious, all-the-year-round feature. We do not love him, there is no poetry in his soul; but he challenges our attention; he is at home in the landscape, he is never disgrunted. Come rain, come shine, come heat, come snow, he is on his job and is always reassuring. —John Burroughs in "Art World."



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Please Mention This Paper.



Rather a unique way of stating it, but it will attract your attention and that's the first duty of a flirt.

The matter of Hotel Accommodation is a serious problem just now. Since September last, many hotels have found it necessary to close.

The WALKER HOUSE (The House of Plenty) has actually been doing an enormous business since last September. Its wonderful service, and every detail connected therewith have been responsible for its tremendous patronage. The house is more like a home than a hotel, so skilfully and wisely is it managed.

When you come to the city stay at the WALKER HOUSE, where home-like comforts are the dominating characteristics.

Special attention paid to Ladies and Children travelling without escorts, at Toronto's Famous Hotel.

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Chats With the Doctor

(By a Physician)

JOINTS.

A joint or articulation may be defined as the connecting point or surface of two or more bones of the body. Contrary to the common nation, any of the bones so connected may be immovable, as is the case, for example, with the articulations of the various bones of the skull. In this class of articulation the structure of the joint is, naturally, much simpler than is the case of the movable joints.

A joint, when movable, may have a [illegible] or a limited range of movement [illegible] of the freest [illegible] joints is that [illegible] the shoulder [illegible] the most limited are to be found among certain of the vertebrae.

The part of the bone which is concerned in the co[illegible]n of the joint is called its articular surface, and is covered by a layer of smooth silvery gristle or cartilage. This smooth layer assists greatly in the free working of the ends of the bones upon each other. The bones which are joined in the articulation are tied together by extremely tough and flexible strings and bands of fibrous tissue, called ligaments. In all normal action of the joint these ligaments allow of sufficient movement, but prevent it becoming excessive, unless enough external force is applied to overcome their resistance. In such a case we have a joint injury, either a ruptured ligament or a displacement of the ends of the bones—a dislocation.

The freely immovable joints have a delicate lining of membrane covering them, forming their inner boundary; and this, known as the synovial membrane, secretes into the interior of the joint which it covers a whitish liquid, which acts as a lubricant of the surfaces of the bones of the joint, and, in a healthy subject, is absorbed at the same rate as it is secreted.

All the joints need a supply of blood to keep them healthy, and a number of capillary vessels are involved in their construction.

As the various joints are constantly being used, and used violently, injuries to them are far more uncommon. Fracture, dislocation, sprain and injury from the entry of some foreign body, such as a bullet, are the most usual of these injuries. The first sign visible is usually swelling, due to an increase in the synovial fluid or to blood from torn vessels. Where there is tearing or stretching of the ligaments the swelling is usually due to the former fluid, and the condition is known as synovitis. Synovitis, however, which means inflammation of the synovial membrane, very rarely occurs alone. Almost always some other part of the point is involved; either the ligaments are injured or the articular cartilage is affected—as in the rheumatic diseases. These, together with other microbic diseases, are responsible for a great deal of joint trouble.

INFECTION AND RESPONSIBILITY.

A great amount of sickness and mortality might be prevented if people could be induced to take a more serious view of their responsibilities towards the public. It should be realized that to travel or to allow another person to travel or to go into any place where there is an assemblage of people whilst suspected of suffering from an infectious illness is an antisocial act. So, too, it is the duty of any one knowing himself to be dangerous to others, a consumptive person, for instance, to take every possible precaution; so that at least he may not be the means of bringing other people into his own state of ill-health. Selfishness is hardly a strong enough expression to apply to the conduct of those who knowingly risk the health of others through carelessness or inattention.

THE COOKING OF ARTICHOKES.

I mentioned last week the fact that one of the most useful substitutes for the potato is the tuber known as the Jerusalem artichoke. This vegetable is one of the easiest to grow, being much more vigorous and hardy than the potato. It stands frost, no matter how severe, and can hold its own in soil where the potato would either fade or prove almost fruitless. It is also very easy to cook, and its flavor, although at first it may seem a little peculiar to some, yet generally is much appreciated by the cultivated palate. Perhaps the simplest method of cooking consists of placing them in boiling water, to which a little salt has been added, and allowing them to boil until they are sufficiently tender for a fork to be passed through them. Strain and pile on a dish. A little melted butter poured over them improves them. The time generally required for cooking is about 20 minutes. If they are cooked too long they will become blackened.

Parboiled and then fried in boiling dripping, they have a most delicate and attractive quality. In this way they can either be served as a vegetable, with the dinner, instead of potatoes, or as a separate savoury. They can also be cut in slices and fried briskly for about ten minutes, without being boiled first. They should be piled on a dish when cooked, and a little salt sprinkled over them.

Boiled until tender, then thoroughly strained, to remove all water, they can be placed in a saucepan and beaten up with salt, pepper, and a little milk or butter.

WAY OF THE INCAS.

More Light On Building of Wonderful City of Machu Picchu.

Interesting facts concerning the builders of the wonderful city of Machu Picchu, the ancient Incas, are given in a communication to the U. S. National Geographic society by Professor Hiram Bingnam, director of the Peruvian expedition of 1915, sent out by the society and Yale University. The ruins of this great centre of a vanished civilization were discovered by Professor Bingham and his party after they had been lost for generations. Some of the results of the expedition contained in the director's report to the National Geographic Society are given in a bulletin from the society's headquarters in Washington.

The buildings of Machu Picchu, writes Professor Bingham, had an elaborate system of highways throughout this little known and almost unexplored country which lies between the Uruhamba valley and the Apurimao. The region was densely populated, and Machu Picchu was its capital.

Lack of timber, the prevalence of heavy rains during part of the year, and the ease with which stone might be procured early led to the development of stone as a building material. Strength and permanence were secured through the keying together of irregular blocks. The upper and lower surfaces of these stones were frequently convexed or concaved, the convexity of one stone approximating the concavity of the adjoining stone. In constructing their walls the pure arch was not evolved.

Their pottery is marked by simple and graceful lines, bearing a striking resemblance to that of ancient Greece and resembling in its simplicity and utility some of the modern vessels at present in use in French kitchens. Owing to the supreme moisture of the climate, the remains of cloth are very few; but we know that the Inca peoples actually did arrive at a high degree of skill in the manufacture of textiles through their ability to procure the wool of the alpaca. By the use of hand looms artistic and intricate patterns were produced, and cloth of the most delicate textures was not uncommon. Their metal articles were easily preserved, and so we have been able to learn that the people of Machu Picchu were extremely skillful makers of bronze.

Their surgical tools were probably of bronze or obsidian. Surgery appears to have been practiced to a considerable degree, if one may judge by the large number of trepanned skulls that we have found in caves within a radius of twenty-five miles of Machu Picchu. In same cases the cause of the operation appears to have been disease; in others evidence leads us to the conclusion that the operation was intended to relieve pain caused by wounds received in battle. Since the favorite weapon of the Inca peoples was the sling, and clubs were common, it is not surprising that the skulls of many soldiers should have needed the relief that came from skillful trepanning. In the art of war they exhibit skill in defense rather than offense. Fortifications constructed with salients and re-entrant angles so as to admit of lateral fire were not uncommon.

They had no machinery and did not use iron or steel. They used levers and inclined planes. They also made huge fibre ropes, out of which they constructed long suspension bridges. They thought nothing of handling blocks of stone weighing five tons and upward. Indeed there are numerous stones that weigh over 15 tons which were fitted together with a skill that has amazed all beholders.

It appears that the Incas and their influence throughout the Andes extended no farther north than the known limits of the llamas and the alpacas; in fact, the development of their culture may be said to have depended in large measure on their success in domesticating these varieties of the South American camel so long ago that no wild members of either species remain. Their ability to raise and train hundreds of thousands of llamas which could carry from 50 to 100 pounds apiece enabled the Inca peoples to carry out engineering and agricultural works far more difficult than they could have accomplished had they been obliged to depend on human burden-bearers.

Most unfortunate was the failure of the Incas to develop an alphabet, or even some form of hieroglyphic similar to that which existed in Southern Mexico and Central America. It is remarkable indeed that a people who succeeded in equaling the ancient Egyptians in architecture, engineering, pottery and textiles should have fallen so far behind in the development of a written language. This is the most serious obstacle that stands in the way of our learning more of that enterprising race.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—I had a bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies, without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON,

Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N. B., Stpt. 17, 1904.

Helping Old Rubber.

Rubber that has lost its elasticity may be rejuvenated by immersing it for five minutes in a bath of glycerin mixed with twenty-five times its volume of distilled water and heated to 70 degrees C. and then drying it with filter paper.

A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds.—Henry Clay.

MOLYBDENUM.

Rare Mineral Which Toughens Metal in Big Guns.

Few people realize the remarkable characteristics of Molybdenum. It may even be stated with little fear of controdiction, that only a small percentage of the population of this continent know that there is such a thing. And yet this rare mineral is playing an important part in the affairs of the world just at present, particularly on the other side of the ocean. For molybdenum is what is used to harden the linings of Germany's big guns.

In its natural state it looks like a cross between graphite and bismuth, but its uses are very different.

In a general way molybdenum acts like tungsten and vanadium in hardening steel, but is more active. The effective radio of molybdenum to tungsten or vanadium seems to be between 1 to 2 and 1 to 3 respectively.

For imparting to steel great strength and resistance to strain these three metals are indispensable. They each command approximately the same price, namely, $3.50 per pound, but molybdenum has a great advantage over the other two because less than one-half as much is needed to produce the same results.

For large guns, rifle barrels, car axles, etc., it is used by all the leading nations of the world to-day, which really did not realize its vast importance until Germany's great guns, containing 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. of molybdenum alloys started to smash all the "impregnable" fortresses of ordinary guns.

Molybdenum is used also in electrical contact making devices, X-ray tubes, voltage rectifiers, electric lamps, dentistry and in innumerable other ways.

The great future of molybdenum is the economy it can command in the use of steel.

Colorado and Arizona produce the bulk of the molybdenum now mined in America, but recently valuable deposits have been found in Canada. The latest field to be uncovered is in Renfrew, Ontario.

STRENUOUS WORK SOON TELLS ON YOU

BUSINESS MEN AND BREADWINNERS THE VICTIMS OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

When worry is added to overwork men soon become the victims of nervous exhaustion—neurasthenia—the doctor calls it. Some have no reserve strength in their systems to bear the strain; others overtax what strength they have. If you find that you are nervous and not sure of yourself, that you sleep badly, and wake up tired and aching, your nerves are out of order. Other signs are inability to take proper interest in your work; your appetite is fickle; your back feels weak, and you are greatly depressed in spirits. One or more of these signs mean that you should take prompt steps to stop mischief by nourishing the nerves with the food they thrive on, namely the rich, red blood made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have cured thousands of cases of nervous disorders, including nervous prostration, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and partial paralysis. Here is an example. Mr. P. H. Callan, a well-known business man in Coleman, P. E. I., says: "I owe my present health, if not life itself, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had always been an active man, and when I began to run down in health paid little attention to it, as I thought it only a temporary weakness. As time passed, however, I found myself growing worse, and consulted a doctor, who said that I was not only badly run down, but that my nervous system was badly shattered. I lost flesh, my appetite was poor, I slept badly and notwithstanding the doctor's treatment grew so weak that I had to leave my business and was confined to the house. Time went on and I was steadily growing weaker, and my friends were all greatly alarmed for my condition. In this condition I was strongly recommended to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the doctor's medicine was not helping me I decided to do so. By the time I had used three boxes I could tell that they were helping me. When I had taken eight boxes of the pills I felt able to attend to my business again, and people were surprised to see me out. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, by which time I was feeling as well as ever I did, and was being congratulated by all my friends on my full restoration to health. I feel now that if I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset I would not only have saved much money spent on doctor's bills, but would have had renewed health sooner. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, and would recommend it to every man who feels weak, nervous or run down."

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.

THE CLOVE.

Something About a Well-Known Article of Commerce.

The clove has been the text of jokes ever since men hit upon it as a means of disguising, or rather overpowering, the odor of other things which they put in their mouths. The joke is perhaps nearly as old as the clove, and as old as man and his fondness for strong drink.

Notwithstanding that the clove has been so useful as a humorous subject, it is really an important little thing in the commerce of the world, and has been for many centuries. The tree of which it is the bud is indigenous to the Moluccas, often called the Spice Islands, a small group of islands of the Indian archipelago. The treasures of these spice islands were the lure of many of the early navigators of the far eastern seas. It has been written: "Cloves were one of the principal oriental spices that early excited the cupidity of western commercial communities, having been the basis of a rich and lucrative trade from the early part of the Christian era."

After the Cape of Good Hope had been circumnavigated by Vasco de Gara and his hardy adventurers, the Portuguese took possession of the clove trade and held it in their control until the opening years of the 17th century, when the Dutch took forcible possession of the Spice Islands. Not content with the produce of the wild cloce trees, they set out clove plantations in the Molucca Islands, as well as in many of the neighboring islands, and these parts of the world continue to this day to be the chief source of the supply of cloves, though they are now cultivated in a number of other lands, but the cloves of the Indian archipelago remain the standard cloves of commerce.

The clove tree has been introduced into the western world and now is, and for more than a century has been, grown in Brazil, Guiana and the West Indian Islands. Clove trees now grow in groves in the Island of Mauritius, where plantations were set out under the auspices of the French in the 18th century, and in Zanzibar and Pemba. These last-named islands, of the east coast of Africa, have become important producers of cloves. Java and Sumatra, in the east, also make their contribution to the world's supply of cloves.

The word "clove" has come down from the French word "clou," which means a nail, because of the resemblance, partly real and partly fanciful, which the dried clove bears to a nail.

Though the clove had had for centuries and still has an honorable standing in the culinary art as a condiment, it has long held a place in the distillation of liquor and in medicine. Nearly everybody knows something about oil of cloves, and most persons at one time or another have used it as a remedy or palliative for toothache, it being a valuable local anaesthetic which has found use in professional dentistry as a means of lowering the sensitiveness of the dentine of a tooth undergoing repairs.

Oil of cloves is obtained from cloves by distillation, and the principal constituent of this volatile oil is called by chemists eugenol. Another of the main constituents of oil of cloves is hydro-carbon. Most persons by pressing hard upon a clove, or by biting it, have observed that it contains a very pungent volatile oil. In the Pharmacopeia cloves are rated as of value as a tonic and carminative, but their principal employment in pharmacy is in connection with some other remedy.

The clove is the flower bud of a tree called by botanists "Egenia caryophyllata." It is an evergeen and grows from 20 to 40 feet tall. It has crimson flowers that bloom in clusters at the ends of small branches. There are usually from ten to twenty flowers in a cluster. The leaves of the tree are large and oblong. The cloves, which aer the undeveloped and unfolded buds, are at first white, then light green and at the time they are mature enough for harvesting are bright red.

In a dried clove one can easily identify the four sepals of the flower, while the fall in the centre of the clove is formed by the four petals, which had not unfolded at the time of gathering the buds. It is said that a clove tree begins to bear when it has reached the age of ten years, and if it remains healthy it will continue to be productive until it has passed the age of three-quarters of a century. The unripe buds are generally beaten from the tree by poles and are caught in sheets spread on the ground. After being gathered they are dried in the sun. Clove planters generally harvest two crops a year from the same tree. The first crop comes into bearing in June and the second crop in December. —Washington Star.

ISSUE NO. 27, 1917

HELP WANTED.

WANTED — PROBATIONERS TO train for nurses. Apply, Wellandra Hospital, St. Catharines, Ont.

MONEY ORDERS.

SEND A DOMINION EXPRESS Money Order. Five dollars costs three cents.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

What to Do for Fainting.

This condition may be caused by many things. Anything which disturbs the circulation of blood in the brain will produce a feeling of faintness and unconsciousness. The heat in a crowded car or room will cause fainting.

Persons faint when exhausted, when suffering from indigestion, from the sight of blood (oftentimes), from loss of blood. Sudden tidings of an illness or death may shock one so as to cause loss of consciousness.

Whatever may be the cause of fainting, always place the person in a recumbent position—on the bed, sofa or floor. See that the head is lower than the feet. It is better to lift up the feet and legs so as to facilitate the flow of blood to the brain. Unfasten the shoes, wristbands, belt, collar —nothing must be allowed to bind the person, as this delays the return of blood to the brain.

Bathe the face with cold water, give plenty of fresh air to breathe and water to drink if the patient is conscious. Send for a physician if a person in a faint does not respond quickly to the fresh air and cold water treatment.

COWARDS IN DAYLIGHT.

But the Great Eagle Owls Are Fierce Fighters by Night.

There are about 200 kinds of owls. Some are tiny owls, some are big eagle owls, twenty-eight inches in length, very fierce and strong, ready to attack a man who goes near, able to kill fawns and large game birds and to do battle with the golden eagle. The courage of one of these golden owls deserts it in the daytime, and then little birds, led by a crow, may find it and drive it into the open and tease and worry it without danger to themselves. But, when night comes and the bird can see, only a mighty eagle dare do battle with it.

The hawk owl is one of the owls which work by day. It is big and strong and savage. There are owls with great ear tufts of feathers and owls with none at all. Some are snowy white; others are mottled. Some live in holes in the ground with prairie hogs and such animals; some make burrows for themselves. But most owls live in hollow trees or in church belfries or other high towers. Among so many kinds of owls there are some, of course, that do harm, but most of them do more good for men than evil.—Exchange.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Motor Driving at Night.

Every automobile owner should cooperate in solving the most difficult problem of night driving—flaring headlights. They are more than objectionable; they are a source of constant danger. To meet another at night with its dazzling, brilliant lights shining straight in your eyes is a very trying ordeal. It absolutely blinds you and forces you to either slow up until he passes you or risk either a collision or going into a ditch. That many laws have been passed in various parts of the country regulating the kind of lights that may be used indicates that thoughtful motorists are united in their efforts to eliminate every condition that tends to create discomfort and danger to the automobiling public.

Brilliant, glaring lights are not necessary. Several lamps are available that have practically solved this problem, each in its own way, and every car owner should do his own part in making the glaring light only a memory to the great motoring public.—C. P. Christopher in Southern Woman's Magazine.

Sleeve Vagaries.

Cuffed or cuffless,
Tight or of a looseness,
Long or brief to shortness,
Kimona-shouldered or inset,
Belled or bishoped at the wristline,
In fact, anything's "it" but leg-o'-muttons.

HAIR GOODS

—FOR—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

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

Our Natural Wavy 3-Strand Switches at $5.00, $7.00 and $9.00 in all shades are leaders with us. Just send on your sample, or write for anything in our line.

GENTLEMEN'S TOUPEES at $25.00 and $35.00, that defy detection when worn.

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM

62 KING ST. W. HAMILTON, ONT.

(Formerly Mdme. I. Mintz).

FOR THE AVERAGE PERSON

BRITAIN'S EMIGRATION VIEW

England is beginning to wonder whether, after all, it is desirable to give much encouragement to emigration after the war.

Every other warring country is doing everything possible to keep its people at home after the war. France and Germany more than the others are concerned to restore their population, and in France there is constant discussion of measures to increase the country's population. As European areas and populations go, France is far from populated to its reasonable capacity. Germany was decidedly becoming over-crowded before the war, but nevertheless it had been for many years the empire's policy to keep its people at home; the world knows now that keeping them at home was part of the conspiracy to make this war possible.

England's attitude toward emigration has been different from that of the other countries, because England has an empire of undeveloped opportunity, and the instant response of the dominions when the time of imperial danger came convinced the mother country that a programme looking to building up the empire in all its parts into a group of powerful nations would in the end strengthen the home country as well as the dominions.

INTEREST IN COLONIES.

So soon after the bigness of the war came to be realized a wave of sentimental interest in colonial expansion swept over England. Meetings were held, articles were written in the newspapers and periodicals, public men addressed themselves to the subject and there was a ferment of interest in spreading England out to the dominions.

A considerable time ago the Empire Settlement Committee was formed to give direction to this enthusiasm about developing the dominions. It is a quasi-official organization, under the chairmanship of Lord Tennyson, formerly Governor-General of Australia. All the States and Provinces of the dominions are represented in the membership, which is so large as to be unwieldy and impractical.

After the committee was appointed a series of delays ensued, and only recently has the body been brought together to take up seriously the work in hand. The general scheme is to provide returning soldiers and their families with means to emigrate overseas and to give them opportunity to take land. The projects all represent some sort of adaptation of the American homestead policy. The colonies, particularly Africa, Australia and Canada, are naturally deeply interested in the enterprise, because they all want as much immigration as can be had, and are particularly anxious for immigrants from Great Britain.

But there is increasing uncertainty in England whether it is going to be desirable, after losing perhaps a million men in the war and having another million maimed and incapacitated, to give strong encouragement to projects for sending another mill or two to the ends of the earth. Some very serious minded folk have been inquiring into this aspect of the matter, and there are beginning to be signs of a change.

Even as matters will stand at the war's end, without considering the possibilities of a great emigration, it is calculated that the British electorate in the near future, after the franchise reform legislation has been passed, including votes for women, will number about 22,000,000 voters, among whom a majority of about 2,000,000 will be women.

The prospect of England being dominated by the votes of women doesn't seem to frighten anybody a bit. It has been discovered that the women's vote in England is going to be just as mythical as the "labor vote" and the "Catholic vote" and the "Jew vote" and the "German vote," and all the other votes that were heard about in America—except on the day after the election. The women in Canada are going to do just as the men in England and elsewhere do. They are going to vote to suit themselves, and when once they all get the privilege of voting there will be an end forever to the possibility of division on sex lines.

WOMEN TO WIN ALL.

This is exactly what the women suffragists have always said, and now even such erstwhile determined antagonists of woman suffrage as Mr. Asquith, are admitting that the one sure way to avoid the possibility of division on sex lines is to give women everything men have. And they are going to get it, too; there isn't a respectful handful of people left in England who have doubts on this point.

But even the most self-confident of women have been a little shocked at the idea that the Britain of another decade might be ruled by the votes of 10,000,000 men and 12,000,000 women. There is a grave question as to the social and industrial effects in the long run of encouraging such a position. It is true that four million women are now enumerated as being engaged in gainful occupations in the country, which is an increase of considerably more than a million since the war started. Moreover, the wages of women have increased very greatly, and even more in proportion than those of men. The fragmentary testimony that can be reached justifies the expectation that most of the women who have become earners during the war will want to continue as earners after the war. The age at which women marry will continue to advance, lengthening the period during which they may remain in industry. The disposition of married women to go outside the homes to find their occupation is also strikingly on the increase.

There are more than a few people who view with real concern the possibility of a coming time when there may be altogether too great a preponderance of women in the population and in the industrial competition of the country. After all, women in iron-works, women hustling baggage at railway stations, women plowing the fields and manufacturing shrapnel castings or sewing machines represent a pretty revolutionary development that has suddenly been brought about under the pressure of war necessities.

EFFECT ON CHILDREN.

Conservatively disposed Liberals are showing a disposition not to push matters too fast. They would like to know what effect a generation of this sort of experience would have on the womanhood of the country. They are wondering what effect an unrestricted rejection of women more and more into strange occupations may have on the number of children that will be born into the world in the future, and still more what effect it may have on the upbringing of those children.

It is in this connection that the advocates of educational reform come in with the demand that the country's school system be modernized and that educational opportunity be made universal.

It is recognized that England's children of the future are liable to see less of their homes and less of their mothers in the homes and that something must be substituted for these influences. The educational reforms make a highly impressive case, too. They point out that no matter whether or not England is to become established on a permanent basis of a very large preponderance of feminine population it is at least very sure that women in the future are going to spend less time in the homes, less time in those domestic occupations which have traditionally been accounted the proper functions of women, and very much more time in the same kind of employments that absorb the attention and interests of men.

THE NEW STYLE MOTHER.

I heard a very wise woman say recently that the mother who earns wages and contributes them to the support of her family may be a more useful mother, may bear just as many children, may have a better understanding of the duties of parents to their children, than the old-fashioned mother who stayed at home; but, nevertheless, the new kind of mother is going to be a different kind of mother, and nobody knows yet in what exact way she is going to be different, nor in what a variety of ways her children and the community are going to be affected by the change. Hence the manifestation of a hope that the reorganization of the social and industrial community may not be hurried along too rapidly.

The question of national strength, in comparison with other nations that England must regard as her competitors, also enters into all these considerations. Britain cannot afford to fall too far out of the stride set by other countries in this matter of increasing population. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, England had about a third of the population of France, and probably not more than a fourth of the population of Spain. In Napoleonic times France's population was much larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland. To-day this country has a considerably larger population than that of France, yet very much less than that of Germany.

Britons realize that their country is inevitably going to be the leader of Europe in this social reorganization that will pivot upon the solution of the woman question. It will be a long time before Germany and Austria advances even to the liberal views that England now entertains.

A BELGIAN SLAVE RAID

(By an Eyewitness.)

The district of Wavre (Brabant) consists of 22 communes—there are 2,800 moccunes in Belgium. The order which summoned at Wavre the entire male population between the ages of 17 and 56, of 22 millages of the district of that name—about 10,000 men—was posted on November 14, and read:

NOTICE.

All men between the ages of 17 and 56 (inclusive) of the commune of —— are requested to present themselves at Wavre market place. The burgomaster should be present. The men concerned should be carrying their identity cards, and in case of need their meldekarte (card of control). Small hand baggage will be allowed. Those who fail to appear will be immediately transported without delay and by force to the places where they are to work. Besides, they are liable to very heavy fines and long imprisonment. Priests, doctors, lawyers, schoolmasters and professors need not present themselves.

THE IMPERIAL KREIS-CHEF OF NIVELLES,
Graf Von Schwerin.

Ottignie, Nov. 3, 1916.

So it is for to-morrow. And the notice was not posted until 7 o'clock in the morning, an hour when all men who have work are already in the factories or the yards. When the notice was posted, suddenly among the women and children came the panic-stricken desolation of complete surprise. The workers did not know of it and had to be warned; they had to be warned so that they might have time to prepare, so that this day might be spent with their dear ones—the last perhaps—and together to take such precautions, poor, unavailable, such as were possible. The weeping women went to fetch their men to take them back to their homes; and there was heart-breaking scenes, poignant, but admirable in their feelings of the simple stoical devotion which they reveal. The greater part of these homes are poor; two years of war, of dear living, of rations have brought about destitution; there is nothing in the house but the portion of food strictly measured for each one; and to-morrow if the father, if the eldest son is sent away, there will be no more resources. That matters nothing; there is no thought except for the beloved being who is threatened; in the bundle they are preparing they put the last warm garment, the last blanket, all the bread they have left, everything—to-morrow, indeed, when he is gone, who will want to eat!

* * *

They must be at Wavre at eight o'clock, says the order. And for the greater part of the men summoned the way to the chief town of the canton is long, one hour, two hours. There are no more farm wagons in the country, there are no more trains. They must walk, carrying their bags; so they must leave early. Before 6 o'clock the procession, the melancholy and interminable procession, begins on the roads, in the biting cold, the dark November morning, the freezing wind, for the weather is cruel. Nature, menacing the lark, accentuating the anguish in their hearts. But they must be strong. The impression of despair must not be given. Most of the men have forbidden their families to accompany them; the anguish of the separation might make them show weakness. This must not be, so nearly all of them are going alone. One sees, marching to their Calvary, only groups of men, marching in silence, and heavily, heavily, as if their poor, meagre bundles were very heavy. Only a few women, who have not been able to control themselves, follow, weeping.

Here is Wavre. The little village lies grim and gray on this sad morning. It is hemmed in by troops, who, at all openings, bar the way. Men are engulfed in the narrow streets leading to the market place, the huge square, with its low houses, with shaky facades, sorrowful remains of a savage invasion. It has been completely evacuated and all the roads which lead to it are empty. Only one can see, at the end of those roads, behind the warring troops, the crowd from which come cries, names, words of farewell to the poor people, rounded up, village by village, who are waiting, dejectedly pitiful in their impotence and their humiliation. A few among them remember, with a little sorrowful smile, that yesterday in the same place there had been a pig market.

* * *

The work of choosing begins. By groups of a thousand the men are conducted to a school building where the agent of the German authorities keep office. To get at this school building the road runs by the bank of the Dyle. It is the picturesque spot of Wavre. In normal times there is an atmosphere of peaceful gaiety, of cheerfulness. This morning at the windows of the houses the anguished faces of women, of children, of old people in tears. There are people on the roofs. They all gaze greedily at the passing lines. They want to see once more, perhaps for the last time, a husband, a son, a brother, perhaps a fiance.

* * *

After a wait for four hours the crowd is finally conducted to the school. I watched the men. I know a number of them. I saw a lot of their faces grow suddenly very pale. They walked in very firmly, but they are ghastly pale. One feels the anxiety which freezes them, arrests the blood in their veins. These are the married men, the men who have left wife and children and who ask themselves are they going to see them again very soon? If not, for how long a period, one never knows, perhaps never.

The others, the young men, go with a proud step. There is defiance in their eyes. As they approach the schoolhouse all heads are raised listening. A rumor, a sound which grows, grows—it is—yes, it is singing. Almost one would say it was the "Brabanconne," yes and that was the "Marseillaise" coming from the courtyard of the school. And in fact, at the end of that courtyard are the men who have already been taken. It is they who are singing the Belgian and French anthem.

They are splendid. There is no anguish here. They are over that, full of bravado, a rude pride, of masculine virility. There are no complaints. When one among the men sees a friend released he asks him only to tell his family that he has been sent away; and then he starts to sing aga'n passionately, singing his song of defiance.

The work of selecting these who are fit for labor proceeds briskly, and at nightfall a train leaves the station to which the victims had been escorted.

The Real "War Bread" must contain the entire wheat grain—not the white flour center — but every particle of gluten and mineral salts—also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** is the real "war bread" because it is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Contains no yeast, baking powder, seasoning, or chemicals of any kind. Food conservation begins with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast and ends with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for supper. Delicious with sliced bananas, berries, or other fruits.
Made in Canada.

Bradstreet's Trade Review

Toronto.—Mercantile trade generally has received a decided impetus as a result of the more seasonable weather that has prevailed this week, and retail business, in summer clothing lines especially, showed marked expansion. Wash goods have begun to move out in earnest. Dress goods are selling better than a short time ago. Straw hats, men's summer wear, and light boots and shoes were meeting with a brisk demand. Collections are reported to be good both in the city and throughout the province. One traveller returning from Great Britain stated this week that a prominent British textile firm had refused to consider any more Canadian orders. Deliveries of textile goods are coming forward in fair volume from Canadian mills. The leather markets are little changed from last weeks. In grocery lines there has been moderate activity. Provision and cured meat prices have continued to go slightly lower.

Montreal.—The coming of the long delayed warm weather has proven of great advantage to the retail dry goods trade, and summer commodities generally have been in active demand. Wholesale trade has begun to quiet down, as far as current business is concerned, but very satisfactory orders are reported for autumn needs. Business is reported by boot and shoe manufacturers to be rather light. In grocery lines there has been a steady distribution of goods. Commercial obligations are reported to be more than usually well met.

Ottawa.—Retail business has been given a pronounced impetus by reason of the improved weather conditions of this week.

Hamilton.—A noted improvement in retail trade has taken place during the last fortnight, and the better weather of the last week has done a great deal to liven business. An active call is now being experienced for summer commodities, especially in dry goods lines. Wash goods are selling very well, and boots and shoes for summer wear are also more active. Wholesale lines are rather more quiet, but the slackening of trade is merely seasonable, and very satisfactory orders for fall delivery have been coming in. Groceries are moderately active. The fruit crop outlook is generally good. Small fruits are expected to be rather light. Trade in country districts is especially good, and remittances are above the average.

London.—Retail trade throughout Western Ontario has undergone a distinct revival in the last two or three weeks. Wholesale business has slackened somewhat, but fall bookings are very satisfactory, while payments are being generally well met.

Winnipeg.—Seasonable trade in summer commodities has been measuring up well. There has been little change in the general situation during the last week. A good demand has been felt for dry goods, boots and shoes, groceries, hardware, etc. Retailers are anticipating a busy autumn trade, according to the orders now coming in to wholesalers. The crop outlook continues to give rise to favorable comment. Excellent growing weather lends to the belief that there will be a large yield per acre. Business in country districts is good, and there is general confidence in the future.

Calgary.—Both mercantile trade and the crop outlook were materially improved by the continuance of seasonable weather. Fall requirements are beinf anticipated on a liberal scale. Orders for future delivery are such as to guarantee an active wholesale business for autumn and winter. Commercial obligations are being well met.

Vancouver.—There is a fair degree of activity in trade circles. There has been a general broadening in retail business during the past two weeks. Seasonable goods are moving out well. There are few complaints relative to commercial payments, and the business world generally is confident of the future.

Maine's Knights.

Maine is the only state in the Union which can boast of having three native born sons knighted by English kings. They are Sir William Phipps of Woolwich, once royal governor of Massachusetts, who was knighted in 1694; Sir William Pepperell of Kittery, who captured Louisburg for the British, and Sir Hiram Maxim.—Exchange.

Speech is the gift of all: thought of few.—Plato.

Ally Fliers Fight the Huns On Sea As Well As On Land

Far beneath Atlantic's storm-ridden surface, not feeling the mighty swells that rise and fall with the ceaseless urging of the winds, a monster leviathan lies motionless as one of the rocks that strew the ocean's bed. It is not one of Neptune's horde, but a man-made machine, one of the contrivances that has helped to make modern war a thing of horror. It is one of the Kaiser's new submarines, a veritable titan of the depths, 350 feet long and armed with six inch rifles in its conning towers. How the heart of a Sharkey, a Morgan or a Kidd would have leaped with joy to have commanded one of these.

Night is fast closing in. In the submarine the officer calls the men to their stations. The tanks are emptied, the motors start, and the modern day pirate craft begins its upward trip to the surface, halting as the periscope protrudes. Nothing is in sight, so the U-boat gradually rises until its long, narrow deck is above the surface, and the sides are awash. The conning towers open, and as they fold back the gun-decks, with their bull-dog like weapons, are in place for action.

GETTING INSTRUCTIONS.

The officers and sailors appear in their oil-soaked garments. The sailors pull a wireless aerial aloft, and at the instrument the operator listens patiently for the messages that he knows will come. This is the time for which the commander has been waiting. The Germans have specified hours during night at which all their submarines rise to the surface to receive instructions in code by wireless. Practically all the information regarding ship movements that their intricate spy system can gather is then transmitted, together with orders as to how to proceed. It is probable that at such times certain subs are ordered to "get" certain ships. Seldom do the submarines impart messages by wireless, as to do so would betray their positions. After receiving instructions the batteries are recharged and other work done that must be conducted while the boat is on the surface. Afterward the sub, departs for its new station. Perhaps it lingers on the surface until the approach of dawn, as the quarters and atmosphere below are exceedingly uncomfortable.

Usually as dawn approaches the submarine betakes itself, like Grendel, to its lair beneath the waves, for long before sun-up the keen eyes of the Allies' fleets are searching far and wide in their quest for the spoiler.

THE BIRD AND THE FISH

These eyes of the fleets are the great flying boats and seaplanes that have many ways of ferreting out and giving battle to the U-boats. They are the hawks, and the subs are the fish. It is ever a game of hide and seek between them. The sub., however, no longer has the same protection from the aircraft that the fish has from the hawk. The fish can dive and be out of reach. But few subs can dive deep enough to be out of reach of the flying machine.

In fact, the aircraft has proven to be an invaluable asset of the fleet in the campaign against the under-sea boats. Many of the great ships, practically all of the modern ones, carry their own seaplanes on their decks, while there are also the mother ships that travel with the fleet units and convoy the aircraft from one place to another.

As dawn breaks there is a bustle of activity on the ships, the stac[illegible] roar is heard [illegible] the mother ships a seaplane [illegible] its platform and takes the air [illegible] a great albatross rising to look for its morning me[illegible]. Up, up it mou[illegible] growing smaller and smaller [illegible]ises on its d[illegible] quest. A sharp [illegible] breaks out a[illegible] and another plane takes the air, tu[illegible] in another direction and speeds away on its mission. A third and fourth machine also fade away into the azure and the eyes of the fleet are wide open. The air service has begun its daily search for subs. For an area of probably a hundred square miles no under-sea craft can come within 100 feet of the surface without exposing itself to almost certain destruction.

PLANES INCREASING.

To claim that any one agency can check the spbmarine menace would be making a wild statement, but if any one thing can do it the aircraft will. This is merely to quote the ranking admirals and naval strategists of England, France and the United States. The British and French Admiralties are speeding up the development of the aerial patrol as a means of submarine defense with the utmost haste. What is more to the point is that they are getting results by so doing. Since the beginning of the war not a troop or supply ship has crossed the English Channel unless it was convoyed by aircraft, and one of the first planes to be used in this work was the America, the machine that was built to attempt the trans-Atlantic flight.

The English insnsted on this, even though Germany held the supremacy of the air on the battle fronts and aeroplanes were worth their weight in gold to England's artillery. A great many subs have been destroyed by seaplanes on both sides. The aviator turning in great circles far aloft spots a thin white streak on the water. This can only be caused by one thing—the periscope of an under-water craft, coming up for a peep.

The seaplane cannot be seen through the periscope. Immediately a wireless call goes out from the plane to the chasers and destroyers. Instead of attacking the sub the aviator hovers above it until seen, keeping watch. The object now is not to destroy the sub, but to capture it. Not realizing the danger the sub remains with its periscope above the surface until the low, rakish form of a patrol craft appears, approaching at full speed. The sub prepares for a dive. If it is lucky, it succeeds in diving to a great depth before the trawlers and chasers arrive.

HOLDING THE SUB.

As soon as they reach the spot to which they are directed by the aviator they lower the light nets and sweep in great circles, seeking merely to get a grip on the sub and hold it until the arrival of the trawlers and destroyers. When these come up they lower the great chain nets and form a perfect circle under the direction of the aviator. Very often they entangle the sub, make the crew prisoners and secure the craft without injury. A few days ago two German submarines were captured together by this method and are now lying in a French port.

Often it happens that the chasers and trawlers cannot respond fast enough to the wireless appeal from the aviators. In the North Sea especially this is true. The water there is of a peculiar leaden gray hue that makes it often impossible to discern the U-boat when it is more than 20 feet below the surface. Or it may happen that the aviator locates a sub. lying on the surface in the process of recharging its batteries. His own judgment must direct his actions.

PLANES MAKE ATTACKS, TOO.

If he decides that the sub. can escape before the arrival of the chasers or if it is near home waters, then he attacks. A speck in the sky, he has every chance to approach without being seen. The roar of his engine drowned by the wind whistling about the conning tower of the sub, and the lapping of the waves, he approaches. If he can get within a mile or so of the unsuspecting enemy without being seen there is a good chance that one less submarine will endanger shipping.

He tilts the plane downward, loosens two or three bombs and grips the machine gun. With a great spiral dive that would make a gull envious, he swoops. Before the sub. can dive he is within a few hundred feet of it and lets go the bombs, then pulls the trigger and spatters it with high-powered machine-gun bullets.

Very often the bombs hit, and that is the end, but more often they miss, and the boat dives. It is a difficult thing to secure any great degree of accuracy from 300 feet in the air. To overcome this the English are developing a four inch aeroplane cannon that can be mounted in a seaplane. Such a gun would place a sub. entirely at the mercy of the aviator and one shot would blow in the top or side of the U-boat.

There are hundreds of seaplanes now constantly patrolling the North Sea, the English Channel and the coasts of France and Belgium. The French have a highly organized aerial coast patrol, with 900 planes. They have found, however, that it is a drain upon their aerial resources to maintain such an organization. To obviate the necessity of so many planes they have introduced the observation balloon and the kite balloon. These balloons are sent up from barges to a height of probably 2000 feet and remain there all day. There is a wireless in the balloon and when the observer locates a sub. or anything that looks doubtful he summons the seaplanes and chasers.

ATTEMPTS AT CONCEALMENT.

The Germans have found a stunt that affords them an additional degree of protection. That is to paint their submarines to blend with the colors of the water. That helps in some cases where the boat remains in the same waters, but is not much good for the big cruiser type. Nothing can do away with the row of bubbles that marks the wake of a submerger boat or the oily patches that it leaves.

A good many German subs. are still doing business because the British and French aviators could not distinguish them from their own craft and a few friendly ones have even been disabled by aviators who mistook them for enemy boats. No w[illegible] of overcoming this has yet been fou[illegible] except to keep the [illegible] informed [illegible] where the [illegible] boats are cruising. Even [illegible] have been fooled [illegible] them or ma[illegible]ing them has [illegible], but it has [illegible] found that [illegible] manner the Germans became [illegible]prisey of this and paint their own in the same way.

Many interesting kinds of bombs have been used in this type of work. The latest type is the selective depth bomb or mine. They are of various types and sizes, containing charges from 10 to 100 pounds of TNT or other high explosive. They are dropped from aeroplanes or the stern of chasers into the water around and over an area where the submarine is supposed to be lurking.

When a submarine is sighted by an aeroplane or is detected by its periscope from a pursuing surface craft they speed to the spot and throw over the selective depth bomb. The first ones are set for a shallow explosion and then to increasing depths as the boat submerges to her limit of 200 feet. When a submarine is under water the pressure on her hull at below 100 feet and up to 200 feet is tremendous and any explosive shock at that death would exert a collapsible pressure on her hull.

A NEW BOMB.

When the bomb is thrown over the float which is attached to it by a cord, remains on the surface, unwinds the pulling cord from the outside of the body of the bomb so that when the depth which has been selected is reached the detonator is pulled by a jerking caused by the weight of the bomb pulling on the float and the mine is fired. By connecting the float chamber to any determined or selected point on the cord that winds about the bomb, the bomb descends to the selected depth and explodes with certainty. This is the invention of J. A. Steinmetz.

The "Blimp," another American invention that the English and French are using, is a small naval dirigible with the car of an aeroplane attached. The bag does away with the necessity of wings, and at the same time affords opportunity for the wonderful aeroplane engine. It is really a combination of the aeroplane and the dirigible. It has the advantage of being able to hover about any spot and can be controlled far better and easier than either the aeroplane or the dirigible.

AMERICAN PLANES.

At the beginning of the war American manufacturers were called upon to help the Allies overcome the German air supremacy. Then the Germans began the development of newer types of planes and scrapped their Taubes and other old makes. The Albatross, Fokker and others gave them almost complete sway in the clouds.

This forced the Allies to call all their ingenuity into play. England developed the small, fast Sopwith and other fighting planes. Then the French brought a new plane into action. Considerable mystery surrounded it until the Germans captured one. It was small, hard to handle and exceedingly fast. The Nieuport, as it was called, has somewhat the appearance of a bumble-bee.

One of the German aviators who had brought down numerous French and British planes was cruising about at a great height one day, hoping that an Allied plane would mount to give him battle. Suddenly he discerned a tiny plane mounting far below. Holding his position until the French plane had reached a height of several thousand feet, the German turned the nose of his giant Fokker toward the earth and came down in a great dive on the tail of the approaching Frenchman.

NIEUPORT A SURPRISE.

At that time nothing had been developed that could measure speed with the Fokker. The German was greatly surprised when the small machine turned sharply and whirled around in back and above him. Whichever way he turned the Frenchman had turned some other way and was on the tail of the Fokker. The German was finally forced to flee with a machine gun bullet in his leg.

When he alighted he sent broadcast the word that the French had a plane that could outfly an eagle and twist faster than a sparrow. The Nieuports have a speed of over 120 miles an hour. Everything is sacrificed to get speed. They are about as easy to handle as a Missouri army mule. It takes months to train an aviator to handle one, but they can dip and twist marvelously.

They aer so smal that they only carry enough petrol to remain aloft for two hours. Most of them carry but one man. The pilot also is the fighter. His machine gun is so regulated that it fires through the revolving shaft of the propeller. This requires that the plane be pointing at the enemy in order to attack.

In order to meet this new foe the Germans have entirely changed the build of their Fokkers and other planes. At first a Fokker was a super-dreadnought of the air. Large, heavy and fast, often carrying two gunners and the pilot. One gunner fired from the rear and one from the front. Much of the weight of the Fokker has been sacrificed and with it the stability, in order to get maximum speed. The present day German craft is very rickety for this reason, and a few well-placed shots will cause it to collapse.

HOW PLANES FIGHT.

The method of battle between rival flyers is exceedingly spectacular. They manoeuvre as carefully as do battleships. Each tries to mount above the other as they draw near in great circles, like two hawks approaching each other. If one succeeds in climbing higher than the other he immediately dives with meteor-like speed and, when within a short distance of his rival, opens fire with the machine gun. Then they circle, using automatic pistols or machine guns until one falls or another plane comes to help one or the other.

Since the allies have almost succeeded in driving the hordes of William, the would-be war lord, out of the sky, the aeroplane is the eyes of the artillery. Practically every shot from the big guns is directed by an aviator. That this requires the supreme test of nerve is evident. The flyer must swoop lower above the battle lines to observe the effect of every shot and direct the gunners by wireless as to the accuracy of their aim.

ATTACKING LAND TROOPS.

Each battery of big guns has its aeroplane as well as the observation balloons. Recently the aviators have usurped the privilege that used to belong to the cavalry. It would seem that they cannot find enough fighting in the skies so they have taken it upon themselves to rival the tanks and charge the enemy trenches, sweeping close to the ground and turning loose volley after volley from the machine guns into the trenches and hurling bombs and grenades among the German infantry and at the artillery. The shooting down of German observation balloons has also become a favorite pastime of the allies airmen. These great gas bags, moored behind the German lines, wave their great hulks a few hundred feet above the ground. In them the observers sit to watch the effects of the artillery fire.

Late one afternoon, a few weeks ago, comparative quiet reigned on the English front. An occasional burst from the artillery was the only disturbance. Suddenly a sharp crackle of motors wafted up from back of the British lines and a squad of fighting planes rose and came across only a couple of hundred feet from the earth. They were so low that the Germans opened up with their small field pieces.

The aviators headed directly for the line of waving observation balloons. For miles up and down the front they tore, unheading the rifle, machine gun and anti-aircraft gun fire that was directed at them. Over 100 German observation balloons fluttered down, shot to pieces.

BOMBING THE BASES.

For days afterward the German artillery on that sector was entirely blinded. Further down the line the American flyers took part in this escapade, one of the nerviest that has yet been attempted.

The story of the bombing expedition has become an old one. The bombing planes are escorted a hundred miles or more inside the German lines by the small fighting planes and then are left to the protection of the heavier, slow, fighting planes. When they come back they are met inside the German lines by the small Nieuports again and escorted out of the danger zone.

These fleets of bombers and fighters move with the same precision as do the fleets at sea. Each pilot has his position and the formation of the fleet is V-shaped, like that of a flock of wild geese. The fighting planes fly above, below and on either side, while the bombers remain in the centre, amply protected with their tons of high explosives.

THE TORPEDO PLANE.

One of the most recent innovations is the torpedo plane. This is an invention by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N. It is a torpedo that is slung between the pontoons of the seaplane and is so controlled that it can be fired with fully as accurate aim as if fired by a submarine.

As usual, the Germans succeeded in getting the details and have the honor of being the first to sink a ship with it. On May 1 they torpedoed the British steamer Gena off Aldeburgh. It is now feared that the torpedoplane will become an even more terrible weapon in the hands of the Germans than the submarine has ever been. There were two sea planes concerned in the attack and the gunners on the Gena succeeded in bringing one down. The English aviators claim to have sunk several ships by this method in the Dardanelles.—T. von Zickursch, in Philadelphia Record.

ROYAL YEAST
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

TRADE BRIEFS.

Several farmers' co-operative associations in New Zealand have amalgamated and the organization formed is desirous of arranging a New Zealand agency for American merchandise and agricultural machinery.

There is a scarcity of matches in France, due to the difficulty experienced in obtaining raw materials for their manufacture. Fourteen billion matches must be imported into France yearly to supply the demand.

Wooden soles for shoes are being made in Wisconsin from material that was formerly sold as waste and fuel by sawmills.

Portable wooden houses for the reconstruction of invaded territory are needed in France.

The Dominican Republic offers a fair market for imitation leather, which is used there for the making of sweat bands for hats and for carriage upholstery.

In 1916 there was an increased demand in the United States for diamonds. Holland supplied most of these stones. Germany, Austria and Russia have prohibited the importation of diamonds, but the United States more than made up for Holland's loss of these markets.

It is stated that the United States can obtain a monopoly of the Netherlands iron and steel trade at the close of the war.

A modern sanatorium will be built half way up the Itatiaya Mountain in Brazil. There is also an opportunity to supply railway material for a road to be built up the mountainside.

A firm in Davangere, India, is in the market for American cotton and stationery goods. Samples are requested.

New Zealand hemp industry has been prosperous in the last year, and there was an increase in the amount available for export. At present only about 12 per cent. of the total amount grown is marketable, but a bonus has been offered for improved machines which could be used for the extraction the dressing of the fibre.

The trade in dried shark meat and fins at Aden, Arabia, has decreased since the beginning of the war. Prices for both are ten to twenty per cent. less than formerly.

There will be a market for agricultural implements in Siam when the irrigation and development of arid districts is completed.

Curacoa, Dutch West Indies, presents a good market for ginger ale and aerated waters. The duty is 2 per cent. ad valorem.

U. S. Consul-General A. A. Winslow, at Auckland, New Zealand, reports that an excellent field for phonograph records and musical instruments could be developed in that district by an energetic advertising campaign

Cement tile machinery is needed in Mexico City, Mexico.

South African farmers are planting larger areas in sisal than they have done in the past, recognizing that the cost of operation is enlarged. New machinery for the larger plantations will be needed.

Weather conditions were not favorable for the sugar and corn crops in the Union of South Africa in the past year. The corn crop will be 10 per cent. below normal and, due to a much increased acreage, the sugar production will slightly exceed the totals of other years.

Shipbuilders in the Netherlands are in the market for 120,000,000 feet of American pitch pine.

Window glass is needed in Saloniki, Greece.

Clocks, trunks and leather goods are in demand in New Zealand. There is at present a good opportunity for the introductnon of American goods, as shipments from Europe have ceased.

A MOORISH AFFAIR.

Great Fair at Fez a Bright Picture of Moroccon Life.

The great fair which was opened at Fez, recently, by General Lyautel, the French resident-General in Morocco, has been claimed, and justly so, as yet another proof of the success of General Lyautey's plans for the pacification of that country. Last year, it was an exhibition at Casablanca, and, at that time, Moors from all over Morocco, at first perhaps a little doubtfully, but anon with greater confidence, flocked to the old seaport to see the wonders which the manufacturing world of France had to show. The event was a great success. The news of it spread abroad throughout the country, with all the astonishing rapidity so characteristic of the East. The Moor, everywhere, opened his eyes to new ideals, and even the Berber warrior began to see that, after all, there might be some other professions as worth while as the calling of arms.

And now comes the fair of Fez, and adjoining the Sultan's palace, is filled with stalls where one finds displayed a wonderful array of goods, samples of fifteen acres, is filled with a busy throng of men and women of all colors, for the products of France and of Morocco. The vast open space, comprising some your Moor can be of any complexion from the burnished swathiness of the Saudanese to the strange, but much-prized pallor of the true citizen of Fez. They are clad in all manner of garments. There is the long white robe of the well-to-do, the black gaberine of the Moorish Jew, the short breeches for wear, but always picturesque, of the man in the street; and there are the heeless slippers, wonderful reds and wonderful yellows, of everybody. There is a babel of sound everywhere representing great bargains to the discussed and driven home; much action; many marvellous exhibitions of righteous wrath at "exorbitant demands," much walking away in high dudgeon, only to come back next moment and begin all over again; much trade going on, none the less. Then, there are, of course, the side shows, here as at every fair throughout the world; white-robed groups seated in a circle on the ground looking on at some wonderful dance, invariably accompanied by much shouting and the letting off of muskets of quite astonishing length. And in it and through it all, the donkeys and mules, bearing bundles and bales of all shapes and sizes, find their way. No one ever thinks of moving to let them pass, for the beast has no right-of-way in Morocco. Does he come across a group seated on the ground right in his path, he gently moves to one side, and never a head turned to look at him.

But a word must be said about Fez itself. It is a city with very checkered history. Founded, so the story of it goes, in the year 808 by Mulai Idris II, it was successfully besieged eight times in the first 500 years of its existence. In spite of this, however, it has only once known a foreign master, and that was when the Turks took possession of it in 1554, and held it for a short time. Almost all oriental cities are beautiful from a distance, and this is true of Fez in a remarkable degree. It spreads itself out a great mass of white-roofed houses, broken here and there by a mosque tower and minarets, and banked up by the dark-green foliage of the East, between the low hills. And every hill is crowned with the ruins of some ancient fortress, once the wonder of the countryside, but, to-day the haunt of the lizard—and the prickly pear. The streets of Fez, like those of all other Moorish towns, are dark and narrow, with high houses, often built right over the roadway, on both sides. And in Old Fez which is the business quarter of the town, the tradesman sits cross-legged, in the corner of his shop, with all his wares well within reach, and works away at his craft, shoe-making, ring making or what not, just as he has done through the centuries.—"Christian Science Monitor."

Footery.

All white oxfords.
Enameled buckles.
Dropped stitch hosiery.
Grey suede for dress-up time.
Low-heeled pumps — thank goodness!

"Opportunity knocks at every man's door." "Too often, however, it is the opportunity to open a peanut stand, whereas we would rather start a bank."—Louisville Courier-Journal

FARM AND GARDEN

BEES.

Those who have their bees in box hives should at once investigate the modern movable-frame hive. With this hive it is possible to manipulate the bees so as greatly to increase the crop. It may be remembered that this hive will not be any better than a box unless the bee keeper studies the business and gives the bees prompt and intelligent attention. In box hives it is impossible to give bees the right care. Those who already have their bees in movable frame hives should do their utmost to prevent excessive swarming. Except in cases where it is desired to increase the apiary, swarming should be entirely prevented so far as possible. In no case should more than one swarm be permitted to issue from a colony. If a swarm does issue, place it in a hive in the exact location of the parent colony and move the parent colony to a new place. They can later be united if desired. Remember that swarming during a honey flow decreases the crop. The bees must be given plenty of room in which to store their honey. If one supper is allowed to become full before another is added, the crop will be cut in two.

It is best to buy bees locally to avoid danger in shipping. If they are not of the desired race queens may be obtained by mail from breeders. Italian bees are recommended for all purposes.

CARDINAL POINTS WITH BEES.

Bees need in spring plenty of stores, plenty of room for brood, rearing and plenty of protection.

Swarming during a honey flow is undesirable, because it reduces the crop.

During a honey flow bees should be given plenty of storage room. Neglect of this may lose half the crop.

Bees need protection from cold and wind in all parts of the country in which the winter temperature is often as low as freezing.

Comb honey (in sections) should be produced only from white honeys and when the honey flow is rapid. Chuck or bulk comb honey is unsuited for any market except the local one.

The successful bee keeper is he who studies his bees and is prompt with his manipulations. Beekeeping is not a paying business for the shiftless bee keeper. The specialist bee keeper is the most desirable from the standpoint of the industry because the small holder usually has not sufficient interest to work. There is no reason, however why a few colonies of bees will not be profitable provided the owner gives them intelligent care.

It is impossible to keep bees with profit in box-hives or "gums." The use of movable-frame hives cannot be urged too strongly.

It does not pay to cultivate any plant for bees. There is plenty of nectar available in almost every community. If at any time bees are short of stores, feed a syrup made of granulated sugar. Do not let the bees starve, as they often do in neglected apiaries in winter.

FARM NEWS AND VIEW.

The principal value of apples as food for stock is in the fact that they combine well with other foods, furnishing a balanced ration which is far superior to that usually given to stock. They aid digestion, satisfy the appetite and give tone to the system.

As a single diet apples are not good for fattening, not good muscle builders and not good egg or milk producers.

The best way to treat a lousy horse is to clip him. Then put half a pound of any tobacco in a quart of boiling water and cover it. Allow to simmer for five or six hours, then with a sponge wet with this tobacco tea, bathe the horse from head to tail; in two or three hours give a thorough chrushing, and repeat if necessary in two of three hours.

Summer squashes are to many an attractive addition to the home garden. Their culture is easy. Two or three hills will furnish enough for an average-sized family.

These squashes are not fastidious as to soils, though they, like most garden plants, prefer a warm, sandy loam. The most important requirements for success are abundance of manure and good cultivation. The hills may be paced five or six feet apart. The plants will occupy the ground all summer if the fruits are harvested at usable stage.

In preparing a "hill" for the planting of summer squashes, a hole two and one half feet square and 12 inches deep should be dug; a bushel basket of manure should then be thoroughly mixed with the excavated soil, which is then replaced in the hole. It is better to use well-rotted manure, but if the mixing with soil is properly done there will be little danger of heating from fresh strawy manure. With chicken manure, use only one-half of this quantity. This preparation can very well be done as soon as the ground is in condition for working in spring.

Squashes are tender plants, and cannot endure the slightest frost, so seed should not be planted until the soil is well warmed. Ten or a dozen seeds are planted usually in each hill. These should finally be thinned to one or [illegible]. The soil [illegible] be stirred by [illegible]tivation until the plants cover [illegible].

There [illegible] in use several [illegible] squashes. They must all be [illegible] very immature; if the thumb nail [illegible] not very readily puncture the skin [illegible] fruit, it is past its best stage.

The transferring of pollen from tree to tree must be done by insects, and the honey bee is the most reliable in the performance of this work.

Garget is due to injury to bag or congestion of the milk from an obstruction in teats so that all milk cannot be removed. Remove any of these causes, then give 30 drops of each aconite and belladonna tincture, three or four times a day, and either wet bag with warm camphorated oil or paint lightly with tincture iodine. Do not give much grain and no cornmeal during treatment. Keep bowels in a relaxed condition.

Humus is the substance formed in the soil by decaying vegetable matter, such as leaves, stubble, roots, manure, crop plowed under and so on.

Humus not only comprises elements of plant food itself, but it has the power of holding the necessary nitrates of fertile soil to prevent their escaping through washing or other means. It also has the effect of a sponge in absorbing and holding moisture in position and form available for the use of growing plants and aids in keeping the soil porus.

Humus is indispensable to plant growth. Poor crops are in many cases due to its lack.

A great aid to the hog raiser is a small crop of pumpkins. These can be grown at a small cost, and form a valuable addition to the rations of hogs. The value does not lie entirely in their nutritive composition, but is due largely to the beneficial effects on the digestive tract, as they tend to regulate the bowels. It is asserted that the seeds are valuable as a vermifuge.

Pumpkins may be grown in the cornfields, especially where there is a poor stand.

Sheep return more and better fertility to enrich the soil and distribute the same more evenly than any other class of stock.

In a horse symmetry of form is necessary for strength, correct proportion and perfect development.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS OF GREAT VALUE

Mrs. J. A. Lagace, Ste. Perpetue, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to me and I would strongly recommend them to other mothers." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing. They have become convinced through actual use of the Tablets that nothing can equal them in regulating the bowels and stomach; driving out constipation and indigestion; breaking up colds and simple fevers; expelling worms and curing colic. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How to Be Happy Though Married

Domestic happiness does not come as a matter of course, but, like everything else worth having, must be worked for.

Don't imagine that because you have won each other you need no longer be affectionate

Carry over into the wedded life the refinement of manner that characterized your wooing days.

Once in awhile let your husband have the last word. It will please him and be no loss to you.

Husband and wife are one, but it is a parady on unity if each wants to be that one.

A rose strewn on life's path while weary feet are painfully walking over it is more than wreaths for the dead.

Make your home a cabinet room where all the affairs of the household and sometimes of business come under comparison and advisal.

Many a failure would have been avoided if men had consulted with their wives.—Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters.

Her Waist.

Yet somethimes the "nip in" is pretended.

There is much leeway as to its position.

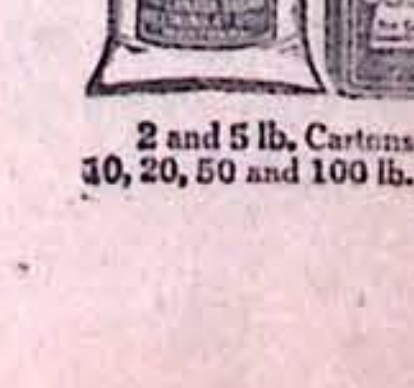
But mostly it stays where it really belongs.

It may be swathed, draped, leather-belted, sashed or simply suggested by line.

If we throw rice at a bride, why shouldn't her wedding invitations be printed on rice paper?

Redpath
SUGAR

"Redpath" stands for sugar quality that is the result of modern equipment and methods, backed by 60 years experience and a determination to produce nothing unworthy of the name "REDPATH".



2 and 5 lb. Cartons—
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it." 8

Made in one grade only—the highest !

All the Local News.

Newsy Budget of Occurrences in and about the Vicinity.

As Exhibition day approaches indications point to a successful fair.

Miss Margaret Boudreau left on Wednesday for Truro to attend the Normal College.

P. J. Kyte, St. Peters, was on the C. B. train on Wednesday, bound for New Glasgow.

Miss Henrietta Cameron, an esteemed young lady of St. Peters, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Bessie Clough, a popular young lady of Hastings, is in town visiting her aunt, Mrs. Forbes.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Howe and their two children, who were visiting here since July, returned home this morning.

Miss Brophy, of Mulgrave, who was relieving the operator in the W. U. Tel. office here for a couple of weeks, returned home on Tuesday.

The Provincial Exhibition which closed at Halifax on Thursday last was a great success with a larger attendance than ever.

Schrs. Riviera, Capt. Thos. Gagnon, and Florrie V., Capt. Edward LeBlanc, arrived in port last week, coal laden, bound for P. E. I. ports.

Some of the finest and firmest cabbage we ever saw were brought to town on Wednesday by Thos. D. Morrison, D'Escousse, who has gone into farming quite extensively. We thank him for several cauliflower.

Major Murdoch McPherson, who was wounded at the front some ago and been in hospital for some time, is expected home any day town. His wife and child—a war baby born since he went to the front—arrived at Grand Ance from Swift Current, Sask.

Mrs. Jeffrey Boudreau, Port Royal, an old and respected lady, passed away peacefully on Thursday afternoon, 20th inst., at the advanced age of 91 years. She is survived by 15 grandchildren, 9 great-grandchildren and was the mother of 11 children, three of whom are still living. The family have the sympathy of the public in their bereavement. May she rest in peace.

Chas. L. Bosdet left on Wednesday for Halifax to join the 70th Siege Battery. He arrived from Bisbee, Arizona, a couple of weeks ago. A mining engineer by profession, he should be a valuable member of this popular Battery. Mr. and Mrs. B Bourinot and children accompanied him by auto to Grand Ance station, where they bade him a fond adieu. Before leaving for overseas, he expects visiting Arichat again for a few days.

Joseph Doyle, son of Michael Doyle, Rocky Bay, was drowned when the schr. Alice L. Stetson, Capt. Geo. Stetson, of New Bedford, Mass., was sunk in the gale of the 10th ult. off Georges Banks, 90 miles from Cape Cod Highland light He was engaged in swordfishing and when the vessel went down she had 30 of these big fish on board. The unfortunate young man was industrious and steady and came home occasionally to see his father, for whom there is much sympathy in his affliction. He was 35 years of age.

Several of the newspapers of this province have had occasion during the past few weeks to criticise adversely the government for its shabby treatment of recruits for the army in the matter of transportation. Only second class tickets are issued to the soldiers, while the officers ride in first-class cars and Pullmans. In the United States officers and soldiers are treated alike, both ride in Pullmans and no such distinction is made such as obtains in Canada. A soldier is as good a man officer any day and many of them are more intelligent and have been accustomed to more of the comforts of this life. Nothing should be too good for our soldiers and a Pullman or a first-class car is none too good for the boys who have to do the brunt of the fighting at the front. The government should at least allow the first-class transportation. Anything less is an insult.

To equip a British sailor takes nearly eight times as many workmen as are required to provide a soldier with all he needs in the [illegible]

Some ideal summer days this week.

J. J. Risser and Warren Millery, travellers for groceries, were in town this week.

We are indebted to Colin J. Campbell, of Dorchester, Mass., for American papers of the intensely interesting kind.

The more numerous autos become hereabout the more frequent do accidents occur. Auto drivers can never be too careful.

Mrs. Thos. D. Morrison, of D'Escousse, attended the Inverness County exhibition and was one of the judges in ladies' handiwork.

Kaiser Borden and Traitor Laurier are titles being exchanged by party organs. Partisanism run mad.

Mrs. Boudreau, who lived with her son-in-law, Charles Fougere, Barrachois, died on Friday, 21st inst. and was buried in the Catholic cemetery here on Sunday afternoon. Deceased was in her 83rd year.

The population of the Dominion of Canada is 7,206,643. The population of London is 7,251,358. That is, London has 20,715 more people than the whole of Canada.

A meeting was convened at the instance of Rev. G. A. Andrew, secretary-treasurer, on Wednesday to get the ladies interested in the forthcoming Exhibition. The ladies will do their part to make visitors who patronize the dining tables fully satised.

We received a card from T. P. O'Connell, formerly Royal Bank manager here, from New Orleans, La., on Wednesday. He was on his way to Central America. He said it was pretty hot in New Orleans. We are always pleased to hear from our good old friend.

The time is rapidly approaching for preparing the Christmas remembrances for the boys in the trenches. These little tokens from the home land mean much to the brave boys overseas.

An effort has been made to purchase the Exhibition grounds near the court house. The land is owned by Geo. Jean, of Glace Bay. If the land is acquired suitable Exhibition buildings will be erected, the intention evidently being to make the Fair a permanent annual event.

Supreme Court sat here on Tuesday, Judge Longley presiding. A clean docket greeted His Lordship, who dismissed the jurymen.

The inconvenient hour at which the mail leaves here interferes with the prompt delivery of the RECORD to our subscribers. This has been going on since the steamer Magdalen's absence from this route since July 25th and there seems to be no let up to the outrage.

Stmr. Arcadia, Capt. Peter Walker, as imposing a figure as ever walked the quarter-deck of any craft, remained over at this port on Thursday night and conveyed passengers to Mulgrave the following morning. It was the first effort made to oblige the public since the Magdalen's retirement to Sydney early in July.

A party of autoists from St. Peters in Mr. Doyle's powerful McLauchlin Buick car were in town on Thursday afternoon, the weather and roads being ideal for an outing. The party consisted of J. W. Doyle, the genial and popular manager of the Cape Breton Railway, and Mrs. Doyle; Mr. Murphy, engineer at the canal; Miss Marion Cameron, Mrs. (Major) McPherson (visiting at Grand Ance); and last, but not least, Mr. Shute, of the Desbarats Advertising Agency, Montreal, on a business and pleasure trip to the Maritime Provinces, who appeared to be the life of the party.

BORN—At Arichat, Saturday, 22nd inst., to Mr. and Mrs G. J. LeBlanc, a bouncing baby boy.

A tabernacle for the Rev. Billy Sunday campaign in Los Angeles, Cal., is the largest ever built for the great evangelist. It will hold 25,000 persons, while the tabernacle in New York, which was formerly the largest, had a capacity of 22,000.

Judge Finlayson's House Struck.

Judge Finlayson's house on Argyle street, Sydney, was struck by lightning during Friday night's storm and His Honor received a slight shock to one arm, but was not injured. Some damage was done to the upper part of the house. The lightning entered the building in a slanting direction at one of the upper corners and ripped the plaster from the walls and ceiling of an attic room. Judge Finlayson, sitting in a room below, felt the shock quite distinctly. No damage was done to the building save that indicated, but naturally the members of the family consider they had a miraculous escape from injury.

SUCCESSFUL WHIST PARTY AT D'ESCOUSSE.

A very successful whist party was held at D'Escousse in the Artisan's Hall on the evening of Sept. 14th by the D'Escousse branch of the Women's Institute, the sum realized being $34 90, which will be expended by the Institute in buying wool for socks for the soldiers in the trenches. The members extend their sincere thanks to the Artisan Society for the free use of their hall, to their friends in Arichat, West Arichat, Petit de Grat and D'Escousse, who, either by their attendance or help, contributed to the success of the evening.

The Body-Building Power of BOVRIL

In feeding experiments on human beings carried out by a well-known independent British Physiologist, when Bovril was added to the normal diet it produced an increase in flesh, bone and muscle equal to 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.



No increase in price since the War.

FOR SALE.

One 6 year old horse (or mare), a harness and a wagon at a reasonable figure.

Apply to

L. MURY,
West Arichat.

Sept. 14, 1917. 3w.

GRAIN CUT BY REAPER

Only One Dollar an Hour.

Cuts, Puts in Sheaves.

NO TURNING OR RAKING

SAVES TIME AND GRAIN.

Arrange at once with

GEORGE LATIMER,

ARICHAT, C. B.

WANTED.

A Christian girl of good appearance (white) not over thirty years old, to do general housework in a small family of four. Good wages. Only those with the best of references need apply. Fare to Boston will be paid for the right party.

Address:

MRS. CHARLES S. DAVIS,
481 Norfolk St.,
Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE AT ARICHAT.

The homestead property owned and occupied by W. D. Robertson.

55 acres of wood land rear of Poulamon.

Light two-seated carriage, rear seat removable.

Cart, truck and harness.

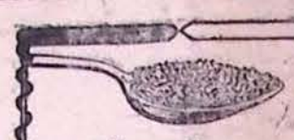
Plough, raking machine, hay cutter, wood sleigh, riding sleigh and set of bob sleighs.

Sept. 7, 1917. 1m pd

GOOD MEN WANTED

in this County to retail Rawleigh products exclusively—$100.00 a month is being made by many men now selling our goods. Applicants must be live and industrious and have means for starting expenses; horse, wagon, etc., also furnish contract signed by two responsible men—Rawleigh products are household necessities—we have eight factories and branches—address, giving age, occupation and references—

W. T. RAWLEIGH CO., Limited,
Toronto.



Save that spoonful

Four and often five spoonfuls of ordinary tea do not go any further than three of Red Rose Tea.

Less Red Rose is required because it consists chiefly of rich, strong, full-flavored Assam teas.

Use Red Rose Tea and save that extra spoonful.

Kept Good by the Sealed Package



637

RICHMOND COUNTY EXHIBITION

ARICHAT

THURSDAY & FRIDAY

OCTOBER 11-12, '17

LARGE PRIZE LIST TOTALLING $1,500.

Classes for all Departments of our Country's Industries.

Something for Everyone—Something for You.

A Rallying Centre for Farmers, big and small

The place to get in touch with our Leading Agriculturists—See the way they judge—Hear what they say.

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Competition Open to the Four Counties.

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When digestion fails, whether from loss of tone, climatic changes, overwork, or errors of diet, nothing so soon restores tone and healthy activity to the digestive system as the root 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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Cape Breton Railway

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 10, 1917.

Read Down.	Stations.	Read Up.
Leave 8:15	St Peters	Ar. 5:15
" 8:38	Sporting Mt.	" 4:53
" 8:56	Grand Ance	" 4:30
" 9:14	Whiteside	" 4:15
" 9:22	Basin Road	" 4:03
" 9:28	Evanston	" 3:55
" 9:35	Chapel Road	" 3:50
Ar. 10:05	Pt. Tupper	Lve. 3:25

Baggage for all Stations except St. Peters should be claimed at Baggage Car door immediately upon arrival.

GEO. E. JOHNSON,
General Manager.

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