

Two Popular Designs



This attractive little model owes its charm to its simplicity. It is one piece from shoulder to hem and has the newest fall feature, the collarless neck. McCall Pattern No. 8456, Misses' Dress. In 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years. Price, 20 cents.



For the girl who is interested in sports, here is an ideal costume. It features the sleeveless jacket which is so popular this season for sports wear. McCall Pattern No. 8458, Misses' Dress. In 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Price, 20 cents.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall dealer, or from the McCall Co., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Dept. W.

Where to Put Whalebones

They were reviewing the lesson about the whale in the third grade and the teacher was anxious to see how much they had remembered.

"What do we do with whalebones?" asked the teacher.

There was a long silence, then one small boy raised his hand.

"Well, what do we do with whalebones?"

"We put 'em on the sides of our plates," he said.



One of the finest teachers of food values

is Grape-Nuts

It's brimful of Nourishment Combines nicely with other foods and is Delicious Requires little milk or cream No Sugar and there's no waste Give It A Test

Canada Food Board License No. 2-026

FORESTS AND CIVILIZATION

NO UNFORESTED COUNTRY HAS EVER BECOME GREAT.

The Effect of Deforestation is to Render a Country Desolate, Unfertile and Impoverished.

Forests and civilization are inseparably bound together. Not all forested countries have reached a high degree of civilization, but no unforested country has ever reached a state of culture. Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria may be mentioned as exceptions, but the probability is that they were all forested at the zenith of their progress, and that their decline may be directly attributed to the disappearance of their forest wealth. The whole north coast of Africa, Palestine and China were at one time well forested, and, with the vanishing of the trees, these civilizations waned and are now at a low ebb. China is probably the best example of deforestation which we have. Originally a country of great wealth, both in timber and agricultural lands the removal of the woods has, over very large areas, destroyed the farms by allowing the rainfall to rush down the hillsides in the form of torrents, carrying large amounts of sand and gravel, which have covered up and destroyed the arable lands. Today China is a desolate, treeless country, forced to use dung for fuel and to carry on the most intensive form of agriculture in order to wring a meagre sustenance from an impoverished soil.

When Forests Are Removed.

Where timber is removed from hills and mountains by lumbering, fire almost always follows and burns not only the timber but also the soil, right down to the rock. If the formation is not rock the situation is far worse, for the soil is washed down year after year into the fertile valleys, destroying them completely. In the Cevennes and Pyrenees districts in France 8,000,000 acres of farm land were destroyed by floods, and a huge sum of money had to be spent by the government in reclaiming them. Where forests are removed in sandy country the wind soon strips the soil of the meagre remaining cover and carries the sand for miles over the surrounding country, converting it into a desert. This happened along the west coast of France, and millions were spent to arrest the devastation. An old friend of the writer, Senor Don Ricardo Codorniu, a Spanish forester, has spent his life in this work of stemming torrents, replanting denuded mountain slopes, often carrying earth up on mule-back to start the nucleus of a future protective forest. His work in connection with drifting sands has been most interesting, especially where the sand had commenced to invade a village, burying the houses in the suburbs. Wattle fences had first to be built, and between these pines were planted, and when the sand had piled up against the first line of fence this had to be raised to prevent the little trees from being buried before they could fulfil their function. Nor do we have to go so far afield to see the results of axe and fire. Travel west on the C.P.R. through Ontario; take the Canadian Northern to Lake St. John, or the National Transcontinental to Winnipeg, and see the blackened waste which should be one of our greatest tourist attractions. On the Lievre River there is a large tract of country where the hills are of white quartz. Fire has passed over it and the rain has washed away the burnt soil, and to-day seen in summer, from a distance, they look like snow-capped peaks. There is another hill of this character at Riviere a Pierre Junction, on the Q. and L. St. J. R. R. At Lachute, Que., and along the line of the C.P.R., near Berthier Junction may be seen the drifting sands which have swept over several square miles of once fertile country, turning it into a desert. Fortunately, our progressive Minister of Lands and Forests, the Hon. Jules Allard, through his chief forester, Mr. G. C. Piche, has begun the work of checking this menace, and at Lachute has planted a large area with beech, grass, and young trees to hold back the devouring sand.

TELLING THE TIME

How Our African Soldiers Watched the Hands Go Round

France has many black fighting men from Senegal in the field; nor are they the only troops recruited from savage or semisavage races that are engaged in the great conflict. A young British officer found himself one night, by a mischance to his motor cycle, stranded by the wayside far from the destination he must reach at dawn, and with only a little group of negro stragglers anywhere in sight. He was very tired, having had no sleep for many hours. One of the Africans talked the pidgin English of a coast town, and this man informed him that some motor lorries would be coming along soon, upon which it would be possible to get a lift.

"Soon," in the mouth of an African is an elastic term; but the captain thought he could afford to wait an hour before setting forward on foot in search of some other means of transportation. Meanwhile, he wanted a nap—wanted it desperately,



The shell that struck this house saved the making of a door for a British canteen.

but he could not trust himself to wake at the end of the hour. The African could not tell time, but the captain determined to depend upon him, nevertheless. Showing him the dial of his wrist watch, he explained that he wished to be waked when the long hand reached there, and the short hand, there. Then he lay down, with arm extended, and the negro crouched beside him, with his eyes on the dial. Exactly at the right moment the sleeper was called; and as he opened his eyes they fell upon the African, in precisely the same position, with something strained in his aspect that suggested inquiries. It appeared that he had not dared look away during the entire hour.

"For sure him clock trabbel slow, massa," he explained. "But s'pose him stop go walkee, walkee? S'pose him go jump, jump?"

Upon a river steamer in Africa Miss Mary Kingsley, the English explorer once heard other passengers giving directions to the native steward in the adjoining main saloon:

"You savvy six o'clock? When them long arm catch them place, and them short arm catch them place you call me in the morning time."

An interval of silence, and then another voice:

"You savvy five o'clock? When them long arm—" And so it went on, until each passenger had pointed out on the clock face the proper relation of the two hands to each other at the moment he desired to be called. The ignorant native steward, who could not tell time and could not learn to, was yet sufficiently observant to place and remember the calls correctly; he never got them mixed.

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug does the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.

A Song of the Air

This is the song of the Plane—The creaking, shrieking plane, The throbbing, sobbing plane, And the moaning, groaning wires—The engine—missing again! One cylinder never fires! Hey, ho! for the Plane!

This is the song of the Man—The driving, striving man, The chosen, frozen man—The pilot, the man at the wheel, Whose limit is all that he can, And beyond, if the need is real! Hey, ho! for the Man!

This is the song of the Gun—The muttering, stuttering gun, The maddening, gladdening gun—That chuckles with evil glee At the last, long drive of the Hun, With its end in eternity! Hey, ho! for the Gun!

This is the song of the Air—The lifting, drifting air, The eddying, steadying air, The wine of its limitless space—May it nerve us at last to dare Even death with undaunted face! Hey, ho! for the Air! —Observer, Royal Flying Corps.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. ED. 7. ISSUE 33-18

of amalgamation. The union of two rapidly partisan papers would not improve conditions, but rather increase the opportunities for working economic mischief. What the people want in the newspaper of to-day is a broader spirit in political and every other style of discussion, a press that is not controlled by any faction or throttled by a particular interest, a press that will recognize the reading public as composed of so many individuals who cannot be led around and made to play the game set by the journalistic dictator.

Was It Worth It?

Jam tarts unlimited was little Bobby's idea of heaven, but since war flour came in and fat was scarce he hadn't been quite so fond of them as before.

Mother came into the kitchen one afternoon, saw Bobby gazing at a dish of newly baked tarts.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" she asked sharply.

"I was just wondering, mother."

"Wondering? You haven't touched those tarts, I hope?"

"Not yet, mother," said Bobby. "I was just wondering if they're nice enough to be whipped for."

LEMON JUICE IS FRECKLE REMOVER

Girls! Make this cheap beauty lotion to clear and whiten your skin.

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

War Tanks 2,000 Years Old

"Is the war tank not a brand new invention?" was one of the questions that came to the editors of "2,000 Questions and Answers About the Great War." Probably 999 people out of 1,000 would answer "yes" unhesitatingly. On the staff of the Review of Reviews, which produced the book, there was, however, a specialist on ancient wars, and he spoiled the whole thing by answering that the first war tanks were used exactly 2157 years before they made their appearance in the British-German front. It was during the gigantic siege by Rome and her allies of Carthage, the "Queen of Africa." After many months of assault, which ended only in mounds of Roman dead under the fatal walls, the besiegers suddenly approached under enormous armored tanks shaped like tortoises. Safe beneath these huge wheeled shields, the Roman soldiery labored to breach the walls, unmindful of the rocks, spears, boiling water and oil, molten lead and liquid fire which the desperate Carthaginians poured on them. Before that ancient siege was ended the Romans devised super-tanks—genuine land-dread-noughts. It will be worth while to watch for some such development this year.

The country correspondent, at whose expense the city newspaper man affects to make merry, has his own place in the world to fill. In his limited sphere he is just as much of a community builder as the funny man in the urban centres. He records the events that happen around him just as the city journalist does, and anything—someone whose name escapes us has said—that Providence is not too proud to allow to happen, no news paper should be too proud to put into print.

In many respects the country correspondent can give the city reporter or editor lessons in the ethics and the morality of the profession. He deals with the virtues rather than with the vices of humanity. No country correspondent, with a warped idea of his duties, ever attends a magistrates court and essays to make jests with human derelicts as his subjects, a line of endeavor that is all-fours with chortling over the sad scenes witnessed in an insane asylum or in a casualty hospital.

Minard's Liniment Cures Gols, Etc.

MONEY ORDERS. A Dominion Express Money Order for five dollars costs three cents.

Handkerchiefs

If the handkerchiefs are yellow, the reason is that they have not been properly washed. To overcome this yellow color, put the handkerchiefs in cold water in which there is kerosene, about one teaspoonful to a quart and a shaving of good laundry soap. Let the handkerchiefs boil in this about three hours. Take them out, dry in the sun, and they will be snowy white. This treatment will apply to any linen or white clothing.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

German Dog Whips

That the German officers carried small whips with which to accentuate their commands—given in a snarling and bullying tone—to the soldiers, is one of the many intimate points noted by Captain A. Radclyffe Dugmore in his book, "When the Somme Ran Red," just published by Doran Company. Falling into the enemy's hands, Captain Dugmore escapes, or rather is let go, and then the famous camera hunter of African lions gets permission to go at once into the thick of the fray at Alost and take pictures of the German Army in Action. His camera is spotted and he is greeted with a shower of "German hail." He had almost made his escape when he was wounded in the leg by a shrapnel splinter. As an eye-witness Captain Dugmore marks great stress on the wonderful marksmanship of the Belgian soldiers.

THE COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT

(St. Thomas Times-Journal)

Some of the overgrown papers in the big cities note the passing of so many country weekly journals and the amalgamation of dailies in some of the smaller cities and are deluding themselves with the belief that this is an evidence of the growing influence of the metropolitan sheets. In time they say, the big dailies will cover the entire field and the country correspondent who now writes weekly to the press chronicling such facts as that John Smith has finished his new barn or that Sam Jones has purchased a car, will pass away for all time.

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KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1

WHITE SHOE DRESSING

LIQUID and CAKE

For MEN'S WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S SHOES

SMOKE-TUCKETTS

ORINOCO

CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES - CUT COARSE FOR PIPE

MAKE PERFECT BREAD

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

MADE IN CANADA

EMMILLIET COMPANY LIMITED

Potato Bugs

A group of potato growers and a seedsman were discussing the damage which had been done by potato bugs last season.

"The pests ate my whole crop in two weeks," said one grower. "They ate mine in two days," said a second, "and then roosted on the trees to see if I'd plant more."

"All that is very remarkable," said the seedsman, "but I saw a couple of potato bugs examining the books in our store about a week before planting time to see who had bought seed."

"I shall want a new suit," said Murphy then. "An' yez can pawn me nightshirts to get it."

"Your nightshirts!" gasped Bridget. "Shure," said Pat. "An' what for should I be wanting them when I've got a job as night watchman, and can only sleep in the daytime?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

No Use For Them

The Irishman came home beaming. "Bridget," said he, "O've got a job!" "Glory be!" said Bridget, who was tired of supporting the family. "I shall want a new suit," said Murphy then. "An' yez can pawn me nightshirts to get it."

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