

## YOUNG FOLKS

Tommy's Luck.

It is very well, sometimes, to be the youngest of the family; but Tommy had found that even being young has its troubles, and to-day they seemed very great. His brothers had talked for a week about the coming circus. They had saved their money until they had enough for a side show or two and for peanuts. "It's too bad we can't afford tickets to the big tent," they said, "but we'll see the parade and hear the music, anyway."

Tommy supposed he was going. At least, he supposed so until it was time to start. Then he ran in to get his hat. "Why, Tommy," cried John, "you can't go! You couldn't walk to town."

Tommy stopped short. True, he had never walked so far as that. His father had taken the horses away the day before, and would not be back until night. "Couldn't you carry me part of the way?" he began.

"What! Carry a big boy like you?" "That's it!" said Tommy. "I'm either too big or too little for everything."

He knew it was no use to beg; he had learned that long ago.

He saw them tramp away out of sight over the hill and, by trying hard, kept back his tears; then he dug tunnels and played soldiers. Suddenly, as he happened to look toward the windmill, he saw Bossy, the cow, push down the gate and wander inside the well lot.

He ran as hard as he could, but it was too late; for as Bossy stepped toward the edge of the well, the bank gave way, and down she went ten feet into three feet of water.

Tommy looked at her as she floundered and shivered in the water. "Well," he scolded, "if you had only waited! I was coming as fast as I could." Then he set the windmill to pumping, so the water could not get any higher in the well, and started after help.

Every house that he came to was closed—everyone had gone to the circus. So he went on toward the town. His legs grew tired and his back ached, but he kept on. At last he heard the sound of the circus callopie. His heart leaped and he started toward the music; but then he remembered his errand; he must get help to Bossy. And just as he turned down Main Street, he met his father driving home.

In a little while he had told his story and had started to climb into the buggy, glad of a chance to ride home. But his father stopped him. "Hold on, sonny," he said, as he ran his hand into his pocket. "I guess Bossy is worth a ticket to the circus and some peanuts and red lemonade besides."

So he handed Tommy three bright quarters. "I'll drive in for you after I get Bossy out."

Three hours later Tommy, swinging on a tent rope as he waited for his father, saw his brothers. "Hey, ho!" he shouted.

They came over to where he was waiting and listened to his story, first about Bossy and then about what he had seen inside the big tent.

"When," said John, as he helped himself to Tommy's peanuts. "It's great to be the youngest of the family. It seems as if Tommy was born lucky."

"I know he was born faithful," said a quiet voice. The boys whirled about and saw their father waiting at the side of the road. "Jump in," he said. "Thanks to Tommy's luck, as you call it, you'll all get a ride home."

—Youth's Companion.

## USES POISON GAS.

Method Employed by Bombardier Beetle to Defend Himself.

A little British beetle has been employing poison gas to defend itself for untold ages. One of the strongholds of the bombardier beetle (Brachinus crepitans) is along the shores of the Thames in the Gravesend district. The bombardier beetle is very liable to be attacked by some of the fierce ground beetles, or Carabidae, as they are properly called. These ground beetles are extremely active, hunting about all over the place and at once giving chase when they see the timid Brachinus appear from beneath a stone. Offhand one would think that there could only be one ending to the chase, but, as soon as the pursuer draws close, a very remarkable thing happens.

First of all the bombardier beetle ejects a peculiar liquid which, when it comes into contact with the atmosphere "bursts into a sort of a pale blue-green flame, followed by a kind of smoke." Instantly the pursuing beetle seems to be overwhelmed and quite stupefied by the suddenness of the attack. The smoke appears to have a blinding and suffocating tendency, and the effect lasts for a minute or so. During this time the bombardier beetle makes good its escape.

An Italian proverb says: "On Friday or Tuesday neither marry nor set out on a journey."

Only an average of one person in every 350,000 is killed by lightning in the British Isles every year. Knives were formerly part of a bride's accoutrement, and were worn sheathed at the girdle.

**Our Kitchen is Your Kitchen**—it cost two million dollars and was built to furnish you with crisp, golden loaves of **Shredded Wheat**, the purest, cleanest, most nutritious cereal food in the world. It is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, delicious for breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with sliced peaches.



Made in Canada

## WHEN THE SUB. GOES INTO ACTION

DESCRIPTION OF A TRIP ON BRITISH "TIN FISH."

Crew of the Submarine Know Nothing of What Is Going on Overhead.

A graphic description of the "life" in a British submarine about to attack a German ship is given in the following account.

Look carefully and see how the grim shadow, almost flush with the sea, blends with the grey waters and the grey sky. Her narrow deck is washed from end to end, her bow hidden in a pillow of boiling sea, her counter lathered in the foaming eddies of her wake. Behind the canvas "ridgers" of her tiny bridge her commander and helmsman ply their trade, the only members of her crew visible, the others are at their stations in her well-lighted interior. Suddenly there is a sharp word of command, more men appear on her wet deck, all her movable gear—the wheel, the ventilation cowls, the compass, and other objects—are detached and taken inside her hull. The rails are turned down in one moment flush with the deck. Then everyone disappears; the hatch is screwed tight, the main ballast tanks are filled, the periscope is pushed up to its full height, and thus she prepares to dive to the wet shadowy realms of the cod and the conger eel.

Silence After Noise.

The roar of her oil engines has suddenly ceased. The silence seems strange after their thunderous note, and to take their place comes the gentle hum of the electric motors which drive her below the waves. The commander is in the conning tower, his eyes glued to the vibrating lens of the periscope. The stolid coxswain has the wheel controlling the horizontal rudders that work the boat in her trips below. The second coxswain has the wheel that steers her to port and starboard. The leading torpedo-man at the switchboard controls all the electrical devices that man has chained to his will to work this strange ship. The torpedo-men are at the fully-charged tubes. The engine staff have seen that the water and oil are shut off and are now at the Kingston valves and "Blows" (blow-off valves) on the main ballast tanks. Everyone stands to his station, blind to the world without, waiting for the commands of the one man who can see.

Order to Dive.

"Dive fifteen feet!" comes the



## Adds to the Joy of Living—

It isn't alone the deliciously sweet nut-like taste of **Grape-Nuts** that has made the food famous, though taste makes first appeal, and goes a long way.

But with the zestful flavor there is in **Grape-Nuts** the entire nutriment of finest wheat and barley. And this includes the rich mineral elements of the grain, necessary for vigorous health—the greatest joy of life.

Every table should have its daily ration of

## Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

order, quick and concise. The next moment the bow has casted down ever so little and the boat like a shadow has slid below, guided by the steady hand of the first coxswain.

In the far distance a ship, grey from truck to waterline, is speeding along the horizon tossing a trailing haze of smoke from her belching funnels.

Torpedo Stations Ready.

"Torpedo stations, make ready!" comes from above. The firing reservoirs of the tube are instantly charged with compressed air, the caps covering the outside ends of the tubes are raised by "No. 2" of each tube, and water floods each chamber until a warning spurt from a tiny vent inside the boat tells the torpedo-man that all is clear for firing.

The silence which now reigns is alone broken by the hum of the motors. Everything depends on the judgment of one man; the others see nothing, know nothing, and have blindly to obey his will. . . . The cruiser is now standing up a dark silhouette on the skyline. Not one of her people have seen the "plume" of the submarine's periscope heading straight and true to cut them off.

Single Word, "Fire!"

Already a string of concise orders is coming down from the commander; finally, "Starboard tube—stand by." The tube is ready, "No. 2" (the chief torpedo man has jumped round to bang down the firing ball in case the electric circuit fails).

The commander's finger crooks round one of the pistol triggers before him—very carefully he is aiming with his whole ship (for the tubes are fixed in the hull). Then comes the single word, "Fire!" There is a heavy thud, a momentary alteration in the boat's trim (at once corrected by the alert coxswain), and at the same instant over 200 pounds of explosive in the war nose of the torpedo goes hurtling away at forty miles to the hour.

"Good Shot."

The enemy notes the wake of the "tin fish"; there is a burst of flame from his secondary battery, and as the shells start on their screaming courses there is a fresh series of commands inside the submarine, and like a shadow her periscope has vanished, and she is plunging down to sixty feet below the surface, and turns and twists away, steered by clock and compass.

All the while her crew are listening. Water is a good conductor of sound and will bring to their ears a message if the torpedo has gone "home." Suddenly they hear it—just a heavy thud—and on the instant they slip towards the world of fresh air once more. As the periscope projects the commander starts and ejaculates, "Good shot—right in her engine-room."

## THANKFUL MOTHERS

Thousands of thankful mothers throughout Canada—many of them your own neighbors—speak with the greatest praise of that splendid medicine, **Baby's Own Tablets**. Many mothers would have no other medicine for their little ones. Among these is Mrs. Albert Nie, St. Brieux, Sask., who says: "I have been using Baby's Own Tablets for the past seven years and they have done my four children a world of good. I would not be without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## PROSPERS UNDER BRITISH.

Arabs of Besra Are Learning to Enjoy Modern Business.

The frontier city and river port of Besra, in Asiatic Turkey, has since its occupation by the British in the present war enjoyed more prosperity than in twenty years under Turkish rule, says a British eye-witness account.

Besra is a green spot. It is like an oasis in a great desert. The date palms are festooned with vines which make a canopy, and fig trees and pomegranates with scarlet flowers grow beneath. The very air seems to sweat, the weather is so warm. Strike a match and it will burn dully without a flicker as if the flame were choked.

Besra was never so rich; money is pouring in, trade is brisk, prices are high. Three banks have opened. The Arabs of the city are learning luxurious ways. The four new theatres which have sprung up during the war barely meet their demand for entertainment. And they are no longer content with their simple diet of dates and khobez (a coarse bread), but purchase English stores and eat pineapples and salmon and biscuits and butter out of a tin.

## AUSTRIANS TIRED OF WAR.

Whole Masses of Men Surrender to Russian Cavalry.

All accounts seem to show that neither on the western nor the eastern fronts is there any general deterioration of the German morale, says the London Globe. Signs of such degeneration have been detected here and there, but it is certainly not universal. With the Austrians, on the other hand, a very different state of mind seems to prevail. Rus-

## NEURALGIA PAINS YIELD QUICKLY

Hundreds Find Sloan's Liniment Soothes Their Aches.

The shooting, tearing pains of neuralgia and sciatica are quickly relieved by the soothing external application of Sloan's Liniment.

Quiets the nerves, relieves the numbness feeling, and by its tonic effect on the nerve and muscular tissue, gives immediate relief.

Sloan's Liniment is cleaner and easier to use than musky plasters and ointments and does not clog the pores.

Just put it on—it penetrates. Kills pain. You will find relief in ten minutes. You will find relief in ten minutes. You will find relief in ten minutes.

For strains, sprains, bruises, black and blue spots, Sloan's Liniment quickly reduces the pain.

It's really a friend of the whole family. Your druggist sells it in 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 bottles.

## Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

Asian reports, which are confirmed by the statements of independent correspondents, show conclusively that the bulk of the Austrian troops have lost all stomach for war.

Whole masses of men, together with officers of high rank, surrender freely to Russian cavalry, to whom they could in all probability offer a successful resistance if they kept their heads. Either they have forgotten the well proved maxim that against infantry which has not lost its nerve cavalry is powerless, or they welcome the opportunity of escaping by surrender from a conflict in which they take no further interest.

## The Folly Of Taking Digestive Pills

A Warning to Dyspeptics.

The habit of taking digestive pills after meals makes chronic dyspepsia of many thousands of men and women. It causes artificial diseases, drugs and medicine have practically no influence upon it, and it is a constant source of the stomach contents which is the cause of most forms of indigestion and dyspepsia.

The after dinner pill merely lessens the severity of the attack, but it does not give a false sense of freedom from the disease. It is a habit which is easily broken, and it is a habit which is easily broken.

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## TRAPPERS! Send your RAW FURS to JOHN HALLAM

and receive highest cash prices. We want every kind of raw fur and will pay the highest prices for them. We will also buy second-hand furs and will pay the highest prices for them. We will also buy second-hand furs and will pay the highest prices for them.

JOHN HALLAM Limited 202 Hallam Building, Toronto.

## Largest Elevator in Russia.

A new grain elevator of the Imperial Bank will be opened in Samara in the near future. It will be not only the largest elevator in Russia, but, in capacity, the largest in Europe. Its capacity will be over 2,000,000 bushels. Elevator building is being pushed with all energy possible under present difficult conditions for the purpose of developing the elevator system in grain regions of European Russia and Siberia.

## TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW.

As evidenced by an advertisement which appeared in last week's issue, the Toronto Fat Stock Show are giving special attention to farmers and breeders, and are offering many handsome prizes for classes where stock must be bred, fed and owned by the exhibitors. This is work along the right lines and should bring out a good entry.

## CAN'T CURE PARALYSIS.

Swedish Investigators Confess Inability to Find a Remedy.

Sweden, almost alone among European countries, has been repeatedly scourged by infantile paralysis, and, as a result, a number of physicians and bacteriologists have devoted themselves for years almost exclusively to the study of the disease. These authorities admit that they, as yet, do not know what can be done to prevent or cure the disease.

In the words of a report by Dr. Carl Kling, Professor Alfred Petersen and Dr. Wernestedt, "virus carriers are very common and often in number greatly exceed the clinically positive cases." Disease carriers are almost inevitably found among healthy members of families where cases of poliomyelitis have occurred.

Investigations proved that the secretions of the mucous membranes of the mouth of a person who had recovered from the disease contained virulent microbes of infantile paralysis 204 days after the onset of the disease. Investigations with other patients have repeatedly shown the presence of virulent germs of the disease four months and more after the patient's recovery.

Animal experimentation appears to have demonstrated, however, that the microbe gets weaker soon after the termination of the acute stage of the disease, probably in eight to fourteen days after the onset. The Swedish authorities, however, advise isolation for some weeks after the disappearance of the acute symptoms.

The thought of the shelter as a human "clearing house" should never be permitted to be pushed in the background by other considerations. One of the tendencies seems to be to aim at having a large number of inmates. This is a grave mistake. Get the children out into homes where good mothering is assured, and you will not only obtain satisfactory results the more quickly but at the same time multiply your society's capabilities for usefulness and efficiency. The natural shelter of a child is motherly arms—not bricks and mortar.

To carry the foregoing into effect requires homes in which to place the children, and as time passes the impression becomes a conviction that more thought and energy should be directed to the finding of high class homes, that is where there is a wealth of affection. Too much reliance is being placed upon the casual application fortuitously reaching the Society at the time it is needed. There are many good people who have desirable homes, who are considering the proposition of taking to their hearts and heart some needy child—but they get no further. An active campaign judiciously managed would result in many of these "prospects" becoming "actualities," to the blessing of the child and home and the honor of the Society. The best homes have to be sought for and it is a quest worth while.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I can recommend MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.

Yours truly, T. B. LAVERS, St. John.

True Success.

Mabel—Was your bazaar a success?

Gladys—Yes, indeed; the minister will have cause to be grateful.

Mabel—How much were the profits?

Gladys—Nothing. The expenses were more than the receipts. But ten of us got engaged, and the minister is in for a good thing in wedding fees.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Cares for Insects; Needn't Fight.

Perhaps the most remarkable ground on which a man has been exempted from British army service by the tribunals is given in the case of the curator of a butterfly collection worth \$250,000, owned by a wealthy coal mine magnate and destined to be turned over to the public some day.

Professor Poulton, of Oxford, said that to leave the collection without a competent head would be a national disaster, and his opinion prevailed.

As He Knew It.

Teacher—Tommy, can you spell "fur"?

Thomas—Yes sir; f-u-r.

Teacher—That's right. Now can you tell me what fur is?

Thomas—Yes, sir, Fur is an awful long way.

In rural England it was a custom to strew the path from the houses of the bride couple to the church with herbs, flowers, and rushes.

## A NEW SERVICE.

Now Possible to Send a Day Letter by Telegraph.

Mr. J. McMillan, who has initiated many notable improvements since he became General Manager of the C.P.R. Telegraphs eighteen months ago, has just decided to inaugurate an important service entirely new to Canada over the hundred and ten thousand miles of wire under his immediate control, namely, the day letter which may now be sent between points in Canada on the Canadian Pacific system at a rate very much reduced as compared with the usual commercial rush telegram. Mr. McMillan is convinced that many of those who send telegrams would be quite satisfied if these arrived on the same day, whereas a proportion of the cost of the rush telegram is due to the cost of speedy delivery. The day letter of fifty words will be rated at one and a half times the cost of a regular rush message of ten words and can still bring an answer the same day, which is as quick as many people desire. There are sixteen hundred C.P.R. telegraph offices throughout Canada, at each of which the new service will be in force, so that this will be a Dominion-wide service stretching from Lethbridge, Nova Scotia, to Victoria, B.C. Messages will be taken in either French or English, code words not being permissible.

Mr. John McMillan owes his success to a genial and tactful disposition which made him one of the most popular C.P.R. officials in the West, where his work centred until he was called to the head-office in Montreal last year. Although less than fifty years of age, he joined the C.P.R. at its inception, working on construction in 1883. After acting for a number of years as operator at Donald, B.C., he became Inspector of Telegraphs at Winnipeg in 1902, Assistant Superintendent in 1906, Superintendent at Calgary in 1907, General Superintendent at Winnipeg in 1913, and finally Manager of the whole telegraph system in March, 1915.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh. Catarrhal Deafness or Head Noises.

If you have catarrh catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh of the middle ear, you will find that the following treatment which you can easily perform in your own home at the cost of a few cents will give you relief. Secure from your druggist 1 ounce of Paraffin Double Strength and mix with 1 ounce of Glycerine. This will not cost you more than 7c. Take this home-made ointment in a pint of hot water and gargle with it. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. A decided improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathe through the nose, while the treatment is being performed. Gradually diminish the amount of ointment used, until only a few drops are left. Then use only the Glycerine. The treatment is often successful in cases of catarrh of the middle ear, which is often caused by catarrh of the nose. The treatment is often successful in cases of catarrh of the middle ear, which is often caused by catarrh of the nose.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Making a Bad Matter Worse.

It is a dangerous thing, when you have let slip an unfortunate remark, to try to cover up the blunder.

Mrs. G. was talking with the wife of Judge H. about her son's choice of a profession. "I don't want him to be a lawyer," she said.

"Why not?" said the judge's wife.

"I think there is nothing much finer than the legal profession for a bright boy."

"Well," said Mrs. G., bluntly, "a lawyer has to tell so many lies." Then it dawned on her that she was talking to the wife of a lawyer; so she hastily added, "That is—er—to be a good lawyer!"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Even Up.

"See the spider, my son, spinning its web," said the instructive parent to his small son. "Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that no man could spin that web, no matter how hard he might try?"

"Well, what of it?" replied the up-to-date offspring. "Watch me spin this top. No spider could do that, no matter how hard he might try."

The Way of Man.

Mrs. Wilkins—Did Fussleigh take his misfortune like a man?

Mrs. Williams—Precisely. He blamed it all on his wife.

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