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The special correspondent for the "London Times" with the Russian forces, tells the following of the Grand Duke Nicholas and grafting, which should be read thoughtfully by Canadians in view of accounts from Ottawa:—"At the outbreak of the war contractors who were wont to attend on the national exchequers in hours of crisis went to the Grand Duke to talk matters over. Much to the distress of the first little company, who, with smiles and ingratiating mien came to broach the subject of supplies, they were kept waiting for

It's dangerous to "suppose" about "Acid-Mouth"

It is dangerous to *suppose* that you are not troubled with "acid-mouth."

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hours in the ante-chambers. At last the generalissimo appeared and, ignoring the outstretched hands, addressed the gathering in one sentence as brief as it was pointed: 'Him who steals I hang! Good morning.'

Mr. Robert Davies, the zealous parish clerk at Abergale, North Wales, has four sons serving with the colours. Mr. Davies is also the teacher of a Bible Class, and it is chiefly through his influence that eleven members of the class are serving in one or other of the Forces.

A BLACK CAT SAVED HIS LIFE

Dogs have already had their day in this war—witness the brave, little teamsters of the Belgian machine-gun section, of which many nice things have been said, and most deservedly. It is now time for a cat to have its paragraph, and here it is.

In the ruins of a cottage which had been fiercely shelled was found, a few days ago, a French officer, wounded and unconscious. For three days he had been lying there exposed to the bitter winds that swept through the shell-riddled walls. But, in spite of wounds and exposure, he was still alive. For he had not been left entirely alone. A black cat, the familiar spirit of the cottage, was found curled up cosily fast asleep on the wounded man's breast. Seeking warmth, it had given it, and, so the doctors say, saved the officer's life.

THE DAYS OF THE SKIPPING-ROPE

What a little thing awakens old recollections and takes us back to those happy days when we were children and every season of the year had its delights and charms. What would we not give now to look forward to a little pleasure with the zest and eagerness that we felt then—now, when we are in the days of the sere leaf when our summer has waned and the autumn is approaching, when we have tasted of most things and realized that there is often more in anticipation than realization; that what gave us keen enjoyment at twenty now palls on our senses, and the glare of the footlights has gone, daylight is there, and the tinsel and gewgaws are not what we thought them.

But one day in the week there came to me for a few moments a brief spell of my childhood, and for that very brief time I verily believe I was in reality rejuvenated. I lived again through one of the delights of a girl's life—a delight that a boy rarely has, for boys rarely skip; and yet I have never been quite able to understand why, for it is a thoroughly exhilarating exercise, and quite as appropriate for a boy as a girl, but there it is—it is one of the delights of life that to enjoy thoroughly you must have been born a girl.

And perhaps to enjoy all the more thoroughly you must have been born a poor girl, and as spring approached and one after another of your friends came out with a new rope your every faculty was strained to cracking-point to solve the mighty problem how to

obtain a new rope for yourself. Now, if I wanted to skip, a piece of clothes-line of the desired length would suit me admirably, but then there were handles to be considered. Handles with round, hollow balls to contain the knot of the rope, and taped and polished extremities that screwed into these balls.

There were handles of all kinds and shapes, handles polished and handles painted, there were thick handles and thin handles, and long handles and short handles. And there were cheap handles and dear handles, and, being extremely poor, I always coveted the dear handles. There was all the difference in price to be considered. If I had the cheap ones it meant perhaps three or four weeks' pocket money condemned, but if I chose the dear ones, then for another two or three weeks I had to deny myself the delight of a skipping-rope or make shift with the dirty, shabby one of the last year.

It was, of course, possible to skip equally as well with that one, but the delight was not half as great; and, after all, was the joy of owning the new rope as great as the joy of anticipating the time when one would be the happy possessor of a rope that would make envious those who had not been so fortunate as to get one?

Was it not a delight for weeks before to walk round to all the shops in the neighbourhood and examine the quality and texture of the rope, and the colour and shape of the handles, and to halt in coming to a decision as to which to select; to lull one's self to sleep at night with a mental picture of skipping-ropes, and to awake in the morning still thinking about the same desired article?

And then, perhaps a week before you expected to have your desire gratified, a relative would come unexpectedly, and add to your little hoard the requisite penny to make up the amount needed. And then it would be too late that night to go out for it, and you would be so excited that sleep would be a long time coming; and next morning it would not be

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possible to go before school, and the morning would seem so long and the lessons so hard and dull. But at last the clock would boom forth the hour of twelve, and, released from school tasks, you would bound off to the shop and select the rope that you had decided on days before. Oh, the ecstasy of that moment, as, the centre of an admiring group, you exhibited your new skipping-rope and dilated on its beauties.

It was the sight of a little girl with a new skipping-rope that caused me to think of that joyful and ecstatic time in my early life, and just for a few moments made me a little child again.

M. A. P. P., in "The Sign."

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Mrs. H. Latch, Cannington Manor, Sask., writes:—"You will remember me writing you last spring. Well, I gave up my doctor and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This treatment cured me rapidly and I was soon myself again. I was pale, thin and weak, suffered from stomach troubles and liver complaint, and frequently had sick, nervous headaches. "I was surprised to find that in a few weeks' time I had gained 30 pounds in weight. I never felt so strong and well in all my life. Headaches never bother me any more, and I am grateful for the cure. If people would only give this medicine a fair trial they would certainly be cured." Everywhere people are talking about this great food cure, which cures in Nature's way, by supplying the ingredients to form new blood, and so overcome weakness and disease by an abundance of vitality. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.