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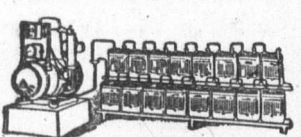
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Harry Lauder paid a visit to the western front some time ago. While standing before a great barbed wire barricade he asked a Highlander how long he thought the war would last. "Forty years," said the Highlander, never moving an eyelid. "We'll be fighting another year, and then it'll take us thirty-nine years more to wind up the wire."

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## CASTORIA

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## On Furlough

By Fannie Barnett Linky

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"Lieutenant Hanlon and Sergeant Farrell—to see Doctor Carroll, please," and a flash of admiration came into the usually impassive countenance of Sims, the butler, as he took in with one all-appraising glance the uniformed figures before him.

"A fine looking pair of soldiers," was his silent verdict, but aloud he said: "I'll tell the doctor you have come"—and he waved them into the large reception room that forms part of every doctor's home.

"Gee," said Scott Hanlon (he of the lieutenantlike decorations), "this is sure some fine place. Our doctor man must certainly be a man of means, although he never tried to make us think so when he talked to us."

"I know it, Scott, but that's just what made everybody like him so," replied Sgt. John Farrell, late of the One Hundred and Seventh artillery. "I know a few boys in the trenches that'll never forget him, and I'll wager any one of them would cheerfully give up his life for 'Old Doc.'"

"I guess you're right, Jack. I always knew he was a big man, but I never thought that he had left all this behind to go 'over there' and take care of the boys; and as for anyone ever giving up anything to help 'Old Doc,' why, I only hope I have the chance some day, for I'll sure never forget—"

"Sh!" came a warning whisper from his brother officer as footsteps sounded in the hall. The draperies parted and once more Sims, the butler, made his appearance.

"Beg pardon, sirs," said he, "but the doctor was called out quite unexpectedly, but he's expected back any minute. Mrs. Carroll went with him, but if you'll please make yourselves comfortable, Miss Madeline and Miss Mary will be down directly." And taking caps and ulsters from the two guests Sims withdrew once more with an apologetic cough.

Again left alone, the two men talked in undertones. "Kind o' queer that he shouldn't be here to welcome us, don't you think?" said Jack to his companion. "He's had our letter now over two weeks, telling him that we'd spend the last three days of our furlough with him here. However," as an afterthought, "I suppose a doctor's a pretty busy fellow. Must be if he can afford to have all this," and once more his eyes wandered with an admiring glance around the luxuriously furnished room. "I guess I'll leave our small offering here till by and by," he added, carefully depositing on the table a large and bulky package which up to now he had been holding.

"Miss Madeline and Miss Mary—they must be the twins that 'Doc' was forever raving about," said Scott. "Can you picture me holding a chubby three-year-old on my knee, and saying: 'Oos ducky darling is oe?'" And two hearty masculine laughs pealed forth, forgetful for the moment of their surroundings; but only for a moment, for a slight noise made both men turn.

The twins, indeed—but nothing chubby or three-year-old about the two young ladies who stood in the doorway. Quite the contrary; tall, slender and good looking—at least such was the mental verdict of two young men who saw them for the first time. "Lieutenant Hanlon," spoke up one, slightly taller than her twin, and she looked inquiringly at the two young men.

"I am here," said Scott, as he stepped forward.

"I am Madeline Carroll," said the girl, holding out her hand, "and this is my sister Mary. Then you," turning to Jack, as Mary and Scott were gravely shaking hands, "you must be—must be—" and she made a pretense of looking at a well-worn letter that she held in her hand, "you must be Sergeant Farrell."

"I am," said Jack so promptly that they all laughed, and so the ice was broken.

"We've been looking forward to your coming for ever so long," said Madeline, who evidently felt that the burden of entertainment rested upon her shoulders, "and we were so excited when dad got your letter saying that you were coming today, because—well, you see, it's a very important day for us—it's our birthday—Mary's and mine. You see, we're twins."

"Yes, I know that," said Scott. "Your dad—we always called him Doc, over there at the front—did nothing but talk about his 'twins.'"

"He sure did," chimed in Jack, "and Scott and I thought that you were about three years old."

"What!" exclaimed Mary, shocked into speaking for the first time: "Why, we're eighteen today," and she drew

emphatically the importance of that fact and then blushed adorably as she suddenly realized that all eyes were upon her.

"Evidently," thought Jack, "Mary was the shy member of the pair"—but he didn't mind how shy she was if she only blushed like that.

"Well, of course, we realize our dreadful mistake now," he said, looking straight into her eyes, "but how were two poor soldiers to know—Doc always called you his 'twin kiddies.'"

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, as a thought suddenly struck him, and going over to the table, he proceeded to unwrap the package he had so carefully placed there, and with comical dismay he held up to view two gayly colored balls dangling from elastic, and two squeaky rubber dolls.

Peal upon peal of laughter rang out—"The boys joining in none the less heartily because the joke was upon them, and in the midst of it all came a stamping up the front steps, the front door was thrown open and a deep bass voice called out: "Well, so you got here ahead of me, eh? I hope my twin kiddies—I mean my twin young ladies—have taken good care of you," and divesting himself of his great fur coat, which was taken in charge by the ever-present Sims, in came Dr. Walter Carroll, otherwise known as "Old Doc" of the One Hundred and Seventh regiment, and held out a hand to each of his guests.

Each young soldier grasped the hand extended to him, and gripped it with that grip by which men make known to other men the feeling that is in their hearts.

It was a pretty party that sat down to dinner that night in Doctor Carroll's house, and many a "trench story" did the two boys relate to their old friend, with the rest of the family as interested listeners.

"And now for the party," cried Madeline, her eyes dancing with excitement, as a group of the young people of the neighborhood came in to help celebrate the birthday of the twins. Soon the fun waxed fast and furious, and many were the envious looks cast in their direction when Scott and Jack were elected by the two girls to cut the two birthday cakes that adorned the table, brave in their proud array of 18 candles each.

"We because they have swords, you see," explained Madeline, anxious to soothe the feelings of some of her devoted admirers. "You know swords do cut the cake so nicely."

"The ring—the ring—who gets the ring?" came a chorus from the girls, as the pieces of cake were distributed. Scott held up the coveted trophy.

There followed three such glorious days, that as they sat at the dinner table on their last evening with the Carrolls, Scott declared that he was so spoiled that he knew that he'd never amount to anything after he got back to actual duty.

"Well, we're glad if you enjoyed your stay with us," answered Mary Carroll sedately, but although her lips answered Scott, her eyes sought out his brother officer.

"I'll tell you this," said Tom, gravely, in answer to her look, "if I've got to die, I shall certainly die happier for having had these few wonderful days." "Pooh! Pooh!" cried the doctor quickly, anxious to avoid any reference to the dangers to come that might spoil their last hours together. "After dinner the girl'll take you out along the river for a walk, and you'll only think how nice it is to live, and not be worrying about dying."

Along the south path that led to the river John Farrell strolled with Mary. "It's only three days I've known you, it's true," he said, "but you must remember that really I've known you since you were three, from what dear 'Old Doc' has told us. I've got to go back to the front, dear, but the war can't last forever, and when I come back—have I chance, Mary?"

"Well, it was my ring—and you won it," said Mary, and she blushed adorably, and in some mysterious way her answer completely satisfied Jack.

"But you mustn't tell anyone," she begged, "for you see I'm only eighteen, and we'll have to wait a long time. Besides I'd hate to have Madeline know—that is—right away. Of course, I always tell her everything. Twins always do, you know," and she looked up at him with serious eyes, "but somehow I'd like to keep this a secret just between us for a little while."

"All right, sweetheart, if you say so," he agreed, "but I don't think you need worry about Madeline. There she is now," as Scott Hanlon and the other twin came slowly up the west path.

On board the U. S. transport Alida two well-set-up, fine-looking young soldiers slowly paced the deck.

"Well," said Jack Farrell to his friend, "I may not have won the penny that was in that birthday cake, but I'll bet you an army sweater against a pair of pigskin puttees that if I ever get safely back home again I'll be richer than you'll be."

"But you seem to forget," replied the other, "I won the wedding ring, and sometimes it's just as well to be

rich in signs," and the soldiers exchanged glances. "Oh, ho! So it's you, too, eh?" exclaimed Jack, as he whistled softly; "well, we certainly are two lucky fellows. Here's to our next furlough, Scott, and may it be as happy a one as this one has been."

"Yes," said Scott Hanlon, "God willing, here's to our next furlough." And gravely the two soldiers shook hands.

### Ancient Soap Making

A soap boiler's shop was among the things discovered in the excavation at Pompeii several years ago. The city was buried beneath volcanic ashes A. D. 79. It is said that the soap found in the shop had not lost all efficacy, although it had lain under the ashes more than eighteen hundred years. Soap making was quite a business in a number of the Italian cities at the time that Pompeii was destroyed. Fliny the elder speaks of soap, and says that because its price was so high many substitutes were used, among them a kind of glutinous earth and fine sand mixed in the juice of certain plants that made lather. History tells us that the Gauls made soap two thousand years ago by combining beech tree ashes and goat's fat.

### A Vision Of Former Dinners

When we go out to eat these days we have to sit and wonder, if food controller's hit the list with lightning and with thunder, or if he's put some more laws on to choke us from our bash, or if he's took from us our oats, our hay and our bran mash.

And when I see the sugar lump I sit and heave a sigh, for you could stick the bloomin' thing right edgewise in your eyes.

And likewise bread is trimmed up thin, and butter, oh by heck, there aint enough doled out to grease the hair upon your neck.

Oh, I like to sit at times like these, and back up twenty years, to them there days what come along and boot away my tears—to good old days of harvest homes when tables used to groan, and when we ate full to the neck for a quarter of a bone.

We used to take the punkins then, the corn stalks and the beets, and decorate the church throughout, the pulpit and the seats.

And put the big potatoes there, likewise the apples red, and cabbages as big and hard as was the deacon's head—and twine the oak and maple leaves, and spin the golden rod, and have a sample of most things what sprung from out the sod.

And then we had the harvest home—come back once more that night—when stuff to eat was piled up high and tucked in good and tight.

We ate some turkey and some ham, some chicken and some pie, we had a heap of sandwiches heaped up both thick and high. We ate, we did, until we groaned, and then we ate some more, and every course that came along we hollered out "encore!"

And after all that there was done they'd clear away the wreck, and all the preachers round about would climb upon the deck, and tear off jokes ten years of age and try to speechify on top of fourteen kinds of meat and sixteen kinds of pie.

There weren't no food controller then a-bangin' round the place, to see how much you gathered up and shoved into your face.

I'd like to be a kid again just for one harvest home, with sawhorse tables loaded up until they'd creak and groan—with punkin pies and chicken too, with home cured country ham, and best of all, by jing, there weren't no food controller! man.—ARK.

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's corn cure which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

### The Maps

I'm one of those Slow-witted chaps, Who cannot understand the maps. I must confess I miss the signs As pictured by The dotted lines. Nor can I follow The attack Along the route In heavy black. The places noted (a) and (b) Means very little Unto me. I know not if The printed star Means where they were Or where they are. Some day I may Have time perhaps To solve the puzzle Of the maps.



There was never a time when the sacrifices and the help of women were more appreciated than at the present time. Women should learn war-nursing and nursing at home. There is no better way than to study the new edition of the "Common Sense Medical Adviser"—with chapters on First Aid, Bandaging, Anatomy, Hygiene, care of the Sick, Diseases of Women, Mother and Baby, Marriage—to be had at some drug-store or send 50c. to Dr. Pierce, Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

If a woman suffers from weak back, nervousness or dizziness—if pains afflict her, the best tonic and corrective is one made up of native herbs, and made without alcohol, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. It is the prescription of Doctor Pierce, used by him in active practice many years and now sold by almost every druggist in the land, in liquid or in tablets. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c. for trial pkg. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are also best for liver and bowel trouble.

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