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 per capita of what it was consuming
 before the war. But England is con-
 suming, feeding and fighting to the
 extent that her physical force is in-
 creased by far more than 30 per cent.
 The whole nation is fighting, men,
 women and children. There is noth-
 ing else thought of, talked of, or wor-
 ked for, throughout the whole coun-
 try. On all the leisure classes, men and
 women, are one way or another in
 the war. Women are joining in the
 ranks of labor and all labor is to-day
 for the country with everything in
 production, trade and commerce look-
 ed at, the war issue.

Matrimony may be synonymous with
 a job lot of trouble.

Arkansaw
 He Was a Gentleman
 of the Southwest.
 By F. A. MITCHEL

When boys' summer camps were first
 established in the United States, at one
 of them, located in northern New Eng-
 land, were two boys who were chums.
 They were the very antipodes of each
 other. Both were of the older boys at
 the camp, being between seventeen and
 eighteen. Frank Vinton hailed from
 Connecticut. He was intellectual and
 spiritual. Those who knew him best
 predicted for him a marked career in
 some intellectual pursuit, probably the
 church. Edward Davis was from Ar-
 kansaw and a typical southerner. He
 was long of limb, large boned and mus-
 cular. He was two years behind his
 chum in fitting for college.

Each was in his way a leader of
 other boys. Frank Vinton was usually
 entrusted with the management of the
 entertainments got up at the camp and
 was recorder. His camp journal was
 beautifully written. Davis, who was
 universally called Arkansaw, led the
 hikes, the canoeing, the swimming—in
 fact, all the sports. Naturally the
 boys, who placed strength and daring
 above intellect, admired him more than
 Vinton. But Arkansaw ranked him-
 self far below his chum. What we
 possess we do not value; what we lack
 we covet. Arkansaw saw no merit in
 his diving from a platform elevated
 forty feet above the surface of the wa-
 ter or being able to throw any boy in
 the camp. He would have given his
 strength and daring for the ability to
 learn Latin grammar, which was be-
 yond his intellectual endowment. For
 this reason, perhaps, he was pleased
 at his intimacy with the intellectual
 Vinton.

When the season was ended and the
 campers went home the chums regret-
 ted that they could not enter college
 in the same class. Vinton had passed
 his entrance examination, but Davis
 had still a long period of study before
 him. When Vinton became a junior
 Davis became a freshman. Of course
 he entered the same college as Vinton.
 Notwithstanding that they were two
 years apart in the college curriculum
 they were still chums. Naturally their
 associates wondered what was the tie
 that bound the brawny southwestern
 and the polished New Englander. The
 truth is, persons don't usually make
 friends with their counterparts. They
 generally seek what they are not them-
 selves.

Vinton graduated with high honors,
 and while his chum was struggling
 through the last two years in college
 he was studying for the ministry. The
 Arkansaw was wanted on the varsity
 crew, on the varsity football and base-
 ball teams, but he could not be in-
 duced to train with any of them. He
 had as profound a contempt for mus-
 cular as he had reverence for intel-
 lectual strength.

Davis pulled through college, being
 graduated among the "dregs," as he
 called them, of his class. Vinton
 studied theology at his alma mater,
 so that their intimacy was not inter-
 rupted. When Davis finished his ac-
 cademical course Vinton was admitted
 to orders, having taken a three years'
 course in two. They said goodbye to
 each other, Davis with more regret
 than his friend, who by this time was
 beginning to feel the difference be-
 tween them, for the clergyman be-
 longed to an aristocratic family and
 was engaged to a society belle. She
 had met Davis and wondered what
 her lover could see in him to admire.
 Perhaps this is the main reason why
 Vinton parted with his chum without
 the regret that was to have been ex-
 pected.

Davis inherited an estate that ren-
 dered him independent of work, but it
 would have been impossible for him to
 be idle. An office in the gift of the
 people of his state becoming vacant
 and it being desirable that a man not
 stained with political iniquity should
 be elected, Davis was waited on by a
 committee from both parties who ask-
 ed him to run for the office, promising
 him a sure election. He was too dum-
 founded for awhile to reply, then said
 that a better man than he was needed
 for the duties involved. But the com-
 mittee would not accept his refusal
 and left him assuring him that he
 would be elected whether he ran or not.

This was the beginning of a political
 career that was thrust upon Davis, but
 it lasted only a short time, for he be-
 came disgusted with politics, and when
 his friends proposed to nominate him
 for an important state office he flatly
 refused.

One summer Davis had parted

Redpath SUGAR
 was a favorite name among the long-forgotten food products
 of half a century ago, just as it is among the live ones
 of to-day. Only exceptional quality can explain such
 permanent popularity.
 "Let Redpath Sweeten it."
Made in one grade only—the highest!

Two or six years after
 with Vinton he resolved
 to go north for a visit, taking in his
 old chum by the way. The truth is he
 had learned to love the north in sum-
 mer while at the boys' camp and long-
 ed to get back into the northeastern
 territory where he could enjoy the
 cool woods and waters.

One Saturday evening a lanky man
 with a strong southern accent register-
 ed at a hotel in the city where Frank
 Vinton was rector of the most fashion-
 able church. Edward Davis was the
 name entered, and his residence was
 Arkansas. Sunday morning he went to
 the church in which his old chum
 preached. He noticed that the congrega-
 tion was made up of the elite and all
 were dressed in the height of fash-
 ion. An assistant read the service,
 and the rector preached the sermon.

Arkansaw, gazing for the first time
 in several years on his old chum, saw
 that he had grown sleek and parted
 his hair in the middle. His sermon
 was on the value of a correct interpre-
 tation of the scriptures, and his in-
 terpretation of certain passages per-
 taining to riches were very comforting
 to his congregation. Arkansaw was
 slightly disappointed in his friend's de-
 velopment, but his heart was still with
 the man who had been his chum till the
 spell on his chum's part—had been
 broken by marriage. At the end of
 the service he waited at the church
 door for the rector and his family to
 come out. Vinton on seeing him grasp-
 ed his hand cordially, but Mrs. Vin-
 ton could not conceal a look of annoy-
 ance. Arkansaw was dressed in south-
 western costume. His hat did not
 shine as did the rector's, for the latter
 was of silk, while Arkansaw's was of
 felt, with a very wide brim.

"Come to my study tomorrow," said
 Vinton. "This is, of course, a busy
 day with me. Monday is for us of the
 cloth our day off. I shall expect you
 by 9 o'clock."

Then Vinton was hurried away by
 his wife lest he should be seen talking
 to the rawboned Arkansaw.

Davis rather expected his old chum
 to take him home with him to dinner.
 Vinton did not dare to do so since he
 knew the guest would be frozen out by
 his wife. So the man from the south-
 west was thrown upon his own re-
 sources for the rest of the day. After
 dinner he sat smoking in the hotel of-
 fice. A gentleman sitting near opened
 conversation with him.

Before parting with this person
 Davis learned a disagreeable truth.
 There was a skeleton in the rectory of
 Vinton's church. Mrs. Vinton was ac-
 cepting the attentions of a man of
 fashion. The congregation would have
 already brought the matter before the
 vestry except for their attachment to
 their rector, who was the only person
 that appeared to be ignorant of the
 situation.

The next morning Davis and Vinton
 met in the rector's study. Vinton, now
 that he was alone with his old chum,
 related into the chum of former days.
 But there was no invitation to the rec-
 tory. Mrs. Vinton had put her veto on
 Arkansaw.

"How long will you stay here, Ark?"
 asked the rector.
 "I'm not decided about my going.
 I may be here a day or two, and I
 may go suddenly, so I'll say goodbye
 in case I don't see you again."
 Vinton pressed his friend's hand.
 Davis saw that there was something
 on his mind, but could not fathom it.
 The same afternoon the tall south-
 erner appeared at the office of one T.
 Robinson Rhodes and sent in his card.
 The office boy who delivered it return-
 ed with the inquiry as to the nature
 of the caller's business.
 "Private," was the reply.
 The boy went back and presently re-
 turned with the words "Come in" and
 led the visitor to the office door. Davis
 saw a man dressed in the height of
 fashion sitting at a rosewood desk.
 Looking about to see that they were
 alone, the southerner closed the door
 and turned the key. Mr. Rhodes look-
 ed at him in surprise.
 "What do you want with me, sir?"
 he said.
 "Sign that," replied Davis, laying a

paper on the desk before Mr. Rhodes.
 It read:

From this day I agree to forego any
 association with a lady to whom I have
 been paying marked attention, never again
 to call upon her at her house or to join
 her elsewhere.

Mr. Rhodes' eyes were fixed upon
 this paper long enough to have read it
 a dozen times. He was thinking what
 to do. He was no coward and resolved
 to try to dominate the man who seem-
 ed disposed to interfere in his affairs.
 He turned upon Davis fiercely.

"Is this a case of blackmail?"
 "You know that it is not."
 "I don't know who is the lady to
 whom you refer, but if you intend to
 drag any lady into a quarrel you are
 contemptible."

"There is no necessity for dragging
 the lady's name into a quarrel. I have
 not mentioned her in his paper."
 "Suppose I refuse to sign it?"
 "You shall sign it."

"How do you propose to compel me?"
 "There is but one way I can compel
 you without injuring others. If you
 refuse I shall seek you out in some
 public place and insult you. I am not
 known in this city, and no one will sup-
 pose that my real motive is to prevent
 your bringing ruin upon my friend, his
 wife and his children."

There was something so quietly de-
 termined in the southerner's manner
 that his adversary saw there was no
 escape for him. What his course would
 have been had he not had all to lose
 and nothing to gain no one knows, but
 he saw that this man was saving him
 from himself and yielded.

"I must communicate my reasons to
 the lady for my action," he said
 after pondering.

"That is admissible."
 Davis left with the pledge duly sign-
 ed and, going to his hotel, departed on
 the next train.

The Christmas festivities had passed
 when Mrs. Vinton said to her husband:
 "You have been overworked during
 the holidays this year, dear, and are
 tired out. Suppose we run down south
 for the cold season."
 "In what direction?"
 "We might make a call upon your
 old friend Mr. Davis."

Vinton looked searchingly at his
 wife.

"As you like," he said.

When Arkansaw next saw his old
 chum he was greeted with fervor by
 his chum's wife. She gave no explana-
 tion for the change, but the Dixie man
 knew that he had saved her from a
 grievous misfortune. From that day
 she also was his chum.

Hoaxed the Naturalist.

One of the most remarkable books
 ever published is the "Lithographia
 Wireburgensis," written by a Wur-
 burg naturalist named Behringer in
 1728. Probably very few copies are in
 existence, as the author destroyed all
 that he could get possession of soon
 after the book appeared. He had been
 victimized by some practical jokers,
 who had made a great variety of arti-
 ficial "fossils" and hidden them in a
 quarry, to which they then enticed the
 professor. Behringer was overjoyed
 by so rich a find and had no suspicion
 of the trick, although many of the fos-
 sils were of a very grotesque charac-
 ter. He took his treasures home, made
 elaborate drawings of them and wrote
 a minute description of each, as well
 as an exhaustive commentary filled
 with ingenious and plausible theories.
 When he had published the book the
 jokers confessed, and then, of course,
 the professor did his utmost to sup-
 press the work.

Mortified.

"I never was so mortified in my
 life."
 "What's the matter now?"
 "You know that little gown I bought
 for \$16.50 that looked as though it
 must have cost four times that and
 was so becoming to me? I never
 dreamed any one would guess its price
 or where I bought it."
 "Well, did any one?"
 "Yes. I wore it for the first time
 last night at a dinner dance, and there
 were just sixteen other women there
 with gowns exactly like it."

THIS WORLD CROWDED?

**Why, Lake Champlain, Frozen, Would
 Easily Hold All Its People.**

There are on this globe about 1,500,000,000 inhabitants. Most of us, who lack the sense of proportion, at the mention of this big number are apt to speak of the "overpopulation" of the world. Yet if we spare a few moments, thought we shall better know what this represents. There is in my study room a geographic globe about fifteen inches in diameter. On that sphere there is marked a little spot about the size of the point of a pencil—at any rate, so small as to make it impossible to write the initials of its name—Lake Champlain—upon it.

Yet whenever Lake Champlain freezes over there is good standing room for every one of all the inhabitants of the earth, and then this lake would be considerably less crowded than some of the busy streets of New York. Indeed, strange as it may sound, every one, young and old, would find about one square yard to stand upon. Nay, more, if the very young and the very old would please to stand aside on the shores of the lake the remainder of the total inhabitants of the world could arrange a skating party where there would be less crowding than is seen on a busy winter day on that skating pond in New York's Central park.

Sketching the picture is like visualizing the great tragedy of the human race—the few people of this earth do not begin to realize their immense opportunities and their unused resources; meanwhile they have the insane feeling that the world is "overpopulated."

All our science, our religion, our art have not given us common sense enough to learn how to use them to live comfortably and happily—we, this mere handful of inhabitants on this immense world of ours. Nor does it look as if we were going to get our senses before many generations to come as long as we keep on muddling and blundering, as long as greed and vanity, lust for power, the main inheritance of the aima and thoughts of the past, together with some of our time-honored traditions, keep us in the cold, relentless grip of bygone ages.—From "Renewing the Earth From the Air," by L. H. Baekeland, in Scribner's.

SENSE OF DIRECTION.

A Help in Finding Your Bearings at Night Without a Compass.

An English survivor of the South African war who was often sent on long distance night reconnaissances has worked out a system whereby any one can be right at home in the dark without compass or other instrument to aid the sense of direction. He worked out the exact movement and direction of the largest and most easily distinguished lights in the heavens so that the least scientific eye can recognize these signs by sight, and the whole dome of the heavens becomes a vast compass.

If there were fire balloons or beacons placed in the heavens north, east, south and west it would be easy for any one to go in these directions by simply following the signs. Similarly, if one wished to go, say, a hand's breadth to the right or left of the beacons one could easily do so. The largest stars in the heavens can be depended upon in the same way.

"If you put the front buttons of your coat on the north star or other direction stars," writes this authority, "your right and left breasts give you an angle of 45 degrees from the stars and your shoulders a right angle. Also, it is only a matter of a little practice to be able to measure 15 degrees of horizon with your hand, so you can get any number of degrees to the right or left of your direction stars, and after a little practice it becomes second nature to recognize the points of the compass at sight, and you acquire the same sense of direction as bushmen, Arabs and people who live far away from civilization."—Popular Science Monthly.