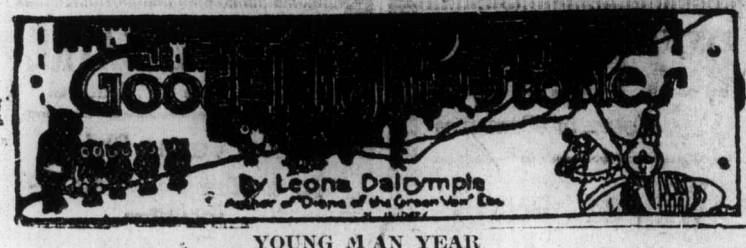


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YOUNG MAN YEAR
was three-quarters full already of
waiting for Young Man Year to
come in. He was tired, Old Man
Year, and on the floor beside him
lay his bag of days, packed and
ready for the journey, for Old Man
Year must now travel across the
snows to the place where the Years
meet to make a Century. And old
—well, Old Man Year was as old
as a year can be.
The clock struck twelve and in
at the door came a radiant youth
with an empty bag in his hand. He
wore white fur, his cheeks were
scarlet with the cold and his eyes
sparkled like winter stars.
Young Man Year!
So they shook hands, those two,
and out from the hut went Old Man
Year with his bag of days upon his
back, and on his way to make a
Century. The last Young Man Year
saw of him was a bent and aged fig-
ure, dark against the snow.
In his hut Young Man Year be-
gan to gather days. Now a day is
like a soft, blowy veil when it reach-
es that fairy land where the hut lay,
and the Wind blows each day to
the hut of the year. Spring came
and Young Man Year wore green
robes and still looked young. Sum-
mer came and he was gorgeous in
colors. Fall and his autumn robes
with red and gold and russet brown.
But he was aging fast. And the bag

Visit of American Woman
to French Front Trenches

Allowed to Crawl Down into Dugouts and Saw Distinctly
German Lines—Thrilling Story of a Girl
Correspondent

(By Winifred A. Mowrer)
Paris, Feb. 7.—It was hard to
realize that we were in the war
zone. Our automobile carried us up
a winding road, through a forest,
and down among the snow-covered
vineyards, which soon gave way to
fields showing signs of recent culti-
vation. Now and then we passed
little groups of soldiers such as one
saw in Paris. They were elderly
men, evidently engaged in road
work. We were looking in vain for
some unfamiliar sign of war when
we came upon a series of screens
hanging from the trees which lined
the road. They resembled ordinary
course burlap stained gray-green.
"They are put there," explained
the lieutenant, "to conceal move-
ments on the road at points where it
would otherwise be visible to the
Germans."
We looked again at the dangling
strips of cloth. They seemed ab-
surd! Could we actually be within
range of German cannon? And were
those signs perhaps signs of some
bombardment? Ridiculous! They
looked like somebody's washing
hung out on a line. I had to prod
my imagination to grasp all the cir-
cumstances. I realized of course,
that such a distance was probably
really effective, but my
feelings refused to be convinced so
easily. Then I noticed a row of four
low mounds in a field. Whatever
they might be, I was sure they had
nothing to do with the war. I never
the less I called the lieutenant's at-
tention to them.
"Oh, those," he said, "those are
gun positions."
Once more I understood him, but
I felt that this was rather a very
hand, careless way of setting up ar-
tillery. I was worried about those
guns.
Pass Into Ruined Town
We passed a woman with a shawl
over her head accompanied by a
child. We passed a peasant plod-
ding along. They were such peo-
ple as might be met with on any
French country road. Once more I
felt doubtful of the war. A block
of houses appeared ahead of us.
Five minutes later we were enter-
ing the outskirts of a bombarded
town. Even this failed to make the
war seem real until we turned ab-
ruptly into the main square, which
was an utter ruin.
Here and there the wall of a
house remained standing, but for
the rest there was nothing! Build-
ings that once had faced the square
were demolished. Not a single
sign remained of the lives that
the houses had ever been inhabited.
This at last was war as I had
imagined it. Here, obviously, some-
thing had happened, something hor-
rible! For human beings had lived
in those ruined buildings. They
had been living there for centuries.
Families had continued, generation
after generation on that provincial
square, living provincial lives a-
mong helms which were an ever-
present reminder of the lives they
had gone before, and which united
descendants with ancestors in the
old French tradition. Now all was
gone. Only emptiness and death re-
mained there under the sunshine.
A short distance beyond the town
our motor car stopped and we got
out. We were at a sort of cross-
roads in the open fields. A sentry
stood in the sentry-box at what
looked like the entrance to a small
farm, and nearby were a few men
in horizon blue—the first young
soldiers we had seen. At the same
time there came toward us along a
path a file of tiny burros, led by
soldiers, and carrying various packs
on their backs.
"They were brought over from
Morocco," explained the lieutenant.
"They are so small that they can be
used to carry food right up through
the trenches. They have to go under
sometimes," he added with a
smile, "but they don't mind. They
are allowed to keep their nosesbags
on, and they simply eat all the way."
A quarter of an hour distant
across a field which soon had become
muddy if it had not begun to freeze
clump of dugouts appeared in a low
hillside. Here we were presented
to the major, who was to accompany
us into the trenches. He was a
strong-featured, middle-aged man
with the look and the terse speech
of one used to being obeyed. He told
us that before the war he had com-
manded a battalion of the Foreign
Legion on African service.
He led us down into our first
trench, a boyau winding away to-
ward the advanced positions. It was
neat and clean, with a floor of hard
packed earth, with a roof of wire
rabit wares. We twisted back and
forth interminably, and at every
turn I expected to emerge upon

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Whole System

Those who take "Fruit-a-lives" for
the first time, are often astonished at
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them feel better all over. They may be
taking "Fruit-a-lives" for some specific
disease, as Constipation, Indigestion,
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the wonderful tonic properties of these
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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.
At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-
a-lives Limited, Ottawa.
a distant slope, ran two thin yellow
threads of German trenches. That
was all. But the barbed wire! I
could barely see over it—a thick
tangle, criss-crossing up and down
and every way, rooted solidly to
earth in countless places by iron
stakes, so dense that not even a rab-
bit could get through it. It ran not
only parallel to the trench, but as
far as the eye could reach in the
direction of those thin yellow lines,
which in turn, no doubt rolled out
a corresponding sea toward us.
Barbed wire! Invented to keep cows
in pasture, it has become the most
characteristic if not the most im-
portant defence in this war. I un-
derstood now why it was not neces-
sary for more than one man to re-
main on watch in the first line trench.

ECONOMY AND
EDDY'S MATCHES
Buying the Cheapest Article is often the poorest
economy.
We do not claim to make the cheapest matches,
but we do claim to give—
THE MOST OF THE BEST
FOR THE LEAST MONEY
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EDDY'S MATCHES

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War Savings
Certificates
The new War Savings Certificates
which have been created by the
Government to encourage thrift and
economy and to give everyone an
opportunity to assist in financing
our war expenditure, are now on
sale at every bank and money order
post office in Canada. The \$25 cer-
tificate sells for \$21.50, the \$50 for
\$43, and the \$100 for \$86.
As an investment these certificates
offer many attractive features—
chief of which are the absolute se-
curity for the excellent interest re-
turn. For every \$21.50 lent to the
government now, \$25 will be return-
ed at the end of three years.
There are two other features which
are especially interesting to small
investors. First, the certificates may
be surrendered at any time, if the
buyer should need his money; and
second, each certificate is registered
at Ottawa in the buyer's name and,
if lost or stolen, is therefore value-
less to anyone else.
But while they are excellent from
an investment standpoint, the cer-
tificates should appeal strongly to
Canadians because they offer to
those who must serve at home a
splendid opportunity for a most im-
portant patriotic service. The person
who honestly saves to the extent of
his ability and places his savings at
the disposal of the government by
purchasing these certificates, may
feel that he is having a direct share
in feeding, equipping and munition-
ing our Canadian soldiers, who are
so nobly doing their part.
WAR CORRESPONDENT
By Courier Leased Wire.
Montreal Feb. 8.—At a meeting
of the board of directors of the Cana-
dian Press, Limited, held yesterday
afternoon, Mr. Stewart Lyon, man-
aging editor of The Toronto Globe,
was nominated as war correspond-
ent to represent the press of Canada
at the front. At the same time the
directors decided to defray the en-
tire expense of the service to be fur-
nished.
IMPORTS INCREASED
By Courier Leased Wire.
London, Feb. 8.—The Board of
Trade figures for January show that
imports increased 215,629,000, prin-
cipally in raw material, including
\$2,000,000 in cotton. Exports in-
creased \$10,103,000, chiefly in man-
ufactured goods, of which \$5,000,-
000 was in cotton textiles.

SIDE TALKS
By RUTH YOUNG AND CAMERON

PET ECONOMICS

"I have often noticed that almost
everyone has his individual small
economy—careful habits of saving
fractions of pennies in some one par-
ticular direction—any disturbance
of which annoys him more than
spending shillings or pounds on
some real extravagance."—Mrs. Gas-
kell.
What is your economy?
Once on a time when I was visiting
some relatives, the man of the house
discovered that the handle had been
broken off the dust pan. He was
highly indignant.
"You'll never be able to get any-
where," he said, "when you break
everything you have like that."
Things Do Wear Out Sometimes.
"My dear," said his wife mildly,
"we've had that dustpan almost
twenty years, and it's worn out.
Things do sometimes."
"They don't get a chance to in this
house," he retorted, departing in
dudgeon.
"My dear," said his wife to me,
"That's his one economy—he can't
bear to have things like that wear
out. And yet you know how open-
handed he is in most things."
She spoke truly, for, if anything,
he is too generous both to himself
and his family.
The Hardest Thing I do is Save
Money But—
Economy is not at all in my line
But there is one thing I cannot bear
to buy—hairpins, simply grudge
the money spent that way and will
stint myself outrageously. I some-
times have to march myself up to
the counter two or three times be-
fore I can get myself to buy them.
String seems to be a favorite
economy. I know several people
who cannot bear to see the knot
cut instead of laboriously untied.
And yet if one cuts carefully one
loses only a few inches of string.
Surely anyone's time is worth that
much.
A literary friend tells me that
though rubber bands are very useful
to him and he eagerly saves all he
gets, he cannot bear to buy them.
Someone once gave him a handy box
with two boxes of rubber bands in
it among other things, and he says
he never felt richer with any gift.
What Bothered Him More Than
Losing Money
The quotation above is the intro-
duction to some delightful remin-
iscences on this subject. One of the
most amusing is this:
"An old gentleman of my ac-
quaintance who took the intelligence
of the failure of a bank in which
some of his money was invested
with stoical mildness, worried his
family all through a long summer's
day, because one of them had torn
(instead of cutting) out the written
leaves of his now useless bankbook;
of course the corresponding pages at
the other end came out as well and
this little unnecessary waste of
paper (his private economy) chafed
him more than all the loss of his
money."
What is your pet economy. Tell
us, readers, and maybe we'll have a
symposium.

OUR DAILY PATTERN
SERVICE
Valuable Suggestions or the Handy Homemaker—
Order Any Pattern Through the Courier.
Be Sure to State Size.

LADY'S DRESS.
By Anabel Worthington.
dignity and grace of any woman who
wears it. Look at the illustration No.
8,138 and you will agree with us.
Having the panel and front gore in one
piece is a striking feature; the result is
the fascinating bit effect to the waist;
then the clever scheme of extending the
panel to form tabs at the sides of normal
waist line carries out the idea of novelty.
In back, at the joining of waist and two
gore skirt, an embroidered belt is ar-
ranged.
The point collar and smart cuffs on
sleeves that may be either three-quarters
or wrist length will be effective in con-
trasting note, but all one material will be
correct. Cords and tassels are favored
for supplying as a tie; sometimes the
cord is in reality a fold of the silk and
the tassels are weighted balls of the
same material. The scheme is carried
out in this model, adding to the dainty
detail touches.
Serge, gabardine, broadcloth, satin and
wool poplin will be suitable for selection,
and to trim the frock satin, bengaline,
sheer silk crepe or broadcloth will be ap-
propriate. For dress distinction at a
small cost, the paper pattern will solve
your problem.
The dress pattern No. 8,138 cuts in
sizes 36-42. To make in size 36 will re-
quire 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch goods, with 1/4
of a yard of 36 inch contrasting for 1/4
yards of 36 inch all one material. 1/4
To obtain the pattern send 10 cents to
the office of this publication.

some sign of battle, but instead
there was only the calm, blue, beau-
tiful sky above us, and to right and
left, when we had a glimpse over the
edge of the trench, an expanse of
snow sprinkled fields stretching
away peacefully until they were lost
in a blue haze of distance. As we
proceeded we caught glimpses of the
entrance to gorges in small side
trenches and we heard voices
Women Enter Dugouts.
We were allowed to crawl down
into one of these dugouts. It was
not enough to stand in and about
twelve feet long. By the light of a
candle I could see a double row of
berths, with fence wire in place of
springs and mattresses. On the
left there were several more com-
fortable than I had expected, though it
must be cold for the men lying
there under ground through the
long winter nights. Perhaps it is
only the fact that the trench is
rats come out of their holes, for we
certainly saw no sign of them. An-
other shelter was larger, and con-
tained a table and a charcoal bra-
zier. Here, we were told, the men
ate. A third dugout, designated by a
red cross, housed a field dressing
station.
Other trenches cut across ours
are wound away mysteriously. It
was like a labyrinth. The lieuten-
ant said that the officers newly ar-
riving in the sector had great diffi-
culty finding their way about, al-
though there were guide posts at
nothing but the only difference
noticed between the various boxways
was that telephone wires ran along
the sides of some and not of others.
Occasionally lying above the edge of
a trench the great height of
barbed wire, which in case of
need could be pulled down into the
trench and would fill it waist deep.
In other places the boyau widened
a little, and was half blocked by a
wooden barricade with loopholes,
while a short distance ahead of it a
gate of barbed wire hung suspend-
ing the trench ready to be dropped
at a second's notice—a symbol of
stern vigilance!
In the meantime we had become
conscious of an occasional sound, a
sharp sound, which I recognized as
rifle fire. There was no fusillade—
only a far-off report or two; while
from a distance even seemed even
greater there drifted toward us a
dull boom of varied intensity, not
faint, like a brass drum barely
touched, now louder, like the slam-
ming of heavy door. It was the
sound of cannon. A short time after
we heard the German guns—three
loud explosions. The Germans had
hurled three shells into the bom-
barded town through which we re-
cently passed.
The idea was exciting. Soon we
should be going back through that
town. Then came the dry report of
a French "seventy-five" replying—a
noise less thunderous, but how wel-
come! I was wondering whether the
cannonade might increase, whether
it might not even be turned on our
part of the lines and drive us to
shelter in one of those dark dugouts,
when the firing on both sides ceased.
A moment later we came out all
at once into a first line trench. Be-
tween us and the enemy was now
nothing save barbed wire and deso-
lation. A first line trench? Where
were the rows of soldiers, guns in
loopholes, ready to fire at the least
sign of life? There were none to
be seen. The men, we were told,
were keeping warm in their dug-
outs, whence, if necessary, they could
leap to their places at a minute's
notice.
And there, to give the warning,
stood a lookout in a niche of earth.
This soldier, like the others whom
we met, was carrying buckets of
food into the trenches, or coming
out to see who we were, looked, to
our surprise, a picture of health and
neatness. His eyes were clear, his
cheeks were bright and his clothes
were not muddy. When we remark-
ed to the major on the appearance
of his men, who, indeed, seemed
more contented and happy here in
the trenches than many of the sol-
diers one sees in Paris, he said,
"Yes, they really are happy. They
are always happy. If the 'boches'
could see our men they would be
even more discouraged than they
are. They would realize what they
were up against."
The major was standing on an
earthen bank against the front of
the trench.
"Do you want to see the German
lines?" he asked. "Come up here
beside me and look as quickly as
you can. One must not stay too
long."
I stepped up and looked. Before
me was a sea of barbed wire. It
was interminable. Above it, against

Rippling Chimes
By Walt Mason

LITERATURE
Most people who have things to
sell now profit from the H. C. of L.
The farmer's butter, eggs and oats
bring in the plain and fancy groats.
The man who sells us shoes and
boots, the one who deals in all wool
suits, the butcher, with his whole-
some—! all change the limit,
and repeat. But writers in their
squalid lairs, can't raise the prices
of their wares. The poet has to
purchase meat, and leather caskets
for his feet, and every hour the
prices rise on things the bread-
er singer buys. The prunes that
cost ten cents a ton before this era

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Is in a class ahead of all others.
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Albert Spalding (America's Premier Violinist)
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Thomas Chalmers (Baritone of Boston Opera Company)
Otto Goritz (Baritone of Metropolitan Opera Company)
Zenatello (Recently Knighted by the King of Italy)
We may also mention Martinelli, Bonci, Cisneros, Karl Jörn,
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WAR CORRESPONDENT
By Courier Leased Wire.
Montreal Feb. 8.—Fire,
starting about midnight in a store
in the Minto Hotel building, caused
a total loss of the hotel structure.
The loss is estimated at between
forty and sixty thousand dollars,
with insurance of twenty-two thou-
sand.
The Hespeler Patriotic Fund cam-
paign closed last Saturday night
with a total of \$22,100, which,
with the county tax of \$2,556, makes
a total of \$24,656 for 1917.
As no enough candidates qual-
ified in December, there were two
vacancies in the Port Hope Town
Council filled yesterday, those elec-
ted being Harold Fulford and Samuel
Gist.
Catarrh Cannot be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they
cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cat-
arrh remedies, Hall's Catarrh Cure
takes internally, and acts directly upon
tissue is a blood or constitutional disease,
and in order to cure it, you must take
the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's
Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It
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