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Income Tax Returns

The time for making out your income tax returns expired last Saturday. Those who have been called on to fill these slips know that it is no child's job. Its not only a question of telling how much you draw in wages or salary or make out of your farm, but the amounts derived from all sources must be reckoned in, and the whole totalled up. Then if you have earned over \$2,000 the government will make a hole in your total. One of the simplest ways of arriving at your income, and at the same time telling the Government a lot about your private affairs and your own personal charms and accomplishments, was published by a paper in the United States, where there are worse tangles and a much heavier tax than we experience. Here it is:—

- First take your income,
- Add wife's income,
- Divide by your eldest son's age,
- Add your telephone number,
- Subtract your auto license number
- Add electric light bill
- Divide by number of kilowatts,
- Multiply by your father's age,
- Add number of gold fillings in teeth,
- Subtract wife's age (approximate),
- Divide by number of aunts you have,
- Add the number of uncles,
- Subtract number of daughters,
- Add a pinch of salt,
- And then go out and
- Borrow the money and pay the tax.

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BROADENED BY WAR.

The Experiences of the Young Canadian Tommies.

And it is not only the so-called "vocational" education that interests and holds the men of the army. It was reported a couple of months ago not only that the attendance upon the lectures, which deal with philosophical and historical topics, was increasing, but that the quality of lecture demanded by the men was much higher than that which was quite satisfactory in the early days of the war. The soldiers are constantly more earnest in their information about the war, about the country in which they are fighting, about the history and ideals of the Allies, and about the future of our own country. As they become more accustomed to army life and the conditions of the war, they demand a more searching kind of treatment and become more critical. It is quite useless to put before them a lecturer who is merely entertaining or, in the less fortunate sense of the word, merely inspirational.

Bill, in short, is going to bring back from "over there" not only trained hands, but a trained mind. He would be a mighty stupid Bill, indeed, if he didn't come back with a more active imagination and a broader vision than when he first appeared before the draft board, even if there

had been no special attention paid to his technical and general education while in the army. The opportunity for mental expansion, which the war has brought to some thousands of young Canadians, cannot fail to have a lasting and beneficial effect on their whole future careers. Bill probably would have lived and died in his home town, knowing little and caring less about the people and countries beyond the range of his immediate daily concerns. But the Government put Bill on a train and sent him a thousand miles to a cantonment, and Bill began to get new ideas even before he donned a uniform. In camp he mixed with other young fellows from every part of the country; more new ideas and lots of them. After a while he took another long railroad trip, with a few thousand others like him, to the Atlantic seaboard; then he got on a ship and traveled three thousand miles across the ocean, landing in a country that he had known only as a blotch on the map, inhabited by people very much like his own folks at home and yet very different in their ways of living and doing things. At last he reached a billet somewhere in rural France. By this time Bill, in his point of view and ideas of the world and his relation to it, was quite a different person from the Bill who left his home in Nova Scotia or Ontario or Manitoba or British Columbia seven or eight months earlier.

Has Fought in Many Climes

WINNER of the Victoria Cross in Egypt, and recommended for this most coveted war decoration for valor in the great war. Sergt. Major Charles Garrett has recently come to Canada. He won the D.C.M. in France. A soldier all his life, he has campaigned in many lands. He is a big, upstanding Irishman, who was born in the pretty little town of Bollina, which is in the far west of Ireland. He had a hankering after a soldier's life, and took the earliest opportunity of joining the army. In August, 1894, he enlisted with the 21st Hussars, a regiment which afterwards was armed with the lance. He went to India in the following year and was in that country for three years.

In 1898 he was sent to the Soudan with Kitchener's forces, and took part in the battle of Omdurman. It was here that he won the V.C. for saving the life of Lieut. D. Montgomery. The troopers had ridden three times through the ranks of the Derivishes, who were showing their wonted disregard of death and fighting with savage fury. The officer was thrown from his horse, and, being surrounded by the enemy, his life was apparently not worth a minute's purchase. Sergt. Major Garrett rode to his aid, and after almost losing his own life, succeeded in bringing the young officer out of the ring of death, losing both his sword and lance in doing so.

Speaking of the incident to a Canadian friend the sergeant-major said: "I met him afterwards in South Africa, but unfortunately he was killed at Nicholson's Nek. I was then serving in the 5th Lancers, having been sent to South Africa at the beginning of the war."

Garrett fought at Elandslaagte, the Siege of Ladysmith, Diamond Hill and Belfast, and in a number of minor engagements. At the termination of the campaign he went to London, England, and, still determined to follow a military career, joined the 1st Irish Guards with rank of sergeant-major for twenty years, which in itself is a record to be proud of.

Ever anxious for active service, the sergeant-major again turned his eyes towards Africa, and in 1904 was on the West Coast, serving on the staff. A couple of years later he was on the other side of the Dark Continent, putting the fear of the British drill sergeant into the hearts of Soudanese troops, and later the fear of death into the Somaliland natives. He was at Fort Soudan and Mombassa in 1907 and 1908, and four years later he left the army and came to Canada, making Vancouver his objective.

After serving on the Northwest Mounted Police for some time, he went to South America, and is next seen in his Protean career as a captain in the police force at Chuchoquimatti, about 700 kilometres from Antofagasta, on the Bolivian frontier. In 1914 he returned to London, and when the great war broke out joined the 1st Battalion, King's Liverpool Regiment. He was soon in France, and fought at Mons, won the D.C.M. at Givenchy on Christmas Eve, 1914, and was recommended for the Medaille Militaire. He was several times wounded, slightly at Loos and Festubert, and most seriously in the head and legs at Boucourt. He was again recommended for the V.C., but, with soldierly modesty, prefers to touch lightly on the fact.

On January 26th last year he received his discharge from active service, but was soon again in harness, his next appearance being as instructor for three months at St. Paso, Texas, to the 5th and 7th American cavalry. In July last he was camp sergeant-major at Valcartier, and took a party of French-Canadian troops to England. Last year he was in charge of the greatest military pageant ever held in the United States, the Sousa-Lauder parade for the Liberty Loan at Detroit. Sergt. Major Garrett is at present in a Toronto military hospital, as he is troubled by some of his six old wounds. He is in the prime of life, however, and with his breast adorned with ribbons, looks a fine figure of a British soldier. He is unmarried, and has no relatives in this country, but Lieut. Oswald Lennox, a son of Mr. Justice Lennox, whom he knew in France, is a warm friend.

War Widows Remarrying.
War widows are making the best of mistresses and many are taking unto themselves other husbands. Information forthcoming from the Board of Pension Commissioners shows that a great many women who have lost their husbands at the front are remarrying. War widows who remarry are given a gratuity of \$450, which amount is paid to them in a lump sum. This is the equal of one year's pension, ordinarily paid in monthly instalments to widows. Then the Government ceases to have further responsibility for the widow, though the pension allowed to each of her children continues, in the case of a girl, until she attains the age of seventeen years, and in the case of a boy, until he reaches sixteen years of age.

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BEST WAR POEMS.

Canadian Writers Have Penned Some Beautiful Verses.

What were the best poems written by Canadians during the war? That question is being asked by school teachers and the reading public these days. The literary editor of the Toronto Mail and Empire makes the following selection, and gives his reasons:

"In Flanders Fields," by Lt.-Col. John McCrae.

"New Year's Eve," by Norah M. Holland.

"Wind—and the Dust of Death," by Main Johnson.

"Ici Repose," by Bernard Freeman Trotter.

"The Man from Athabaska," by Robert W. Service.

"Kitchener," by J. C. Stead.

"Home Thoughts," by Norah M. Holland.

"The Pipes of Valcartier," by Capt. T. G. Roberts.

"Over the Hills of Home," by Llan Leveridge.

"The Shell," by A. C. Stewart.

In this very mixed company, the first place is naturally given to "In Flanders' Fields" on account of the fame that it has achieved. In writing this poem, the late Lt.-Col. McCrae made use of the rondeau form, which is a form that generally sounds artificial and precise, unless handled by a master like Austin Dobson. A rondeau is usually too obviously decorative to strike a deep note, and that is one reason why the emotional power of "In Flanders' Fields" seems so remarkable to any person familiar with poems of a similar outline. The thought fits perfectly into the mould. The poet conjures up a picture that finds a response in every heart. There is the secret of its success. It has been used as an election appeal and in many other ways that might have cheapened it, and the fact that its beauty has not been dulled, indicates the vitality of this unusually perfect rondeau. The two next poems on the list are highly imaginative and dramatic, although the subjects are treated in a strongly contrasted manner. In our opinion no more earnest and thoughtful poem has been written about the noble dead than "Ici Repose." There is deep and moving tragedy in the words that the poet addressed from the fighters who survive to the fighters who die:

Oblivion cannot claim you; our heroic War-lustred moment, as our youth will pass To swell the dusty hoard of Time the Stoic, That gathers cobwebs in the nether glass.

We shall grow old, and tainted with the rotten Efficacy of the peace we fought to win, The bright deeds of our youth will be forgotten, Effaced by later failure, sloth or sin;

But you have conquered Time, and sleep forever, Like gods with a white halo on your brows— Your souls our lode-stars, your death-crowns endeavor, The spur that holds the nations to their vows.

We liked the Service poem because it was thoroughly Canadian in scene and spirit, and "Kitchener" appeared as an unusually dignified piece of memorial verse. Capt. Roberts wrote what seemed to us the best piece of Canadian recruiting poetry, and "The Shell" had a certain rude force that compelled attention. Some persons may consider the hitting "Over the Hills of Home" a little too sentimental, but it found a place in the ten because the pathos in the verses has a genuine ring. In its own way, it awakens response just as surely as "In Flanders' Fields."

George Earnley, formerly of Adelaide, died at Sault Ste. Marie last week, aged 80 years.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GODDERT, 925 Napoleon St., Freemont, Ohio.

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