



When Preserving

Use LANTIC Sugar. Because it dissolves quickly, it will not scorch or burn in the kettle. LANTIC Sugar is refined from cane only, granulated extra fine and comes to you clean and pure from refinery in original packages. 2 lb. and 5 lb. cartons and 10 lb. and 20 lb. bags. - 100 lb. bags coarser granulation. Weight guaranteed. Buy in original packages and look for the LANTIC Red Ball on each package.

Send your address and small Red Ball Trade Mark from bag or top end of carton and we will mail you book of 50 assorted Fruit Jar Labels—printed and gummed ready to put on the jars.

Lantic Sugar

Atlantic Sugar Refineries Limited, MONTREAL, QUE. ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOME HINTS

Carry your head so that you can look everyone in the face. Breathe plenty of air. Drink cold water. These are nature's medicines.

To mend glassware that is not to be put in hot water, use a transparent cement made by dissolving an ounce of gun shellac in enough alcohol to form a thick paste about like honey. Apply with a fine small brush, stick the pieces together and set away until dry.

The water in which chicken or fresh meat had been washed was found by a housekeeper to be the best fertilizer she had tried for ferns and potted plants generally.

We have read somewhere that the cost of stopping a railroad train had been closely figured out, and that it was much greater than the expense of running a train several miles. We do not know which is harder to stop, a train or a habit, but we are inclined to think the latter. We have never tried stopping a train. If trains are as hard to stop as some habits, few would ever be started! No one would dare ride on them. Never start a habit you think you may want to stop. It saves a great deal of trouble not to start it.

Sometimes clocks stop and no amount of coaxing will start them. A simple way to remedy this, is to soak a little piece of cotton cloth in coal oil, then open the door of the clock and place the cloth beneath the works. A little oiling is very often all that they need and this does it effectually. Leave the cloth in the clock until all the oil is absorbed. I have even taken the works out of small bronze clocks and placed them in a cup with a coal oil cloth underneath and left them over night or as long as necessary for the delicate mechanism to become oiled. If there is nothing broken in the clock this will start it off. In any event, all clocks require oiling at certain intervals.

In hot weather, as is well known, the color of clothes is important. Certain colors heighten discomfort, others greatly reduce it. Anyone freely exposed in very hot weather to the red rays is likely to suffer from over-excited nerves; in fact, to these rays most cases of sun-stroke may be attributed. Red clothing offers them free passage, and is therefore not desirable. Blue is also undesirable, for it offers no protection against the ultra-violet rays. Green is of all colors the coolest and most restful. The most comfortable rooms in very hot weather are those decorated in green. They have the further advantage of being for some reason especially unattractive to the house fly.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

Voters' List—1915.

Municipality of the Village of Watford County of Lambton.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in section 9 of "The Ontario Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Watford, on the 21st day of June, 1915, and remains there for inspection, and I hereby call upon all voters to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law. Dated at Watford this 21st day of June, A. D., 1915.

W. S. FULLER, Clerk of Watford.

VICTOR HUGO AT LIEGE.

His First Impression of the Busy City as Seen at Night.

Shortly after the Franco-Prussian war Victor Hugo, the French poet, visited Belgium and subsequently wrote of his journey:

"The shades of evening drew near—the wind ceased blowing; lights burned dimly in neighboring houses; everything became half lost in the dusk. The passengers said, 'We shall be in Liege in an hour.'"

"At that moment, at the foot of the hills, which loomed dark and scarcely visible, two round balls of fire suddenly glared like the eyes of tigers. By the roadside rose a frightful dark slender tower, surmounted by a huge flame that cast a sinister reflection upon forest, rock and ravine. Beyond, hidden in the shadows, was a mouth—a mouth of live coal which suddenly opened and shut, and with hideous roarings spouted forth a tongue of fire. It was the lighting of the furnaces."

"After passing the spot called Fiemalle the sight was inexpressibly magnificent. All the valley seemed to be in a state of conflagration, smoke issuing from that; in fact, we could imagine that a hostile army had ravaged the country, and that twenty districts presented in the night and darkness all the aspects and phases of devastating conflagration—some just catching fire, some shrouded in smoke, others swept or encircled by flames."

"This aspect of war is caused by peace—this terrifying similitude of destruction is the effect of industry."

ITALY'S NATIONAL GAME.

Morra is Played With the Fingers and is Older Than Chess.

We are apt to look on marbles as the most economical of games, but "morra" is perhaps the most economical game in the world, for it demands nothing but a pair of hands.

The players each throw out the right hand, with a number of fingers extended. Then each has to call "five," "three," "eight," or any number that he considers equal to the number of fingers extended by himself and his opponent added together. In this lies the test, for an old hand can divine by the very turn of his opponent's fingers how many he is going to extend. Whenever a player guesses the right total in any throw he counts it on his left hand by folding in a finger of that hand. It takes nine such correct guesses by one player to make a game.

This game is proscribed by law if practiced in public; hence the devotees betake themselves to alleys and by-ways. From the silence of these regions there comes the tell tale howling of the raucous players. As game succeeds game, and the wine they play for is consumed, the play becomes more intense, the cries more hoarse and loud, so that one would imagine they were dogs barking.

No game is older than this—even chess must yield the palm for antiquity—and yet it is as popular and as primitive today as when first played on the banks of the Nile.—Strand Magazine.

The Piano's Seven Octaves. Pianos of standard size have a keyboard of seven octaves and three notes—fifty-two white keys. There is a reason for this limit. As it is, the keys at either end of the keyboard are rarely used, and the tones that can now be produced, from the lowest to the highest, include all that have any definite musical value to the human ear. If the compass of the keyboard were extended the added keys would produce sounds or noises without any musical significance. It is possible for the human ear to perceive sounds over a range of about eleven octaves, but the production of musical sounds is confined to the seven and one-third octaves.—Boston Herald.

Extremes meet when art is long and the artist is short.

The Beef Cattle Trade in Canada

Large numbers of beef cattle, many of them in comparatively poor condition, are finding their way from all parts of Ontario into the United States. In the case of most of these animals it would pay the sellers well to feed them for some time before disposing of their stock, for a fat animal is profitable in two ways: it is heavier, and it brings a better price per pound. It seems strange that Ontario farmers have been so slow to perceive how much they are throwing away by this form of shiftlessness.

It is depressing for a thoughtful student of the beef cattle question to see the large number of heifers consigned to the butcher's block. They are capable of bearing good grade stock, which would help to increase the number of beef animals in Canada. Generally speaking, says one who has given thought to the question, the farmer should never kill a heifer or a calf, for to cause either of them to disappear from the whole number of Canadian cattle is to create a vacancy that must be filled up with something else.

One great drawback to the beef cattle trade in this country is the poor condition of pastures in July and August. Generally there is a good deal of drought during these two months, and it is quite impossible for cattle to find nourishing food in dried up grass pastures. The way to tide over this interval is to cultivate pasture for the cattle. Sown at different times, the fodder can be cut at its very best, the last cut being blown into the silo for winter use. It happens that the same crop that serves usefully for summer feeding serves just as well for ensilage; alfalfa, sweet clover, fodder corn and so on. Farmers may as well make up their minds, advises the Guelph Mercury, that after this season beef cattle will be very high in price, and that it is not too soon to begin preparations to take advantage of what is likely to be comparatively a paramount condition.—Journal.

The Quality of Modern Courage

(Collier's Weekly)

The great war has proved one thing at least; the enduring bravery of mankind. Military writers of a few years ago were skeptical about the soldierly qualities of modern city dwellers, believing that our urban civilizations must necessarily sap the fighting spirit and perhaps overcome it entirely. The present struggle has ended all that sort of comment. Whether Belgian, English, French or German, these clerks and factory hands can hold their souls in strength, and on the given word can charge and die as valiantly as any Spartan. The appalling noise and carnage wrought by modern artillery results in some cases of nervous breakdown, but very few in comparison with the numbers engaged, and by no means producing effect enough to insure the success of the assault following the cannonade. The modern soldier simply digs his trench the deeper and holds on to meet the attack. The big guns are called by opprobrious and contemptuous nicknames. Such as "Black Marias," "soup steamers," and the like. Napoleon said that the rarest sort of courage is four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, but there is lots of that in the trenches along the French border. The Germans have systematically made many of their most determined assaults in the small hours following midnight, but these have been met as calmly and effec-

tively as if under the noonday sun. It will be interesting to see how the psychologists will account for this, whether it may be ascribed to the very deadliness of modern weapons, or to the decay of superstition, or to more occult causes.

The Supermen

The names of the prominent German generals are becoming more and more an amusing factor of the situation. The German army operating in East Prussia is under control of a man named General Francois. That is hardly a good Teuton cognomen. The German army operating in Central Poland is under the command of General Mackensen, whose daughter was named Flora and educated at Edinburgh University, and whose grandfather was probably a Mackenzie. The German general who has taken charge of the Turkish army is General Von Saunders, and there is very little doubt but that his ancestors came from Scotland. If Germany continues to appoint such men, we will begin to doubt the tremendous superman quality of the German breed.

Soldiers' Offences

There are more than a dozen different offences for which a soldier may be sentenced to death while on active service.

The first on the list of death offences applies to a commanding officer and reads, "Shamefully delivering up a garrison when in command of troops, without due necessity—punishment, death."

A soldier can be shot for throwing away his rifle or sword in the presence of the enemy, for cowardice, or for leaving his commanding officer in order to plunder. If he forces his way past a sentry on active service he may be sentenced to death, or for assaulting anyone bringing up provisions for the troops.

Soldiers are expressly forbidden while on active service to commit any offence against a resident of the country in which he is fighting under pain of death, nor may he break into any house in search of plunder, or discharge his rifle intentionally to create a false alarm on the march.

A soldier while acting as sentry who is found sleeping at his post may be shot. Any man causing or joining in a mutiny is liable to be shot. Desertion or attempt at desertion while on active service is naturally a death offence.

Society is Not Life

While its narrow round is sounding its brass and tinkling its cymbal, life is going fiercely on, down in the narrow street where we struggle for bread, out in the barnyard where the feathered folk are stirring to spring industries and the patient beasts are awaiting our demands.

Life is here, in the kitchen, where the woman must, with consummate cleverness never to be excelled by any art or accomplishment, minister to the bodily wants of her fellow-creatures.

It is the woman who has walked across the fields on a wild winter night to help a sister woman in her hour of trial, the woman who has dressed the new-born baby, and composed the limbs of the dead, learned the rude surgery of the farm, harnessed horses, milked cows, carried young lambs into the kitchen to save them from perishing in the rough March weather—it is she who has seen life.

The Lesson

"What lesson are we to take from the parable of the five wise and the five foolish virgins?" asked the teacher in the girls' Sunday school.

"That we ought always to be on the outlook for the bridegroom," answered the little girl.

Not Practicing What He Preached

"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister, in talking to one of the deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years, and ye haven't resigned yet."

Laurier's Appeal

To Young Men.

At a mass meeting in the Arena at Ottawa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, closed a stirring speech on the duty of Canadians in connection with the war with a pointed appeal to the young men of Canada to enlist in the service of their country and of empire. "The privilege is yours, young men," he said "the privilege of risking your lives that your country may live and that freedom may not disappear from the earth." It is not to the women that I would appeal to send the men to the front. It is to you, young men, who must remember that none but the brave deserve the fair. The call of the Liberal leader was backed by the appeals of Hon. Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, Col. J. A. Currie, M. P., who is home on sick leave and Capt. Stethan, of the R. C. R., Kingston.

"Oh, I See!"

Two recruits had been brought in by the sergeant. Enlisting Officer (to first one): "What's your name?"

"Watt, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Watt, sir."

"What's your name? I ask you!"—

impatiently.

"My name is Watt, sir—W-a-t-t."

"Humph! Where do come from?"

"Ware, sir."

"Yes, slunderhead. Where do you come from?"

"I come from the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire, sir."

"Oh! That'll do."

Turns to second recruit.

"What's your name?"

"Mee, sir."

"Yes, you thickhead! Will you give me your name?"

"My name, sir, is John Mee."

"Humph! And where do you come from?"

"Hoo, sir."

"Confound it, you blockhead! Don't you understand? Where do you come from?"

"Hoo, sir."

"Well, if ever—"

Sergeant (interposing): "The man comes from the village of Hoo, near Chatham, sir."

"Oh, I see."

Uneasy Conscience

A jovial negro was arraigned in the county court, Brooklyn, on a minor charge.

"Smith," asked the court, "did you ever commit a crime before?"

The negro pondered for a moment.

"Well, yo' honah," he answered, slowly, "Ah can't 'zactly say, but Ah done got married one time."

A bad break is often followed by a flood of tears.

The present week of seven days, without reference to solar or lunar cycles, was adopted by Egyptian astronomers more than 3,000 years ago.

To keep cinders and dust from entering car windows is the purpose of a recently patented device that catches and diverts them downward.

A French aviator has invented a safety belt to keep airmen from being thrown from their machines and to absorb part of the shock of a fall.

This advertisement recently appeared in a western paper:—"Wanted—A man to undertake the sale of a new patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees that it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Teacher—"Tommy, you may define the difference between 'a while' and 'a time.'" Tommy—"Why, when pa says he's going down town for a while, ma says she'll bet he's going for a time."

Just after 75 cats and dogs were dumped into the executing tank of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the gas exploded and it literally rained cats and dogs.

SOCIETIES.

Court Lorne, No. 17 C.O.F.

Regular meetings the Second and Fourth Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock. Court Room over Stapleford's store, Main street, Watford.

B. Smith, C. R. J. H. Hume R, Sec. J. B. Collier, F. Sec. J.

