

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

WHAT IS HOME.

Ask the above question to any person you chance to meet, who has wandered from home, and in nine cases out of ten the answer will be that Home is a green spot in memory, a center about which the greatest recollections of his grief-oppressed heart cling with all tenderness of youth's first love. Home has an influence which is stronger than death. It is law to our hearts and binds us with a spell which neither time nor change can break. Not merely friends and kindred render that home so dear, but the very hills and streams throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder the grandest harps are tuned to sing of "Home Sweet Home." No songs are sweeter than those heard among the boughs that share our parent's dwelling, when some evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled o'er us. We may wander away and mingle with the world's strife, form new associates and fancy we have forgotten the land of our birth; but as we listen perhaps to the summer wind, the remembrances of other days come over the soul and fancy bears us back to the childhood days and home. We may find times as beautiful and friends as dear, but they will not usurp the place of "Home Sweet Home."

WORK WILL NOT HURT.

It was Robert J. Burdette who said: My son, you have to work, whether you handle pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without, work the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. They did sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p. m. and don't go home until 2 a. m. It is the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, and gives you a perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old Soandso's boys." The great, busy world doesn't know that they are there.

So find out what you want to be and do, take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

APPRECIATION.

I always look forward to the coming of your paper with much anticipation, as to what good thing the Home Circle will have for us this week, and am never disappointed. You seem to have an inexhaustible supply of wholesome

Col. de Hertel Returns.

Colonel de Hertel returned to Perth from overseas on Saturday last and is on three months' leave. He was in France for a month attached to the 18th Battalion, 2nd Division, 4th Brigade and left France just previous to the Vimy Ridge engagement. Colonel de Hertel states that it is conceded by the allied forces in France that the British and French were masters of aerial warfare, and the submarine menace was being controlled successfully. The 130th Battalion was in England but a short time. Practically all the fit men were in France within one month after landing in England.—Perth Courier.

Killed by Train.

The body of Horace George Gordon Craig, a well-known Ottawa druggist, was found badly cut up beside the C.P.R. tracks near Manotick last Saturday morning by the crew of the morning passenger train from Prescott. Although it is not known how he was killed, it is believed that he was struck by a freight train which passed through some time during the night. The deceased was about 35 years of age and lived in Ottawa for many years. Several years ago he was in partnership with W. A. Henderson, druggist, Bank street, and at one time was manager of the Carp Drug store. He was well known in this community.—Carp Review.

Piles of trash and rubbish in fence corners and in out-of-the-way places around the yard, or in the attic or cellar, are inanimate "fire bugs" waiting only for the opportune spark or the slower process of spontaneous combustion to burst into flame.

Mr. D. G. Alexander, of Stittsville, recently received the sad news of the death of his sister, Mrs. James Burroughs, of Shellmouth, Manitoba. The late Mrs. Burroughs, whose maiden name was Sarah Jane Alexander, was born in Huntley 83 years ago, and lived in this vicinity many years before moving West.—Carp Review.

Ann Ferguson, wife of Mr. John Burns, died at her home in Drummond on the 2nd instant. She had been ill some time. The late Mrs. Burns was born in the township of Montague 73 years ago. Forty-nine years ago she married and since had made her home in Drummond where she was highly esteemed and loved. The husband, five sons and four daughters mourn her loss.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

truth for all in the home—old and young. Every phase in life receives its illumination from your pen and somehow life seems a bit brighter, the atmosphere purer and hope stronger after absorbing the thoughts you present and in appreciation of all this and many other excellent features, writes lines.—A Western Reader.

If men would remember that women can't always be smiling, who have to cook the dinner, answer the bell half a dozen times get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all these to contend with may claim it a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man, who, during the honeymoon, wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

The evening is the hour when crafty Satan preaches most eloquently. It is also the hour when he can gather the largest and most attentive audience. In our great cities Satan's churches are crowded every evening. But, fortunately, the evening hour is also the hour in which the good angel can gather the largest audience and he who would baffle Satan's influence must preach in the evening. The evening is the hour when the protesting power of home is greatest; it is the hour when its protection is most needed.

A mother who really has the good of her children at heart, will teach them as soon as they can walk, not only to help themselves, but to help others. She will not bring them up under the impression that they are unfledged angels, but dear, wilful, little mortals who must learn they came to serve and not to rule. Self sacrifice is a good quality in a mother, but it is possible to carry that spirit too far; it is possible to make sacrifices which are not only uncalculated for and unnecessary, but really harmful in their effects.

In the home all that is characteristically feminine in woman unfolds and flourishes. Home without woman is a misnomer, for woman makes home, and home is what she makes it. If she is illiterate, her home partakes of this quality; if she is immoral her home cannot be the abode of virtue; if she is coarse, refinement does not dwell where she resides. If she is cultivated, pure, refined, those qualities will characterize the home which she creates. The higher the degree of her culture, her purity, her refinement, the more will these qualities characterize the home of which she is the center.

Boy Drowned at Smiths Falls.

At two o'clock last Tuesday afternoon the little four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carner was drowned in the river below the stone bridge. The parents live on Water street next the Rideau theatre, on the edge of the river. The child was playing about the unprotected bank of the river and fell in. His mother saw him and gave the alarm but before anybody got there the little fellow was gone. Men are grappling for the body, but there is a swift current at the place and it is difficult to locate.—Rideau Record.

Reclaiming Waste Paper.

A process, known as the Jaspersen de-inking process, by which the printing ink is removed, has been developed for the reclaiming of printed papers. This will permit of old newspapers, magazines, etc., being utilized for the making of newsprint. Previously, this material could be used only for the making of the rougher grades of paper, where the ink content was not a drawback. The application of this process should be a further incentive to the saving of waste paper.

The Garden Gone.

The old-fashioned "kitchen garden" appears to be a thing well on the road to the past. Instead of the plot of square beds with little paths running through it, and little dots of this and that, here and there, it is now a mere side of a field.

Vegetables are planted in long rows where they can be cultivated by horse and scuffle, and produced with a minimum of labor. It's a move in the right direction.

The Reason Why.

Scientific Patient (on a stroll)—"You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son."

To the Coster—"My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?" Coster—"Cause I ain't a hoss you old thickhead."

Grand Trunk earnings for the period ending May 31st were \$1,939,312, an increase of \$457,250 compared with the same period last year.

Marshal Joffre has been designated by the Minister of War to continue his work begun in Washington of assisting to organize American participation in the war.



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IT WAS HIS OWN FIGHT.

So Plucky Enver Pasha Wanted the Scrap All to Himself.

I have known Enver Pasha for some years now, said a British vice consul to a traveler who writes to an exchange. The beginning of our friendships dates from the Young Turk revolution of 1908. On the morning that the revolution broke out in Constantinople I went to the bazaars with a guard of marines to see that the shops of British subjects were not attacked. I found the Hindus unmolested, but the shops of the Armenians, Jews, Syrians and Greeks were being ruthlessly plundered, and I observed men dead or wounded lying on the pavement or across the doors of shops they had tried to defend. The climax was reached when a bulging trooper came staggering out over the body of a murdered Armenian rug merchant, carrying a sack of loot in one hand and with the other dragging by the hair a half senseless girl of fourteen or fifteen. Four or five companions, all looted and yelling, reeled after him.

I had been ordered to refrain from interfering, except to protect British subjects, and I was still hesitating when an Ottoman cavalry officer galloped up, leaped from his horse and flung himself upon the soldier. A vicious saber cut, shearing through the turban and scalp, sent the hulking wretch to the pavement. Instantly the youthful Galahad stooped to raise the fainting girl, and it was only by a catlike spring that he was able to oppose any ground to a descending saber that one of the other footers aimed at the exposed back of his neck.

A moment later he had backed into an angle of the wall and was calmly meeting the furious but ill directed attack of the ruffians.

I wish the fight could have gone on to a finish, for so coolly and adroitly did the young officer stand his ground that I am confident he would have out-matched his clumsy assailants. But my jackies got out of hand and started in to equalize a contest that outraged their sense of sportsmanship.

The Bazonkies scattered at the sight of the ominously leveled bayonets, but it was a very angry Turkish officer who strode up to the big sergeant of marines and in voluble French demanded to know what he meant by mixing up in another man's fight.

"I am K. of the British embassy," I interposed in halting Turkish. "The marines thought you were in danger and with the best of intentions tried to create a diversion in your favor."

"I am Enver, captain in the Young Turk army," he replied stiffly in precise English. "In the circumstances your apology is accepted. As you and these men appear to have wandered away from that portion of the city where protection has been provided for foreigners, may I not require your kindness by conducting all of you safely back to the British embassy?"

And, in spite of my protests to the contrary, come he did. But he unbent on the way, and our meeting of that morning was the beginning of a warm friendship.

His Choice.

"A bad beginning means a good ending." "That may be, but if I can have my choice I'll take the fine start every time."—Detroit Free Press.

After taking 1000 ZUTOO TABLETS Says they are Harmless

Mrs. (Dr.) J. Shurtliff, of Coaticook, says "Zutoo Tablets must have cured 500 of my headaches, for I have taken 1000 tablets. After trying every remedy within reach, I discarded them all four years ago for ZUTOO, which I have taken ever since.

I find the tablets a harmless and efficient cure for all kinds of headache." 25 cents per box—at all dealers.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About an Interesting Little Insect.

HOW IT IS FED AND REARED.

Queer Home in Which It Begins Its Career—Baby Food That Would Not Appeal to Children—How a Small Boy Became a Hero.

This evening, said Uncle Ben to Little Ned and Polly Ann, I am going to tell you about

WASPS AND A BOY.

Once when I was a small boy I knew a little fellow named Tommy Tompkins.

Tommy was a wonderful boy, and he did his best to make the rest of us think he was one.

We had an old chicken house where a lot of wasps had built their homes. Every spring the wasps had a great time building more cells and new houses.

In each cell, we were told, the mother wasp would lay an egg, which would hatch out after awhile into a baby wasp, and we were told also that before the little white cover was fastened to the opening in the cell so that the baby wasp would be kept nice and warm until it was able to take care of itself the pantry would be stored with food for the babies to eat.

And what do you think the wasps feed their babies? Well, they give them nice fat spiders. Spiders are just as much afraid of wasps as flies are afraid of spiders.

When the wasps catch a spider they sting him so he cannot fight. Then they drag him to their nest and stuff him into one of the egg cells. By and by, when the cell is full of spiders, the mother wasp will lay an egg in it. Then a warm curtain is spun over the mouth of the cell. When the baby wasp comes out of the egg it will eat these spiders.

You know how a wasp can sting. Boys and girls are generally afraid of them, and they have good reason to be so.

Little Tommy Tompkins, however, became quite a hero in the neighborhood because he said he was not afraid of wasps and bees.

"They don't bite me," wasps don't. Bees don't either," he would say. If you made it very pleasant for Tommy Tompkins he would come over into your yard and when a bee came along hold out his little hand and let the insect settle there. The bees and wasps didn't sting Tommy, but now that I am grown up and know more about insects I don't think so strange. The reason was he kept perfectly still, so that he did not frighten or anger them.

While there are some cross insects that sting folks without any seeming reason, usually if you stand perfectly still the bee or wasp won't hurt you. Of course if he has been stirred up by somebody or something before you come along he is going to take it out on you, so it is just as well to keep away from stinging bugs and not try to be a Tommy Tompkins.

A Little Rich Boy.

Not many little people are obliged to pay rent for the house they live in. Papa usually attends to that. Not so Master John Jacob Astor, who was four years old last August. His father,



Photo by American Press Association.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, who was lost on the steamship Titanic, provided in his will that young John should inherit a great fortune. So he is able to pay his own way, although his mother attends to all the details. Young John doesn't know nor care about it. Last year it cost over \$27,000 to support the four-year-old baby.

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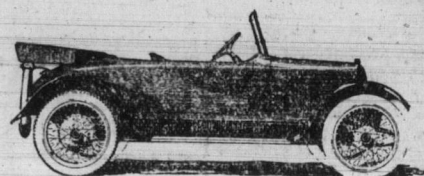
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Osman Pasha's Daring.

One of the most gallant generals that ever surrendered to the enemy was Osman Pasha, the immortal defender of Plezna. Surrounded by an immeasurably superior army of Russia, Osman kept his flag flying for 142 days, inflicting a loss of 40,000 men on the enemy and losing 20,000 of his own garrison. It was only when both provisions and ammunition failed that he decided on that desperate attempt to cut his way through the investing army. The attempt, one of the most daring and resolute in history, failed, and Osman was at last compelled to admit defeat. So impressed, however, were the enemy with his valor that as he was carried wounded through their ranks they greeted him as a conqueror with cheers and presented arms.

A Little Nervous.

Lord Charles Beresford tells a story about his stay at a country inn near Oxford. His lordship arrived over night quite alone, and told the host who he was. That worthy thus admonished the hot water boy: "Look here," said he earnestly, "we have got a lord here—a real live lord. We never had one here before, and I don't suppose we will ever again. When you take his lordship's water up in the morning knock several times, and if a voice says: 'Who is there?' mind you say: 'It's the boy, my lord.' The unfortunate boy was so flustered, however, next morning that shivering outside the door with his hot water when Lord Charles cried: 'Who's there?' he blurted out: 'It's the lord, me boy.'"

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

Every man who has served at the front is given a button which advertises the fact when he lands in Quebec. The owners of these buttons are very proud of them.

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