

## BRITAIN AWAKENS TO NEED OF THRIFT

GREAT MOVEMENT BEGUN ON  
NATIONAL LINES.

Financial Strength of the Nation Lies  
In the Thrift of the  
Workers.

A revelation in thought has taken place in Great Britain on the subject of financial policy, and as London, the capital of Great Britain, is the money centre of the whole world, that revolution must have a momentous effect upon every nation.

Before the war financial strength was estimated in the power of banks and other financial corporations and in the ability of great leaders on change. But now it is seen and known that when a great crisis is to be faced the financial strength of the nation lies in the thrift of the great mass of workers.

Great Britain has provided for the expenses of the war for herself and those of her allies who depend upon her for a year to come by borrowing from her own people the utterly unthinkable sum of \$3,000,000,000.

In the old days of leisurely finance, when comparatively small sums were needed, bonds were negotiated through the great banking houses. But in this case a sum many times greater than had ever been asked for before was required, and there were none to furnish it except the common people of Great Britain.

For, as the leaders of the nation have explained, in so many words, other countries borrow from Britain but Britain finds no outside market in which she can borrow the immense sums which she needs in her world leadership. Nor can she call upon the great banks and money houses, for these are the keepers and guardians of her Aladdin's Lamp of finance, that mysterious centre around which revolves the world's economy, the Gold Reserve. One hope alone remains, but one on which Great Britain has always relied in time of trouble—the common people. And to the common people the great Minister of State appealed. A strong campaign of publicity was carried on through the newspapers and bill-boards and by means of public meetings and demonstrations.

When the subscription lists were closed and the tallies put together it was found that abundant streams of wealth had been tapped to fill the national treasury full to overflowing; the most stupendous financial operation in the history of the world had been carried to success.

Everybody sees now that there is one class alone to whom the credit for this success is due—those who love and practice thrift. The prodigal and the squanderer have neither part nor lot in this matter. Thrift, a sun-set-clad virtue which has been forgotten by many and scoffed at by not a few, is now known to be the strong guardian of the Empire's life. The lesson does not end with the raising of even so vast a sum as \$3,000,000,000. This is but the beginning, and should the war go on, the people who have given so much must give still more.

What then? Here is what the Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, said at the great history-making meeting in London Guildhall at which the loan campaign was opened:

"This meeting was called not only to advertise the merits and advantages of this war loan but to initiate a concerted national movement for what may be called war economy." And he pointed out that the great increase in the income of Britain, continued without being balanced by exports, must mean a balance to be paid out in gold; and that with the lowering of its gold reserve Britain must become a borrowing nation and lose its position of pre-eminence as the world's financial centre. Therefore: Economy, thrift. He said, further: "There remains only one course open to us—namely, to increase our income and increase our savings."

Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law, Secretary for the Colonies in the present coalition Government, formerly leader of the Opposition, voiced the same belief and gave hearty approval to the campaign of thrift.

A Parliamentary Committee has been appointed to act in collaboration with the treasury department. Offices have been opened as headquarters, and a great national organization has been formed to sound in the ears of every man, woman and child in Great Britain the praises of Thrift and to make known everywhere how individual and national welfare alike depend upon the small and too-often despised economies of everyday life. Extravagance has not only gone out of fashion, it is regarded with dislike and contempt. The man who to-day should flaunt his wealth and try to bring in again the fashion of lavish and ostentatious spending would be looked upon as a fool or worse. Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon, Attorney-General, has given this word to the British people, and it is being repeated everywhere:

"Extravagance, always a folly because it is a crime; thrift, always a virtue, becomes in wartime a great national duty."

Britain has spoken: by her decree this world-to-day is a world of Thrift.

Britain has grown abroad to seventy-eight times her area at home.

## IN THE CLUTCHES OF RHEUMATISM

The Great Suffering of a Calgary Lady Before Relief Was Found

There is still a very prevalent belief that rheumatism is due to cold or wet weather. This belief is probably due to the fact that when the blood is thin and watery there is an acute sensitivity to atmospheric conditions and a change to wet weather often means a return of the excruciating pains. Rheumatism, however, is rooted in the blood, and it can only be driven from the system by building up and enriching the blood. Hot baths and outward applications of liniment may give temporary relief, but cannot cure. If the disease is not attacked through the blood, it simply fastens itself more firmly on the system, and the sufferer ultimately becomes hopelessly crippled. The truth of this is proved by the case of Mrs. Frank Ford, of Calgary, Alta. Mrs. Ford says: "I was almost helpless, crippled from rheumatism. It seemed to have settled in every joint. My arms and hands had to be bandaged. My ankles were so swollen that I had to use crutches. After doctoring for a long time and growing steadily worse, the doctor advised me to go to Banff Springs. I stayed there for eight weeks taking daily baths and returned home poorer in pocket by about \$150 and not one bit improved in health. I then entered a local hospital, but did not derive any benefit. I was in such constant pain that I almost wished to die, and I felt sure I would be a lifelong cripple. It was at this stage that a friend who had been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills urged me to try them. I began the use of the Pills and after taking them a few weeks the swelling in the joints began to go down and the pain was relieved. This greatly encouraged me and I continued the treatment until in the course of three months the cure was complete. I had thrown away the crutches, could walk anywhere and do my own housework, and I never felt better in my life than I do at present time, and all this is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have also given the Pills to my daughter who suffered from anaemia and she has gained in flesh and become a strong, healthy girl."

If you are suffering from rheumatism or any weakness of the blood give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and they will speedily restore you to health and strength. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PERSONAL POINTERS.  
Interesting Gossip About some Prominent People.

The Queen of the Belgians, called affectionately the "Angel Queen" by the Belgian soldiers, is a daughter of Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria. The Duchess d'Aosta, who takes a great part in Red Cross work in Rome, was born at Twickenham. Although delicate, she is a great devotee of big-game hunting.

Captain J. H. S. Dimmer, who won the V.C. by gallantly handling a machine-gun against the Prussian Guards, confesses that the honor has brought publicity to the point of becoming "a worry and annoyance."

Miss Mary Garden, the opera singer, is of Scottish extraction, and has a pretty wit. When asked if a woman of the world could dress on \$1,250 a year, she promptly retorted: "It may be possible, but what's the use?"

Lady Curzon, whose "Memoirs" caused such a stir a few years ago, has many Crimean relics in her home at Deene Park, Northamptonshire, including the head of the charger which her husband rode at the head of the famous Light Brigade at Balaklava.

Mr. John Redmond has sartorial ambitions. He is wearing a silk hat with a rather low, massive crown that suits his striking head. When the sun shines he blossoms forth into a light-colored trolley and a flower in his buttonhole. He is easily the best-dressed man in the Irish Party.

The least-discussed member of the British Government to-day is Mr. Birrell, who seems to have relapsed into obscurity. He makes no speeches, and he no longer "Birrells"—that is to say, talks charmingly in the "obiter dicta" vein. He looks a tired man, and it is doubtful whether he would not welcome retirement from the Cabinet.

There was a discussion at one of the London clubs the other evening as to the unlucky thirteen superstition. An M.P., who had been quietly listening, intervened with the remark: "The best speech for years was based on a phrase of the thirteen letters. It was 'Wake up, England!' by his Majesty the King." That settled the discussion.

If you were to ask General Smith-Dorrien what he thought of the Canadian heroism at Ypres his answer in all likelihood would be: "I always said that they were fine." For years he has said: "Give me a thousand Colonials who can ride and shoot, and in six months' time they will be able to meet with advantage the finest Continental troops that can be brought against them."

Paderewski, whose eloquent appeal for our help for the Polish victims of the war has brought him into the limelight again, probably thinks the highest honor ever paid to him was

when he was asked by the Princess Louise to sit to her for his portrait, which her Royal Highness finished in three sittings. It would be rather interesting to know what has become of that painting.

Of a morning, taking a walk in Hyde Park, London, there may be met a bachelor who lives in one of the largest mansions in London. He is M. Paul Cambon, France's trusted Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and one of the pillars of the Entente Cordiale, and his house is the great corner building by Albert Gate, where, in a quiet hour stolen from the cares of diplomacy, he may be found immersed in the chessboard.

A very anxious sovereign at the moment must be Queen Wilhelmina, whose country the war has placed in such a difficult position. Happily her health nowadays is better than it used to be, and this no doubt gives her greater strength to face whatever issues the future may have in store. Her chief pleasure, however, is the exception that she has fitted up in her palace, and there, some time ago, she painted a number of beautiful illustrations founded on "The Arabian Nights."

Sir Percy Girouard, who is helping in the organization that is to give the Army more ammunition, is a notable figure with his monocle. He does not strike you at first as a leader of men, but when you have spoken to him for about half an hour, you change your opinion. A stern disciplinarian, he has the gift of making himself popular, as witness the testimonial signed by three thousand of the employees, when he gave up his appointment as Commissioner of the Railways for the Transvaal.

Soldiers as a rule do not take much interest in Parliamentary proceedings. Lord Grenfell, however, in an exception, for he regularly attends the debates in the Lords. He has a keen sense of humor, and some good stories are told of him. Once he sent a drawing of an episode in some Afghan fighting to an illustrated paper, and to his great astonishment, found when published that palm-trees had been added. He protested, but was blandly assured the public expected palm-trees in "Afghan" scenery.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

"Frugality may be termed the Daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the Parent of Liberty."—Samuel Johnson.

Men live best on moderate means. Nature has dispensed to all men wherewith to be happy, if mankind did not know how to use her gifts."—Claudian.

"A man that only translates shall never be a poet; nor a painter one that only copies. So people that trust wholly to others' charity will always be poor."—Temple.

"I earn that eat, get that I wear; owe no man, but envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good content with my harm."—Shakespeare.

No, when the fight begins within himself, A man's worth something."—Robert Browning.

"No change of circumstances can repair a defect of character."—Emerson.

"There are but two ways of paying debts: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out."—Carlyle.

SLUGS HARD.

Tea and Coffee Are Sure and Powerful.

Let the tea or coffee slave be denied his cup at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue, etc.

"Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in the use of coffee," says a Western man.

He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system. (Tea produces about the same effects as coffee, because they both contain the drugs, caffeine and tannin.)

"Finally, I quit coffee and the conditions slowly disappeared, but one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the nefarious beverage.

"Later I found my breath coming hard, had frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever."

"Common sense came to me and I quit coffee for good and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness, or vertigo.

"I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism and the blues. My brother quit coffee because of its effect on his health and now uses Postum. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

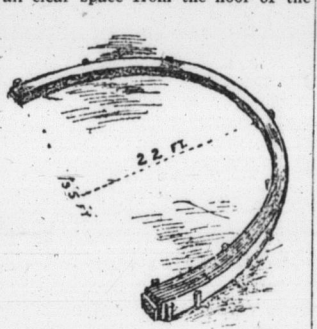
Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum. —Sold by Grocers.

## CURVED BARN ROOF SUPPORTS.

A Circle Drawn on the Ground and Marked by Stakes Makes the Form.

(The following article, taken from the Kansas City Star, will be found to be very interesting to farmers who are interested in saving space and providing convenience throughout in this construction of the curved roof barn. A correspondent of that paper asks for information regarding this construction from a description given in a previous issue.—Ed.)

The barn referred to is in Johnson County, Kansas. It is sixty feet long and thirty-five feet wide. The foundation floor contains stanchions for cows and is built of limestone taken from the hillside the barn is on. Above the foundation is the haymow. This was made by standing nineteen great half-hoops on the foundation and putting sheet iron on them. That made a mow without an inch of waste space, as no cross braces were needed, and it was all clear space from the floor of the



A Bow for a Wagon Bow Barn in the Making.

mow to the roof. These big hoops were placed three feet four inches apart on centres.

To make these hoops the barn builder figured out how high he wanted the haymow to be. He believed twenty-two feet was high enough and as the barn was thirty-five feet wide he drove two stakes thirty-five feet apart on a flat piece of ground. The next step was to run a line between those stakes and at the exact middle point to put in a small stake. From this centre stake he drew another line at exact right angles to the first. He measured twenty-two feet out on the second line away from the centre stake and drove another stake.

With this last stake as the top or apex of the circle and with the two stakes first driven the curve of the barn can be drawn out on the ground. This is not an exact semi-circle, as the bows in this barn were almost perpendicular several feet above the foundation. With the curve drawn out on the ground, stakes should be driven along it at intervals to hold the boards when bent into place.

Take pine boards six inches wide and an inch thick and bend them along the curved mark, setting them edge-wise to the ground and nailing them lightly to the stakes by "toeing" them in with nails driven first through the stake and then into the boards. Any size boards may be used for this purpose. The 1x6s were used in this barn. After this first circle is made put more boards on the inside, thus making a second thickness, but being careful not to have the joints coming at the same place in any two thicknesses. Add more boards until the desired thickness or strength is reached and nailing the pieces lightly together, using just enough sixes. In the Johnson County barn the hoops were six inches thick.

After the desired thickness has been reached bolt or nail all together fast. Use spikes generously or bolts or both. Either of both may be made to serve the purpose just as well. They pull out the nails "toed" into the first thickness and lift the hoops into place.

This barn roof was designed and built by a farmer. If the details here given do not seem clear ask any neighborhood carpenter to lay out the circle and drive the stakes for you. It is difficult to make the details any clearer than this, but no doubt this will be sufficiently explanatory.

SAVING BY SPENDING.

The Wise Buyer Is the One Who Saves.

Benjamin Franklin, the great apostle of thrift, was not a mere penny-saver. Few men have given their money more generously than he gave his, even when each cent he got was earned only by industry which even his hard-working neighbors thought prodigious. He saved when saving was necessary, but for that very reason he had money for his friends as well as for himself when the need for money arose. He was just as strong in advising wise spending as he was in advocating timely saving. The wise buyer is the true economist; for he saves his money by using it. The storekeeper who knows his business and has a true regard for it desires the custom of the thrifty. His business is to give service, and a man finds more pleasure in serving those who can appreciate what he does than in serving those who have so little regard for their own interest that they know not whether they are served well or ill. The merchant who advertised his goods thereby calls up on the public to judge his work and declares his willingness to be rewarded strictly according to his merits.

"Lose not time own for want of asking for it; 'twill earn thee no thanks."—Fuller.

## Smoothest Regulator of Them All Is Hamilton's Pills

NO HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS,  
INDIGESTION, OR SOUR STOMACH  
WHERE THEY ARE USED.

A Perfect Constipation Cure

They Cleanse the Liver and Move the Bowels While You Sleep.

Like a ship in the night your constipated headache and digestive troubles will disappear after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure the worst cases, act quietly at night while you sleep, and give you next morning the freshest, briskest, happiest feeling you have known in many a day. Hamilton's Pills will cheer up the most despondent sufferer. They will make tired old folks feel like kids at play. They overcome back-ache, side-ache, liver-ache and stomach-ache, and kidney ills. If they fail to do this you can have your money refunded. Fair enough, eh? Don't stay sick or ailing, use this grand family medicine at once. It will give you energy, spirits, ambition, appetite, good blood, better nerves—in short good health. You can get all this in a 25c. box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which are sold by all good dealers in medicine.

More Enterprise.

"That landlord is certainly an enterprising fellow."

"How now?"

"He has installed outside roller towels that run the full length of a three-story hotel. Guests on every floor can lean out of the windows and wipe their hands."

"But why have the towels outside?"

"Oh, that's so the rain can wash 'em."

St. Joseph, Levis, July 14, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited, Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES, Commercial Traveller.

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"Don't let people bore you to death with their moss-covered anecdotes. Spring a few of your own old favorites."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Using Discretion.

"I've dropped out of the race for Mabel's hand."

"You have? Why?"

"My nearest competitor is a man with millions. I think she loves me, but I've decided to withdraw."

"You're foolish, man. If she loves you and is as sensible as I think she is you can win her without money."

"That's just the point. I think I could win, all right, but ever after she'd have the opportunity to remind me of the millionaire she could have married. I've decided for my own happiness that perhaps I'd better let him have her."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

A Gentleman.

A true gentleman never forgets himself—or fails to remember others.

Wise City Belle.

Stella—Why do they put bells on the cows?

Bella—It gives warning so you can run away from them.

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Four splendid equipped daily trains from the New Passenger Terminal—Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Choice of scenic and direct routes through the best of the West. Something to see all the way. Double track, automatic electric safety signals all the way. Let us plan your trip and furnish folders and full particulars. Ask for free booklet "Itineraries of some of the Forty Ways and More to the California Expositions." It will save you time and money. B. H. Bennett, G.A., 46 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Silence Is Golden.

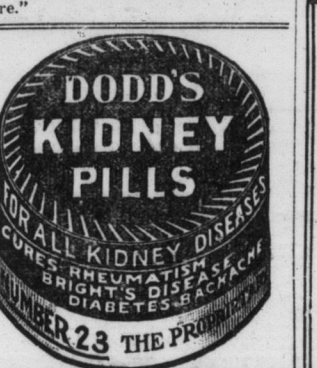
"I think I made a mistake in arguing the question of expense with my wife."

"What do you mean?"

"She wanted an automobile, and I inadvertently told her that I couldn't afford it."

"Well?"

"Now she wants it worse than before."



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## THE "KISS-AND-WASH" BRIGADE

Is Not Very Popular With the Wounded Soldiers.

Lady Warwick, in her characteristically fearless and out-spoken manner, has drawn attention to the scandal that a number of the women volunteers for nursing work at the front only offer to help because the novelty appeals to them. They have no special qualifications, and pester the authorities for permits until the wearied officials sometimes give way.

Lady Warwick says that most of the fashionable nurses who go to the front are bent upon nothing but having a good time, and adding to their collection of sensations. They drive a coach-and-four through such things as regulations and discipline, and are a sore trial to the really-trained nurses. Such a statement by one who is in a position to know what she is talking about has caused not a little asperation in certain high places.

Soldiers at the base hospitals have given the name of the "Wash and Kiss Brigade" to those ultra-fashionable nurses. "What they seem to do most," said a friend of mine from the front, "is to wash the wounded man's face and then kiss him for his mother." Which reminds one of a story of the South African War. A fussy nurse went to one bed and asked the wounded soldier what she could do for him. Anything you like ma'am, blurted replied Tommy, "but don't wash my face again. Them other ladies have washed it six times already."

Cure

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A Match for Her.

A certain suburban theatre was very full when the young man entered. Presently he stopped beside a somewhat stout lady who was trying to occupy enough room for two. "Is this seat engaged?" he asked politely.

The stout woman looked up angrily.

"Yes, it is!" she snapped. I'm keeping it for a gentleman."

"That's me right enough!" smiled the witty youth, as he slid into the seat. "But how did you know I was coming?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Not Mercenary.

Mr. Cottrox—My daughters, young man, are both worth their weight in gold.

Suitor—Then the fact that I am asking you for the smaller one proves, at any rate, that I am not mercenary.

It isn't always the loser in a pugilistic contest that gets the swelled head.

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Mistress—Gone! Why, she actually mails a postcard to herself every night, so he'll be sure to call at the house next morning.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Back to the Front.

Passing through a military hospital, a distinguished visitor noticed a private in one of the Irish regiments who had been terribly injured. To the orderly the visitor said: "That's a bad case. What are you going to do with him?"

"He's going back, sir," replied the orderly.

"Going back!" said the visitor in surprised tones.

"Yes," said the orderly. "He thinks he knows who does it."

Ready money is seldom ready when you want to borrow some.

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—40c. box.

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