

Don't Wait and—Wish Work Now and—Have!

When drastic regulations for the rationing of food come into effect (and such an Order in Council may be made very early next Fall) you will wish then, that you had a crop of nice vegetables ready to take off your garden or nearby piece of vacant land that you could have cultivated if you had *really wanted to*.

Well, all we say is—

Don't Wait and—Wish

If you have not yet decided to plant a vegetable garden make up your mind to do so now. You will not regret it. There is still lots of time. Potatoes and beans may be planted up to June 1st and these are the best substitutes for wheat and meat.

For good, practical advice upon how to lay out and cultivate a Vegetable Garden, write for a free copy of the booklet entitled: "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home." This has been prepared by the Ontario Department of Agriculture for the guidance of citizens who will respond to this call for increased production.

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Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Dear Sirs:

Please send me a copy of your booklet "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

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ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE
In Co-Operation with Canada Food Board



Picketing the Air.

The aerial pickets are doubtless the most alert to be found anywhere in a modern army. Attacking fleets of aircraft may fly at a speed of one hundred miles an hour, so that time is very valuable in preparing for defence. The pickets or observers do not depend upon their eyesight in watching for such an enemy, says Boys' Life.

The approach of an enemy craft is first detected by means of delicate microphones which catch the faintest sound of the aeroplane's propellers long before they are in sight. The apparatus consists of a group of great horn-like instruments with the openings pointed in every direction. The faint buzz of the propellers is picked up from several miles away and magnified by the microphones so that it is audible to the human ear. These detectors are especially valuable at night or in thick weather, when an aeroplane might approach within striking distance before it could be observed.

Every conceivable precaution is taken to warn of the approach of enemy aircraft. Along the frontier between France and Germany, for example, a series of captive balloons constantly swing at the end of long tethers, each carrying an alert lookout or observer. The moment an aerial enemy is sighted the observer telephones or telegraphs a warning to his base, and the warning is rushed to the headquarters of the air fleet.

On the frontier where such attacks are expected the aerial defences are wonderfully complete. First there is a long line of captive balloons a few hundred feet aloft with telephone connections with the earth. Above them, at a height of perhaps a mile, a fleet of heavy armed aeroplanes patrols back and forth, ready to repel attack. Still higher up a number of light aircraft, two miles or more above the earth, are engaged in "ceiling work," flying back and forth ready to engage the enemy at these high altitudes.

The air defences of Paris never sleep. Day and night a fleet of a dozen or more aeroplanes patrols the skies. If an attacking fleet of aircraft crosses the frontier a warning is telegraphed ahead so that an hour's warning at least is given. A powerful fleet of some two hundred fighting aircraft is in constant readiness to go aloft to engage the enemy and defend the city.

How Pothu Nicknames Arise.

The poet calls his bayonet by various pet names, illustrated in Everybody's Magazine as follows: "Rosalie" (especially for the new style bayonet which makes a wound like a cross), "a knitting needle," "a roaring spit," "a Josephine," "a fork," and the old style bayonet "a cabbage cutter," "a corkscrew." A motor is a "teuf-teuf." His machine gun is a "coffee mill" or an "unsewing machine." Small bomb shells are called "sparrows," and bullets are "prunes" or "chestnuts." The poet's knapsack is his "crystal closet." The famous 75 field piece is called "the little Frenchman" or "Charlotte." "Un cou-con" is a small bomb shell, and a large bomb shell is called "un colis a domicile," literally a C.O.D.

FATAL DESERT OF KARA-KUM

Heat Reaching 163 Degrees Is Hurled Into One's Face Like Sheet of Fire.

When the caravans in olden days went up from Samarcand and Bokhara to Merv for silks and carpets, or carried spices for Europe to the Caspian ports, some of them occasionally wandered off into the desert of Kara-Kum, and few of those ever returned. This desert, which is smaller but more terrible than Sahara, came to be known as "the tomb of caravans."

If you were to venture into the desert of Kara-Kum you would travel by camel. At first you would pass through a land of scrubby bushes and rest at noon near a well surrounded by a tiny native village at the bottom of a dip in the desert. And here you would feel your first touch of the desert heat—a heat that reaches 163 degrees in the sun and is hurled into your face by the wind like a veritable sheet of flame.

In the comparative cool of evening you would push on into the desert proper. Presently from the top of a slight elevation you would see it reaching before you—a petrified storm at sea, an ocean of sand. There is nothing but sand, and it is tossed by a ceaseless wind into billows miles long that creep forward perhaps a foot a year, burying everything in their path. The wind tears banners of flying sand from their crests as you look, releasing cascades that go rumbling into the burning hollows.

The path across this desert is marked only by bits of bone and stick, occasionally by a human skull. It is easily lost in the dark, and it is the thread which connects one shallow, muddy well with another. Many have lost it and they are still in the desert of Kara-Kum.

What a Railroad Did.

Let me cite one instance of what the building of a railroad has meant, writes B. C. Forbes in Leslie's. Montana had always been regarded as a grazing state until A. J. Earling, president of the St. Paul railroad, while traveling over the state by horseback, spent a night at a ranch and noticed a bumper field of wheat next morning. The owner confided that he had raised similar yields for over ten years without one bad crop, but had not gone in for wheat raising on a large scale because he was 60 miles from the nearest railroad. Mr. Earling's peregrinations convinced him that, although there had scarcely been a furrow plowed in the whole Judith Basin at that time, it could be developed into one of the greatest wheat-growing sections in the world. Last year, thanks to the St. Paul's railroad building, the Judith Basin, extending some 200 miles east and west and 160 miles north and south, produced the greatest part of the 62,000,000 bushels of wheat grown in Montana, as well as a large part of the 62,000,000 bushels of all grain marketed by Montana, placing it among the foremost grain-growing states.

A CITY OF MANY SIEGES.

Verdun Has Figured In Wars Since the Time of Caesar.

The first appearance of Verdun in the pages of history was in the time of Julius Caesar, who established at Verdunum, as it was then called, a magazine for his legions.

The Germans first attacked Verdun in the sixth century, when the Franks from the northwestern part of Germany took possession of the town. By the famous treaty of Verdun, made on this date in the year 843, Verdun formed part of the dominions of Lothaire. It was taken and annexed to the German empire in 939 by Otto I. and placed under the temporal authority of the bishops.

Verdun surrendered to France in 1553, but was not formally ceded to France until nearly a century later. During the French revolution, in 1792, the citizens of Verdun opened their gates to the Prussians after a bombardment of a few hours. The French commandant committed suicide and the revolutionary government executed a number of others who shared the responsibility for the ignominious surrender, including fourteen girls who had offered flowers to the Prussian monarch. The Prussians were driven out after having held the town forty-three days.

The Teutonic hosts again swooped down upon Verdun in 1870. Unable to take the town by direct assault, they invested and bombarded it, and the French, after a brave defense, surrendered the fortress with 4,000 men and large stores of ammunition. Verdun was the last place abandoned by the Germans, the troops retiring in September, 1873.

Difficulties of Mining.

Every time a ton of anthracite coal and rock is hoisted from a mine an average of eleven tons of water must be pumped from the mine.

It takes about the same amount of power to pump fresh air into a mine as it does to hoist the coal out of it.

In some mines with long drifts the car hauls may be as much as fifteen miles per round trip.—National Engineering.

Living Failure in Show Window.

A living example of "a failure" was exhibited in the show window of a vacant store in St. Louis by a correspondence school as an advertising scheme.

A disheveled man past the prime of life, wearing worn and dirty clothes, with dirty hands, uncombed hair, and scrawny mustache, and a leer on his face, sat at a table, such as might be in the back room of a saloon playing solitaire with a greasy deck of cards. On the table beside him was an empty whisky bottle. On the window was a large sign reading: "A failure. This man is a failure because he wasted his spare time."

HANDICAP OF FINGER SPEECH

Nighthawk Husband Turns Out Electric Light to Stop Wife's Curtain Lecture.

Domestic courts as a rule do not grant injunctions against the practices of offending husbands, but once in a while they are asked for. A man and his wife, both deaf mutes, were in court recently in New York. Their earnest digital gyrations and contortions convinced the presiding magistrate that an interpreter was needed, and one was summoned. Through him the man spoke first. His principal desire, it appeared, was that anything his wife might say should be largely discounted. He had known her for many years, he spelled on his fingers, and during that period she had rarely been right on any subject.

The wife proved more interesting when it came her turn to testify. She wanted an injunction. Why? And there the interpreter had to do fast receiving to catch all her wagwagging. "She says that her husband comes home late every night," relayed the interpreter, "and nearly always he is half-stewed. She says that when he gets in she starts to tell him in sign language what she thinks of him, and his late hours, and that he won't even let her talk. That's what she wants an injunction for—against his cruelty in stopping her from bawling him out." "What does he do?" asked the magistrate. "Choke her." "No, your honor; she says that whenever he gets tired of listening he reaches up and turns out the electric light."

Noted for Accuracy, Famous Publicist Makes Mistake in Georgia Constitutional Convention.

In the Georgia constitutional convention of 1877 so usually accurate a publicist as General Robert Toombs uttered a singular error. He was contending in a speech for enough courts in Georgia to assure speedy justice and at one point in the debate he said:

"I only desire to say one word. Six hundred and fifty years ago our rude ancestors met upon a plain at Runnime and established a great system of judiciary in one line of bad Latin. They made King John say, 'We will sell to none, we will deny to none, we will delay to none, right and justice, and we must make as many courts as are necessary to carry out those grand utterances.'"

Actually there is no "plain" at Runnime, as those who have visited the historic locality know. Anciently there was a running-mede, or meadow, on the Middlesex shore of the Thames, where races were pulled off. Possibly the doughty barons held some mass meeting in the meadow, but history holds fast that the Magna Charta was signed on an island off shore, nearer the Surrey bank, and which has ever since been known as Charter island. In London in 1909 there was a sale of the island and the wonder was voiced in the public press why the government did not purchase it and erect upon it some suitable memorial.

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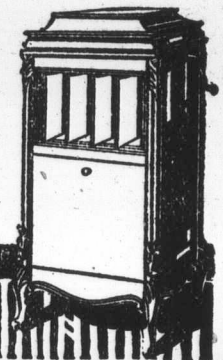
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District Casualties.

Major Bryce J. Saunders a well-known Lethbridge civil engineer and a native of Lyndhurst, is reported wounded in a recent casualty list, as are 639454, Pte. James Perrin, Morton, and 640180 Pte. Gilbert G. Jackson, Hamilton. Pte. Perin's next of kin is Mrs. Sally Sheldon, Morton, while Pte. Jackson is the son of George Jackson, of Hamilton, formerly of Brockville. He was gassed last fall.

Informal Dance.

Owing to the departure of many of the boys for military service, an informal dance was hastily arranged and held in the town hall Friday night of last week. The attendance was good and the proceeds were handed over to the W. I. for Red Cross work. The music was provided by Mrs. Topping and Mr. M. Kavanagh.

Must Cease Robbing Bird's Nests.

The old and often cruel sport of boys in robbing birds' nests and making rival collections of bird's eggs, which has been painfully noticeable in the past in Athens and district is now officially put on the list of national crimes. The sport is banned according to an order-in-council just passed.

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