

The Kaiser's Reward

Framed Photograph of Poor Widow who has Lost Nine Sons

Mr. Fritz Walters of the D. A. R. has handed us a copy of the London Daily Mirror, July 26th, from which we extract the following under the above heading. Just how much good it will do the poor starving widow in her deep mourning to look at the photograph of the man who has caused all her misery will never be known. The Kaiser, himself has lost no son.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday (received yesterday). The Lokalanzeiger publishes a letter written by the Kaiser's secretary to a widow named Meyer, of De menhorst, Oldenburg.

The letter runs: "The Kaiser has heard that you have sacrificed nine sons for the defence of the Fatherland in the present war.

"His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition has been pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature."

Frau Meyer, who is a widow, has asked for financial assistance, as she is now compelled to go begging Exchange."

A good chance for investment in real estate in town is given by George Blanchard, in the offer of large Blanchard Block on Webster St.

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CANNING

Mr. Delancy Sheffield, who has spent some months at Halifax, under treatment and was able to come to Canard some few weeks ago has returned to his home at Canning, he is much improved in health. His friends are pleased to see him around town again. While at Canard he was with his son Frank.

Mr. William A. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, of Somerville, Mass are visiting friends in this part of the County. Mr. Henderson, is a son of James Henderson, at Habitant, and left here about 30 years ago for Boston, Mrs. Henderson, was a Miss Lingley of Town Plot. They have made their home at Somerville.

The new vessel has all rigging set and is a handsome craft and most ready for launching on 21st. The other one alongside is all framed and is progressing nicely.

Lewis W. Parker, and Mrs. Parker of Truro, are visiting at Canning this week. He is a son of G. W. Parker, and is one of the J. J. Snook Ltd. of Truro.

Scott's Bay

Mrs. Palmeter, and daughters of Kentville, have returned home after spending a few days in this place.

Mr. Clarence Lovelace, of Boston Mass. has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Steel: during the past few days.

Mrs. William Ellsworth, and daughter Minnie have returned to their home in Cohasset Mass after spending the summer months with Mrs. Ellsworth's, mother, Mrs. Susie Miner.

Mrs. Prudence Rogers, and daughter Miss Lucy Rogers, of Hugham, Mass and Mrs. Wilfred Wheaton of Lakeville, are guests of Mrs. Jasper Steel.

Miss Alice Jess, has accepted the position as teacher of Scott's Bay Road School for the ensuing year.

Pte Walter Thorpe, of Aldershot, is at home on a six weeks leave, to assist in Harvesting the crop.

Miss Lillian Stice, has returned home from the V. G. Hospital, Halifax, where she underwent a serious operation. We are very pleased to report her slowly improving.

Miss Lena Cowpbell of Wilton, Hants Co., has accepted our school the coming term.

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles.

I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

Mr. Aubrey Bent, accompanied by his sister Evelyn and Mr. Turnbull, motored from Halifax, on Saturday last and remained over Labor Day with Rev. A. M. and Mrs. Bent parents of the former Mr. Aubrey Bent has entirely recovered from his almost fatal experience at the explosion in Dec. 6th., and has an excellent position. Mr. Turnbull, is one of the experts who has charge of lading or transport of war material.

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Miss Hilda McDonald, who has been stenographer, at the N. S. Sanatorium here for several months has gone to Halifax, to take a similar position in the Hospital for Invalid Soldiers.

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TO PARADISE BY TALLYHO



WHEN that colossal thrust from the Pacific of which geologists tell us, heaved the Rockies into the pre-historic sky to compete with the already time-worn Selkirk. It was evident that the Thruster—whatever he might be—wasn't planning a place for picnic parties. He dropped the scintillant Jewel of Lake Louise into one unreachable cup. He dug out a second scour to the east where Paradise Valley now twists its enormous length between the evergreen foot of contentment mountains. He threw up the peaks which men term the Wenatchee Range—after the Indian numeral signifying ten—and from their aloof summits decreed that an unknown glacier should grow and crawl and die, leaving the vast scrapheap that has blocked the valley and made possible that still solemn, shining mirror of the clouds which we discover fittingly named Moraine Lake.



(1) A C. P. R. cottage at Lake Louise. (2) Tally Ho on road to Moraine Lake. (3) On the shores of Lake Louise.

After he had done all this and a million other wonderful and praiseworthy bits of engineering, the mountain builder insulated his achievements by a couple of thousand miles of prairie to the east and twice the length of blue water towards the sunset.

None but the brave deserve the fair, but a great many others get her. Yet if it hadn't been for the restless spirits of the tree-brave, the adventurers, the busy transit-men, the succeeding railway builder, and finally, the industrious pick-and-shovel artists of both the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, most of us would never have heard of Moraine Lake, and none of us who aren't graduate Alpinists would have seen it.

To-day there are a few breath-taking sights reserved for the man of spirit whose heart is in his mouth. But most of the wonder-spots are mapped and trailed and even carriage-roads so that the latest is luckiest, and the lady who can't even ride, let alone walk, may see the best of it from the front seat of a tallyho!

It's hard to excursionize at Lake Louise, for the reason that you can't imagine anything lovelier than the view from the hotel verandah. But even that nature-poised-and-painted panorama will be better appreciated if you get away from it for an hour or two.

Climb up the tallyho ladder for the nine mile drive down the valley of the plunging Bow. You needn't worry about hurrying home again. There's a little cabin nestling up among the cold peaks that will give you tea and toast this afternoon and a bed over night if you're fisherman enough to wish to rise betimes for the trout, or artist enough to hear the call of the morning reflections in

Moraine Lake, that are packed up sea level and so wide and deep that after one of the infrequent Rocky rainfalls, a whole double rainbow can be seen in it, intact from end to end, tempting the superstitious to jump down from the tallyho and dig for the pot of gold. Battalions of cloud shadows can drill at once over the faces of the placid mountain across the valley and the near slopes are a forlorn heaven of Indian paintbrush.

There is the deep scarlet gyp brush, the rose red brush, the palest pink, the bleached-blond-tangerine, the snow-white brush. Gather an armful of them if you want to take back a palette-splash of color for your room. A cityful of tourists couldn't denude a single laughing slope.

Here is a rockslide, bare and scoured to desolation, like a long smudge of ruin between the scarlet fields. This is where you must look sharp and whistle if you would be rewarded by the scuttling of a fat grey marmot over the grey stones. Marmots are courageous—or is it curiosity?—beasties, and seem to enjoy the tourist brand of conversation. To see a scuttler come to attention on his hind legs atop a big flat rock, cocking his squirrel head on one side as he listens and perhaps replies to your whistling, is to watch a most friendly sight. Nobody who hadn't a German soul would dream of throwing a stone at him.

At last the road leaves the Bow Valley, turning sharply to the right, and the scenery drops its neighborli-

ness. The Tower of Babel, Mt. Babel and Mt. Fay throw their white heads up against the blue. There is a loneliness of long vigil, an aloofness from the world of men. No one needs to all the tiny tallyhoful of people to stop their pleasant chatter. The curtain has gone up on the grim creation-drama and talk stops automatically. At last you round the turn into the fissure between the mountains. Ten of them there are, and at their feet the little blue lake. It's really a mile from where you get out of your carriage to the bottom of those six thousand foot peaks that swing into the air carrying aloft great glaciers and huge snow crowns and the black encarpments of bare rock that are too steep for snow. But the clear atmosphere minimizes the distance, and the colossal vertical scale dwarfs the horizontal stretch of the still water. Somehow you're glad to take refuge from the immensities in the cosy little tea house. There is a cheerfulness in, least and a comfortableness in the human size of man-made things that is welcome to the awed soul of you. I haven't stayed overnight at the Camp. But it's a dream of mine that I shall one day see Queen Camdonna swing her chair to rest on Mt. Little, with the Great Bear, near neighbor to her. I shall sit by the midnight miracle of this divine crystal, clear of the trees, face to the mountains, head up to the stars. And if I am ever to know the way of this little life of mine—and the why of the paintbrush, and the marmot, and the glacier, and God—I shall hear it then. —F. M. R.

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