

# \$50-NO BENEFIT

This money might have been saved by Mr. Z. D'Muro of 722 Papineau Ave., Montreal, had he only known of Zam-Buk sooner. Writing to the proprietors of Zam-Buk, a short time ago, he said:

"For over a year I suffered with eczema which nothing seemed able to cure. I had treatment from three doctors, which cost me \$50, but none of them were able to cure me. I suffered intensely from the irritation and pain, and I thought I should never get relief, until one day a friend told me about Zam-Buk and I started using it right away. From the very first application I felt better. Zam-Buk relieved the irritation and seemed to cool and soothe

THEN

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## Zam-Buk

CURED HIM

## 'The Siberian Sapper'

Captain Jack Turner, M.C., has our thanks for a sample copy of the bright little magazine, "The Siberian Sapper," published at Vladivostok, Siberia, by the 16th Field Co., Canadian Engineers. The "Siberian Sapper" is edited and compiled by the litterati of the Battalion and an excellent periodical results. It will be interesting here to know that a large share of the contents is contributed by Jack Turner, the soldier-poet, and author of "Buddy's Blighly." Below are some extracts from the "Sapper."

### "GOSSIP"

Signs attached to a pile of cases at Base Supply Depot read: "For YOUR information these cases contain hard-tack. Leave them alone" Camouflage? We wonder!

Now that signs of spring are in the air, will the S. O. S. kindly arrange for an issue of moth-balls, so that we may put fur caps in storage for the summer.

Can Lt. Col. Lambert throw any light on the story which is going the rounds about six months post discharge pay? If it is not to be forthcoming, it would be kindness to tell us before we have it all spent.

Now that we have a Railway Transport Officer of our own, perhaps Lt. Englehart will try to arrange some up-country tours for deserving officers.

Who was the real sponsor of Going Home Rumour No. 1756937, that we are to return on March 21st accredited to our worthy Chaplain on Sunday before last. Is the Reverend Gentleman willing to bet on it?

We are pleased to notice the advent of a contemporary paper among the Canadian Forces. "The Rumorologist," which is evidently the house organ of the Pushinsky Theatrical Company, has made its initial appearance as a two page "ronco." The aims and editorial policy are not very clearly defined in the first issue, but it is intended to chronicle and classify the varied rumours and stage whispers which float through the Auditorium, the publication is most timely, and the Editorial Staff have a vast field of research to draw upon.

The many friends of Lt. Col. Brook,

D.S.O. will be glad to learn that the condition of his nose is due entirely to a regrettable accident, and that the rumoured connexion between this disfigurement and the gash on Major Sawwell's chin has no foundation in fact.

Lt. Turner, M.C. (the Author of "Taking Over") when last seen by our Second River reporter, denied flatly that he wrote the verse in question. We are glad to take this opportunity of correcting the prevalent suspicion that he did write it. He also states that the next poem he writes will be worse.

### OVERHEARD ON PARADE AT COR-NOSTAL

Officer—What was your occupation, my man, before you joined the Army?  
Recruit—Mechanical Engineer, Sir!  
Officer—Where were you employed?  
Recruit—On a tug on the Lachine Canal, Sir!

Officer—Are you a good Engineer?  
Recruit—Pretty good, Sir!  
Officer—Well now! suppose you are in the engine room of a tug on the Canal; everything is apparently all right; the fires are burning; you know the boilers are all right; you suddenly notice there is no water in the gauge. What is the first thing you would do?

Recruit—You say the boilers are all right; the fires are burning and everything all right. Are the pumps working?

Officer—Yes! the pumps are working and everything is all right. What is the first thing you would do?  
Recruit—Everything is all right, fires burning, boiler and pumps working, and no water in the gauge—What would I do? Look over the side to see if there were any water in the Canal.

### SOME TIME!

It was rumoured that Walters (S) hearing that some nurses had arrived at the Hospital, climbed the wall one night and met Miss P—I. She was wandering beside a Swift Brook, which had steep Banks, and carried a Box under her arm. She wore a Taylor made suit, but as her Hair was short, it was a question whether she had come from East Barracks or Headquarters. He was much taken by Irwin (ing) ways. They stopped at

the Woodhouse, and he told her in a Sutton manner that there was a Stayner two or her waist, and offered her a box of Keadle (S) to remove them. It rather Gaud her to be found in this condition and picking up a Shortreed, she walked on in a Saswell sort of way, remarking that she "wasn't Gornostal." She was so peeved she was about to Lambert Massey, but Potter, who is a "Jake fellow, was in her way, and all she did was to Barkale ankle.

She walked to East Barracks where she discovered a Hatch left open, covered with only a spider's Webb, and raised Cain with the man who Hughes wood smashing in his Christie. Her appetite was somewhat appeased by a box of McCormack's, supplied by the Hants, which could a (Ford), and it was with great difficulty that it was possible to Turner out. As for the doors, she almost Benham from their hinges. We doubt if Everett will occur again, as our Hall was a wreck. It was Adam shame, and the Morrissey of her the more I love my Coolie. It was a heliofatome.

### TOWN TALKS.

(By Capt. Jack Turner, M.C.)

On Pay Day

I got

Two little bills

Like

Cigarette coupons.

Then

I had

Lunch

At the Canteen

And then

I had

One little bill!

And

Some Roubles and Kopecks

And

A dime.

Then

I went down town

And had

Some more lunch,

And then

I had no little bill

But, a few Roubles

And

A handful of Kopecks,

And then

I bought

A little can—

And then

I had no Kopecks

But

I had

The little can

And

A thirst.

And then  
I had no little can  
And  
No Thirst  
But I had  
A nice jag.  
And now  
I have no jag  
But  
I have  
A Bolshevik head  
And  
A dark brown taste  
And  
Fourteen Days  
F. P. No. 2.  
It does  
Beat the Dutch.  
What you can buy  
With two  
Little bills.  
I thank you.

### Items of Interest.

(Gathered from Everywhere.)

Rev. Father Rene Labelle, parish priest of Notre Dame, Montreal, was recently at New York chosen as Superior General of the Sulpician Order in Canada, to succeed Rev. Father Troie, who died some days ago.

Mayor J. E. Meyers, of Minneapolis, scorns elevators and runs up the four flights of stairs to his office every morning. He says he does it to gain time and the exercise required to keep in trim for his sedentary duties.

The Rapid Transit Subway Construction Company, in New York, a jury says, must pay \$50,500 to the owners of a 10-storey building at Thames and Greenwich Streets, erected in 1889, which now sways and vibrates, because of the subway underneath it.

"There should be a public spanker," suggested Crown Attorney General Greer in the general session at Toronto on Monday when several young men between the ages of 17 and 20 appeared before Judge Costworth for sentences on charges of stealing automobiles.

At Meriden, Conn., recently, Mrs. Julia Copperhill celebrated her 101st birthday, and didn't have to put on any "specs" to read the many messages of congratulation that came to her. Despite her great age, Mrs. Copperhill contained a cheque for £10,000, health, and reads and sews without glasses.

Point Judith Light, near Newport, R.I., has been fitted with an electrically operated phonograph and megaphone apparatus and literally transforms it into a "talking lighthouse." Vessels fitted with a receiving outfit can plainly hear the megaphoned warning, repeated every five seconds, "Point Judith Light." Any ship that comes within two miles of the light hears a mysterious voice also calling "You're getting closer. Keep off!"

When the Bishop of Liverpool, G.B., was opening his letters recently he found in one of them a £1,000 cheque. Within a few minutes he had a still greater surprise, for another letter contained a cheque for £10,000. These gifts, Dr. Chavasse announced, were to assist the poor clergy of the diocese, for which object he recently made an appeal. In each case the donor wished to remain anonymous.

What the coroner described as the worst and saddest influenza tragedy he had heard of was disclosed in Dublin, at an inquest on Mrs. Francis Phelan. It was explained that she was found dead in bed when the room was forced open. Her husband, his sister, and a child were also found in a dying condition, and the three had since died. The family had been stricken with influenza, and had not been able to call in assistance.

One thousand bass are now dwelling imprisoned in cans with holes in the top under 10 feet of water in a lake near West Chester, Penn. They were supplied by the States Fisheries Department to the lake's owner, who wished to stock up with bass. He rowed out with the cans, each containing 200 baby fish. The boat capsized, the cargo sank, the man swam to shore.

How an old French woman living in St. Souplet stole an enemy machine gun after the town had been captured by the Germans, slowly collected ammunition, which she stored in her cellar, and turned the weapon on the fleeing Germans when the 27th (New York) Division pressed forward into the place, is told by Major Tristram Tupper, Division Adjutant. After the fighting had ceased the body of the aged woman was found beside the machine gun. The Germans had returned to shoot and stab with their bayonets the grand dame who had done her bit for France.

A clergyman who was not distinguished toward an occasional glass, says London Tit-Bits, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. He brought out a number of empty whiskey bottles, and as he lifted each one looked to see if there was anything in it. The clergyman, who was walking on the lawn, noticed him, and said: "They are all dead ones, Mike." "They are," answered Mike. "But there is one good thing about it, they all had the minister with them when they passed away!"

## MODEL CLOTHES

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Fine Navy Serge Suits, \$16.00 to \$36.00.

Dark Tweed, Pinch Back Style, \$26.00, \$28.00, \$30.00 and \$37.00.

Fine Black Serge Suits, \$27.00. Black Corkscrew Suits, \$27.00.

## STEER BROTHERS.

### THE SHOP WINDOWS TELL THE STORY.

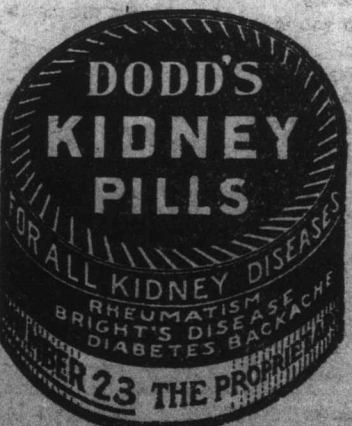
Where you see RAINBOW FLOUR displayed in a shop window, its the store to patronize.

**RAINBOW FLOUR**  
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THE BEST OF ITS KIND, \$1.20 per sack.

The largest association of British veterans of the great war is known as the "Fodads." The name is "Federation of Discharged and Demobilized Soldiers and Sailors."



### For the Scrap Book.

Canine Sprinter.—The swiftest dog in the world, the Russian wolf-hound, has made record runs that show seventy-five feet in a second.

Great Tea Drinkers.—The greatest tea drinkers in the world are the Australians, who consume about eight pounds per head of the population every year.

Help! Help!—"If the Soviets of Budapest have only the Russian Bolsheviks to lean on, they are Lenin on mighty little," says the Quebec Telegraph.

Duchess of Vendome's Good Work.—Henriette, Duchess of Vendome and sister of the King of Belgium, through her own efforts established six hospitals in the war zone, three in Belgium, and three in France.

He discovered probably it would find that one reason why a man lives longer than a man is because doesn't pay any attention to statistics.

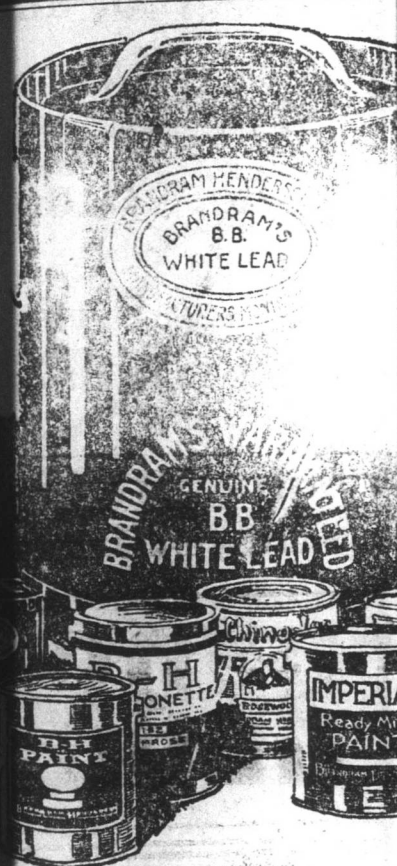
Artificial Feet from Paper.—A Danish physician, who has manufactured artificial legs of paper mache, now makes them out of paper pulp.

What He Wanted.—"Are you looking for a permanent investment?" "Not too permanent." "Hurry, don't want to put my money in there's a chance to get it out!"

A Long Trip!—Speaking of errors about British overseas relations, we may mention one mentioned in London Punch as "English" provincial paper. "For some days Private Times a 150-pound cart through the which covered the vast stretch between London (Ontario) and

### Cashel Extension.

past twenty-one years the Newfoundland have watched with sympathy, appreciation, and the excellent work which done at Mount Cashel by band of Christian Brothers without salary or reward, their lives to the welfare of orphan children; hence on occasion possible they give proof of their appreciation, so that the Brothers have like mention of a want, when is enthusiastically supplied. ago was started the Bro-very Memorial Wing, which was to be the nucleus of a Cashel and a third part line, which it is hoped will at a future time. tion of some of the original structures, especially of the, formerly occupied by the red Archbishop, but for the 60 years used by the Bro-cess it imperative and an necessity to start the second portion of the proposed. This will be used as a for the Community until a residence can be erected on the old cottage, when this portion will be devoted of the orphans.



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is different from any other white with, it is corroded by sever processes which are then merged in marvellous smoothness. This pigment is no less than five times, first and finally through heavy steel grinding process, it is made into ing mixed with pure refined lin in our own linseed oil mills.

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