

Citicura Soothes



Itching Scalps

On retiring touch spots of dandruff and itching with Citicura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Citicura Soap and hot water. This treatment does much to keep the scalp clean and healthy and to promote hair growth.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: "Citicura, Dept. N., Boston, U. S. A." Sold by druggists throughout the world.

YOUR PERSONALITY.

Preserve It and Be Yourself and Not Somebody Else.

How hard do you fight to hold on to your personality? You are willing to fight to save the money you have earned, to hold your job or to get a better one. You fight to keep your external possessions, but do you fight to keep yourself?

Without a personality, an individuality, it is impossible to achieve any great success, no matter how successful you may appear for a time. The success that personality working through you in hot comes from having some strong man's personality working through you is not permanent or genuine.

When Napoleon was fighting Austria in 1797, on the very soil where the Italian battle line stretch to-day, he discovered that he own future depended on the overthrow of the royalist party back in Paris. He sent a young officer named Augereau to Paris to accomplish a revolutionary coup d'etat.

But neither Napoleon nor history has ever given Augereau any credit. He deserved none. It was Napoleon, working through Augereau, who overthrew the royalists. Augereau lacked personality, individuality. That is why Napoleon chose him as a tool.

Tribe, singing under the spell of Everglades, entranced her hearers; but, with a sudden influence gone, she was the same unattractive, lonely tribe. Everglades chose her as a victim of his influence because her personality was not strong enough to resist him. He stole her personality, just as he might have stolen her little money or her old blue military coat.

Dr. Johnson was so strong a character that he unwittingly overwhelmed Boswell, and Boswell spent the remainder of his life tagging around after Johnson, worshipping him and writing down all he said.

But the Napoleons the Everglades and the Dr. Johnsons are not the only influences in this world that rob us of ourselves. For you the world is really divided into two parts. One part is the multitude tries to take away your individuality, and make you part of itself. If it takes your life is bound to be a failure. For there can be no success for the young man or young woman who permits a multitude to absorb him.

Your personality is really all you have in this world. If you think the mob's thoughts or let the mob's life and have the mob's feelings, you don't own anything. There isn't any success in that.

As you look yourself over are you permitting anything to crowd you out of yourself?—W. G. Shepherd in Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

"MALTA OF THE BALTIC."

So Fortress of Kronstadt is Known in Russia.

In a war geography bulletin the National Geographic Society of Washington gives the following information about the fortified city of Kronstadt, where rebel Russians attempted to set up a separate Government.

"The Malta of the Baltic" is the name given to Kronstadt and the small island of Kotlin, which it occupies, but a more appropriate name would be "the Gibraltar of Petrograd," for the supposedly impregnable fortress commands the sea avenue to the great Russian capital.

"The Island of Kotlin, which is a little more than seven miles long and a mile and a quarter wide, lies at the western extremity of the Bay of Neva, in the fresh water discharged by the River Neva. To the west is the Gulf of Finland.

"Kotlin was first fortified in 1703 by Peter the Great, when it was wrested from the Swedes, but it was not until seven years later the great monarch laid out the town of Kronstadt and began the systematic erection of its defenses. Three hundred thousand men are said to have been employed on this work, but it was not completed until the reign of Peter's daughter, Elizabeth.

"The town, which had a population of 65,000 at the beginning of the world war, is intersected by two waterways—the canal of Peter the Great, begun in 1721, but not completed until thirty-one years later, and the Catherine canal, constructed in 1782. Between

these two canals stands the Italian palace of Prince Menschikoff, one of the most picturesque figures in all Russian history. Born of the most humble parents, Menschikoff at the age of 20 was selling meat pies in the streets of Moscow when he attracted the attention of Lefort, Peter the Great's favorite. On the death of the latter, Menschikoff succeeded to the place of honor with his sovereign and served him energetically. It is said of Menschikoff that he could drill a sergeant, build a frigate, administer a province and decapitate a rebel with equal facility. Upon the death of Peter he became the virtual leader of Russia during the brief reign of Peter's widow, Catherine I. A turn of the wheel of fortune finally cast him from his high estate, through great wealth, largely acquired through corruption, was confiscated, and he and his family were exiled to Siberia, where he died in 1729.

"The modern fortifications of Kronstadt were designed in large measure by Gen. Todleben, the famous engineer, whose system of earthworks enabled Sebastopol to resist the siege of the French and English allies for 349 days during the Crimean war. Todleben devoted fifteen years to Kronstadt's defenses, profiting by his wide experience at Sebastopol. The fortifications are in the main low, thickly armored earthworks with large calibre Krupp guns. There are three well-equipped harbors—the naval, middle and commercial.

"Guarding the approach to Petrograd, which is nineteen miles to the east, Kronstadt is also the chief station of Russia's Baltic fleet.

"While the city has good trade in iron, hemp, flax, tar and oil, it is handicapped to some extent commercially by the fact that the harbors are icebound from December to April. During these winter months the place is decidedly dreary in appearance.

"Petrohof, a town of 16,000 inhabitants founded by Peter the Great in 1711 and famous for its imperial palace, built in imitation of Versailles, lies to the southeast of Kronstadt, a distance of ten miles.

"During the summer season in peace times passenger steamers ply between Kronstadt and Petrograd with ferry boat frequency, the trip requiring an hour and a half."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I had my leg badly hurt, the pain was very severe and a large swelling came above the knee. I expected it would be serious—I rubbed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, which stopped the pain and reduced the swelling very quickly. I cannot speak too highly of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

AMOS T. SMITH.

Port Hood Island.

GIFTS OF WAMPUM.

Relics of Senecas and Tuscaroras Now in Buffalo.

From Amsterdam, Holland, where dwell many descendants of the Holland Land Company, the Buffalo Historical Society has received two gifts of wampum which came into the possession of the company through its agents in America and are presented by Van Eeghan & Co. One gift is a string of wampum, given by the Seneca Indians to Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth at the completion of the Big Tree treaty. By him it was transferred to William Bayard, one of the Holland company's agents at that treaty, and so came into the company's archives. It is accompanied by the original document signed by Theophilus Cazenove, October, 1797. Mr. Cazenove was the company's head agent in America and has a number of namesakes in western New York, including a creek, a park, a lake and other landmarks.

The other gift is a carefully made belt of wampum, presented to the Holland Land Company through Israel Chapin by the Tuscaroras, who had been left out of the treaty and begged the company for the grant of a mile square, giving the belt as a token of their great desire. Such relics are increasingly rare, and this wampum is a choice addition to the society's exhibit of western New York historical objects. As soon as a suitable case is procured both gifts will be placed on exhibition.

With the wampum belt are two letters explaining the position of the Tuscaroras. They are copies of the original letters written by Israel Chapin and Theophilus Cazenove. Mr. Chapin's is particularly interesting because it states the argument of the Tuscaroras, who had always been a peaceable people, remaining loyal to the United States when other Indians were hostile.

"The Tuscaroras made a very sensible speech on this subject," says the letter, "when they found the tract allotted to them was not sufficient to afford them a living, that they had many children among them, which they were teaching to work in the manner that white people do. As they found they could not have recourse to any other method without a larger quantity of food, they must soon leave their poor children in a miserable condition."

Mr. Cazenove's reply that he must consult the company before promising the required tract is copied on the same sheet of paper. Both letters are dated 1799.

These gifts were secured for the society by Paul D. Evans, who has been making a special study of the Holland company and has been going through the documents at the Historical building. He found it necessary to go to Amsterdam and was asked by Mr. Severance to look up for the society any object which might be of interest to the museum, particularly on the subject of the Holland Land Company.—Buffalo Express.

Forced to go to extremes—the hair he can take care of his enemies.

Reducing Expenses

The war has so increased the cost of living, the housewife must make her money go further.

By using Red Rose Tea, which chiefly consists of strong, rich Assam teas, she can keep her tea bills down. The rich Assam strength requires less tea in the pot—and there's only one tea with the rich Red Rose flavor!

Kept Good by the Sealed Package



A Dialogue on Peace Between a Householder and a Burglar

(Henry Van Dyke, in December Scribner's.)

The house was badly wrecked by the struggle which had raged through it. The walls were marred, the windows and mirrors shattered, the pictures ruined, the furniture smashed into kindling-wood.

Worst of all, the faithful servants and some of the children were lying in dark corners, dead or grievously wounded.

The burglar, who had wrought the damage, sat in the middle of the dining-room floor, with his swag around him. It was neatly arranged in bags, for in spite of his madness he was a most methodical man. One bag was labeled silverware; another, jewels; another, cash, and another, souvenirs. There was blood on his hands and a fatuous smile on his face.

"Surely, I am a mighty man," he said to himself, "and I have proved it! But I am very tired, as well as kind-hearted, and I feel that it is now time to begin a conversation on Peace."

The Householder, who was also something of a pacifist on appropriate occasions, but never a blind one, stood near. Through the brief lull in the rampage he overheard the mutterings of the Burglar.

"Were you speaking to me?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact," answered the Burglar, "I was talking to myself. But it is the same thing. Are we not brothers? Do we not both love Peace? Come sit beside me, and let us talk about it."

"What do you mean by Peace?" said the Householder, looking grimly around him; "do you mean all this?"

"No, no," said the Burglar; "that is—er—not exactly! All this is most regrettable. I weep over it. If I could have had my way unopposed it would never have happened. But until you sit down close beside me I really cannot tell you in particular what I mean by that blessed word Peace. In general, I mean something like the status quo ante bellum."

"In this case," interrupted the Householder, "you should say the status quo ante furtum—not bellum (the state of things before the burglary, not before the war). You are a mighty robber—not a common thief, but a most uncommon one. Do you mean to restore the plunder you have grabbed?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the Burglar, in a magnanimous tone; "that is to say, I mean you shall have a part of it, freely and willingly. I could keep it all, you know, but I am too noble to do that. You shall take the silverware and the souvenirs, I will take the jewels and the cash. Isn't that a fair division? Peace must always stand on a basis of equality between the two parties. Shake hands on it."

The Householder put his hand behind his back.

"You insult me," said he. "If I were your equal I should die of shame. Waive the comparison. What about the damage you have done here? Who shall repair it?"

"All the world," cried the Burglar eagerly; "everybody will help—espe-

cially your big neighbor across the lake. He is a fool with plenty of money. You cannot expect me to contribute. I am poor, but as honest as my profession will permit. This damage in your house is not wilful injury. It is merely one of the necessary accompaniments of my practice of burglary. You ought not to feel sore about it. Why do you call attention to it, instead of talking politely and earnestly about the blessings of Peace?"

"I am talking to you as politely as I can," said the Householder, moistening his dry lips, "but while I am doing it, I feel as if I were smeared with mud. Tell me, what have you to say about my children and my servants whom you have tortured and murdered?"

"Ah, that," answered the Burglar, shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his hands, palms upward, so that he looked like a gigantic toad, "—that indeed is so very, very sad! My heart mourns over it. But how could it be avoided? Those foolish people would not lie down, would not be still. Their conduct was directly contrary to my system; see section 417, chapter 3, in my 'Great Field-book of Burglary,' under the title 'Schrecklichkeit.' Perhaps in the excitement of the moment I went a little beyond those scientific regulations. The babies need not have been killed—only terrified. But that was a mere error of judgment which you will really forgive and forget for the sake of the holy cause of Peace. Will you not?"

The Householder turned quickly and spat into the fireplace.

"Blasphemer," he cried, "my gorge rises at you! Can there be any forgiveness until you repent? Can there be any Peace in the world if you go loose in it, ready to break and enter and kill when it pleases you? Will you lay down your weapons and come before the Judge?"

The Burglar rose slowly to his feet, twisting up his moustache with bloody brass-knuckled hands.

"You are a colossal ass," he growled. "You forget how strong I am, how much I can still hurt you. I have offered you a chance to get Peace. Don't you want it?"

"Not as a present from you," said the Householder, slowly. "It would poison me. I would rather die a decent man's death."

He went a step nearer to the Burglar, who quickly backed away.

"Come," the Householder continued, "let us bandy compliments no longer. You are where you have no right to be. You can talk when I get you before the Judge. I want Peace no more than I want Justice. While there is a God in heaven and honest freemen still live on earth I will fight for both."

He took a fresh grip on his club, and the Burglar backed again, ready to spring.

Through the dead silence of the room there came a loud knocking at the door. Could it be the big neighbor from across the lake?

What Happened When Schwab Saw Kitchener

One of the first acts of Lord Kitchener after being placed in charge of the British military campaign against Germany was to send a call for Charles M. Schwab. The Bethlehem steel master wired "coming" and literally rushed for a steamer. Of the meeting of these two world figures and of what transpired on that momentous occasion B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine, gives the first authentic details which have reached the public ear. He refers to the fact that these two were not unknown to each other, that the S. O. S. from K. of K., therefore, came as no surprise to the steel king, and continues in his graphic style:

So quietly and quickly did Mr. Schwab betake himself on board the Olympic that not one reporter ferreted out the fact. Nor, during all the tragic events which marked the mammoth liner's voyage was the presence of America's greatest steel king disclosed—not even when Admiral Jellicoe, commander of the British Grand Fleet, came aboard off the north coast of Ireland to take Mr. Schwab off and escort him to his famous flag ship, the Iron Duke.

But we are outrunning our story. Six days after leaving New York the Olympic was near the Irish coast when Capt. Haddock received a momentous message. The Audacious—the pride of the British navy, the new super-dreadnought, which had been built at a cost of \$16,000,000 and carried guns

which could outshoot Germany's best by several miles and had won the blue ribbon of naval gunnery—had, the message disclosed, met with a terrible mishap and threatened to flounder with her crew of almost a thousand bluejackets. Captain Haddock steamed straight for the wounded Audacious, and, by brilliant seamanship, rescued the sinking dreadnought's entire crew.

Charles M. Schwab was on the deck of the Olympic as the raging seas swept over the battleship's post deck. With characteristic presence of mind, Mr. Schwab ran for his camera and took a snapshot of the Audacious at the moment she was partly submerged, a picture which is destined to prove as historic as any taken during the entire war.

The Audacious had either struck a mine or had been torpedoed amid-ship. Her engines had been knocked out of commission, and all attempts to tow her to shallow water—she was about twenty-five miles from land—proved futile, as no hawser from either the Olympic or the Audacious could withstand the strain of the 45,000-ton liner tugging at the 20,000-ton battleship. The rescue succeeded fully completed, the Olympic steamed into Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Ireland.

At nightfall the passengers on board the liner saw a tremendous flash out of the sea, heard an un-

earthly roar—and knew the Audacious had blown to bits.

Lord Kitchener meanwhile was moving heaven and earth to have Schwab brought to London without a moment's delay. Strict orders had been given that no one be allowed to leave the Olympic, and, as a matter of fact, the liner lay isolated in Lough Swilly from Oct. 27 to Nov. 2. So anxious was Kitchener to see Schwab, however, that he had the Admiral of the British Grand Fleet himself go alongside the Olympic and take Mr. Schwab off. Sir John Jellicoe and Mr. Schwab needed no introductions, for when Jellicoe was only a captain the discerning eyes of the steel master had spotted him as a coming man and become very friendly with him. Jellicoe pushed Schwab part of the voyage, and then Admiral Fisher took charge of the completion of the journey. Schwab was the only person permitted to leave the liner—he was forbidden to take even his man-servant with him.

At 6 o'clock in the evening Mr. Schwab reached London. Without taking time to go to a hotel he sped direct to the War Office. Word had been passed to the confidential attendants that the great American steel masters and armor maker was coming, and, the moment he appeared, doors were opened for him as if by magic—doors that were being vainly besieged by hundreds of manufacturers and others, all anxious to get the ear of the mighty Kitchener or some other personage in authority.

Kitchener was ready for him.

He rose and greeted Mr. Schwab very cordially but very briefly.

Then he motioned to the only other chair in his office—apart from his chair, the one occupied by Kitchener and a large flat-topped desk, there was nothing in the whole vast room in the way of furniture except an army bed, the only bed which Kitchener's body knew night after night during those terrible days, for the war lord worked literally night and day and had no time to leave his office for sleep. It was just after the annihilation of a great part of Britain's little army at the Battle of the Mons and the subsequent retreat.

Kitchener wore none of the insignia, none of the decorations of a Field Marshal, none of the many orders or honors conferred upon him by a grateful Empire, not even a suggestion of gold braid. He wore a khaki suit, plain and undistinguished, that he could have been taken for a private in the ranks, a private who has been on active service and had not frequent opportunity to furnish up his uniform—Kitchener evidently had slept in his clothes.

Kitchener's countenance and deportment suggested that of Atlas bent under the weight of the world. His eyes, usually so bright and sharp and penetrating, looked tired and heavy. His demeanor was tragically grave. He appeared to be physically bowed down by the responsibility pressing upon his shoulders.

Without loss of a moment Kitchener got down to business.

How many shells could Schwab supply—a million?

Yes, Schwab could turn out a million.

How long would it take—how quickly could they be shipped?

Ten months.

Good. How about guns?

Yes, Schwab could supply guns in quick order.

Good. What else could Schwab provide?

Schwab told him.

Good.

What about prices? asked Mr. Schwab.

Quick delivery was more important than any quotation of price. Get the stuff under way and he would get his price, Schwab was told.

It was war time and was not his company entitled to a war profit, suggested Schwab.

Certainly.

It was to be a long, titanic struggle Kitchener confided. He counted upon it lasting five years. (A prophecy to be fulfilled?) He realized very fully that Schwab's was the only huge free ordnance plant in the world, and he was anxious to have Mr. Schwab's plant that control of Bethlehem would not be sold as long as contracts were being filled for the British.

Would Mr. Schwab sign an agreement to that effect?

"Buz-z-z" went the telephone on Kitchener's desk.

A look of annoyance flashed across his countenance. Who had dared interrupt him in the midst of so vital and so pressing a conference, when every moment's delay heightened the danger of disaster?

"Excuse me," said Kitchener, picking up the receiver with a jerk.

Schwab sat in silence.

"Yes-Yes," Kitchener began sharply. Then his voice softened. He listened attentively for a moment or two, asked several questions, gave instructions and then hung up the receiver.

"That," he said by way of apology to Mr. Schwab, "was a call from Bethlehem. The officer was under fire while he was talking with me. He was speaking direct from the battlefield."

The war lord made a gesture, dismissing that subject, and looked squarely at Mr. Schwab for an answer to the request that he put his signature to an agreement not to part with control of Bethlehem Steel.

REFUSES \$100,000,000 FOR BETHLEHEM; SIGNS PLEDGE.

Control of Bethlehem had been valued by certain other interests—not British—as being worth to them \$100,000,000. That sum was offered Schwab for his Bethlehem holdings. Here he was being asked to sign a solemn compact to refuse \$100,000,000 or any other number of millions of dollars without any monetary compensation. Did Schwab hesitate to cast aside the \$100,000,000? Not for a moment.

He assured Kitchener he would sign such an agreement—and sign it he did.

Under the Atlantic Ocean on the night of that epochal interview between the greatest military genius in the world and the greatest steel manufacturer the world has ever known came messages of the night's importance to Mr. Schwab's right-hand

ISSUE NO. 52, 1917

HELP WANTED.

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

WANTED—LOOM FIXER ON CROMPTON and Knowles Looms, weaving heavy blankets and cloths. For full particulars apply The Slingsby Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.

WANTED—SLASHER TENDER FOR Saco-Lowell Cylinder Slasher, Grey and White wraps for union Blankets. For particulars, apply to Slingsby Mfg. Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

MONEY ORDERS.

DOMINION EXPRESS FOREIGN Cheques are accepted by Field Cashiers and Paymasters in France for their full face value. There is no better way to send money to the boys in the trenches.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RAW FURS WANTED—ALSO BEEF hides, tallow, wool, sheepskins, horse hides, calfskins; reference, the Bank of Montreal; I have bought furs since 1881; ships are yours. Henry O'Brien, opposite Y.M.C.A., Third Street, Collingwood, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE.

150 ACRES—PARTS OF LOTS 25 AND 26, in third concession, Township of Halton, County of Northumberland, 2 1/2 miles from Grafton, 10 miles from Cobourg; large brick house, 10 rooms; large barn and poultry house; 20 acres in apples, 10 in cherries; two wells and cistern; also running water in pasture; rural mail delivery and telephone; price \$2,500; immediate possession; owner overseas. Douglas Ponton, 10 King street east, Toronto.

AT A SACRIFICE—4,000 ACRES LUMBER, ties and ranch; 3,000 acres lumber and fruit lands; in Buckley and Lakelse Valleys. Address, Box 789, Prince Rupert, B. C.

POULTRY WANTED.

A POULTRY WANTED OF ALL kinds. We pay highest prices. Write for complete price list. Walker's, 609 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

WE HAVE THE BEST MARKET IN Western Ontario for good live or remitted poultry. We supply crates and remit promptly. Get our prices before selling. C. A. Mann & Co., London, Ont.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

JUST TWELVE SALES BARS, \$38 premium and \$38 in cash. Opportunity to make several hundred dollars monthly. Write quick for details. Foster Phonograph Co., Foster, Que.

FOR SALE.

BLACKSMITH SHOP FOR SALE OR rent. Apply to C. O. Putnam, St. Ann's, R. R. No. 1, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED everywhere, no matter how small the village, or how large the city, to show samples of mail circulars, if preferred, Large Canadian Cut-Rate Grocery Mail Order House selling groceries at factory prices to be consumed. For example, Redpath's best granulated sugar, \$2.50 per hundred; Sunlight, Surprise or Comfort Soap, 7 bars for 25 cents, together with other goods tea, rice, etc. Position will pay \$15 weekly with few hours work. Write for information. The Consumers' Association, Windsor, Ontario.

executives, messages that were to make industrial history in America. Within twenty-four hours the Bethlehem Steel Company's plants began to buzz and hum as never before. Gigantic preparations were at once begun for the production of the engine of war on a scale that neither the United States nor Germany had ever before known, preparations that were to expand and expand until Bethlehem's output was to dwarf that of Germany's munition-making idol, Krupp.

The next day and the next and the next Kitchener and Schwab again were closeted in secret sessions, in sessions upon the outcome of which the fate of the British and her allies in no small measure depended. Kitchener took Schwab into his innermost confidence. He kept nothing back. Some of the facts he disclosed could not be confided even to Mr. Schwab's chief executive and to this day they have never been revealed to a soul nor committed to writing.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Best Time for Black Bass.

Early morning is the best for Black bass on small streams, later part of the day till sundown very good. Cloudy days midday good, especially if cool. For fly fishing for bass early morning hours and an hour before dark best time. If full moon even later gets the big ones.—New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Alpha and Omega.

In three places, in the book of Revelation, Alpha, the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Omega, the last, are referred to in the phrase "I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End." Both Greek and Hebrews employed the letters of the alphabet as numerals.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Watch Your Every Act.

The foot act of to-day goes to make the regret of to-morrow. And all along the path that finally leads to the cemetery we encounter more of them than telephone posts.—Florida Times-Union.

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