

The Stanstead Journal.

VOL. LXXIII—No. 3

ROCK ISLAND, (STANSTEAD) P. Q., THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1918.

WHOLE No. 3754

TAN SHOES FOR WOMEN

Your opportunity to purchase Shoes for every-day wear, with all kinds of leather at near top prices, we are closing out all odds and ends.

REGAL AND PATRICIAN

Tan and Chocolate Lace and Button Boots at prices that mean a big saving. Below we enumerate the sizes in each style.

Light Tan Lace Boot, Hi-Toe, Cuban Heel, 2 1/2, 3, 5, 5 1/2, 6,	\$2.50
Light Tan Button Boot, Hi-Toe, Cuban Heel, 3, 5 1/2, 6,	2.50
Dark, Heavy Boarded, Tan Calf, Button, Water-proof, 1 1/2, 2, 2 1/2, 3,	2.75
Dark, Heavy Boarded, Tan Calf, Button, Water-proof, 2 1/2, 3, 5, 5 1/2, 6,	2.75

GILMORE BROS.
DERBY LINE, VERMONT

SUGAR MAKERS

Is it your intention to do anything about a few more Sugar Tools this season. If so, don't let the "snow melt" under your feet.

We have a few Rigs, Tanks, Buckets; had the stock last season and so have made what we could. We also have some good second-hand Sugar Tools; a few Galvanized Buckets in the lot, also some Covers and a few Boiling Outfits, some as good as ever. Without any doubt we are going to see

HIGH SUGAR

The highest ever—and every bucket of sap will be worth real money.

Think of it, and decide while you can get some goods to get them.

Monarch Evaporator Co.

'PHONE 277-2 NEWPORT

A. W. BULLOCK, Georgeville

JANUARY SALE

For the balance of this month we offer all goods at a special discount and previous cut prices are guaranteed.

Groceries and Provisions, Drygoods, staple and fancy, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Pontiacs, Felts, Men's Clothing and Underwear, Patent Medicines and Drugs, Granite, Tinware, etc., Glassware, Earthenware, etc., Hardware, Paints, Oils, Gasoline, etc.

Cut prices on all lines during our January sale. See us for bargains.

A. W. BULLOCK, Georgeville

LAWYERS MUST LIVE.

Or at least so they say, therefore: All accounts due us remaining unpaid on February the 1st will be handed over lawyer for collection.

54w3 G. & G. LIMITED.

COAL FOR SALE.

Is something that we have not got, but we offer a limited number of bags of No. 1 Bright Yellow Sugar for spot cash.

G. & G. LIMITED.
Jan. 17th, 1918.

FAIR WARNING.

Some people seem to have gotten the idea that the signs posted at the ends of the new bridge forbidding trotting were put up for ornaments. Please take notice that any infraction of this law will be prosecuted.

E. W. HOVEY, Sec. Treas.
Per Order.

NOTICE.

To the citizens of Rock Island:
My attention has been called by the International Water Company to the serious condition of our water supply, caused by wasting so much water through leaky faucets and closets, and allowing taps to run during the night. So much water has been used in this way that it is now necessary to pump every day, and even at that we are losing ground. And unless these leaks are repaired and you stop wasting water, we will soon be without it. It is the duty of every user of water to conserve all possible. This notice is to advise you of the seriousness of the situation. As stockholders of the Water Company it is your duty and for your benefit to help the company in every way you can. Have your faucets and your closets fixed. Quit leaving the water running when not using it. Save water. Help the company and by so doing help yourselves.

CHAS. R. JENKINS,
Mayor.

TOWN TOPICS.

C. M. Libby of Portland was in town Friday and Saturday.

L. A. Rolfe of St. Johnsbury was in town Thursday and Friday.

Don't miss Theda Bara in "The Darling of Paris" at the Border Theatre, Jan. 22 and 23.

Mr. Fred Parker of Rock Island and Miss Elsie Lyons of Stanstead were guests of Mr. Parker's parents in Holland recently.

W. S. Jeffers, claims agent of the Boston & Maine railroad, was in town Friday and Saturday.

H. H. Noble of Essex, N. Y., was in town Saturday and Sunday to inspect the U. S. customs office.

Mr. John B. Seguin has closed his house and is spending the balance of the winter with a sister in Providence, R. I.

Lyndol Waterman of Marlboro, Mass., spent the holidays in town, the guest of J. F. Paquette and family. Mr. Waterman is teaching manual training in the schools of Marlboro.

Earle Howe left Thursday evening for Philadelphia, Pa., to enter a horological school to learn watch-making. Mr. Howe has been employed in the Parsons store the last few months.

Sergeant Sidney F. Bennett of Holland, now at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., is one of the young men selected by the U. S. government to enter the officers' training school. Young Bennett is well known here.

Dr. E. P. Ball, Lee Farm, was an exhibitor of English Speckled Sussex fowls at the Montreal Poultry Show last week, showing 12 entries and winning 12 prizes, making a clean sweep of the Sussex class. All the birds were raised at Lee Farm. They will be at the Sherbrooke Show next week.

Mr. J. T. Stevenson of Oyen, Alberta, who is at present staying at Massawippi, was a guest of relatives in town Friday. Mr. Stevenson was employed as clerk by George S. Carpenter at Derby Line back in the early "eighties," and was well known by residents of that time. He went to Winnipeg in 1883 when the Prairie City was not much more than a village.

Sgt. Ralph J. Gauthier, Co. L, 1st Vt. Inf. of Newport, now at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., is one of the six enlisted men recommended for admission to the third series of officers' training camps. We congratulate Sgt. Gauthier and hope that he may win the bars of the commissioned officer. He is a nephew of Mrs. Alex Greenwood, Derby Line.

Free exhibition of the Great White Light, as shown by the celebrated KeroSafe Lamp and Lantern. Burns coal oil without a wick, gives a light equal to 300 candles, a rival of gas and electric light; no smoke, no odor, no danger. Costs one-tenth of a cent per hour to burn it. Come and see this new, wonderful lamp burn at the Marois building, opposite the library. Open evenings. LeBaron & George, agents.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 22nd, weather permitting, Rev. W. M. Trivitt, lately returned from China, will lecture on the conditions, customs and people of that country. There will be illustrated lantern views, native costumes will be worn, and rare curios will be displayed. Should weather prevent on Tuesday evening, the lecture will be held the following evening. It will be held in the main hall of the Stanstead College at 8 p. m. A silver collection will be taken.

In connection with the coal shortage, there appeared in this paper last week an item wherein it was stated that "Fred Young, acting under the direction of the food fuel controller, had confiscated the reserve supplies at the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches, distributing the same among the most needy." The information came to the JOURNAL through what we considered a perfectly reliable source, but on Friday morning Mr. Young "rang us up" to say that it was inaccurate. He said the coal at the Roman Catholic Church had not been confiscated. There was a considerable reserve supply there, but when he approached the priest, suggesting its distribution, he met with such opposition that he hesitated to exercise his authority, and so simply referred the matter to Ottawa. Mr. Young said he had taken coal from the Anglican church to supply Roman Catholics who were suffering for want of fuel, and that, in simple justice to all parties, he wanted the facts clearly stated. This is a case where the person who gave the information to the JOURNAL last week had been misinformed; we know there was no intention to misrepresent the case or do injustice to any one.

TOWN TOPICS.

The engagement is announced of Cyril R. Darby, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Darby of Derby Line, and Ruth P. Jenne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien P. Jenne of Derby.

Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 22 and 23, at the Border Theatre, Theda Bara, in "The Darling of Paris," a play that is taken from Victor Hugo's book "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Be sure to see this.

F. G. Bundy of St. Johnsbury was in town Wednesday. Mr. Bundy was the receiver for the Caledonian Company and expects the plant will be sold to parties who will resume publication of both the Daily and Weekly Caledonian.

At the Centenary Methodist Church next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. the service will be conducted by Principal Trueman. Sunday School at the close of the service. In the evening at 7 o'clock the service will be conducted by Rev. E. L. Rice.

Mrs. A. E. Ross of Cowansville and son, Pte. A. W. Ross, P.P.C.L.I., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McPhee from Monday until Wednesday. Pte. Ross received a multiple wound in April, 1915, and since then has been in England most of the time, arriving in Canada last week. He is a brother of Mrs. McPhee.

Every rate-payer of Rock Island and Derby Line is virtually a shareholder in the Water Company by reason of the large holdings of these municipalities in the Company's stock "Kicking" will not help the situation. If every citizen will do all he can to prevent waste the supply may be kept up.

A meeting of the "Y" was held at the home of Miss Iris Roddy, Wednesday, Jan. 9th. About thirty young people were present. The meeting was opened with devotional exercises, conducted by the president, after which various games were played and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Delicious refreshments were served.

A retreat is now being conducted at the Church of Our Lady of Mercy. The special preacher is Rev. Father Jéna, convincing and eloquent speaker, who is assisted by Rev. Father Denolf, both being Belgians. Services are held at 5:30 and 8 a. m. and at 7:50 p. m. Next week the special preacher will be Rev. Father Jaquin and the speaking will be in English.

LeBaron and George are showing the "Wonder" kerosene oil burner, for cooking stoves and ranges, at the Marois building, opposite the Haskell Library. With the present shortage of fuel this scheme is an excellent substitute; local users speak of them in terms of praise. The cost for fuel is said to figure a little less than that of coal or wood. The cost of the device is reasonable. Call and see it in operation.

At Derby last night the Y. M. A. basketball team of this place met its first defeat in two years, the Derby team winning by a score of 20 to 13. The game is said to have been the roughest ever played in this section. At the end of the first period the visitors led with a score of 11 to 9, but in the "endurance test" which followed, the lead was reversed. The home team was composed of Ralph Miller, C. R. Darby, J. Murphy, I. Aldrich and P. F. Hunt, and they are reported to have received some hard knocks. At the College Gym five or six weeks ago the home team defeated Derby by a score of 19 to 9, but the latter "got back" at their opponents last night.

Mrs. Joseph Ritchie, an old and well known resident of Rock Island, died of bronchial pneumonia at her home on Railroad street, Jan. 13th. She had not been in robust health since having an attack of la grippe last winter, suffering from a complication of diseases. Mrs. Ritchie was confined to her bed one week before Christmas but buoyed up by the spirit of that day got up and dined with the family. On New Year's day she was again confined to her bed, and her condition grew from bad to worse until the end came ten minutes before midnight Sunday. It was the third attack of pneumonia and in her enfeebled condition the strain proved too great. The late Mrs. Ritchie was born in Stanstead 64 years ago. 48 years ago she was married to Mr. Ritchie, by whom she is survived. She was the mother of twelve children, six of whom are now living, viz: Emma (Mrs. William Gallup) of Rock Island, Mary Jane (Mrs. Joseph Berard) Newport; Leah (Mrs. Earl Rand) Boston, Fred, David and Thomas Ritchie, all of Rock Island. The late Mrs. Ritchie was a quiet person, her life being devoted mostly to her family by whom she will be much missed. The funeral took place at the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Rock Island, Wednesday morning and was largely attended by old neighbors and friends.

HAVE YOU SETTLED THAT STOVE PROBLEM IN YOUR HOME?

IF NOT, IT'S TIME YOU DO

A Glenwood or a Round Oak is not a matter of choice but of necessity, unless you are satisfied to use TOO MUCH FUEL. Not only is it a necessity to conserve fuel but it is a duty.

There's many a home using twice the wood or coal necessary to do the cooking and heating. Could such owners know the saving to be affected by a new Glenwood or Round Oak, we wouldn't be able to get stoves enough for the next few weeks.

Thank goodness, a good many have solved this problem. Never had such a stove trade in fifteen years as we have had up to now, and still they are selling. Can use a few second-hand stoves in exchange.

TRUE & BLANCHARD CO.

'PHONE 277-2

NEWPORT, VT.

Call for Mr. Wyman, the Stove Man.

TOWN TOPICS.

F. R. Potter of Burlington, Vt., was in town Wednesday.

The last snow fall totaled 13 1/2 inches, making the total for the season 67 1/2 inches.

Mr. D. McLean of Winnipeg, Man., has been a guest of his nephew, Mr. P. M. Poaps, during the past week.

Mrs. Joseph Berard of Newport, and Mrs. Earl Rand of Boston have been in town during the past few days, being called here by the illness and death of their mother, the late Mrs. Joseph Ritchie.

The Congregational and Universalist Churches will worship together in the Congregational Church, next Sunday. Morning service at 10:30; Rev. E. L. Rice will preach. Evening at 7 o'clock; preacher, Rev. B. F. McIntire. Soloists, Mrs. C. W. Wells, soprano; Mrs. Homer Corlies, contralto. Strangers in the villages are invited to these union services.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Church and Society was held last Thursday evening. A bountiful supper was served by the ladies of the church and the business followed. The report of the several activities of the church disclosed that 1917 had been a year of prosperity and growth. There was an increase in membership, and the general working morale of the parish has made a healthy advance. Financially, the society is in the best shape it has been in for years, being about out of debt. The pastor was given one hundred dollars extra for 1917, and voted one hundred dollars increase in salary for 1918. Mr. Rice fully appreciates the consideration of his parish and the desire of all to be loyal and helpful. It is very evident this church is keeping pace with the growth of the villages. The full board of officers, who served in 1917, were reelected for 1918. The war seems to renew this organization, as it is certainly keeping the home fires burning.

WAY'S MILLS.

Mr. F. C. Daniels has been ill with a bad cold.

Mrs. Howe will return to Frelighsburg this week after spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Hunter.

Mr. John Hunter is ill with the grip. A good time is reported at the dance held at W. N. Horn's on Monday, Jan. 7. In spite of bad roads a good crowd gathered.

Mr. Fred Wheeler has blood poisoning in his foot.

The Homemakers Club met on Jan. 9th in the Union hall. The annual report of the Homemakers Club was read. A short program followed, and consisted of a song, "Nellie Gray," sung by the members and visitors, and a very interesting paper upon "Canadian Literature" by Mrs. P. B. Buckland. It was decided to have a social during the month of February. Mrs. Chesley was asked to furnish a literary, and Mrs. Bean a musical item for entertainment at the next meeting. The meeting closed with the singing of "God Save Our King," and "God Guard Our Valiant Men."

GRANITEVILLE.

Friday night will mark the beginning of a Young People's Society in Graniteville. A general invitation has been sent out for all the young folk, of any denomination, to assemble in the Church vestry Friday night at 7:30. The idea is to provide a meeting place for the young people, where they may come weekly to enjoy the best of good times. All are welcome. Ladies are asked to bring sandwiches and cake.

Place a Wonder Burner in your cook-stove or heater. Cheaper than wood or coal. Apply to B. J. George, Waldron Block.

CASH WITH ORDER.

We are still prepared to deliver Flour in bags or barrels, all kinds and makes, but only when cash accompanies the order. Our Bread teams will continue to run as usual but our drivers have received instructions to sell all goods for cash only. Do not ask for Credit.

53w3 THE G. & G. LIMITED.

SMITH'S MILLS.

Guests at "Fair View" on Sunday: Mr. Roy Ellis of Newport, Wolfe Libby and Angelina Turner of Boynton, and Miss Myra Ross of Bury.

Miss Hattie Reed from Montreal and Mrs. Moranville were guests at the home of J. M. Reed, recently.

Mr. L. O. Cass spent a few days last week in Magog.

Mrs. B. A. Reed went to Rock Island Saturday.

Miss Helen Cass was a recent guest at the homes of L. O. Cass and W. H. Miller.

Mrs. C. R. Ruiter has returned home after spending a time with her sister, Mrs. Rowell, at West Derby, Vt.

Mr. Frank Taylor of Sherbrooke spent the week-end at his home here.

Miss Esther Miller is attending the convent at Stanstead.

Leon Miller is attending S. W. C.

A large crowd attended the baked bean supper held in the Methodist Church on Friday evening. A good program was furnished by the children of the Smith's Mills school. The proceeds amounted to \$25.00.

Miss Myra Ross returned to her home in Bury on Monday.

A very successful meeting of the Smith's Mills Farmers Club was held at O'Leary's hall, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 9th. About twenty members joined at this meeting. The following directors were elected: H. H. Smith, P. W. Baldwin, W. B. Bullock, G. G. Howard, and M. M. Derick. B. W. Brown was elected president; H. G. Taylor, vice-president; W. O. Miller, secretary-treasurer. Any member wishing to use the fanning mill will find it at Baldwin's mill, Smith's Mills, after Feb. 1st.

From an occasional correspondent.

Miss Myra Ross went to Bury on Monday, accompanied by Mr. O. F. Ticehurst.

Miss H. Reed from Montreal is at present visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Reed.

Guests at Fair View Sunday were: Miss Lena Taylor, Mr. Everett Taylor, Mr. W. Libby, Amy Corner, Miss A. B. Turner, Boynton; Miss M. Ross, Bury; Mr. R. A. Ellis, Newport.

Mr. L. Burbank was called to Montreal Thursday to report for military service.

Mrs. Ella Moranville from Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Reed.

The baked-bean supper held in the Methodist Church was a decided success, the sum of \$25.00 being realized. We wish to extend our sincere thanks to those who so kindly took part in the entertainment.

GRIFFIN.

On Wednesday, the 9th inst., Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Bullis entertained at their home their two nephews, E. D. A., Albert (Bert), 31st Battery, and Joseph M. who has been in the West 7 years, sons of Mrs. Albert Bullis of Beebe.

Mrs. S. G. Drew is convalescent. Her many friends are pleased to know this, as she has been a great sufferer for the past six months.

Cora Sim, Graham Bachelder, Rolfe Embury and Isabel Davis are attending Beebe Academy.

Good reports are received from Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Radway as regards their health, but the weather at Daytona Beach, Florida, is rather unfavorable, being cold and rainy.

STANSTEAD'S HONOR ROLL.

The honor roll is being extended to include the whole of Stanstead County. Readers are invited to supply names of new volunteers or any that may have been omitted.

Stanley Aldrich Geo. McDonald
Stanley Bachelet Carl Schuch
Edmond Boucher Albert Schuch
Wm. Butters Ashley LeBaron
John Byers I. C. Whitcomb
Joseph Carboneau Joseph Carboneau
Eusebio Comeau (Killed in action)
G. H. Cook Carroll Hodges
Arthur Cooper Edward Kerr
Ralph C. Cooper Edw. Richardson
Stanley Cooper Ernest Richardson
Wesley Dorman Charles Bayley
Roy Dyson Harry Riley
Warren Ellis Reggie Jennings
Harry Farrow James Sadler
Robert Farrow Walter Reynolds
(Discharged under age) Eddie Curtis
J. W. Gillard Homer Curtis
John Gladhill I. B. Corey
Henry Gobeille W. C. Duncan
Charles Harrington Died of wounds
ton (Discharged, medically unfit) William Duncan
Bernard Holmes Archie Ewens
Herm'n Humphrey Robert C. Haselton
(Discharged, medically unfit) John Vowles
phrey William Mitchell
Lieut. Irvine Robert McDonald
Byron Jenkins John Thompson
Edward Jones (Invalided home) Jack Connolly
Melville Kearns Milton Haselton
Oliver Kelley Austin Johnson
Thomas Kingley K. B. P. Montizambert
Arthur Labaree Fred Labaree
(Killed) Carol Labonte
Israel Lafond Guy A. Lyford
Chas. H. Mansur Allan McIntosh
Allan McIntosh Gordon McIntosh
R. J. Meekren Fred Monte
Guy Monte George Moore
B. B. Morrill Guy Morrill
Harold Moulton M. Pankovich
Edgar Peak J. W. Racine
Alfred Roy Arthur Roy
Wm. Scribner Roy Sheldon
Chauncey Smith Thomas Smith
Albert Swift Norman Swift
Henry Taylor Roy A. Telford
(Killed in action) Arthur Thompson
Raymond Thompson (Discharged, medically unfit)
Donald Tilton (Discharged, medically unfit)
Gale Tilton Howard Tilton
Eugene Webb James Webb
Eugene Wells Thomas Wells
R. W. Wood Sumner Wood
(Detained on account of health)
E. A. Tilton (Rejected, medically unfit)
Ralph Cooper Stephen O'Rourke
Alonso Sorbier Lawrence Strainer
(Discharged, medically unfit)
R. C. Feltus Frank Racine
Thomas Miller Wray Adams
Henry Archibald Wilfred Brookhouse
(Wounded, returned to Canada)
John Cochran Wm. Davis
Dan Hoag Ernest King (Died of wounds)
John King (Killed) Wm. King
Goff Probyn Lee Rollins (Died of pneumonia in France)
Allen Routledge (Killed)
Arthur Sylvester J.E. Vaughan (Discharged, medically unfit)
Percy Walker Harry Wells
Edw. Aulis Robert Aulis
Samuel Aulis Homer Hurlbut
Norman Gibbons Gary Merrill
Charles Smith Oral Smith
Charles Brevoort Harley Waid
(Discharged, medically unfit)
J. W. Mosher Chas. Wilcox
Bertie Young Willis Rollins
Albert Taylor Harry Taylor
Billie Martin Henry Hunter
James W. Hunter Ben Kerr
George Harrison Eddie Smith
Foster Smith Roy Smith
Walter Smith Percy Buckland
Taber Buckland Irving B. Corey
Hazen Converse Wilbur Ladd
Frank McCoy (Returned)
Fred Tyler Oran Wheeler
Ben Hodges (Dead) Ray Hodges
Harry Brown Ephraim Hodges
(In hospital from shell shock)
Chas. Whitehouse (In hospital from shell shock)
Jack Williams (Unfit for active service)
J. Pope

Henry Forest (Killed)
J. Forest (Wounded, returned)
Alex. Grantham Frank Hall
A. C. Hanson John Hanson
George Henderson Albert McCoy
Wm. McCutcheon Alex. Pashley
Reginald Robinson Archie Sisco
Eristol Smith (Wounded)
Merritt Smith (Wounded, returned)
Reginald Smith (Wounded)
Howard Snow A. J. Sparks
(Wounded) H. A. Sparks
Edgar Stanford Arthur Stevens
(Killed in action) Fred Fisher
Reginald Fisher Fred Young
T. Young A. Sage
H. V. Taylor D. Douglas
D. Broderick Alfred Bullock
Alcime Tousignant Mead H. Baldwin
Ernest Garnsey A. G. Lincoln
Bradford R. Morrill (Killed)
Wright Chamberlain Walter A. Smith
Albert J. Lacasse Forest Carter
William Dyson Peter Seguin
Chas. Clark William Thomas

BARNSTON.

Received too late for last issue.
The following is the report of the Women's Red Cross Society from Jan. 1917, to Jan. 1918.

Number of new members	4
" " work meetings held	23
" " pairs of socks knit	480
" " (93 pairs from Way's Mills)	
" " flannel shirts made	209
" " hospital " made	13
" " entertainments held	17
Receipts as follows:	
Cash on hand Jan. 1st, 1917	\$96 00
Received from Way's Mills	186 05
Meetings	77 18
Articles raffled	125 50
Entertainments	198 30
Subscriptions	350 00
Paper sold	4 09
Total	\$1,037 12
Expenditures:	
Cash paid for yarn	\$295 45
Flannel	415 50
Buttons, thread, advertising, etc.	17 07
Cash sent Red Cross headquarters	25 00
Cash sent Belgian Relief Society	50 00
Cash sent Prisoners of War Fund	25 00
Sent soldier's widow in distress	5 00
Cash sent Halifax Relief	90 00
Cash expended on soldiers' Christmas boxes	80 66
Cash on hand Jan. 1st, 1918	33 35
Total	\$1,037 12

The annual business meeting of the Women's Red Cross Society was held Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 8th, at the home of Mrs. C. N. Remick. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. B. E. Converse; 1st vice-president, Mrs. C. J. Cushing; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. H. Corey; sec'y-treas., Mrs. J. N. Jenks. Conventer Work Committee, Mrs. C. H. Remick; Joint Conveners Entertainment Committee, Miss Frances Buckland, Miss Hazel Converse; Auditor, Mrs. G. B. Hall. The completed work handed in consisted of 14 pairs of socks and eight flannel shirts. The next work meeting, Jan. 22nd, at Mrs. C. N. Remick's. Miss Clemmer Converse returned from Ontario Tuesday and resumed her duties at the village school, Wednesday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland returned Tuesday from Ontario where they have been visiting relatives for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Robert Markwell of Baldwin's Mills was recently the guest of Mrs. Robert Jones.

Mr. Wm. Busby arrived from Montreal Sunday evening, but not before baby Ernest Busby had passed to the Better Land. The funeral service, conducted by Rev. Cecil Stevens, was held Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mr. Robert Jones. Mrs. C. H. Remick presided at the piano and the hymns, "There's a Friend for Little Children," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," were nicely sung by Mesdames Remick, Smith and Mr. Jones. The little children of the village, in an orderly procession, followed the little white coffin, borne by Messrs. W. H. Buckland and G. B. Hall, up the hill to the cemetery where the interment took place. "Suffer the little children to come unto me for such is the kingdom of heaven." Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Busby in the loss of their little son.

Mr. B. E. Converse has sold his creamery to Mr. Gerin of Coaticook. The creamery ice was housed Wednesday and Thursday, farmers in the vicinity of the village also putting up their year's supply.

The Misses Frances Buckland and Hazel Converse are taking a three-months' course in dressmaking at Coaticook. It is worthy of mention that during the last year, each of these young ladies has made 1 flannel shirt for the Red Cross Society each week, besides knitting a large number of pairs of socks.

MASSAWIPPI.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will take place at Greenbank on Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, with Mrs. Talcott St. Dizier and Mrs. B. Kent, hostesses. They desire a good attendance, and ask the ladies to arrive for dinner at noon. It is hoped that time may be had for a program of music and readings from 2 to 4 o'clock, giving from 12 o'clock to 2 for dinner and visiting. All Unions throughout Stanstead County are reminded of the little addition to Provincial fees that is asked for, which should be forwarded to the county treasurer in order that it may pass through the regular channel. The Unions are expected to draw the amount, 10c. per member, from their treasury unless they prefer some other method. Thus far only a few Unions have attended to this "call" from those higher up. The increased cost of material, etc., have made a raise necessary along many lines of W. C. T. U. work, and until normal conditions prevail the increased expense must continue and must be met.

Gangs of men and teams are engaged today cutting and drawing ice from the lake in a blinding snow storm, a very disagreeable job. The ice, however, looks on very coolly, disdaining to protest against being taken from its watery bed and exposing its crystal sides to the weather.

Rev. Marggraf of North Hatley was in town on Monday making a "round of calls" on friends who are always pleased to greet him.

Mrs. Orcutt of Kingscroft has been spending a few days here with friends. While we have numerous old wood lots in this vicinity, the scarcity of choppers makes a scarcity of wood. The convenience of getting slabs from the mill is great, and that the "early bird always gets the worm," applies. Thus the bird "too late" goes without its supper.

Mr. James Stevenson spent a couple of days the past week with Mrs. T. Gibson and Mrs. McMullen, relatives, at Rock Island.

Miss Alice Whitecomb has gone to Sherbrooke to take a course at the Gleason School and is staying at the Y. W. C. A.

The villagers were awakened Wednesday morning at one o'clock a. m., by an alarm of fire. It was soon learned that the residence of Mr. Leon Stebbins on Glen street, was doomed with no chance whatever of saving it or the contents. As soon as possible, quite a force of men, some from outside, came, but all they could do was to watch the surrounding buildings, as the high wind carried sparks and large embers in showers over several, even to a long distance away. The only thing that saved a general conflagration, was the amount of snow on the roofs. Had the wind been in a different direction it would have been hard to have saved the house of Mr. H. Edson. Mr. Stebbins was alone in the house and asleep—the first intimation he had was the crash of the ceiling falling in the dining-room from which his room opened. Upon going to bed he had left a wood fire burning as usual, and no doubt the fire caught near the ceiling and spread between the floors, as it was some time before the roof caught. Mr. Stebbins was only able to dress lightly and save himself by going through the window. The barn and shed were connected to the house and contained his automobile, which went with all contents of the house, as the wheels were stored overhead, and there was no help in time to get it out. His carpenter tools and chest stood on the veranda and were hauled to a place of safety. It is a very unfortunate circumstance, as Mr. Stebbins' wife is crippled with rheumatism, and after several months away from home for treatment and care, was planning to return to her home—now in ashes. She is at present staying at the home of Mr. Stebbins' sister, Mrs. A. Kezar, Bresette Corner. The loss is considerably over the amount of insurance, which was small, on both the house and automobile. The probabilities are that he will not rebuild. As this place has no fire protection a greater degree of precaution should be taken to safeguard all premises by care of all pipes and chimneys and the storing of ashes away from the buildings, and greater care with lanterns.

Quite a Difference.

Some of the strange Eastern crowd which watched General Allenby enter Jerusalem must have remembered a very different scene nearly twenty years before, when the Kaiser stopped there on his tour of the Near East. The British commander, mindful of the physical limitations of the narrow, winding streets and recalling the custom of the old Crusaders, walked on foot through the gate, attended by his staff and the military attaches—our own among them. The Kaiser did nothing of the sort. Although Jerusalem is no place for carriages, he insisted that it be made one. As the Jaffa gate was much too narrow for the imperial equipage, a part of the wall was torn down to make sufficient room. The German idea of government is to impose an alien "kultur" on other people. The British never make any such attempt. They respect native customs and remove their shoes at the door of a mosque.—Boston Globe

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

British Captain Searching for Canadian Who Saved Him.

A Boche bullet found a resting place in the knee of a young Canadian lieutenant. It was near Bapaume. He was of the Fifteenth Battalion, Forty-eighth Canadian Highlanders. His name was Wilfred Bickle. Somehow he crawled back through the mud, fearing every minute would be his last, for they were close around him and shooting like mad. But he got back. That bullet put him out of commission for some time.

Another young man, Capt. David Fallon, M.C., of the Oxford and Bucks light infantry, was just about to let fly a bomb that had been hurled to his feet by a German, when it burst, shattering his hand and crippling his shoulder and injuring the side of his body. That, too, was near Bapaume. It was with a very faint hope that he, too, finally was enabled to get back "home" to his own trench, but not until a young Canadian had leaped over the top and dragged him to safety, the Canadian receiving a bullet in the arm for his bravery.

It was a real surprise recently when Captain Fallon, he of the shattered hand and injured shoulder, met Lieutenant Bickle, he of the wounded knee, in the office of the New York Herald. It developed the young Canadian, who perhaps saved the captain's life in lifting him over the trenches, was a member of the lieutenant's battalion.

"And his deed will never be forgotten," remarked the lieutenant. "You are quite right," returned Captain Fallon; "it will never, never be forgotten," with a smile.

"It was on November 15, 1916," Captain Fallon said, "and I was sent out at night to find the enemy guns and gather other useful information. There was a Canadian contingent on my left, and an Australian contingent on my right. I was returning when I encountered two Germans.

"They were armed with bombs, and so was I. We all fired at the same time. I guess. My bomb landed fairly and both Germans were killed. I picked up one that had fallen at my feet and started to hurl it back when it exploded, severely wounding me about the head and body, and carrying away part of my right hand. I managed to crawl to a shell crater, where I remained three days and three nights.

"I finally made a start back to my own line under darkness. I had lost my directions and had just reached a barbed wire entanglement when I was hailed. I recognized a Canadian voice and called out that I was a wounded British officer and could go no further. It was then a young chap jumped over the top, dragged me back with him and sat me down while he pulled up his sleeve to see the hole a German bullet had made while he was taking care of me. I'll find that fellow some day."

Lieutenant Bickle promised to find the man in Canada and have him communicate with Captain Fallon.

Pitied the Highlander.

The Queen of Italy has placed her private apartments in the Quirinal Palace at the disposition of refugees from the invaded provinces, and especially of those children who have got separated from their parents.

The refugees had little time to leave their homes, as the Germans were upon them before they realized the offensive was serious. The few roads between the smaller centres and the city of Udine were so congested with those fleeing from the invaders that it took some of them two days to walk from villages only 15 miles from Udine.

During the long nights families got separated in the darkness and confusion, and it was one of the most touching scenes of this civilian retreat to see mothers vainly seek their little ones. Trains were provided with ropes round the coaches on the outside, to which people clung.

The Quirinal state rooms have been turned into a hospital since May, 1916. The entire palace is now devoted to war relief. Now that Venice, Vicenza, Mestre, and other cities not actually invaded, but in the new zone of operations, have been evacuated by the civilian populations, the refugee question is becoming a problem for Milan, Turin, Bologna, and Rome. Many theatres have been closed, and are swiftly being converted into hospitals for these unfortunate people, who have only the clothes they stand in. Public opinion demands the requisition of German-owned villas and palaces for the same purpose. But Orlando waits.

Some stalwart Canadians happened to be here a day or two ago on short leave from Flanders. They wore their kilts. A dear old lady, seeing one pass, mistook him for a trouserless refugee from Friuli. She went out to him and offered him money with which to buy a pair.

Some Detective!

Burglars who entered a Toronto house recently took among other articles a silver gravy boat, valued especially as a family heirloom. The owner was naturally most desirous to recover it, so when Inspector Girvin sent out a detective to work on the case he urged him particularly to be on the watch for the silver gravy boat. That night the detective reported to Girvin on his day's work as follows: "Inspector, I've hunted along the waterfront all day long and I can't find a sign of that gravy boat."

Tuberculosis in France.

An American physician, Dr. Hermann M. Bigs, was sent to France by the Rockefeller Foundation to study health conditions among the soldiers. He found that France is a hot-bed of tuberculosis. When the war broke out there were in all France only 1,000 sanatorium beds for the treatment of tuberculosis, and no tuberculosis dispensaries at all. When France mobilized her great army she sent thousands of tubercular men into her trenches.

THIS EVER-SHIFTING SLANG.

New Words Are Growing Into the Language.

Slang, even peace slang, is a slippery, slipping, tricky, ever-changing thing, and that is why the dictionary writers always make so poor a list of recording it. Each new book out of the trenches brings its batch of fresh inventions. Probably by the time the ink is dry on their pages their vocabulary would be distinctly bad form in the best "Wipers" dugouts.

A conspicuous example of a steady shift is recorded in the title of a new war book, "Crumps," an unpretentious but very admirable little volume from the pen of a young Canadian artist, Captain Louis Keene. A crump is a high explosive shell, he explains. First they were "black Marias," then "Jack Johnsons," then "coal boxes" (all referring to the black smoke they give forth), and now, finally, "crumps," on account of the sound they make, a sort of crump, as they explode. Only a crump has now been coming across for some time it is probably already dropping out for a fresher substitute at the front.

Captain Keene pictures the process, with its military consequences, in this paragraph:

"Slang or trench language is used universally. My own general talks about 'Wipers,' the Tommy's pronunciation of Ypres, and I have seen a reference to 'Granny' (the 15-inch howitzer) in orders. 'Mother' is the name given to the 12-inch howitzer. The trench language is changing so quickly that I think the staff in the rear are unable to keep up to date, because they have recently issued an order to the effect that slang must not be used in official correspondence. Now, instead of reporting that a 'dud Minnie' arrived over back of Mud Lane, it is necessary to put: 'I have the honor to report that a projectile from a German Minnewerfer landed in rear of French P-26, and failed to explode.'"

We should like to hear more from Captain Keene of that delightful verb "to wangle" which he uses and which seems to be generally coming to the fore. Is it old stuff revamped? There is surely an echo of Lewis Carroll or Edward Lear about it. Its precise shading shows in this passage, when Captain Keene (then a private) was in camp on Salisbury Plain and trying to get up to London:

"We all get three days' leave and are trying by every means possible to wangle another day or two. Many men have to see dentists, and lots of men have grandparents in Scotland who display signs of dying suddenly."

Another late example is in "Punch." The picture shows "Our Young Veterans," Grandfather and Granny. The former says: "Just had a topping bit of news, old dear. Gerald's wangled the D. S. O." To this Granny replies: "Absolutely priceless, old thing. Always thought that child was some nib." After that can any one question that all England is in the war! Is not wangle good enough nonsense to enter any vocabulary at once?

Canadian Inventor Appreciated.

The British press, and not least the medical journals, are speaking in warm appreciation of the Quain ozone apparatus invented by Mr. J. R. Quain, formerly of Ottawa, who is now resident in London. In his earlier days Mr. Quain was manager of the Ottawa Telephone Company and founder of the Ottawa Athletic Association. His apparatus is now being employed in the military hospitals after a long testing in which its value has been amply demonstrated. The latest instalment of its use is at the Ontario Hospital at Orpington and the Canadian Hospital at Cliveden, Major George Stoker, C.M.G., R.A.M.C., of Queen Alexandra's Hospital at Millbank, writes as follows in the Lancet concerning the ozone application:

"The cases were for the most part those of cavities and sinuses in the femur and tibia. It is the experience of those who have seen a great deal of war surgery that such cases obstinately resist treatment and are apt to remain unhealed for months and months. The treatment consists of the application of ozone to the affected parts. This ozonizer produces pure ozone in sufficient quantities and strength from atmospheric air. This is at once of great economy and great convenience, as it does away with the necessity of using oxygen cylinders. The apparatus is simple, light, and easily transportable, and can be easily worked from an electric light circuit or accumulators. We have treated a large number of cases with ozone prepared from atmospheric air by the new ozonizer with the best results. The properties of ozone, which have a wonderfully healing effect, are, as far as one can say at present, three: (1) It is a strong stimulant and determines an increased flow of blood to the affected part; (2) It is a germicide, which destroys all hostile micro-organic growth; (3) As the French chemist, Hennocque, has shown, it has great powers in the formation of oxyhaemoglobin. It may be added that this ozone treatment would seem to be especially helpful in cases of gassed soldiers."

To Bury Somebody.

A colored woman was busily engaged in emptying her savings stock on the desk of the Victoria Loan clerk. As the silver quarters, dollars, nickels, dimes, etc., rolled out on the desk the clerk said, "This must be the result of a number of hard years' savings." The old woman replied, "Yassuh, ah been a saving it to bury maself, but ah got to thinkin' it ovah an' ah jus' made up mah mind it would be a heap better to buy a Victory Bond to help bury dat Kaisah."

Laurel Leaves.

Laurel leaves in olden times were believed to communicate the spirit of poetry.

How Austria Treats Prisoners

AN Italian soldier, Palumbo Vargas, formerly a lawyer, who volunteered for the period of the war, has given a description of the terrible conditions prevailing among the Italian prisoners in the camp of Mauthausen in Austria, and a summary is published in the Corriere della Sera. He describes the different treatment accorded to the Italian prisoners just after their capture on the battlefield by men of the different nationalities among their captors. The Bohemians and the Poles were gentlemen, he said, they would give the prisoner a drink of water and a word of comfort; the Austrians insulted and ill-treated them, and the Hungarians with an absolutely unmovable appearance, would walk round the prisoners and use them as targets for revolver practice. There were several cases of prisoners who had been unhurt during the battle and who had been wounded by the revolvers of the Hungarian officers. The foregoing declaration should not, says the narrative, be taken as "establishing exact principles," but if it can be shown that the prisoners were treated in this way immediately after capture, it serves as an introduction to what follows.

The narrative goes on to give a description of the sufferings of the prisoners on their way to the camp and on their arrival, and of the hardships suffered by them from violence, cold, and harsh treatment. He then describes how on one occasion a caricaturist on the staff of Simplicissimo came to the camp and how, in spite of the strongest protests on his part, a prisoner was made to pose for him. At another time two Hungarian officers, seeing a newly arrived group of prisoners, had two loaves brought to them and amused themselves by throwing down small pieces on which the men who had had nothing to eat for four days threw themselves. After their arrival at the camp those who, on account of their rank or their social position were unsuited to hard work, remained in camp, while the others were placed in huts, guarded by sentinels, and were required to start at the first demand for their services. The prisoners' food consisted, in the morning of a beverage made from mallovs which was called tea, at mid-day they were given 200 grams of bread made of acorn mast and pea flour, together with a bowl of hot water in which floated a few pieces of pumpkin or carrot, and in the evening they had another bowl of hot water mixed with a certain kind of grayish flour of unknown origin and composition. For more than a year they ate bad herrings and stockfish daily. This fare was supplemented by the food sent by the prisoners' families, but this was not universally the case, and a number of prisoners worked in places where their provisions could not reach them. It was true that some means of amusement was provided, but an iron discipline prevailed and most brutal punishments were inflicted. The description of one of these known as "the stake" (palo) is given in the account.

Austria is alleged to have flagrantly violated international law by using prisoners of war for military purposes. It is stated that Italian prisoners are working in arms and munition factories throughout Austria-Hungary. The military roads in Galicia, Poland, Serbia, and Albania, the entrenchments and the semi-permanent fortifications made in readiness for a possible retreat were the work of Italian prisoners of war. Proof of the truth of these assertions was found in the testimony of those who returned from such work. If other proof were needed it was to be found in the fact that last year the Russians in Galicia not only captured a number of Austrian prisoners, but freed 500 Italians who were working within the range of the guns. It is also stated that Italian prisoners wounded by Russian shot were to be found in nearly all the hospitals in Hungary. The doctor at the camp at Mauthausen had said that from time to time Italian prisoners were brought in who had been severely wounded behind the Austrian lines.

World Grows Smaller.

The world is indeed "shutting up like a telescope," and the fact must have been brought home with strange force to those who were present, the other day, when Signor Laureati's famous "Turin to London" aeroplane was presented to the British people. Turin to London, without a stop, in just over seven hours! What immediate possibilities it opens out—an express letter, for instance, dispatched from Italy at midday, could be in London and in the hands of the consignee on the same evening. It is changed times indeed since Colonel Cody, in his "bus," labored round the Doncaster Course, at that first flying meeting in England, eight years ago. How the crowd cheered when he completed a circuit some twenty feet from the ground.

New Fodder.

Dr. Van Calcar, professor of bacteriology at Leiden university, is reported to have invented a new feed-stuff, and also a machine which will produce twenty tons a day. Albumen and fat are obtained from slaughter-houses and fishing centres; fecula is obtained from potato and fruit refuse and the necessary salt may be derived from refuse of vegetables. The fodder is mixed so as to contain a sufficient percentage of fat, albumen and carbohydrates, with an admixture of straw, heather, reeds, and mussels. The new fodder is not recommended as feed for milk cows, as it gives a peculiar taste to the milk.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY

BLACK WATCH ASSISTED IN CONQUEST OF CANADA.

Scottish Soldier Took Part in the Colonial Wars, and in 1765 Fort Chartres, the Last and Strongest of the French Fortifications, Was Captured by the Forty-Second Highlanders.

THE recent tour of this continent made by a detachment of the Forty-second Highlanders, the famous "Black Watch," attracted very general attention. The Canadian contingent of this famous regiment constitutes its overseas reserve.

It may be of interest to know that a detachment of the famous "Black Watch," under Captain Sterling, took a notable part in the defeat of the French as far back as 1765, when the Illinois of France gave place to the red cross of Saint George, and the long struggle of the French war was ended. It was at Fort Chartres that the last drama in the great Empire of France in the new world was enacted, when Captain Sterling lowered the French flag and hoisted the British ensign.

The Forty-second Highlanders, familiarly known as the "Black Watch," was originally organized in Scotland for a particular service, and was brought to this continent during the great crisis of the struggle between the American colonies and the French forces controlled from Canada.

The Highlanders were originally comprised of armed companies employed to watch the highlands of Scotland. There were originally six companies stationed in different parts of the highlands and acting independently of each other and known as the "Black Watch," the term "black" arising from the color of the dress worn by them, composed of tartans. This body was raised from the whig, or loyal clans; Campbells, Grants, Monroes, and other men of good station, who joined it for the valued privilege of bearing arms.

The duties of the "Black Watch" were to enforce the disarming act in Scotland and to overawe the disaffected population to prevent political meetings of a seditious character and to check depredations among the clans on the lowland frontier. After considerable service of this character the companies were brought together and formed the Forty-second Regiment, under the command of the Earl of Crawford, in 1739. Retaining its original character, the Forty-second Regiment experienced a series of brilliant achievements and became one of the most distinguished corps in the British army.

It will be remembered by students of history that the union of Canada by a line of forts in the region of the west and south, controlled by France, was a favorite scheme at an early day. It really was a plan worthy of the most modern general staff.

It originated in the brain of the great explorer, La Salle, who first suggested such a policy. This line of military stations was intended not only to unite the south-west with Canada, but contemplated those outposts as centres of colonization for the vast inland territory and for future protection against rival nations. The shadow of Great Britain was continually cast athwart the path of France in the western wilderness. As early as 1715 it was reported to the Governor of Canada that the English were constructing forts near the Ohio and Mississippi.

The need of guarding the Illinois settlements became more manifest when the discovery of valuable mines in that locality was announced. When the grant of the province of Louisiana was surrendered in 1717 John Law's famous company was ready to become its possessor and to dazzle the multitude with the glittering lure of gold and silver in Illinois. The representatives of this great corporation in union with those of the French crown recognized the great value of a military power in that faraway region, and out of this Fort Chartres was established as a link in the great chain of posts which stretched from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf.

On the 9th of February, 1718, Pierre Duquesne, Boisbriant arrived at Mobile from France with a commission of commandant of Illinois. He was a cousin of Bienville, then Governor of Louisiana, and had already served under him in that province. In October Boisbriant started his flotilla up the Mississippi, and before the end of the year had selected a site for the new fort, sixteen miles above the village of Kaskaskia, on the left bank of the Mississippi.

By degrees the walls of the fort arose and in the spring of 1729 all was finished and the banner of France was given to the breeze when the post was christened Fort Chartres. As soon as the fort was erected a village began to grow up at its gate, and the Jesuits established there the parish of St. Anne de Port Chartres. The earliest record of this parish, still extant, is an ancient document, tattered and torn, written in Quebec in the year 1716.

Several years later the provincial council of Illinois was established and Fort Chartres became the centre of civil government in the western country. To this council applications for land were made and it executed grants upon which many titles to land rest to this day. As years passed Englishmen were jealous of this establishment on the banks of the Mississippi and sent emissaries up the river to obtain information concerning the French and their achievements in the western country.

Two young English officers made a map of the Mississippi giving the location of the principal Indian tribes, and succeeded in getting it through to London. They were captured and

confined in the dungeon at Fort Chartres.

A copy of this map was obtained a few years ago by an engineer officer and published in the archives of that corps of the American army. As the post grew in importance it was reconstructed by a detachment of French engineers sent from France for that purpose, and when completed constituted admittedly the most perfect fortification then in America.

The post had just been completed when war between the colonies and the French began. Young George Washington with his Virginia rife-men surprised the party of Jumonville at the great meadows and slew the French leader. It was to revenge the loss of their brother that one of the captains at Fort Chartres combined with the head of the family, then in Canada, and they assembled their forces at Fort Duquesne. It was this force which attacked Fort Necessity and caused Washington to surrender that post on the 4th of July, 1754.

As a result of the long war which ensued the French king ceded to Great Britain Canada and the great valley of the Mississippi east of that river. Fort Chartres was the last of the posts surrendered. To Captain Sterling of the Forty-second Highlanders, the famous "Black Watch," was intrusted the duty of receiving this surrender and lowering the last flag of France to fly on American soil east of the Mississippi river.

The regiment was then at Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh. The detachment floated down the Ohio and proceeded by way of the Mississippi to receive the surrender of the post. The distinguished "Black Watch" regiment was relieved in December of the year of the surrender by Major Farmer with a detachment of the Thirty-fourth British foot, which arrived by way of Mobile, having marched overland to the post.

Honeymooners at Niagara.

We gaze and thrill (guide-book directions) at the Whirlpool—"It was near this spot that Blondin crossed on a rope, with a man on his back, and won world-wide fame"—and we find above our path a baby falls, a very pocket edition, doing its tricking best among tiny mauve and pink and white blossoms. A fall, we decide, to take home and put in a garden. Beneath the rocks, and eaten into the nearby observation booth until it has become like the shell of some vast colony of burrowing worms, the conglomerate tourist has left his hieroglyphic. One has a vision of a many-handed monster, its back to the Whirlpool, biting and clawing in a passion of self-immortalization, and drawing back at last with a sigh of complacency that says, "Well, I am I, anyway, however rapidly this old pool may whirl."

"We now turn (again the guide-book) from the sublime to the winsome," and linger in the souvenir booth above the rapids as we wait for our trolley. There I acquire a necklace that imprisons the essence of moonlight on flowing, misty waters. It is B——'s last souvenirish defiance to the moon that wouldn't rise. My eye also lingers on moccasins de luxe of white kid, artfully embroidered with colored grasses and bound with white fur. A feeling of responsibility for B——'s extravagances contends with the attitude of an acquisitive but economic cat sighting the classic cream. I see B—— exchanging mysterious glances with the English-woman in control, whose smile has been somewhat too obviously blessing us, and I know he meditates surprise. In his present ardor B—— will be sure to underestimate the size of my foot.

"They're too small except for ornaments." I refer to the moccasins.

"We have all sizes, madam."

"Really!" Wistfulness and practicality nicely modulated in my voice, I wander outside, but I make my foot as conspicuous as possible, trusting to her uncompromising feminine glance. After these Machiavellian manoeuvres B—— reappears, an edge of parcel protruding from his pocket and a dim gleam of blessing still upon him. Alice Cowley in Harper's Magazine.

A Famous Musician.

The death of Dr. F. H. Torrington of Toronto has removed the most prominent figure in the Canadian musical world of the past half century. Conductor, organist, violinist, teacher, he was an Admirable Crichton of the art, but it was as the first of these that he excelled. He came to this country in 1856, unheralded and unknown, but a youth of indomitable energy. It is characteristic of the man that on his first day in Canada he at once commenced to earn money by tuning pianos, soliciting orders from door to door. His versatility was so great that he soon won favorable attention, and we hear of him playing violin solos in public, and it was not long before he obtained the position of organist and choir-master of Great St. James' church, Montreal. It was in Toronto, however, that he reached the summit of his career. He rescued the Philharmonic Society from dissolution and organized and conducted during a course of many years many memorable productions of great oratorios and other choral works. He developed the choir of the Metropolitan Church to a degree of efficiency, which has not yet been surpassed. As to his other multiple achievements have they not already been written down? His labors in the cause of music had a far-reaching influence through English-speaking Canada, and the present generation of music-lovers are indebted to him for the general advancement in the appreciation and development of the art. In private life he revealed himself to those who knew him well as a kindly, genial, cheery, charitable gentleman. Many a wandering musician when stranded received from him a helping hand. Of his benevolence, however, the general public knew nothing, as he was not a man to talk about himself, save in relation to his musical work, of which he was proud. Taking him all in all we shall not look upon his life again.

WRITES FAIRY TALES.

Former Toronto School Teacher Completes Fifteenth Volume.

Few realize that Toronto has in her midst one of the cleverest Canadian fairy tale writers. Mrs. W. E. Groves, under the nom de plume of Edith Lelean, has completed her fifteenth story and has proved a veritable fairy godmother to Canadian kiddies who revel in her stories and playlets. Not only are her stories most clever and interesting, but they sugar-coat the facts of Canadian history and geography in a way that are made indelible on the growing mind. The stories are also written in the purest English and are such that can be acted in real life and have already provided many interesting entertainments in the various schools.

In the recent book just published possibly the master piece is "The Wooing of Miss Canada." The prologue of this little play deals with Canada at the time of Confederation and the epilogue, Canada fifty years after, with a prophecy of the future. The godmother with her seven good fairies who meet at the birth of a nation tell how they have come—two have come by the C.P.R., two on a grain steamer, two by horseless carriage held by an unseen power, and one on the wings of an aeroplane. Many suitors are present to woo Miss Canada, among them Spain, Japan, Italy, France, Uncle Sam, and Germany, but Miss Canada makes Jack Canuck with the approval of John Bull. This little play is intensely interesting and instructive. National costumes are worn and it is easy of staging and needs only the ordinary bright boys and girls to take the parts.

"Like some others who have reached the roomy areas of the top of the ladder, Mrs. Groves was a school teacher. While in the teaching profession, she took special interest in entertaining work. Suitable plays and dialogues could not be found. So at once necessity became the mother of invention, and Mrs. Groves surmounted her difficulties by writing her own plays."

The first play was given in the old pavilion in the Horticultural Gardens, now known as the Allan Gardens. This play is called, "How the Fairies Chose their Queen." There were five thousand copies in this first edition.

To-day Mrs. Groves' plays have found their way into every district in Canada. The authoress has found the key to the child's heart. She has lived with children day by day. She has lived with them sympathetically. She knows their needs. The child's life became her life. She wrote about that life.

Tribute to Fighters.

The newspaper Excelsior publishes an interview with Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie, Commander of the Canadian Army Corps, who paid the highest tribute to his men. In the course of the interview, General Currie said:

"It is the mixture of the two races which gives us such fine soldiers. They have got the dash and irresistible elan of the French and the tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon. It is 'furia francez' coupled with bulldog grit. When my boys have got their teeth in they do not leave ground."

General Currie recalled with legitimate pride that the general army did not know what defeat was. From its first appearance on the battlefield to its recent capture of Passchendaele Ridge, fortune had always rested on its valor.

"That is one of the reasons of the army's morale," said General Currie. "An army that has never known defeat can be led to the end of the world. But there are other reasons for the army's fine, sturdy spirit. They are fighting with full consciousness of the justice of their cause. These four hundred and fifty thousand volunteers did not join up and leave the comfort of their homes in order to hurl themselves into a war of conquest and lust. They have resolutely descended into the furnace of war in order to defend the cradle of their common ancestors and the civilization handed down by past generations. And they will not give up until the fire is quenched."

General Currie spoke in glowing terms of the officers under his command, and of the French army which he had watched in action.

Asked when the war would end, he replied:

"When there are no more Boches."

A Great Fishing Year.

The Halifax Chronicle tells a story of the success of the fishing fleet sailing from Lunenburg, N.S.; showing that the season has been a successful one. In 1906, it is said, by way of comparison, the Lunenburg boats numbered 134 and their catch amounted to 120,970 quintals. Last year the number of boats had gone down to 106, while the catch had mounted to 218,060 quintals. This year, with the season over, the fleet was reduced to 95 boats and the catch went up to 256,215 quintals, the greatest catch in 12 years at least.

The 1916 catch of the 218,060 quintals sold at an average of \$7.50 a quintal, making the value of the catch \$1,635,500, but this year's haul sold at \$10 per quintal, thus amounting to \$2,562,150. The cost was higher this year than last, but the increase in the catch as well as the selling price will more than offset the increase in the cost of provision and outfits. The season is about five months long and some of the crews made upward of \$1,000 per man.

It may seem surprising that the fishing fleet should decrease in size while the catch is being sold at high prices, but this is explained by the fact that the demand for boats for the carrying trade was the cause of the decrease in tonnage. One of the Lunenburg boats, to cite an example, was bought for \$9,000 and was put in the fishing fleet for the season, clearing \$8,000 for her owners, who then sold her for \$17,000. It was a profitable year for them.

VERMONT ITEMS.

Pussey willow blossoms are reported from Lyndonville.

The dates for the Orleans County agricultural fair at Barton for 1918 are August 20, 21 and 22.

C. H. Atkins of Westmore has been re-appointed fish and game warden for the county of Orleans for 1918.

Rev. George Pomfrey, the popular pastor of the Baptist Church, West Derby, has resigned to go to another field.

In December Carrier A. R. Wells, of rural mail route one, Newport, lead the county with the sale of \$43.21 worth of thrift stamps.

The healthful conditions at Fort Ethan Allen is causing the government to increase the size of the camp to equal any in the country.

The E. L. Chandler Co. of Orleans are employing women in their plant in many light operations, and the results are reported very satisfactory.

Mrs. Annie Sheppard Hawks, the popular hymn writer, died at her home in Bennington recently. "I Need Thee Every Hour" was one of her best compositions.

In a car of coal in the railroad yard at Newport, destined for a manufacturer of chemicals for munitions, was found a piece of dynamite large enough to make trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Gale of Newport celebrated their golden wedding January 1st. Mr. Gale has been connected with the customs service at Newport for about forty years and is still active.

The Barton Trust and Savings Bank shows by its annual statement that 1917 was a profitable year. The draft on the resources of its patrons through the Liberty Bond sale and other demands for war funds has not depleted its deposits; they showed a total of \$1,665,946.80, a healthy increase for the year.

VERMONT ITEMS.

Henry B. Moulton of Derby has sold his residence to the Baptist society for a parsonage.

Percy W. Lawson of Newport has opened his new garage which is a Ford service station.

Immigration officers at Newport are occupying their new building near the passenger station.

Eleazor Bault of North Troy, committed suicide by hanging, Wednesday morning, January 9.

The daily and weekly Caledonian of St. Johnsbury, suspended publication Wednesday, January 9.

Lawyer O. S. Annis of North Troy, succeeds F. S. Rogers on the Orleans County draft advisory board.

Rev. L. A. Edwards has decided to remain as pastor of the Congregational Church of Newport for another year.

The churches of Derby are worshipping together to save fuel. Such coordination should save the communicants and build up the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo D. Farr of Morgan celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, January 1st. A large number of friends were present.

David Stephens of Barre is now the champion checker player of Vermont, winning it from W. C. Hoag of Burlington, at the recent tournament held in Barre.

J. Fletcher Niles of Derby is at Brightlook hospital, St. Johnsbury, where he was operated upon last Thursday for some defect in the original reduction of a leg fracture.

Vermont banks lost during the past year \$3,412,882.45 in deposits and the state purchase, \$18,000,000 in Liberty Bonds. The handling of this large transaction was carried through without any embarrassment, and this means about \$50.00 for every man, woman and child in the state.

AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Jan. 1st, the Goodrich Public Library, Newport, extended the privileges of the institution to West Derby which on March 5th becomes a part of the city of Newport.

North Troy has again met with a fire loss. The Grand Army Hall was burned Thursday morning about 4 o'clock. The loss was about \$3,500, with insurance of \$1,000.

FIRES IN SCHOOLS MEAN HEAVY LOSSES.

Too Generally, Municipalities Vote for Cheap Construction.

School buildings are just as susceptible to serious damage by fire as other structures, and should be as well built and protected as other buildings. The record of fires in schools in Canada shows that, during the last four years, a fire has occurred every week in a public school or residential college. The direct financial loss resulting from these fires amounts to more than \$1,250,000. A careful study of conditions shows that less than one per cent of our schools are in any sense fire-resisting and that over 60 per cent are built of wood.

The safety from fire of the 28,000 public schools of Canada, in which over 1,500,000 children receive their education, has received little attention outside of cities and towns where building ordinances govern methods of construction.

The people, as a whole, favor efficient fire protection in schools but, when it comes to the question of a single building, the local public almost invariably votes for the cheapest type of construction. Up to the present, loss of life in the schools of Canada has not been such as to arouse a strong public sentiment in favor of improved construction.—J. G. S.

Yasmini-

wonderful, beautiful, enchanting queen of the India hillmen rules supreme in the mysterious Khinjan caves. Into her stronghold where many Englishmen have gone, but none before ever returned, goes Athelstan King, British officer and member of the Secret Service, to learn the secret of the Hills and keep the savage tribes from revolt.

King not only enters the Caves but saves India for England and undergoes weird experiences such as seldom fall to the lot of a white man. If you would enjoy a thrilling tale of heroism—thrilling to the very last word—read the new serial to appear in this paper—

King of the Khyber Rifles

LIFE BUOY RUBBERS

WE HAVE a full stock of Life Buoy Rubbers, Low and High Cut Overshoes for Men, Women, Misses, Boys and Children, and our stock of Lumbermen's Rubbers is complete. We have everything in Rubbers that anyone may require. We were fortunate in getting the goods we bought. Come to us for your needs in Rubber Footwear.

WILLIAM M. PIKE & SON

THE NEW BRICK STORE

ROCK ISLAND,

QUEBEC

CARTER'S Inks, Paste, Mucilage, Typewriter Ribbons

Try Pencraft, the new double purpose ink for office and fountain pen use

Sold by

The Journal Printing Co.

The Royal Bank of Canada

with which is amalgamated

The Quebec Bank

Capital Authorized	\$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid up	12,911,700
Reserve Funds and Undivided Profits	14,564,000
Total Assets	335,000,000

BANKING BY MAIL

Business of all kinds can be transacted in this manner, and will receive prompt attention.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT EVERY BRANCH

Joint Accounts may be opened in the name of two persons; in case of death balance payable to survivor.

Sub Branch at Fitch Bay, Que. Open Thursday of each week

ROCK ISLAND BRANCH A. C. McPHEE, Manager

The Stanstead Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE JOURNAL PRINTING CO.
Rock Island, Que.

One year (advance payment) \$1.00
If paid in six months, 1.25
At the end of the year, 1.50

When sent by mail to subscribers in the United States the price will be \$1.50 a year in advance.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Derby Line under the act of March, 3, 1879.

ADVERTISING RATES:
Transient advertising 10 cents a line for the first insertion and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. 12 lines to the inch.

WAS FIFTY YEARS OLD.

Accident Accompanied Launching of Steamer Lady of the Lake.

PROUD BEGINNING, IGNOBLE END.

In connection with the scrapping of the steamer "Lady of the Lake," the following item taken from the JOURNAL file Sept. 12th, 1867, will be of interest to many readers:

"The launching of the 'Lady of the Lake' yesterday at Magog proved to be a failure, we regret to say, much to the disappointment of the owners and a large concourse of people assembled to see it, many of whom proposed to participate in the trial trip. It appears that from the shallowness of the water the 'ways' had to be extended into the water for several rods. The boat started and passed over the intervening space all right, but when she struck the ways under water, she stuck fast, and remains there now, unless got off since yesterday. Every effort was made to start her, but without effect, and it may be several days before she is successfully launched. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the morning, there was a large attendance, including many visitors from Montreal, Boston and other points at a distance. We regret to learn that one of the workmen on the boat was severely injured by falling from a derrick."

From a paragraph in the JOURNAL of Sept. 19th, 1867, it would appear that the steamer was floated on the 18th or 19th of that month. The passing of this handsome steamer has occasioned much regret. Few waters the size of Lake Memphremagog have had boats of her dimensions, and fewer still have had vessels of such construction. Her iron hull was built on the Clyde in Scotland, brought across the sea, up the St. Lawrence and conveyed to Magog on trucks especially constructed for the purpose, for there was then no railroad to the "Outlet."

The late Sir Hugh Allen, then at the head of the Allen line of transatlantic steamers, had established his summer home on Lake Memphremagog, and was the leading spirit in promoting and building the Lady of the Lake. For many years the steamer did a large business, but this began to decline with the coming of the motorboat, and the automobile seems to have struck the fatal blow. The steamer, having passed into the hands of the Boston & Maine Railroad, was operated at a loss through a shorter and shorter season. Then she remained tied up at the Newport dock for a couple years.

Her departure from that place, in tow of the motor-tug "Oscar C.," on Saturday, Oct. 20th, 1917, was in marked contrast to her proud entry, under her own steam, fifty years before, when she met with popular acclaim. After her arrival in Magog her graceful lines began to disappear. She is being taken to pieces for shipment to Montreal.

60,000 MEN FROM ALL CANADA.

20,000 From Quebec, 40,000 Other Provinces Under Present Call.

A Montreal Gazette Ottawa special, Friday, says: "It is estimated that ninety per cent of appeals from decisions of the exemption boards in the Province of Quebec have been made by the military authorities."

"From the remainder of Canada the military appeals are about fifty per cent."

"When the appeals are all decided it is expected that there will be about 20,000 from Quebec under the present call and in all Canada about 60,000."

"Under the conditions it is believed that class A men exempted will be subjected to another call to appear before boards."

"The delay in Quebec in dealing with appeals in comparison to other provinces is due to the fewer judges."

"It has been agreed that the Quebec judges will devote practically all their time to this work until it is completed."

Protecting Your Children

The long, hard school term drains the vitality of growing children and you wonder why they are listless, puny and pale.

Every school child will show marked improvement in health and growth if given

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Its rich, uniform cod liver oil gets into their blood and gives them vim, snap and zest. It creates strength to resist school sicknesses, overcome pinched faces, sallow complexions and dull eyes.

High authorities have established again and again that cod liver oil promotes growth and energizes the body and brain.



A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

To Save Men, Money, and Fuel by Church Union.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Recent articles appearing in the Sherbrooke Record, dealing with the fuel situation, and suggesting the temporary amalgamation of the Protestant churches for the purpose of releasing fuel for needy families, have suggested to me the possible wisdom of bringing before your readers a similar, and in view of the times, an intolerable situation in another locality. It is true that the war has changed much of our thinking, and I feel positive that I am stating the truth in saying that I write what very many of the best people are thinking regarding this subject.

I am a resident of Beebe. I attend and support one church in particular, though I occasionally attend others at times, as any good, liberal-minded man should. We have a village that has a comparatively small population; that boasts of little more than a half-dozen streets, and that is saddled with no less than four Protestant churches. Our Catholic neighbors ought to be excluded when calculating the population, as they regularly attend the churches of their faith at Stanstead and Rock Island. Following some quiet and careful enquiries, I was able to sum up the situation as follows. The aggregate of Sunday attendance does not probably exceed 250, and almost any one of the churches could comfortably accommodate that number. For this very moderate sized flock, we keep up four churches, whose aggregate value probably exceeds \$35,000, employ four sextons, or janitors, heat the buildings, always difficult to heat, with fuel that would greatly help the present shortage, and pay somewhere near \$1,800 00 in salaries to the four persons, to say nothing of the many inevitable extras. This I believe to be a fairly accurate stating of the material side of the question.

Now, the amazing thing is that, six days per week, the people who worship in these various churches with their own special shepherd, meet amicably in the same stores, attend the same lodges, fraternize together at social functions, and yet on Sunday, listening to the same gospel, must listen to it at what is today a criminal cost. Some unkind people have criticized the late Government for being unduly extravagant. Please, can you beat this? I was talking a little time ago to a local enthusiast, who shall be nameless for the present, and he pointed out that while we had in the village a lot of young people growing up, especially boys, we had provided no place for them to meet in the evening better than the pool room, because the church people had enough to do to struggle along. My opinion is that they deserve to struggle along, for with what is yearly wasted a small Mutual Improvement Hall, with a competent janitor, could well be provided.

See what it means again: We are talking economy of man power these days; here we have four men employed to do what one man could well do, and though I know only two of the persons are resident, the same criticism will apply to the village where the non-resident live, in greater or less degree. We are talking of fuel economy; we are heating four big buildings, difficult to heat, when one would not be overcrowded to accommodate the worshippers. This, when families are suffering for want of wood and coal; this, when the purchasing power of the dollar is cut in half, and threatens to still further shrink.

These conditions surely constitute an economic crime of the first water. Three more or less valuable men, cords of more valuable fuel (?) and hundreds of extremely scarce dollars might well be saved, and no one be any the worse off as a result.

I am certain that I am accurately expressing the feelings of many of my fellow citizens, and we are wondering if something cannot be done. When we are asking people, with the highest motive, to economize, even to sacrifice, would the ministers and church officials be willing to get together and make plans looking to a union of forces in the village, and thus release for the good of the country this wasted money, men, and fuel?

Surely the church has no right to strenuously preach sacrifice and saving to others, when it is so woeful an example.

ample to the contrary. Of course, it would mean that three men would have to look for a job elsewhere, but hosts of men have done more than that for Canada and the Empire, and meanwhile farms are calling for production, and munition plants for men.

Mr. Editor, will some wise man tell us, from the point of view of the Beebe situation, how loyal, sensible, and practical the church really is? Fine words look well, but practical common sense and deeds, count. I sincerely hope that this short note may stir up a fair and common-sense discussion, leading to early results, and the establishing of one good, strong, helpful and loyal church, in Beebe.

Thanking you for the space you have given me, I am, sir,

Yours sincerely,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.
Beebe, Jan. 15, 1918.

PREDICTS "BONE-DRY" QUEBEC.

John H. Roberts Says There is Prospect of Such Legislation.

Toronto, Ont.—The "strengthen Canada campaign" which the Dominion Prohibition Committee was organizing for the purpose of bringing influence to bear on the Dominion Government, had not prohibition been promised by order-in-council, will be conserved for use in the future in case it is needed to secure permanent legislation. Representatives from all parts of the Dominion, members of the Dominion prohibition committee, reached this decision at a meeting held at Central Y. M. C. A. Friday.

Reports were presented to the meeting showing the progress of the prohibition movement throughout the Dominion. Several outstanding persons in the country had given their support to the movement. While it was felt the Dominion would soon be enjoying prohibition as a war measure the committee thought it wise to keep the "strengthen Canada movement" in readiness. It was pointed out that it might be needed to fight the temperance battle in the future until the Government makes the Dominion dry by act of Parliament.

This committee is taking the lead in the fight for Federal prohibition. John H. Roberts, of Montreal, reported that there was a prospect that the Quebec Legislature would pass legislation which would go a long way toward putting that province in the "bone-dry" column.

Judge Lafontaine, of Montreal, is the chairman of the committee and Miles Vokes, of Toronto, is chairman of the business committee, Mr. D. B. Harkness, of Winnipeg, has been carrying on the duties of general secretary since last summer when Mr. G. A. Warburton, who had been acting up until that time, was forced to resign because of pressure of other work.

WORLD'S THIRD LARGEST DAM IS IN QUEBEC.

The most important water conservation work thus far undertaken in Canada is that undertaken by the Quebec Government and now nearing completion at La Loutre on the St. Maurice river. It will store up the waters of the St. Maurice for the benefit of its many water powers and will double the low water flow.

This work had been projected for many years as the regulation of the river is of the greatest value to the important developed water powers at La Tuque, Grand'Mere and Shawinigan Falls, but no construction work was undertaken. After full investigation of the project, both from the engineering and financial view-point, the Quebec Streams Commission let the contract for construction in the summer of 1915.

The work has progressed steadily since in spite of the great difficulties in transportation. It is now 80 per cent completed and will cost about \$1,500,000. When finished, it will create a reservoir of 160,000 million cubic feet, forming the third largest artificial reservoir in the world, being exceeded only by the Assuan reservoir on the Nile and the Gatun lake on the Panama canal. From the owners of the power-sites already developed, the Commission will receive a revenue of upwards of \$130,000.

Between the reservoir and the mouth of the St. Maurice there are 17 power-sites with heads of from 10 feet to 150 feet. The aggregate descent at these sites totals 800 feet, but the dams erected in developing the various sites will increase this total head to 900 ft. Under present conditions, these sites have a total capacity of approximately 350,000 theoretical h. p., but it is estimated that some 900,000 h. p. will be available when the flow is regulated from the reservoir. At Shawinigan, Grand'Mere and La Tuque alone, the three sites at present utilized on the St. Maurice, the potentiality will be raised from an aggregate of some 190,000 theoretical h. p. to over 400,000 h. p. The dam is principally of concrete construction.

Where a Samaritan Won Fame.
The British will soon fix it so that a man can go from Jerusalem to Jericho without falling among thieves. Even honest Turks will not regret the change.—Brooklyn Eagle.

TEACHES CONTROL OF GUNFIRE.

Finest Map of Its Kind in World—At Toronto School of Aeronautics.

Perhaps not the most romantic and fascinating, yet still the most important part of the flying man's duties at the front, is the control of gunfire from above the lines of the enemy. Anyone visiting the School of Military Aeronautics at the Toronto University can measure the importance attaching to this branch of the Flying Corps' work by the elaborate and interesting course laid out for training cadets in aerial observation. Since it is impossible to take a whole class of cadets four or more thousand feet into the air, the instruction has to be given in specially arranged class rooms. In one of these class rooms a ground map covers the floor the most remarkable map of its kind in the world. It is made of sand colored to correspond with the actual colors of the ground and dotted with miniature buildings, trees, rivers, roads, all accurately located and representative of the actual appearance of the ground from an altitude of 4,000 feet.

The aviators-in-training look down on this map from a gallery. The instructor flashes tiny electric lights which are embedded in the sand to indicate bursting shells. Cadets, watching these bursts and the small maps with which they are supplied, send down to the instructor wireless codes advising him how to correct his fire. It can be seen that this necessarily calls for a quick and alert brain, an eagle eye and a thorough grounding in wireless telegraphy. Yet this splendid training is but one of the many phases of the aviator's preparation. Apart from actual flying he must also learn something of fighting tactics, bombing, engine and aeroplane construction, machine guns, aerial photography, map-reading, meteorology. It can be safely said that the courses followed by Cadets at the School of Military Aeronautics ensure that no aviator is given his wings at the front without having as his best equipment a thorough practical training in all these branches of the flying man's craft.

BORN

PERRON—At Amesbury, Boston, Mass., Jan. 3, 1918, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Amie S. Perron.

PERRON—At Rock Island, Jan. 9, 1918, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. James Perron.

MORIN—At Beebe, Que., Jan. 11, 1918, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Desire Morin.

VIGNAULT—At Rock Island, Jan. 13, 1918, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Donat Vignault.

COWS FOR SALE. Apply to E. Boisclair, Beebe Junction, Que.

WANTED—Unconscriptible help for farm work. Good wages. House, garden, wood and milk furnished. Apply to L. C. Monroe, Eagle Point Farm, North Derby, Vt.

AUCTION SALE.

For C. J. Tanguay, at the Henry Stone farm, 4½ miles from Ayer's Cliff, on the road to Colchester and one mile from Kingscroft, on Thursday, Jan. 24th, at 12:30 p. m. sharp: 1 pr. Horses, 6 Cows, 7 Young Cattle, 6 Shoats, Hay, Straw, Carriages, Harnesses, and all Farm Tools, large and small. Sale owing to ill health, and the farm is also for sale. For terms see posters. 541t EDWIN HOWE, Auctioneer.

A WAR MEASURE.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining Coal, the Strictly Cash terms of the mines, the increased cost of doing coal business, we, the undersigned, are obliged to make our terms as follows: Cash with order, or cash on delivery at the House. Don't wait to have a collector call; that is an added expense. If our patrons will help us do a Cash business we will be in a better position to get Coal.

FRED YOUNG,
CASWELL & O'ROURKE
STORE CO.

FOR SALE.

My Chestnut Mare, "Dot," in foal, good worker, excellent driver, fine saddle beast, weight about 1200 lbs. Fine Guernsey Cow, best in the country, due to freshen in December. A lot of Carrots, Turnips and Mangels; 1 Hollow Cement Wall Machine; 1 Stone Crusher; 1 Hoister, suitable for building; several Gasoline Motors; 2 Dynamometers; 15 volt; 1 Dynamo; 30 volt; 1 Sleigh; 1 Light Traverse Sleigh; 2 Fine Robes. C. W. STEVENS, Rock Island, Que.

BAKING.

Home-made Bread and Pastry. Baked Beans and Brown Bread, Saturdays. Mrs. E. B. Griffin, over Derby Line Meat Market. 144t

FOR SALE.

Commodious New Bungalow, 26x36, with 7 ft. piazza on all sides; six rooms and bath. An attractive home in Prospect Park, the coming residential section of Rock Island. Price \$2,700. Fred A. Putney, Rock Island, Que. 1435

HOUSES FOR SALE.

Dwelling House, ten rooms, on Maple Avenue; central location. Also a new seven room House, built by Paquette & Jenkins, located on Paquette Avenue, and having electric lights, bath, etc. Terms reasonable. For particulars apply to J. F. Paquette or C. R. Jenkins. 311t

How to Cure Biliousness

Doctors warn against remedies containing powerful drugs and alcohol. "The Extract of Roots, long known as Mother Sigel's Curative Syrup, has no dope or strong ingredients; it cures indigestion, biliousness and constipation. Can be had at any drug store." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. 3

JANUARY SALE

WHILE it has not been possible to offer the old low prices on cottons this month that we have been able to do in years past, we are selling a lot of Cotton. We do not urge or advise any customer who feels they will have enough cotton to last for some time, we do know that cottons must all go very much higher than present prices. Our prices on standard makes of cottons are less than present wholesale prices.

100 doz. Bath Towels, 17x32, 25c. pair.
50 " Huck " " 25c. pair.
50 " " " 18x36, 45c. pair, hemstitched.

Plain White or White with Blue or Pink Borders and Fancy Check Bath Towels all at less than would be possible for us to replace them at wholesale today.

81x90-inch Sheets made of heavy bleached sheeting, and at price quoted less than value of sheeting today \$1.19

All Linen Damask and Napkins

at any price are very hard to find and at the prices we have made on our stock of All Linen Damasks \$1.59, \$1.95, \$2.09, \$2.49 a yard; Napkins to match the Damasks at \$4.69, \$4.89, \$5.59, \$6.95. All Linen Napkins that we have no damasks left at \$2.29, \$2.49, \$2.69, \$3.49, \$3.69, \$3.89, \$4.29, \$5.49, \$6.29 are surely bargains and not possible to match in many places.

Buy Damask and Napkins while you can get All Linen.

Bed Blankets

We have just received price list for case lot of Blankets for fall 1918 and will quote just a few prices.

46x74 size, weigh 1½ lbs., cost \$1.47½, our price \$1.35.
50x74 " " 1½ " " 1.67½, " 1.50.
64x76 " " 2½ " " 2.27½, " 2.25.
70x80 " " 3 " " 3.00, " 2.50.

The War Department reported last week they had bought nineteen million Blankets since last April, and over two hundred and fifty million yards of Cotton and probably that is only a small part of the orders given because of the war, this would explain the very high prices that are bound to go very much higher before next fall.

ABSOLUTE CLEARANCE SALE PRICES

On All Ready-to-Wear Garments

Suits at \$9.75, \$12.75, \$17.50; a lot of \$17.50 ones put in with the \$12.75 now.

Coats at \$3.95, \$5.95, \$7.95, \$9.75, \$12.75, \$17.50.

Plush Coats at \$9.75, \$12.75, \$15.75, \$19.50, \$29.50.

Children's Coats at \$1.95, \$2.95, \$3.95, \$4.95.

Children's Dresses at \$1.95, \$2.95, \$3.95.

Women's Dresses at \$9.75, \$12.75, \$15.75, \$19.50.

Furs

at greater reductions than ever before. Splendid line of Muffs and Scarfs and all at clearance sale prices.

1 only Natural Raccoon Coat priced at \$75.00. Can not be matched at double that price and when it is sold we shall not try to sell Raccoon Coats.

Raccoon Sets at much less than actual values.

Short Length Wool Goods and Silks at just a little over half values.

Flannelette Night Gowns 59c., 79c., 95c., 1.19, 1.39, actual values \$1.00 to \$2.25.

Hamburgs at 5c. yd., 3 to 6 in. wide.

Bunch Torchon Laces, 6 yards for 10c.

10-yard pieces Long Cloth \$1.69.

50c. Neckwear 35c.; 25c. Neckwear 19c.

FRANK D. FLINT, - NEWPORT, Vt.

WILLIAM M. HASELTON

Successor to Haselton Bros. Established 1898
Monuments, Headstones, Building Material, Marble and Granite.
Wholesale and Retail.
Workmanship the best. Prices reasonable.
Beebe Junction, Que. Beebe Plain, Vt.

CALVES WANTED.

I can pay highest prices for calves delivered at Rock Island any Monday. Phone 1462.
C. B. KELLY, Crystal Brook Farm, Derby Line, Vt.

N. R. G. Laundry Tablets are just the dope to save you elbow grease and soap. To drive the many stains a way. And make a joy of washing day. Try them and be convinced. For sale at Derby Line Meat Market.

LOST—At Rock Island, Nov. 28th, a square Horse Blanket. Finder please report at the Journal office. 144t

FOR SALE.

One Work Horse, six years old, sound and all right, weight 1400 lbs.; no extra fine six year old family or lady Driver, weight 950; five registered Ayrshire Bulls, from one month to eighteen months of age. Also a seven-room House in the village of Ayer's Cliff. F. E. RICHARDSON, Ayer's Cliff, Que. 4412
Or telephone 4412.

WANTED—Men to cut pulp wood and logs. Frontier Lumber Co., Inc., Derby Line, Vt.

WANTED—At once—Ten operators on overalls. Peerless Overall Co.

Business and Professional Cards.

J. C. COLBY, B. A., M. D.
Office at Carleton Place, Stantead.
Consultations 9 to 10 a. m., 7 to 8 p. m., and by
appointment. Both 'Phones.

DR. H. P. STOCKWELL,
Stantead Plain, Que.
Office and residence opposite S. W. College.
Bell and People's Telephones.

DR. C. L. BROWN, B. A.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Ayer's Cliff, Que. People's 'Phone.

R. O. ROSS, B. A., M. D., C. M.,
Office Hours: 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.
E. T. Telephone.

DR. E. A. TAYLOR,
Office, P. O. Block, 9 to 10 a. m., 7 to 8 p. m.
Residence, Valentine Ave., Derby Line, Vt.
Telephone Connection.

C. I. MOULTON, L. D. S.,
Dentist,
Stantead Plain, Que.

SYDNEY A. MEADE,
Professional Land Surveyor,
Coaticook, Que.

H. M. HOVEY,
Advocate,
Rock Island, Que.
U. S. P. O. Address: Derby Line, Vt.

EDWARD AUDINWOOD,
Undertaker & Embalmer,
Derby Line, Vt., and Rock Island, P. Q.

CATE, WELLS, WHITE & MONTLE
Advocate
C. W. Cate, K. C., J. P. Wells, K. C.,
C. D. White, K. C., J. M. Montle.
Offices: Duval Block
Rock Island, Quebec

J. SIDNEY BRODERICK, K. C.
Advocate
Sherbrooke, Que.
At Gilmore Inn, Rock Island, every Saturday.

CHARLES E. BENNETT,
Designer of
Buildings, Machinery, Furniture, Landscape
Gardening, Derby Line, Vt.
Consultation and Superintending.

ERASTUS P. BALL,
Veterinary Surgeon.
Graduate of Montreal Veterinary College.
Office at Lee Farm, Rock Island, Que.
U. S. P. O. Address: Derby Line, Vermont.

SIDNEY STEVENS,
Fire, Life, Accident and Health
Insurance
Best Companies represented
Agent Empire Typewriter
Stantead, Que.

WEST HOLLAND.

Mr. Ernest Simpson was called to Keene, N. H., last week on account of the illness and death of his mother, Mrs. Archie Simpson. The family have the sympathy of this community in their bereavement. Mrs. Simpson will be greatly missed by her many friends here.

Mrs. F. E. Goodall who has been ill for several weeks, is improving slowly.

Mr. L. Gay of Calgary, Alberta, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Moulton.

The Ladies Aid and Red Cross Circle met at the home of Mrs. Fred Daggett on Friday. The following officers of the Aid were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. O. L. Kidder, president; Mrs. G. W. Curtis, vice-president; Mrs. F. E. Goodall, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Wm. Graves, chaplain.

During November and December the Red Cross Circle made 60 pyjama suits, 18 surgical shirts, 104 triangular bandages, 7 prs. socks, 10 sweaters, 12 prs. wristlets, the material being furnished by the Derby Line Branch. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Geo. Curtis on Thursday.

Miss Mamie Channell is able to be out again after having a severe throat trouble.

WILSON-HURLBUT.

A quiet wedding was solemnized on New Year's night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbut, Apple Grove, when Denny, son of Samos Wilson, was united in marriage with Ola May, daughter of Edson T. Hurlbut.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. Williams, of Beebe, and took place in the presence of only the relatives and a few personal friends of the couple.

The bride was given away by her father, the wedding march being played by Miss Harvey. Miss Mildred Hurlbut was bridesmaid, and Mr. Howard Reed, best man.

Following the ceremony, a dainty lunch was served, and at a late hour the happy crowd broke up. The newly married pair will reside on the home farm for the present.

(This report is the latest and most authentic, direct from the firing line, and has been authorized for publication by the censor. We understand another similar report was printed some months ago. This report was misleading and inaccurate, as the above indicates.)

King of the Khyber Rifles

A stirring tale of
India's reaction to the
World War

Our New Serial

Be Sure to Read It

BEEBE.

The Sunday morning audience at the Advent Church were favored with an unexpected visit from Rev. J. D. McEwen, the missionary from Brazil, who gave them an interesting and helpful talk on mission work, and existing conditions in that South American Republic. His book "Brazil," gives a splendid idea of pioneer missionary life, and the stories are so original and instructive.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 9th, Rev. and Mrs. Longland were surprised by a gathering of about 60 friends at the home of Mrs. Charles Twombly, in honor of their 25th wedding anniversary. Members of the churches of South Barnston and Beebe, of which Mr. Longland is pastor, presented him with a substantial gift in money, also an overcoat. In the course of the evening musical selections and readings were enjoyed, after which refreshments were served, and thus ended a very pleasant occasion.

Leo Davio arrived here last week from North Carolina to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davio, before going overseas. He left Friday night on the late train.

Mrs. M. P. Dixon has been spending a week in Montreal visiting friends. Mr. Dixon went to Montreal on Monday for a short stay, and will accompany Mrs. Dixon home.

The Book and Thimble Club will meet with Mrs. (Dr.) Giffman Tuesday, Jan. 22nd.

There was no patriotic meeting here last Wednesday evening.

Miss Alice Longland is spending a few days in South Barnston with friends.

Mrs. Morris Longeway has so far recovered from her operation at the Montreal hospital as to be able to go to her brother's in Bromo. Mr. Longeway left for Bromo on Monday, and will be away for a few weeks.

"Gentlemen's night" and the 25th wedding anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. Longland took place on the evenings Jan. 8 and 9 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Twombly.

The Book and Thimble Club held their "Gentlemen's Night" last Tuesday evening, Jan. 8th, at the home of Mrs. C. E. Twombly, this being the first occasion of the kind given by the Club. About 60 were present. A short but interesting program was given, and consisted of piano solos by Miss Boright, vocal duets by Miss Maud Akin and Mrs. R. Haselton, and vocal solos, Miss Clara House playing an accompaniment on the ukulele and Mrs. M. P. Dixon on the banjo, reading by Mrs. E. M. Beerwort. Victrola selections were given during the first part of the evening and while lunch was served. The lunch consisted of croquettes with tonguefish and peas, hot rolls and coffee, icecream and cake. The rooms were very tastefully decorated with flags and boughs. All passed a very pleasant evening long to be remembered.

The Red Cross workers have again resumed their activities every Wednesday evening in the work room. Several letters have been received from the boys overseas, who went from Beebe and Graniteville, expressing their thanks for the Christmas stockings sent by the Red Cross. The December shipment to Montreal was 93 pillow cases, 62 sheets and 235 towels. The yarn committee sent 76 pairs socks to Sherbrooke and gave 2 pairs to a Graniteville lad who has recently put on khaki.

GEORGEVILLE.

Mr. Clayton Hand has moved his family to Ayer's Cliff for the rest of the winter.

Master Willie Cochrane had the misfortune to sprain his ankle quite badly last week. Dr. Brown was called to attend him.

There were no mails here on Friday on account of the bad roads.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hight returned on Monday from a three-weeks' trip visiting friends in Sutton and Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Urban Hand's little daughter is quite ill under the care of Dr. Bowen.

Mr. H. O. Hutchins was at home from Sherbrooke over the week-end.

A Red Cross card party will be held at the home of Mrs. J. G. Cochrane on Friday evening, Jan. 25th. All are invited. Fee, 25 cents each.

KEEPING IT UP.

The Olive Journal of Los Angeles and San Francisco contains the following: "Colonel F. D. Butterfield, of Los Angeles, returned a few days ago from a week's stay at his large olive holding at Ripon, in San Joaquin county. Colonel Butterfield has two hundred acres in young olives at this point, and is planning to plant out more acreage in the near future."

It is evident that Col. Butterfield is still active and intends to "keep it up." People here all know he might have retired years ago if he had been of a disposition to do so.

An Impatient Irishman.

John Joseph Ryan, charged at Camberley with deserting from the navy and enlisting in the army, said that he had served in the North Sea for three years, and as the Germans did not come to him, he thought it was time he went to them. He had waited long enough.—London Times.

FITCH BAY.

The annual business meeting of the Congregational Church was held on Monday evening, Jan. 7th, at the home of Mrs. F. A. Brevoort. Reports of different societies showed all to be in healthy condition and having in the past year accomplished good results. The S. S. had invested \$400.00 of the Christie legacy in twenty-year Victory bonds.

The Ladies Aid has a substantial sum in bank towards church improvements, and has been sewing at the monthly meetings for the Red Cross Society. Letters were read from the boys of the church who are at the front, acknowledging Christmas boxes sent by ladies of the church, the boxes having arrived promptly and being fully appreciated.

The pastor has infused spirit and ambition that gives promise of good results from the influence of the church in time to come.

The fortnightly meeting of the Ladies Guild was held at the home of Mrs. C. P. Rider on Thursday. In spite of the very stormy day quite a few ladies assembled for dinner, and sewing was commenced immediately after, quite a bit being accomplished. The next meeting, which includes the monthly tea, will be held at the home of Mrs. E. C. Libby on Thursday, Jan. 24th.

Mrs. F. H. Rider and Master Hamilton were the guests of Mrs. E. P. Ware in Newport, Vt., last week.

There will be service in St. Matthias Church on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10.15.

Master Sterling Waite visited Mrs. T. G. Howard at Amy Corner last week.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wright Wilson on Sunday Jan. 13th.

The monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held at the home of Mrs. Claude P. Rider on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended. The meeting opened with prayer, and a message for the New Year from the county president, Mrs. Oliver, was read. The roll-call was responded to with verses from the Bible, on prayer. After the short business meeting, Mrs. F. H. Rider and Miss Lena Taylor rendered a beautiful duet, "God Answers Prayer," which was a most pleasant feature of the meeting. The afternoon was devoted to Red Cross work. Afternoon tea was served, the collection of which goes to the Red Cross.

DERBY ACADEMY NOTES.

Not many are anticipating with joy the mid-term examinations, Jan. 17-18. D. A. plays Richard this week, Friday night.

Miss Beatrice Buck '14, thinking it was too cold in Vermont, left for Florida Jan. 2, making the trip by water.

Great interest is aroused among the girls of the freshmen, sophomore and junior classes in volleyball. After each girl has put in fifteen half-hour practices, our "coach," Miss Wills, will organize three teams from the three classes. Later on they may "show" the public how to play.

The Training Class has given some interesting illustrated talks with the aid of the microscope. Mrs. Albert Silver and Miss Harriet, Mrs. England and Esther and Elizabeth Bowdoin were the visitors in the training room to see the "pictures" last week. The help of Mrs. Silver and Mrs. Ansboro is greatly appreciated by the girls and the others who were able to hear them talk.

The basket-ball game between D. A. and Island Pond Friday evening at the town hall resulted in a victory for D. A. 29-17.

A large crowd was out to the game Friday night to support the boys. We were glad to see so many of the old students and we say, "Come again."

MANSONVILLE.

A second fire visited North Troy, Vt., on Friday morning, when the G. A. R. Hall was burned. Civil War records were destroyed. There was an insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Miss Nina Brundage is assistant teacher at our Academy.

Eleszer Broe of North Troy, Vt., committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn on Wednesday, Jan. 9th. Mr. Broe had been very poorly for several weeks. He was 87 years of age and was a U. S. Civil War veteran. Mrs. Guy Magoon, nee Mildred Jewett is in the R. V. Hospital, Montreal, for medical treatment.

Miss May Brundage is visiting friends in Coaticook.

HEATHTON.

The next Ladies Aid meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. C. L. Bean on Thursday afternoon, February 7th.

The Military Sewing and Knitting Club met this week at the home of Mrs. P. L. Ellis. Tuesday evening, the 22nd inst., the club will meet at the home of Mrs. A. Bachelder, New Boston.

We were pleased to have Rev. Mr. Maitland with us last Sunday, to hear his excellent sermon, and see his pleasant face. Mr. Maitland has been in Ontario and we have had no services at the church for four weeks.

The weather is extremely cold at this writing, and we are wondering how long it will last, but hope with everyone else, that it will soon be warm once more.

HOUSE FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Woman suffrage by federal constitutional amendment won in the House at Washington last Thursday night, with exactly the required number of affirmative votes. While members in their seats and throngs in the galleries waited with eager interest, the House adopted by a vote of 274 to 136 a resolution providing for submission to the states of the so-called Susan B. Anthony amendment for national enfranchisement of women.

But for the promise of Speaker Clark to cast his vote from the chair for the resolution if it was needed, the change of a single vote to the opposition would have meant defeat. Republican Leader Mann, who went from a Baltimore hospital, where he has been under treatment ever since Congress convened, and Representative Sims of Tennessee, just out of a sick bed and hardly able to walk to his seat, brought the votes which settled the issue.

SENATE PROBABLY HOSTILE.

The House hardly had adjourned before the suffrage champions began their fight for favorable action on the Senate side of the capitol. Recent polls there have indicated that the necessary two-thirds vote could not be mustered, but, encouraged by the House victory and counting upon the influence of President Wilson who came to their support Wednesday night, the suffragists hope to bring the Senate into line so as to have the amendment before state Legislatures during the coming year. They feel sure, at least, of forcing a vote in the Senate before the present session ends.

CHANGES IN TRAIN SCHEDULE.

The following changes in train service will be effective beginning Sunday, January 20th.

Train No. 37 leaving Newport, Vt., daily except Sunday, at 5.50 a. m., for Sherbrooke will leave Ayer's Cliff, Massawippi, Capelton and Lennoxville one minute earlier, due Sherbrooke 7.40 a. m.

Train No. 213 (mixed), leaving Newport, Vt., daily except Sunday, at 7.40 p. m., for Sherbrooke, will leave at 7.50 p. m., will be scheduled from ten to sixteen minutes later at all stops, due Sherbrooke 10.10 p. m.

Train No. 406 leaving Stantead 2.40 p. m., daily except Sunday, for Newport, Vt., will leave at 2.22 p. m., will be scheduled eighteen minutes earlier, due Newport 2.50 p. m.

Train No. 411 leaving Beebe Jct. 8.00 p. m., daily except Sunday, for Stantead will be scheduled ten minutes later at all stops.

There is now no Sunday service on the Stantead branch.

ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Editor:

This is proving to be the hardest winter on record and many a poor family, and some who are not poor, will be most thankful to begin the annual climb of the "May hill." In many places fuel is scarce and many families are, and have been, in a state of suffering in consequence. I also find in my dealings with men in different localities that money is scarce, and that many who have always been like a bank to their neighbors during the long, cold winters when money gets scarce, are themselves quite in want of money. This must be owing to the great demand the war has caused, and the loans to supply this demand.

As I was at the home of a subscriber to the "JOURNAL" I happened to notice a very interesting article signed by the writer James Murray who showed himself worthy of the name writer, but in the matter of raising five to eight acres of wheat, many farmers have intimated to me that this will not work out in practice. How different theory and practice are. In this province 75 per cent of the farms are, particularly in the Eastern Townships, old farms which have formerly been cropped, perhaps for seventy-five years since they were cleared, and many, I have been told, have raised wheat in the olden times for years in succession; the consequence is that the three chief plant foods viz, available phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash, are entirely wanting in the soil, and the farmer on nearly any farm knows well that if wheat is sown on eight, or even five, acres, unless he supplies twenty tons of farm or barnyard manure per acre, his crop will be little or nothing, and if he supplies this amount he has nothing left for the coarse grain crop and the top dressing for hay, which the farmer must have for his stock, and very often in addition to this he buys much more.

Last spring I met two neighboring farmers who put in two and six acres of wheat respectively; both had about the same amount of manure to be used for the wheat part of their crop; the six-acre piece was manured less heavily and was put in a little later, and I took pains to notice the results. The six acres threshed less than fifteen bushels per acre and the two-acre piece threshed forty bushels per acre. Thus the one neighbor had ninety bushels of very poor, shrunken wheat, and the other had eighty bushels of very good, plump wheat. It is always so upon any old farm, and with the scarcity of labor by which all farmers are alike hampered, if he undertakes to raise eight or ten acres of wheat it must be neglected, or he cannot raise anything else.

WATER DIRECTORS MEET.

Waste Depletes Reserves—Pump is Being Operated to Capacity.

50 PEOPLE JEOPARDIZE MANY.

A special meeting of the directors of the International Water Company was held at the National Bank Tuesday afternoon. The superintendent reported a diminishing supply of water although the pumping plant was being operated to its capacity. Tuesday evening one of the officers told the JOURNAL there would be no question about the supply if all waste could be stopped. Through waste fifty people were jeopardizing everybody else in the Three Villages. The waste is always greatest during periods of extreme cold. The temptation to leave taps open to prevent freezing is great; then when pipes do freeze and burst there is waste. The JOURNAL informant said the authorities of Middlebury, Vt., had adopted the policy of close inspection and prompt discontinuation of the service to all who permit waste. While our informant did not say that this policy would be adopted here, there was the indirect influence that it was being considered. The directors decided upon the payment of a dividend of 5 per cent, Feb. 1st, out of the earnings of 1917. Since dividends are sometimes passed, stock holders will likely be pleased with 5 per cent even when money is earning larger returns on A1 investments.

JERUSALEM MODERNIZED.

(By WALT MASON)

Jerusalem, the hoary, gray town of wondrous age. Whose palpitating story is writ in Scripture's page! The feet of British strangers are in your streets today. Where once the money changers were scourged for crooked play. Your customs and your manners are much the same. As when the Pharaohs swung their banners and brought home captive men. Your gray walls, still abiding, were frowning, grim and dark. When Jonah went joy riding and Noah built his ark. Jerusalem, eternal, no doubt it makes you raw. To see a British colonel a-haying down the law. To see your storied places re-echo to the tread of blond and freckled races and whiskers showing red! Good-bye to ancient custom, to old time ways farewell! The Britishers will bust 'em while they among you dwell. There is a strange time coming, Jerusalem, alas! When you'll have modern plumbing, electric lights, and gas. And autos will go chugging, as busy as bay steers. Where donkeys have been plugging five thousand sleepy years. And there'll be morning papers to greet you when you rise. Your grocers and your drapers will learn to advertise. Jerusalem, the British will speed your laggard step. For they are blithe and skittish and full of vim and pep. You've slept and dreamed while races grew up and knew decay. But now your ancient places will learn the modern way.

AFTER HOLIDAY PRICES

AT

THE PIKE STORE

Just to make it interesting for the next few days, we are going to close out a few lines at Noticeable Prices. For instance: we will sell Shirt Waists that cost \$1.25 and \$1.50 at 90c., and Colored Shirt Waists at 39c.; our stock of Middle Blouses at 90c.; Underskirts at 98c.; and House Dresses are in this lure for your benefit.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS

Slashed down to the quick—10 per cent discount on all. It is your opportunity.

Men's Flannel Shirts

IN

Grey, Blue and Khaki at \$1.50 and \$2.00.

The bargain of the year.

Men's All Wool Pants

At \$4.00

A Crackerjack.

Boys' All Wool Knickers

\$2.00 to \$2.50

Our Stock of Underwear

Is very complete and we can fit you out.

Sweaters

FOR

Men, Women, Boys and Children

A Leader in Men's at \$1.50 and we have them up to \$6.00 All good values.

The Crosby School Shoes For Boys

The best make in Canada. All solid and honestly made. It costs more than others and is the Dominion's highest attainment in a Boy's Shoe. Don't pass it.

DON'T FORGET OUR COFFEE; IT'S THE BEST IN TOWN.

At The Store of Dependable Goods Sold in a Dependable Way.

WILLIAM M. PIKE & SON

ROCK ISLAND,

QUEBEC

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

A Romance of Adventure

By TALBOT MUNDY

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—At the beginning of the world war Capt. Athelstan King of the British Indian army and of its secret service, is ordered to Delhi to meet Yasmini, a dancer, and go with her to Khyber to quiet the outlaws there who are said by spies to be preparing for a jihad or holy war.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Delhi King quietly foils a plan to assassinate him and gets evidence that Yasmini is after him.

CHAPTER III.—In Delhi he is met by Rewa Gunga, Yasmini's man, who tells him that she has already gone North and that he, the Rangar, has been left to escort King.

CHAPTER IV.—In Yasmini's house the Rangar attempts to outwit King, but fails. Ismail, an Afridi belonging to Yasmini, is given to King for a servant.

CHAPTER V.

The rear lights of the train he had not taken away out of Delhi station and King grinned as he wiped the sweat from his face with a dripping handkerchief. Behind him towered the hook-nosed Ismail, resentful of the unexpected. In front of him Saunders eyed the proffered black cheroots suspiciously, accepted one with an air of curiosity and passed the case back. Around them the clatter of the station crowd began to die, and Parsimony in a shabby uniform went round to lower lights.

"Are you sure?" King's merry eyes looked into Saunders' as if there were no world war really and they two were puppets in a comedy.

"—are you absolutely certain Yasmini is in Delhi?"

"No," said Saunders. "What I swear to is that she has not left by train. She's the most elusive individual in Asia! One person in the world knows where she is, unless she has an accomplice. My information's negative. I know she has not gone by—"

King struck a match and held it out, so the sentence was unfinished; the first few puffs of the astonishing cigar wiped out all memory of the missing word. And then King changed the subject.

"Those men I asked you to arrest—?"

"Nabbed"—puff—"every one of 'em!" —puff—"all under"—puff—"lock and key,—best smoke I ever tasted."

"Well—I'll go along with you if you like and look them over."

Both tone and manner gave Saunders credit for the suggestion, and Saunders seemed to like it. There is nothing like following up, in football, war or courtship.

"I see you're a judge of a cigar," said King, and Saunders purred, all men being fools to some extent, and the only trouble being to demonstrate the fact.

They had started for the station entrance when a nasal voice began intoning, "Cap-teen King sahib—Cap-teen King sahib!" and a telegraph messenger passed them with his book under his arm. King whistled him. A moment later he was tearing open an official urgent telegram and writing a string of figures in pencil across the top. Then he decoded swiftly:

Advices are Yasmini was in Delhi as recently as six this evening. Fail to understand your inability to get in touch. Have you tried at her house? Matters in Khyber district much less satisfactory. Word from O-C Khyber rifles to effect that Ismail is collecting. Better sweep up in Delhi and proceed northward as quickly as compatible with caution. L. M. L.

"Good news!" asked Saunders, blowing smoke through his nose.

"Excellent. Where's my man? Here—you—Ismail!"

The giant came and towered above him.

"You swore she went North!"

"Ha, sahib! To Peshawar she went!"

"I have a telegram here that says she is in Delhi!"

He patted his coat, where the inner pocket bulged.

"Nay, then the tar lies, for I saw her go with these two eyes of mine!"

"It is not wise to lie to me, my friend," King assured him, so pleasantly that none could doubt he was telling truth.

"If I lie may I eat dirt!" Ismail answered him.

Inches lent the Afridi dignity, but dignity has often been used as a stalking horse for untruth. King nodded, and it was not possible to judge by his expression whether he believed or not.

"Let's make a move," he said, turning to Saunders. "She seems at any rate to wish it believed she has gone North. I'll take the early morning train. Where are the prisoners?"

"In the old Mir Khan palace. Shall we take this gharry?"

With Ismail up beside the driver nursing King's bag and looking like a great grim vulture about to eat the horse, they drove back through swarming streets in the direction of the river. King seemed to have lost all interest in crowds. He sat staring ahead in silence, although Saunders made more than one effort to engage him in conversation.

"No!" he said at last suddenly—so that Saunders jumped.

"No what?"

"No need to stay here. I've got what

I came for!"

"What was that?" asked Saunders, but King was silent again. Conscious of the unaccustomed weight on his left wrist, he moved his arm so that the sleeve drew and he could see the edge of the great gold bracelet Rewa Gunga had given him in Yasmini's name.

"Know anything of Rewa Gunga?" he asked suddenly again.

"Not much. I've seen him. I've spoken with him, and I've had to stand

impudence from him—twice. I've been tipped off more than once to let him alone because he's her man. He does

ticklish errands for her, or so they say. He's what you might call 'known to the police' all right."

They began to approach an age-old palace near the river, and Saunders

whispered a password when an armed guard halted them. They were halted

again at a gloomy gateway where an officer came out to look them over; by

his leave they left the gharry and followed him under the arch until their

heels rang on stone paving in a big ill-lighted courtyard surrounded by high

walls.

There, after a little talk, they left

Ismail squatting beside King's bag, and Saunders led the way through a modern

iron door, into what had once been a royal prince's stables.

In gloom that was only thrown into

contrast by a wide-spread row of electric lights, a long line of barred and

locked converted horse stalls ran down one side of a lean-to building. All that

King could see of the men within was the whites of their eyes. And they did

not look friendly.

He had to pass between them and the light, and they could see more of

him than he could of them. At the first cell he raised his left hand and

made the gold bracelet on his wrist clink against the steel bars.

A moment later he cursed himself, and felt the bracelet with his finger

nail. He had made a deep nick in the soft gold. A second later yet he

smiled.

"May God be with thee!" boomed a

prisoner's voice in Pashtu.

"Didn't know that fellow was handcuffed," said Saunders. "Did you hear

the ring? They should have been taken off. Leaving his irons on has

made him polite, though."

"Where did you arrest them?" King

asked when Saunders came to a stand

under a light.

"All in one place. At Ali's."

"Who and what is Ali?"

"Thief—crimp—procurer—Prussian

spy and any other evil thing that takes his fancy! Runs a combination gambling

hell and boarding house. Let's 'em run into debt and blackmail 'em.

All's in the Kaiser's pay—that's known! We'll get him when we want him, but

at present he's useful 'as is' for a decoy."

"You wouldn't call these men prosperous, then?"

"Not exactly! All is the only spy

out of the North who prospers much at present, and even he gets most of his

money out of his private business. The

prisoners were left squatting

under the eyes and bayonets of a very

suspicious prison guard, who made no

secret of being ready for all conceivable

emergencies. One enthusiast drew

the cartridge out of his breech chamber

and licked it at intervals of a minute

or two, to the very great interest

of the hillmen, who memorized every

detail that by any stretch of imagination

might be expected to improve their

own shooting when they should

get home again.

King found his way on foot through

a maze of streets to a place where he

was admitted through one door after

another by sentries who saluted when

he had whispered to them. He ended

by sitting on the end of the bed of a

gray-headed man who owns three titles

and whose word is law between the

borders of a province. To him he

talked as one schoolboy to a bigger

one, because the gray-haired man had

understanding, and hence sympathy.

on too much dog in her reception room. He's Ursus out of 'Quo Vadis'! He's dog, desperado, stalking horse and keeper of the queen's secrets!"

"Then why d'you suppose she passed him along to me?" asked King.

"Dunno! This is your little mystery, not mine!"

"Glad you appreciate that! Do me a favor, will you?"

"Anything in reason."

"Get the keys to all these cells—send 'em in here to me by Ismail—and

leave me in here alone!"

Saunders whistled and wiped sweat from his glistening face, for in spite

of windows wide open to the courtyard it was hotter than a furnace room.

"Mayn't I have you thrown into a

den of tigers?" he asked. "Or a nest of cobras? Or get the fiery furnace

ready? That 'God be with thee' stuff is habit—they say it with unctious

before they knife a man!"

"I'll be careful, then," King

chuckled; and it is a fact that few

men can argue with him when he

laughs quietly in that way. "Send me in the keys, like a good chap."

So Saunders went, glad enough to

get into the outer air. The instant the

door slammed King continued down

the line with his left wrist held high

so that the occupant of each cell in

turn could see the bracelet.

"May God be with thee!" came the

instant greeting from each cell until

down toward the farther end. The

occupants of the last six cells were

silent. He had scarcely finished doing

that when Ismail strode in, slamming

the great iron door behind him, jangling a bunch of keys and looking more

than ever like somebody out of the Old Testament.

"Open every door except those whose

numbers I have rubbed out!" King ordered him.

Ismail proceeded to obey as if that

were the least improbable order in all

the world. It took him two minutes

to select the pass-key and determine

how it worked, then the doors flew

open one after another in quick succession.

"Come out!" he growled. "Come out!—Come out!" although King had

not ordered that.

King went and stood under the center

light with his left arm bared. The

prisoners emerging like dead men out

of tombs, blinked at the bright light—saw him—then the bracelet—and saluted.

"May God be with thee!" growled

each of them.

They stood still then, awaiting fresh

developments. It did not seem to

occur to any one of them as strange that

a British officer in khaki uniform

should be sporting Yasmini's talisman; the thing was apparently sufficient explanation in itself.

"Ye all know this?" he asked, holding

up his wrist. "Whose is this?"

"Hers!" The answer was monosyllabic and instant from all thirty

throats.

King lit a cheroot and made mental

note of the wisdom of referring to her

by pronoun, not by name.

"And I? Who am I?" he asked.

"Her messenger! Who else? Thou art

he who shall take us to the 'Hills'!" She promised.

"I shall start for the 'Hills' at dawn,"

King said slowly, and he watched their

eyes gleam at the news. No caged

tiger is as wretched as a prisoned hill-

man. No freed bird wings more wildly

for the open. No moth comes more

foolishly back to the flame again. It was

easy to take pity on them—probably

not one of whom knew pity's

meaning.

"Is there any among you who would

care to come—?"

"Ah-h-h-h!"

"Will ye obey me and him?" he

asked, laying his hand on Ismail's

shoulder, as much to let them see the

bracelet again as for any other reason.

"Aye! If we fail, Allah do more to us!"

King laughed. "Ye shall leave this

place as my prisoners. Here ye have

no friends. Here ye must obey. But

what when ye come to your 'Hills' at last? Can one man hold thirty men

"I don't envy you!" said he under the sheet. "There's the release for your prisoners. Take it—and take them! Whatever possessed you to want such a gift?"

"Well, sir—first place, she doesn't want to seem to be connected with me.

Second place, she has left Delhi—and she did not mean to leave those men.

Third place, if those thirty men had been anything but her particular pet

gang they'd either have been over the border or else in jail before now—just

like all the others. For some reason that I don't pretend to understand, she

promised 'em more than she has been able to perform. So I provide per-

formances. She gets the credit for it. I get a pretty good personal following

at least as far as up the Khyber! Q. E. D., sir!"

The man in bed nodded. "Not bad," he said.

"Didn't she make some effort to get those men away from Ali's?" King

asked him. "I mean, didn't she try to get them dry-nursed by the sarkar in some way?"

"Yes. She did. But she wanted them arrested and locked up at a moment

when the jails were all crowded. She must have known our fix. She

shouldn't have asked."

King smiled. "Perfectly good opportunity for me, sir!" he said cheer-

fully.

"So you seem to think. But look out for that woman, King—she's danger-

ous. She's got the brains of Asia

coupled with Western energy! I think

she's on our side, and I know he be-

lieves it; but watch her!"

"Ham dekta hai!" King grinned. But

the older man continued to look as if

he pitted him.

"If you get through alive, come and

tell me about it afterward. Now, mind

you do! I'm awfully interested, but

as for enjoining you—"

"Envy! I!" King almost squealed. He

made the bedsprings rattle as he

jumped. "I wouldn't swap jobs with

General French, sir!"

"Nor with me, I suppose!"

"Nor with you, sir!"

"Goodbye, then. Goodbye, King, my

boy. Goodbye, Athelstan. Your brother's up the Khyber, isn't he? Give him

my regards. Goodbye!"

CHAPTER VI.

Long before dawn the thirty prisoners

and Ismail squatted in a little herd

on the up-platform of a railway station,

shepherded by King, who smoked a

cheroot some twenty paces away,

sitting on an unmarked chest of medicines.

He seemed absorbed in a book on surgery. Ismail nursed the new

handbag on his knees, picking ever-

lastingly at the lock and wondering

audibly what the bag contained to an

accompaniment of low-growled sympathy.

"I am his servant—for she said so—

and he said so. Then why—why is Allah's name—am I not to have the

key of this little bag that holds so

little and is so light?"

"A razor would slit the leather easily,"

suggested one of the herd. "Then,

American Sees Canada at War

GEographically, Hamilton, Ont., is far from the western front; geographically it is near our border, a few miles from Buffalo, writes Morgan G. Day in the Springfield Republican. And yet going west from Springfield brought me infinitely nearer the war—almost three years nearer. And it is precisely because Hamilton approximates the size of Springfield that it at once interested me when government orders sent me there. With a population of 100,808 people, noted for its manufacturing enterprise, in the heart of an agricultural community peculiarly reminiscent of the Connecticut valley, here was a chance to see how Springfield might appear should the war last three years. How is Hamilton standing it?

First impressions were gloomy enough. Pale uniformed cripples on crutches were the only young men on the streets. The comparative quiet of the latter shows how progressive is halted when the essential vigor of youth is removed. Older men seemed strained and absent-minded. Buffalo had been decked with flags. On my errand—a mile's walk—I found only two flags, and one was over the postoffice. I again noticed lame men and was informed that besides the hospitals there were four sanitariums for men crazed by the war. Imagine four such places in Springfield! Picture, also, a mother who had been told her son had fallen in the trenches, finding him in a visit to one of these sanitariums, a crazed unknown!

At length I reached the factory—now managed by a survivor of the first Ypres. He had been lamed and his parents left on the Lusitania to bring him home. Both were lost. I told myself that it must be decidedly unpleasant for him to discuss the war—and here was my surprise—my first acquaintance with the Canadian war spirit.

They are all—with very few exceptions—more than willing to tell you about it. Pro-German propaganda again miscolored when it sneeringly hinted that England was placing Canadians in the front line. Canadians brag of it as a tribute to their gallantry. If they are to bear the brunt of the battle for the defense of the empire, it is so much the more to be proud of. They are not content with emphasizing that it was a man from Ontario who fired the first gun at the Somme, but must "point with pride" to a regiment recruited near Hamilton, which required three times its number in six months to maintain the standard quota!

This veteran of the early trench warfare, however, did testify to the cold-blooded brutality of it all, of which we have heard such numberless tales. The universal loss of respect for the dead struck him as the most horrifying aspect. While talking to two comrades one was shot by a sniper. "What's the use of talking to a dead man," was the only interruption in the conversation. Every morning came the regular ration of rum to keep the nerves up to fighting pitch. One morning the messenger with the grog was shot and the platoon nearly had an extra share. No wonder some of them are morbid about it. But pessimistic—never! Every shop and factory has its roll of honor prominently posted near the entrance. Each family its "armchair" military expert. Everyone watches that bit of ground in France measured in kilometers for which the Canadians are desperately struggling. Vimy ridge is familiar to many a Hamiltonian to whom Kerensky is merely another of those Russian names! I left the factory, and the evening newspapers had black headlines reminiscent of August, 1914. Expecting something unusual, I bought a paper and read that the Canadians had taken hill No. 70. Somewhere on the fifth page the news of the Russian collapse was announced, but what was the entire eastern front compared with hill 70!

They know what it means—these Canadians! There is no longer that hysterical swing of the pendulum back and forth from high hopes to despair. They no longer count the gain in miles to-day and the loss in lives to-morrow. The time element no man can tell. Perseverance and thrift alone tell the story. Such is the Canadian spirit.

And on my return to Buffalo, to bands and banners, in a word to war emotionalism, I found myself asking, "Which is the true patriotism?"

Soldier at 79.

Though the case mentioned at a London tribunal recently—of an old soldier of 72 who has been severely wounded and is waiting his discharge from the English army—is remarkable, it is not unique. Probably the oldest active service veteran of the war is M. A. G. White of Halifax, who was discharged, aged 79, in November, 1915, after having been in the thick of the fighting for 36 days.

Last January a professor of Leipzig University, Dr. Gregory spent his seventieth birthday in the German trenches, where he was employed sweeping dunes, while only a few weeks ago at Colchester a white-haired man of 60, Robert Welham, arrived from France, sent away by his colonel because he was too old.

A lieutenant of 68—a Surrey magistrate named Webster—was killed in the big push of July last year. Last April the death occurred from wounds received in action of Trooper FitzHerbert, New Zealand expeditionary force, aged 63. There is also the case of Private O'Rourke, King's Liverpool Regiment, who returned from the trenches in September, 1916, at the age of 67.

SPANDAU.

In Suburb of Berlin Was Stored French Indemnity.

If there is one name which will always be associated with the idea of indemnity, so much discussed to-day, that name will be Spandau, a city in Brandenburg, Germany, some seven miles north-west of Berlin, of which it is now practically a suburb. Spandau, which had its origin far back in medieval times, has always been a kind of stronghold of the monarchy in Prussia, and it was in the Julius Tower, of the Castle of Spandau, that the Germans, after the war of 1870-71, decided to establish a great emergency treasure chest. This chest was to contain nothing but gold, which was to be at the immediate disposal of the imperial military authorities, without any reference to votes or like slow expedients. As a nucleus for this treasure, Bismarck used the remnant of the great indemnity which he exacted from France by the treaty of Frankfurt, and although no official statements have been made on the subject, it was generally understood that there was accumulated in the Julius Tower not less than £6,000,000 in bullion. The "Tower of Spandau," therefore, has become almost synonymous with indemnity, with Bismarck's whole political conception of reducing France to impotency by crippling her financially.

Spandau, as has been said, dates its history from early medieval times. It was, indeed, one of the most important cities in the Altmark, and was for a long time one of the favorite residences of the Hohenzollern electors of Brandenburg. It first obtained civil rights in the first half of the Thirteenth Century, and later on was strongly fortified; but it was not able to withstand the Swedish onslaught in 1635, and during the Napoleonic wars it succumbed to France. The most interesting feature, indeed, of the history of Spandau was its fate after the disastrous German campaign against Napoleon, that culminated in the battles of Jena and Auerstadt. It was after Auerstadt, when Scharschhorst had fallen, just when he was on the point of succeeding in carrying through his forlorn hope against Napoleon, when the King of Prussia, accompanied by General Blucher, rode for fourteen hours in momentary danger of capture, that Spandau capitulated. One of the most remarkable features of that remarkable campaign was the extraordinary rapidity with which the morale of the German forces changed. One day they were full of arrogance, going to sweep the usurper of France away from German territory, and then, after Jena and Auerstadt, their sentiments were entirely reversed. One fortress after another capitulated, with hardly any resistance. The first to go was Erfurt, surrendering 11,000 men and vast stores of material. The next was Spandau.

In recent times, the city has been largely developed as a great German arsenal. Before the war, some 6,000 men were employed there, and since August, 1914, although a little is known about the matter, there can be no question that vast developments have taken place. Lying, as it does, on a naturally swamp ground, at the confluence of the Rivers Havel and Spree, it is already practically a part of Berlin, for there is town all the way, Charlottenburg being, of course, the connecting link. Spandau is an interesting place, too, in the matter of surroundings. Four or five miles north-east of the town, for instance, is the Castle of Tegel, the home of the famous brothers Humboldt; Alexander, the great naturalist and traveler, and Karl Wilhelm, the diplomatist, philologist, and man of letters. Then, ten miles to the south-west, in Potsdam, one of the principal residences of the Kaiser.

When Cowboys Marry.

There is a story in American Magazine in which several cowboys who have adopted a young child decide that one of them should marry so that a woman would be on the ranch to care for Little Red. Here is part of the situation:

"We argued explosively and long, but decided, awful as it was, we would do it for Little Red. Earnestly we went over the list of eligible women whom we knew. They were mighty scarce in the Topa Topa country. We were not particular about a lot of things, but our wife had to have one attribute—she had to be good. No one could be too good for Little Red's foster mother. As the boys named them off I wrote them down. It was a mighty short list. When Jake spoke of Miss Eliza Squires, Tom protested.

"Now you jest wait," he began, "that piece of dried beef is darn well cured, but—"

"Don't you go kneel in' no women here, Tom," interrupted Dave. "We only got a few of the critters to pick from, an' how'd you feel if you said a lot of low-down things about one, an' then had to cut her out an' marry her?"

"That silenced all unfavorable opinion, except in very obvious cases. Pretty soon somebody mentioned the school-teacher.

"Don't put her down," argued Tom. "She ain't the kind that marries the likes o' us, an' I think too plumb much of her to marry her, anyways."

"We, too!" we chorused in agreement.

"The list was complete mighty quick, because we knew only three women who might fill the prescription. One was the widow Belsilton. She was about forty, and there were two hundred pounds of her. As Jake said, she was a real woman. Next came Sim Blake's cousin, Miss Hanly. She was a drooping spinster of thirty-five or that vicinity. Miss Eliza was last. Just hearing her name made us nervous."

Could Sell Wife.

Just 100 years ago a man was permitted to sell his wife in the open market at Dartmoor, England.

A CITY OF COLOR.

Italians Desire to Possess Beautiful Trieste.

The combination of old customs and traditions with much that is extremely modern, makes the city of Trieste a delight to the tourist, Francis Kinsley Hutchinson says in "Motoring in the Balkans." "We knew from our faithful Baedeker that our hotel here stood upon the quay, but no guidebook could prepare one for the fascinating picture which the window revealed as we entered our apartment. Black-hulled steamers from Palermo, from Dalmatia, from France, England, and even from America, lay at anchor on the glittering sea, while bright-hued Venetian boats unloaded their queer cargoes at the near embankment."

"Freighters arrived and trim passenger boats, their masts and yards so much more picturesque than the huge funnels of the modern steamer. A ferry from Capodistria came jauntily to the dock and unloaded her passengers, who walked ashore with brisk businesslike, almost American, alertness, apparently heedless of the rare and beautiful sight presented by this hill-encircled city, brilliant with the brief sunshine of the early spring. From the distance a big liner signaled with flying colors, calling a tiny tug that slowly guided the monster to her berth amidst the moving craft.

"But no steamer, big or little, can compare in picturesqueness or in grace with the gayly colored cargo boats from Chioggia, their orange and brown sails patched in varying tones, their stripes of green or red or blue around the clumsy hulls, their big round eyes and slanting yards, their billowy sails, spread to the soft south wind or hanging limp against the mast or draped in wonderful folds to dry.

"The morning light only strengthened our pleasing impressions. From a market-boat at an adjacent quay, marched a long procession of women with baskets on their heads, bearing a shining canvas turned to silver in the glowing sun. A forest of masts and funnels extended on either side of my vantage post; but my particular interest lay in the doings of the fascinating port shut in by the Molo San Carlo, and the more prosaically named Number Four."

"A gray coasting steamer with a beautiful green water line poked its sharp nose deftly between the larger craft in the crowded water, and ran swiftly alongside the quay, bearing an interesting group of humanity. 'It must be market day,' I thought, and, seizing my kodak, I plunged into the busy throng. It was market day, and the market was beside a wonderful canal lined with gayly painted ships. The heaps of oranges and lemons repeated the colors of the sails, and country folk in full short skirts, with shawl and knitted scarf, completed the picture. A trio of brilliantly costumed men flashed by from the quay. 'Balmatics,' I heard, as I turned to follow them. A quaint old lady stepped into the market place looking as if she had come out of a picture frame. Her dark blue skirt had no gores taken from its gathered fullness, her black velvet cape was trimmed with a deep netted fringe, over which was draped a black neckerchief brocade with green flowers, and on her head she wore a black kerchief whose large magenta pomies outshone the blossoms of every booth."

A Dog Outwitted the Germans.

If you place the tip of your finger on a map of the world and run it along the Equator writes an Australian officer, in the White World, you will discover the island of Nauru. This pinpoint of an island is perhaps the richest spot on earth, being composed almost entirely of phosphate, of which it is said there is nine hundred and fifty million dollars' worth actually in sight. Prior to the war the Germans had erected an immense high-power wireless station on this island, the lofty mast of which is visible a couple of hours before one sights the land from a steamer.

Very soon after the struggle commenced the British authorities "rushed" the place in order to silence the voice of the great station. On the near approach of our warships the Huns in charge tried to render the station useless to us by hiding all the essential parts in a big cave, the existence of which was unknown to anyone but themselves.

When the station had been thoroughly dismantled, and all parts stowed away in their subterranean hiding-place, the mouth of the cave was closed and hidden with rubbish.

Alas for the Germans! An old black dog was an interested onlooker during certain phases of the concealment, and the old saying that "for want of a nail a shoe was lost" might be re-written to read "for want of a bullet a radio-plant was found." When our men seized the place, they found that the working parts of the precious "wireless" were missing, and started a careful search for them; then, like the Victor of Bravay, joined the side of the victorious party, and led our boys to the concealed mouth of the cave, where she commenced to dig vigorously. There were cute fellows looking on, and the excited animal was soon assisted by a band of helpers who were missing nothing. They soon made the earth and rocks fly, uncovered the cave—big enough to hold a platoon—and, to their huge delight, located the missing parts. As a result, in a few hours more we were in communication with British warships, and the Pacific knew the Hun no more.

Protecting Plants.

The law in Switzerland protecting rare plants is so strict that it is found in possession of specimens illegitimately collected is a penal offense.

When Stanford University begins its next academic year, October 1, it will have a new printing plant in operation.

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

Continued from page six.

would not be contented, who had been born in their very shadow?—in their shadow, of a line of Britons who have all been buried there!

"The day after tomorrow I'll see snow," he promised himself. And Ismail, grinning with yellow teeth through a gap in his wayward beard, understood and sympathized.

Forward in the third-class carriages the prisoners hugged themselves and crooned as they met old landmarks and recognized the changing scenery. There was a new, cleaner tang in the hot wind that spoke of the "Hills" and home!

At Peshawur the train was shortened to three coaches and started up the spur-track, that leads to Jamrud, where a fort cowers in the very throat of the drendful gorge in Asia—the Khyber pass.

It was not a long journey, nor a very slow one, for there was nothing to block the way except occasional men with flags, who guarded culverts and little bridges. It was low tide under the Himalayas. The flood that was draining India of her armed men had left Jamrud high and dry with a little nondescript force stranded there, as it were, under a British major and some native officers. Frowning over Jamrud were the lean "Hills," peopled by the fiercest fighting men on earth, and the clouds that hung over the Khyber's course were an accent to the savagery.

But King smiled merrily as he jumped out of the train, and Rewa Gunga, who was there to meet him, advanced with outstretched hand and a smile that would have melted snow on the distant peaks if he had only looked the other way.

"Welcome, King sahib!" he laughed, with the air of a skilled fencer who admires another, better one. "I shall know better another time and let you keep in front of me! I trust you had a comfortable journey?"

"Thanks," said King, shaking hands with him, and then turning away to unlock the carriage doors that held his prisoners in. They were buying now like wolves from a cage, to clamor round the Rangar, paving him and struggling to be the first to ask him questions.

"Nay, ye mountain people; nay!" he laughed. "I, too, am from the plains! What do I know of your families or of your friends? Am I to be torn to pieces to make a meal?"

At that Ismail interfered, with the aid of an ash pick handle, chance-ford beside the track. Laughing as if the whole thing was the greatest joke imaginable, Rewa Gunga fell into stride beside King and led him away in the direction of some tents.

"She is up the pass ahead of us," he announced. "She was in the deuce of a hurry, I can assure you. She wanted to wait and meet you, but matters were too jolly well urgent, and we shall have our talky work cut out to catch her, you can bet! But I have everything ready—tents and beds and stores—everything!"

King looked over his shoulder to make sure that Ismail was bringing the little leather bag along.

"So have I," he said quietly.

"I have horses," said Rewa Gunga, "and mules and—"

"How did she travel up the Khyber?" King asked him, and the Rangar spared him a curious sideways glance. "The 'Hills' are her escort, King sahib. She is mistress in the 'Hills.' There isn't a murdering ruffian who would not lie down and let her walk on him! She rode away alone on a thoroughbred mare and she jolly well left me the mare's double on which to follow her. Come and look."

Not far from where the tents had been pitched in a cluster a string of horses whinnied at a picket rope. King saw the two good horses ready for himself, and ten mules beside them that would have done credit to any outfit. But at the end of the line, paving at the trampled grass, was a black mare that made his eyes open wide. Once in a hundred years or so a viceroys' cup or a Derby is won by an animal that can stand and look and move as that mare did.

"Never saw anything better," King admitted ungrudgingly.

"There is only one mare like this one," laughed the Rangar. "She has her."

"What'll you take for this one?" King asked him. "Name your price!"

"The mare is hers. You must ask her. Who knows? She is generous. There is nobody on earth more generous than she when she cares to be. See what you wear on your wrist!"

"That is a loan," said King, uncovering the bracelet. "I shall give it back to her when we meet."

"See what she says when you meet!" laughed the Rangar, taking a cigarette from his jeweled case with an air and smiling as he lighted it. "There is your tent, sahib."

With a nod of dismissal, King walked over to inspect the bandobast, and finding it much more extravagant than he would have dreamed of providing for himself, he lit one of his black cheroots, and with hands clasped behind him strolled over to the fort to interview Courtenay, the officer commanding.

It so happened that Courtenay had gone up the pass that morning with his shotgun after quail. He came back into view, followed by his little ten-man escort just as King neared the fort, and King timed his approach so as to meet him. The men of the escort were heavily burdened; he could see that from a distance.

"Hello!" he said by the fort gate, cheerily, after he had saluted and the

salute had been returned. "Oh, hello, King! Glad to see you. Heard you were coming, of course. Anything I can do?"

"Tell me anything you know," said King, offering him a cheroot, which the other accepted. As he bit off the end they stood facing each other, so that King could see the oncoming escort and what it carried. Courtenay read his eyes.

"Two of my men!" he said. "Found 'em up the pass. Gazi work, I think. They were cut all to pieces. There's a big lashkar gathering somewhere in the 'Hills,' and it might have been done by their skirmishers, but I don't think so."

"Who's supposed to be leading it?" "Can't find out," said Courtenay. Then he stepped aside to give orders to the escort. They carried the dead bodies into the fort.

"Know anything of Yasmni?" King asked, when the major stood in front of him again.

"By reputation, of course, yes. Famous person—sings like a bulbul—dances like the devil—lives in Delhi—mean he?"

King nodded. "When did she start up the pass?" he asked.

"She didn't start! I know who goes up and who comes down."

"Know anything of Rewa Gunga?" King asked him.

"Not much. Tried to buy his mare. Seem the animal? Gad! I'd give a year's pay for that beast! He wouldn't sell and I don't blame him."

"He told me just now," said King, "that Yasmni went up the pass unescorted, mounted on a mare the very dead spit of the black one you say you want to buy."

Courtenay whistled.

"I'm sorry, King. I'm sorry to say he lied."

King threw away his less than half consumed cheroot and they started to walk together toward King's camp. After a few minutes they arrived at a point from which they could see the prisoners lined up in a row facing Rewa Gunga. A less experienced eye than King's or Courtenay's could have recognized their attitude of reverent obedience. Within two minutes the Rangar stood facing them, looking more at ease than they.

"I was cautioning those savages!" he explained. "They're an escort, but they need a reminder of the fact, else they might jolly well imagine themselves mountain goats and scatter among the 'Hills.'"

He drew out his wonderful cigarette case and offered it open to Courtenay, who hesitated, and then helped himself. King refused.

"Major Courtenay has just told me," said King, "that nobody resembling Yasmni has gone up the pass recently. Can you explain?"

"Do you mean, can I explain why the major failed to see her? 'Pon my soul, King sahib, d'you want me to insult the man? Yasmni is too jolly clever for me, or for any other man I ever met; and the major's a man, isn't he? He may pack the Khyber so full of men that there's only standing room and still she'll go up without his leave if she chooses! There is nobody like Yasmni in all the world!"

The Rangar was looking past him, facing the great gorge that lets the north of Asia trickle down into India and back again when weather and the tribes permit. His eyes had become interested in the distance. King wondered why—and looked—and saw. Courtenay saw, too.

"Hail that man and bring him here!" he ordered.

Ismail, keeping his distance with ears and eyes peeled, heard instantly and hurried off. Fifteen minutes later an Afridi stood scowling in front of them with a little letter in a cleft stick in his hand. He held it out and Courtenay took it and sniffed.

"Well—I'll be blessed! A note!"

sniff-sniff—"on scented paper!" Sniff-sniff! "Carried down the Khyber in a split stick! Take it, King—it's addressed to you."

King obeyed and sniffed too. It smelt of something far more subtle than musk. He recognized the same strange scent that had been wafted



He Recognized the Same Strange Scent That Had Been Wafted From Behind Yasmni's Silken Hangings in Her Room in Delhi.

from behind Yasmni's silken hangings in her room in Delhi. As he unfolded the note—it was not sealed—he found time for a swift glance at Rewa Gunga's face. The Rangar seemed interested and amused. The note, in English ran:

"Dear Captain King: Kindly be quick to follow me, because there is much talk of a lashkar getting ready for

a raid. I shall wait for you in Khatia; whether my messenger shall show the way. Please let him keep his rifle. Trust him, and Rewa Gunga and my thirty whom you brought with you. The messenger's name is Darya Kahn. Your servant, Yasmni."

He passed the note to Courtenay, who read it and passed it back. "I'll find out," the major muttered, "how she got up the pass without my knowing it. Somebody's tail shall be twisted for this!"

But he did not find out until King told him, and that was many days later, when a terrible cloud no longer threatened India from the north.

To be continued.

WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it

shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

NOTICE CRUELTY

Any person witnessing acts of Cruelty to Animals will please report at once to the nearest S. P. C. A. inspector.

F. B. McGaffee, George Cross, Stanstead, Rock Island.

Eastern Townships Men, Halloo. DO NOT CROSS THE RIVER TO FETCH WATER.

Anybody addicted to drugs or alcohol can be relieved from the habit by taking a most up to date and scientific

Liquor or Drug Treatment administered at

Sherbrooke Sanitarium and Convalescent Home, Limited

Special rooms and accommodations for a few selected, voluntary habit cases. The comforts of refined home are afforded all patients with the utmost privacy. Board, room, nurses and consulting physicians. Correspondence solicited.

Sherbrooke Sanitarium and Convalescent Home, Limited 5 Stanley Ave., Sherbrooke, Que. Phone: 1624.

FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED REASONABLE PRICES

CHARLES E. HASELTON

Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of

Granite and Marble Monuments and Head Stones

Four Cemetery work such as Lettering and Re-setting is Solicited

Beebe Que. and Vt.

A. H. DREW BUILDER

Plans and Specifications furnished for any style of construction in WOOD, STEEL, CEMENT AND BRICK.

Prompt attention given to General Job Work.

Rock Island, : : : : Quebec

INSURANCE.

If you want Fire, Life, Accident, Health, Automobile or Employers' Liability Insurance, ask for rates in the SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. of CANADA, the LEADING Canadian Life Insurance Co.

TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.

Hartford Conn.,

a leading American Life Company, and the largest ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. in the world.

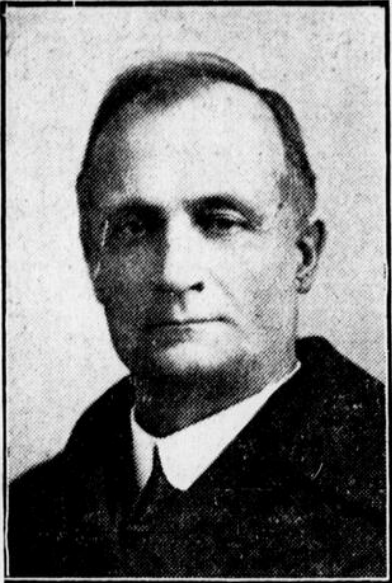
ROYAL INSURANCE CO. of England.

S. STEVENS, Bank of Commerce Building.

TANSTREED, QUEBEC

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Friend of the JOURNAL are again reminded that announcements of entertainments, etc., at which money is taken are advertisements, and as such are subject to charge. This is one of the things which is eventually easy to forget. The necessity for the charge is greater today than ever before on account of increased costs of paper and other materials with a corresponding increase in rates on the part of the publisher.



Rev. J. D. McEwen, who gave 14 years of his life to Brazil as a missionary, is spending a little time in town, and is a guest at the Derby Line Hotel.

Mr. McEwen has traveled many thousands miles in Brazil and has seen the country at the coast and in the interior. This well-known missionary, while on the present furlough, has addressed the churches of all denominations in Canada, Bishop's College, Stanstead College, Macdonald College and others. He spoke recently to Mr. Halpenny's congregation in Ottawa.

Mr. McEwen is the author of a book on Brazil, published by the Witness Press, Montreal, and is now in its third edition. It is authorized by the Quebec Provincial Board of Education for 2,000 of its school libraries.

After completing his lectures in the Eastern Province he will speak at Queen's University, Toronto.

NORTH STANSTEAD.

Mrs. C. A. Whitehead of Hyde Park, Vt., spent the holidays with her daughter, Lillian Whitehead, at the home of Mrs. E. E. Curtis.

HACKETT-MORRISON

"Saturday afternoon, January 5th, at the home of the bride's grandfather, S. A. Ellsworth, Malone, N. Y., a quiet wedding occurred when Gladys Morrison, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ellsworth, of Lake Megantic, Que., was united in marriage to Mr. Earl Edwin Hackett, of Derby Line, Vermont. Rev. A. G. Howat performed the ceremony.

"The parlor was decorated in green and white and the bridal couple stood under a large white bell suspended from an arch of evergreen. The bride was becomingly attired in a gown of white crepe de chine.

"Following the ceremony a bountiful supper was served, after which the happy couple departed on the evening train for Boston and other eastern cities.

"The groom holds a responsible position at the 'Balsams,' Dixville Notch, N. H., which place will be their future residence.

"The bride was a former resident of Burke and Bangor and the many friends of the happy couple extend congratulations and best wishes."—Malone Evening Telegram.

Mrs. Hackett, nee Gladys Ellsworth, is a grand-daughter of widow D. A. Morrison, of Ness Hill, Lake Megantic, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth and family have been residents on the farm for several years back. They are now spending the winter at Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks, on account of Mr. Ellsworth's affliction from rheumatism.

The entire industrial fabric of the territory east of the Mississippi river was made to feel the full force of the coal famine last night, when, with the approval of President Wilson, a revolutionary order was issued directing all factories, with the single exception of those engaged in the production of foodstuffs, to suspend for a period of five days, beginning Friday morning, and to remain closed on Mondays of each week from January 28 to March 25, inclusive.

PROPHESIED 300 YEARS AGO.

In Year 1800 Brother Johannes Foretold Present World War.

Part of an extraordinary Latin prophecy made by Brother Johannes in the year 1600 is quoted in a recent issue of The Figaro. In deciphering the allegory, it must be remembered that

France is represented by a Cock; England by a Leopard; Russia by a White Eagle; Germany by a Black Eagle; Austria by the "other Eagle;" while the Lamb stands for Justice, Mercy, and Truth.

"Towards the year 2000 the Antichrist will manifest himself. His army will surpass in numbers all that can be imagined.

"There will be Christians among his legions, and there will be Mohammedans and savage soldiers among the defenders of the Lamb.

"For the first time the Lamb will be all red. There will not be a single spot in the Christian world that will not be red, and red will be the Heavens, the Earth, the Waters, and even the Air, for blood will flow in the domains of the four elements at once.

"The Black Eagle will throw himself on the Cock, who will lose many feathers but will strike back heroically with his spurs. He soon would be crushed were it not for the help of the Leopard and his claws.

"The Black Eagle shall come from the country of Luther, will surprise the Cock from another side, and will invade the country of the Cock up to the middle of it.

"The White Eagle coming from the North, will surprise the Black Eagle, and the 'other Eagle,' and will invade the country of the Antichrist from one end to the other.

"The Black Eagle will see himself forced to liberate the Cock in order to fight the White Eagle, and the Cock will pursue the Black Eagle into the country of the Antichrist to help the White Eagle.

"The battles fought up to then will be as nothing compared to those which will take place in the country of Luther, for the seven Angels will together pour in the fire of their censers on the impious Earth, which signifies that the Lamb will order the extermination of the race of Antichrist.

"When the Beast sees that he is lost, he will become furious, and for many months the beak of the White Eagle, the claws of the Leopard, and the spurs of the Cock will furiously strike at him.

"They will cross rivers over the bodies of the slain, and these, in places will change the course of the waters. They will bury only the men of noble families, the leading commanders, and the princes because to the carnage made by the armies will be joined the wholesale death of those who will die of hunger or the pest.

"The Antichrist will ask many times for peace, but the seven Angels who walk in front of the three animals defending the Lamb have declared that victory will only be granted on the condition that the Antichrist be crushed like straw on the barn floor.

"The executors of the justice of the Lamb cannot stop fighting as long as the Antichrist possesses soldiers to fight against them.

"That which makes the decrees of the Lamb so implacable is that the Antichrist has pretended to be a follower of Christ, and to act in His Name and if he does not perish the fruit of the Redeemer would be lost, and the doors of Hades would prevail against the Savior.

"The fight which will take place where the Antichrist forges his arms will not be in any way a human fight.

[This may have reference to Essen, where the Krupp works are, and many authorities believe that the decisive battle may take place in Westphalia.]

"The three animals defending the Lamb will exterminate the last army of the Antichrist, but they will be forced to erect on the battlefield a pyre as large as a city, for the bodies of the dead will change the aspect of the countryside, as there will be mounds of the slain.

"The Antichrist will lose his crown, and will die in solitude and madness. His empire will be divided into twenty-two States, but none of them will any longer possess fortresses, armies, or vessels.

[Curiously enough, this number coincides with the number of German States.]

"The White Eagle, by the order of St. Michael, will drive the Crescent from Europe, and will install himself at Constantinople. Then will begin an era of peace and prosperity for the earth, and there will be no more wars, each nation being governed according to its desires, and living according to the rules of justice.

"There will no longer be Lutherans or Schismatics. The Lamb will reign, and the supreme happiness of humanity will begin. Happy will be those who, escaping the perils of that period will be able to enjoy the fruit of the reign of the Spirit and of the purging of Humanity, which can only come after the defeat of the Antichrist."

[The above narrative was originally quoted from the Figaro in the London Evening Standard.]

WILL USE HORSE CHESTNUTS

Heretofore Ignored, Well-Known Nut Is to Have Place With Other War Munitions.

"Horse chestnuts for munitions." It is a sober headline in the English papers. Hooray for the horse chestnut! but they are not going to shoot it at the Germans, declares the Boston Transcript. The horse chestnut crop is being harvested in England under the orders of the "director of propellant supplies"—direful title!—for use in the place of large quantities of grain used in connection with munitions, which grain is hereby released for use as food.

We are not told just how this released grain has been used in the manufacture of munitions. That would be giving information to the enemy. But in any case, horse chestnuts will do the business, and all England is put at work by government circular collecting them. Collection will be carried out by local committees formed in connection with the schools. It is particularly requested that nuts should not be gathered until they are fully ripe, so unripe nuts are of no value for the purpose.

Let us be glad that a patriotic use has been found for the horse chestnut. Heretofore it has been available only for purposes of juvenile ornamentation, or, when carried in the right-hand trousers pocket, for adult rheumatism. Not even pigs will eat horse chestnuts. But how many millions of them could easily be gathered in New England! Do you want the New England horse chestnut crop, Mr. Baker? If so, you have only to ask for it.

HOUSING BROOD SOWS IN WINTER.

Several factors should be considered when arranging winter quarters for the sow, namely: dryness, ventilation, draughts, light, warmth and exercise.

Dryness is desirable at all times, but especially so in winter. Damp pens and moisture-laden air are conducive to rheumatism, colds and bronchitis and tend towards the general lowering of the sow's vitality. Good ventilation not only supplies fresh air, but also helps to reduce the moisture. Draughts are dangerous, resulting in colds and kindred diseases. An abundance of light is an important requirement since it has a great influence in promoting good health. Warmth is not absolutely essential. Hogs can stand a great deal of cold provided they are in dry quarters and not exposed to draughts. Exercise is of great importance, being conducive to general vigor and health and tending to keep the sow's feet and legs free from various troubles.

There are several possibilities in solving the housing problem. At Macdonald College portable cabins have been used with success. These cabins are constructed with air-tight walls and are banked around the bottom. A ventilator at the apex of the roof removes all bad air. A small door is always open, the cabin being placed so that the door is facing South. Two or more sows, depending on size, are allotted to each cabin. Feed is supplied at some distance from the pen so that the sows are forced to take a certain amount of exercise.

Probably the most ideal method of wintering a sow is to give her the run of a barnyard in which there is a straw pile or a pile of horse manure. She will be certain to take sufficient exercise under these conditions. A portable cabin may be placed in one corner of the yard to serve as a sleeping pen. Other arrangements may be made to provide sleeping quarters depending on the location of hog pens and other buildings. In any case the pen should be free from draughts, dry, and well supplied with dry bedding. It is well also to bear in mind that a number of sows running together will do better and be more contented than if left singly in small pens.

A. E. MACLAURIN.

Nearly half a million men from Great Britain alone are to be recruited into the British army at the earliest date possible, and it is probable that many more will be added to that number in the coming months. These will comprise the young men, who up to the present have been exempt because of their employment in industries essential to war services.

The Empire has enrolled 7,500,000 fighting and labor battalion forces during the war, of which more than four million were enrolled in England, but needs more men to hold its own against the enemy until American strength is available.

E. Golf Penney has sold the steamer Anthemis to Captain A. Clark of Montreal, who will operate the boat on a regular schedule the coming season.

Customs Revenue Grows.

The Canadian Customs revenue for April was \$14,149,156, compared with \$10,346,572 for April of last year, an increase of \$3,802,584. The increase noted is the largest for any month from Customs in the history of the country.

First Liberal Government.

The first Liberal Government was formed in Canada on November 7th, 1873, under the premiership of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie.

ECONOMIC SAVING

25 Suits

left from our winter stock, which we offer at just one-half their original price. Suits that were \$18.50 to \$45.00 now offered at **\$9.25 to \$22.50**

When you consider the present price of materials, this sale affords a wonderful opportunity to get some great values.

All Coats

included in the January Garment Sale. Three cold months yet, and good for another winter. Coats that were \$5.95 to \$65.00 now selling at **\$3.50 to \$42.50**

MANY DRESSES

are marked down to reduce stock. They are not odd numbers or out of style, but we believe in cleaning up our stock each season. Serges, Silks, Satins and Georgette combinations included in this sale. Prices are so varied we will not quote them, but if you are interested you can find some splendid trades.

SEPARATE SKIRTS

Fine Wool Serges and Novelties marked from one-third to one-half their former prices. Cloths and values we cannot duplicate, but a good \$5.95 Serge Skirt offered at **\$3.39**

Others in similar proportion.

FURS

We are closing out a lot of odd Scarfs and Muffs at a fractional part of their former price. These are not the latest styles yet they are not so bad, and the prices are a mere consideration in comparison to former or present-day prices. See them.

KNIT UNDERWEAR

We are foolish but we offer a limited amount of this Underwear at reduced prices.

Ladies' Munsing Union Suits that were \$2.00 now	\$1.68
" " " " " " " "	1.75 " 1.50
" " " " " " " "	1.50 " 1.25
" " " " " " " "	1.25 " 1.00

CORSETS

in styles we are closing—broken sizes—slightly shop-worn, at one-half price to close.

\$5.00 styles at	\$2.50	\$4.00 styles at	\$2.00
\$2.00 styles at	\$1.00		

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

In showing this line through the season it gets more or less soiled and out of press, and we always go over the stock at the end of each season and select this out and offer it at reduced prices. We have done this now and with the advance prices of cotton you will find some remarkable values in the lot.

Keep the watchful bargain eye on the alert through January and February at

GILMAN & Co., Inc.,
NEWPORT, VERMONT

We Can Help Your Grocery Bill

THIS WEEK WE OFFER

2 pkgs. new Raisins	\$.25	3 pkgs. Corn Krispts	\$.25
2 cans new Tomatoes	.35	1 can A. G. S. Snips	.10
2 cans new Corn	.35	Good Onions, lb.	.05
1" Seeded Prunes	.15	Apples, pk.	.40
1" Lotus Oleomargarine	.30	A Brand of Coffee, lb.	.22
1" Premium "	.37	5 Rolls Toilet Paper	.25

EVERYTHING FOR HENS

Lay or Bust Condition Powders Pratt's Poultry Foods

HORSE AND STOCK FEED

A customer was in the store yesterday with a pair of Straight Line Overshoes on we sold him four years ago. Name on application.

Remember, our two stores have a whale of a stock of

COME TO US FOR
GOODRICH
"STRAIGHT-LINE"
RUBBERS
Double The Wear in Every Pair.

The Caswell & O'Rourke Store Co.

Blank Books at the Journal Office.

King of the Khyber Rifles

By TALBOT MUNDY

TAKE India for a background—the India of grandeur, squalor, cruelty, charm, nobility and treachery all commingled; the India of teeming streets and magic palaces, the India of scorching plains and windy hills,

the India immemorially old and ever new, the India of war-stirred intrigue and secret service, the India of mystery, ancient and immense.

Imagine a story written with the zest of romance and the thrill of perilous adventure. Throw over it the spell of a strange and enchanting woman and you have some idea of the fascination the new serial story that will be published serially in this paper offers.

It Is an Exceptional Tale of Wild and Weird Adventure

Watch for and Read the First Installment!

