HEALTH

Hypnotics.

Hypnotics are sleep-producing medicines. The tendency of our present form of civilization, especially in the great cities, is to interfere with the normal faculty of sleep. When that harm has been done, the victims naturally struggle to regain the lost gift, for they soon realize how much they are handicapped without it. To take refuge in some form of hypnotic is the easiest thing to do. It seems to the sufferer that a dose or two of "something" will reestablish the habit of sleep, and he does not foresee how fatally easy it is to form that worst habit of all—the habit of depending on a drug for a natural function.

Many people are unnecessarily troubled on the subject of sleep. They believe they need more than they really do, and are terrified every time they miss a few hours. Others deliberately train themselves to take an excessive amount of sleep, and still others forget that it is neither necessary nor natural for middle-aged persons to sleep as long as do the young.

But after counting out all these classes, there are still a great many people who must work steadily through the day and who do not get all the sleep they need; they are the persons who are in danger of the hypnotic habit The worst thing for them to do is to attempt self-treatment; here is no crisis in life when the advice of a wise physician is more urgently called for.

The condition can often be overcome by a thorough reform of the mode of life. Some people eat and drink too late in the evening; others need to eat and drink a little just before retiring; to some a warm bath will bring sleep; many people cannot take tea or coffee in the evening without hours of nervous wakefulness; sometimes heated discussion or argument has the same effect. It is always better that you should spend the hour before retiring quietly in order that the brain and nervous system may adjust itself to rest. When a hypnotic becomes necessary, let your physician prescribe its nature, its quantity and its frequency, and follow his advice scrupulously. Then you will not make the mistake of taking an analgesic, which is for the relief of severe pain, instead of a hypnotic, which quiets the nervous system.—Youth's Companion.

Health and Beauty.

Blackberries contain a large percentage of iron and are a valuable remedy for Summer complaint.

Apples are the most useful of all fruits. They are corrective, useful in nausea and are also refrigerants and sedatives.

Exercise should be taken night and morning in the privacy of your bedroom; remove all tight clothing and have plenty of fresh air.

Castor oil will help the hair to grow. Apply it in drops to the scalp, rubbing it in well. It will, like any oil, make the hair seem darker.

Lemons are supposed to be good for the liver. One should not partake of lemonade too strong or too regularly. Unsweetened lemonade is more wholesome than the sweetened kind.

Plenty of water taken both externally and internally is good for the complexion. A glass of hot water taken before breakfast is good for the digestion. Fruits and green vegetables are also excellent.

DOZEN "DO'S" FOR YOUTHS.

Some Rules Which Young Men Should Follow.

Demand a strict account of the little things of life.

Build your fortune in good manners.

Tact and common sense are the secret of a successful life.

Have grit and pluck.

Live within your means. Extravagance is the road to failure.

Make the goal of your life greater than wealth.

Seek first the kingdom of Heaven and make a Christian life your foundation.

Be on time.

Always wear a smile in the home, office or factory. You must take your joy to Heaven with you, for you will not find it there.

Be prepared for your job.

Have respect for honesty.

A Wife's Wit.

"I've got an awfully witty wife," boasts Solomon Beach. "I get most of my good stuff from her, to tell you the truth. Sometimes, though, her wit is a bit too sharp for comfort. Now, the other evening I came home feeling sort of mean. I had a corn that was rising thunder with me, and I wasn't in the best of humor. Well, I came limping up the walk and my wife stood at the door, eyeing me suspiciously.

"What makes you walk so funny?" she said.

"Corn!" I snapped, grouchily.

"Oh," she said, turning away. "I thought maybe it was rye!"

He Didn't Enthuse.

"Saw some nice gowns to-day, hubby."

"Ugh."

"May I have one? They're very fetching."

"All depends. What are they fetching?"

A Real "Peach Cobbler"—Not a soggy, doughy, inedible combination, but a crisp, tasty, easily-digested dish of whole wheat with peaches and cream. Cover one or more **Shredded Wheat Biscuits** with sliced peaches and then pour cream over them. Nothing so appetizing and satisfying and nothing so easy to prepare.

Made in Canada

THE BRITISH MIDSHIPMAN

STUDY OF THE "MIDDY" IN PEACE AND WAR.

He Is Highly-Trained, Efficient, and Self-Reliant Young Man.

Cocky, cheeky, perky, essentially a boy of boys, the British midshipman has proved time and again during the stress and strain of North Sea watching, and the myriad small sea affairs that have happened during the war, that he is the equal of the best and oldest of veterans when the real thing, with all its grisly horror and deliberate, machine-made slaughter, comes to the great silent service, writes Admiral G. R. Freemantle in London Answers.

Caught young—at the age of thirteen—initiated into the alphabet of his profession at Osborne, developed in the magnificent sea-school at Dartmouth, he is taught in the training cruiser that his primary duty is to obey, and to go on obeying.

His Varied Joys

So when the midshipman comes at last into his own, and is included in the compliment of a great battleship, he is a boy no longer, but a highly-trained, efficient, and self-reliant young man.

The curricuil of his schools are far different from any found on shore. Instead of Latin, with its boring declensions, the mysteries of astronomy and navigation have been opened before him; he has made a bosom pal of the sun, and gets him to tell him the time and the position his ship occupies on the wild waste of waters; he calls the stars by pet names; guns and ammunition have been invested with charms peculiarly their own, and instead of handling shot-guns and potting at rocketing pheasants and grouse, as do the brothers he contemptously terms "shore loafers," he juggles with gigantic pieces of ordnance firing half-ton shots, and often with real ships as targets, especially in these days.

Boating is no longer a mere pastime; it is a source of delight and of thrills which would stir even the most sluggish blood.

And His Dangers.

With a cutter under full sail when half a gale of wind is sending every alternate wave crashing over the lee gunwale; when one man of your sixteen must incessantly bale; when men old enough to be his father hang for their very lives on his skill in handling a kicking, bucking tiller, and his accuracy in giving the right orders at precisely the correct seconds—then the midshipman feels that it is indeed good to be an officer of the "King's Navee."

Always smiling, always with a good-natured growl, he sets a good example to those under his command, and yet he must be ever ready to deal with emergencies as they arise.

In the turret or the control-top, when the shells are flying thick and fast and good strong men are working at top pressure, when any second may be his last, the midshipman proves to the utmost the value of the training he has received in his schools, and adds even more lustre to the name he already inherits in the traditions of the sea service.

Also His Nerve.

And his life isn't all work. He plays just as hard as he toils. Gymnastics, Swedish drill, swimming and boating, hockey, footer, cricket and golf—each in their due season—give him muscles of steel, nerves like piano-wire, and that proudest and best possession of all, a clean mind and a healthy body.

All that the world has to teach he learns—learns in the cleanest and best way from his comrades, his seniors, and his padre.

Not long ago, after a certain midshipman had been mentioned in despatches, one of the oldest captains in the North Sea received the following signal:

"Midshipman X to Captain Y.—If you've got nothing doing about one o'clock I don't mind if I float along and take a drop of lunch with you. No pot-luck, mind!" And the captain was so flabbergasted that he could do nothing but signal back "W. M. P.," which, being interpreted, is "With much pleasure."

Brightens One Up

There is something about Grape-Nuts food that brightens one up, infant or adult, both physically and mentally.

What is It?

Just its delightful flavor, and the nutriment of whole wheat and barley, including their wonderful body and nerve building mineral elements!

A crisp, ready-to-eat food, with a mild sweetness all its own; distinctive, delicious, satisfying—

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

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

GUARD BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SUMMER

The summer months are the most dangerous to children. The complaints of that season, which are cholera infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentry, come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly to cure them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during hot weather as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GERMANS BURNED BAKER IN AN OVEN

TERRIBLE DEED AT GERBERVILLERS, FRANCE.

An Odd Sequel to a Heroic Defence By a Few French Soldiers.

This is not primarily a story of murder. It is rather the story of the discovery of that murder, of the amassing of proof against the murderer, of the proof of that old adage that "murder will out." There is something about blood guiltiness, it seems, that forces confession, writes Herbert Corey from Gerbervillers, France.

Two years ago the Germans burned Gerbervillers. The world knows the story. Sixty chausseurs with a pair of machine guns held up a German army at the crossing of the little river that runs through this rural village. The German artillery had not come up, by which the sixty might have been blown away. The river was in flood and could not be forded. No army can charge down a narrow lane toward machine guns while the guns have cartridges and their men have marrow. It cannot be done.

So that the Germans burned the town when the sixty chausseurs finally ran short of cartridges and went quietly away. The Germans also led fifteen old men out into a pasture field and blinded their eyes and shot them down in groups of five. Many other things were done for the policy of terrorization was being tried out. The Germans still believed that war could be made so terrible that France would quit fighting—being a fresh proof of the German inability to understand the psychology of another people. The townspeople who remained during this reign of terror were hysterical with fright, for the most part. It was only later they began to piece together from each other's story a comprehensive idea of what had happened.

"But the baker," they asked. "Where is the baker?"

The baker had disappeared. No one knew what had become of him. His house had been burned down and had fallen in a mass of calcined brick and stone upon his baking ovens. Somehow, no one knew how—the story could not be traced—the tale grew that the baker had been thrust into one of his ovens and burned alive by the soldiers. No one had seen it.

Burned Him Alive.

No one could be found who had been told this grisly thing by a German. But the tale was there. It would not be forgotten.

"Let us search his ovens," the villagers have asked Sister Julie, that nun who has more courage than an army corps, and who drew her six trembling sister nuns in line behind her to oppose a German army, and who opposed it successfully. Nothing appeals more quickly to the Germans than that sort of courage. But Sister Julie pooh-poohed the idea.

"Who heard the story first?" she asked. "Give me some proof there is truth in this story before we go digging in a pile of dust ruins. There are more important things to do. Who is to feed my old people and my little ones while you please yourself by idly digging about in dusty ruins?"

The story would not die. It had an amazing vitality. Of all the stories of murder in Gerbervillers this one seemed the most enduring and the most fragile. It rested upon not an atom of proof, but every one believed it except hard-headed Sister Julie and her six nuns, who devoutly believe what Sister Julie believes and no more. This week a soldier whose home is at Gerbervillers came back on permission. It was his first permission during the war. For two years he had only known that his home town had been stamped out of existence.

"And they say," his townspeople wound up their narrative of sack and flames, "that the Germans burned the baker alive."

"I know all about the baker," was the soldier's surprising answer. "They burned him in his upper oven. He screamed as they thrust him in."

Last week on the Somme the French army took many thousand prisoners. This Gerbervillers man was one of those who was set to guard them, with others of the Gerbervillers company.

Germans Confessed.

One of the Germans examined his regimental insignia with interest. The German looked at it and turned away, and came back and looked at it and turned, and finally came back again.

"Your regiment," said he, "was raised around Gerbervillers?"

The French soldier asked some questions. The German said that he and others of the prisoners had been present at the burning of Gerbervillers.

"If my officer would let me, I would slip my bayonet through your middle," said the French soldier, gritting his teeth.

"You would be right," said the German soldier. "We did awful things there. I did none of them. I kept my hands clean. But the others did them. It was an order."

They talked off and on for three days. The German seemed to have something on his mind. He would lead up to the subject and then shy away from it. At last he bolted it. He could resist no more. The sentence came from him as though he could not close his teeth on it.

"We burned the baker in his upper oven," said he. "He shrieked as we thrust him in."

The French soldier got all the names and all the details from the German. Then he came home to Gerbervillers on permission, and after everything else had been talked over, this story of the baker came to the front. The French soldier went to Sister Julie with his new evidence, and that capable woman—she is Mayor and police force in Gerbervillers now—ordered that the debris be cleared away and the ovens be opened. They had never been touched from the day the Germans fired the town.

In the upper oven were the thigh bones of a man.

TRAPPERS! Send your RAW FURS to JOHN HALLAM

and receive highest cash prices. We send money the same day the furs are received. Charge no commissions—and pay all charges. We have paid out millions of dollars to thousands of trappers in Canada who send their furs to us because they know they get a square deal, and receive more money for their furs. You will also. We buy more furs from trappers for cash than any other five firms in Canada.

FREE
Hallam's Trapper Guide (96 pages)
Hallam's Sportsmen's Catalogue
Hallam's Raw Fur Quotations
Hallam's Fur Style Book (32 pages)

Sent free on request. Address as follows:
JOHN HALLAM Limited
202 Hallam Building, Toronto.

OUR KEEN-EYED "KITES."

How They Are Utilized With the British Army at the Front.

"Above the lines, looking towards the German trenches, was a great cluster of kite-balloons," wrote a famous war correspondent, in describing the beginning of the great British "push."

"They were poised very high, held steady by the air-pockets on the ropes of the baskets where the artillery observers sit. I counted seventeen of them, the largest group that has ever been seen along our front.

"Sausages" they call these kite-balloons in the Army, the name coming from the odd, sausage-like appearance the craft have in the air.

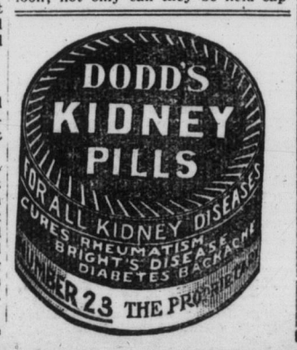
They have one great advantage over the ordinary, old-fashioned balloon; not only can they be held captive in a stronger wind than an ordinary balloon, but they are also much steadier in the air, thus rendering the position of those "up" for purposes of observation, etc., more secure, comfortable, and effective.

Instead of being round in shape, they are elongated, and the part known as the "kite" is a kind of half-open attachment at one end. This acts to the main balloon much as a tail does to a kite, catching the wind and steadying the balloon. A kite-balloon appears to be reared up on one end, as if the ballonet were weighted and dragging the rest of the vessel almost perpendicular.

These observation balloons are held captive by means of a strong wire cable. The cable is held and paid out by an engine stationed on the ground. In a light wind a balloon may even be "anchored" to a motor vehicle.

The observers in the basket of the balloon are in telephonic communication with the "station" below, which in turn is in telephonic touch with the artillery.

At a height of six hundred feet the range of vision is twenty-eight miles, and the observers' work comprises both "spotting" the effect of shell fire, and, if necessary, taking photographs and making maps of the ground beneath them.



Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Doomed.

Anxious Mother—"Young Millyuns seems to be quite friendly with you of late. Do you know what his intentions are?"

Pretty Daughter—"No, and I don't care; but I know what mine are."

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

The One As Bad As The Other

"My daughter is taking singing lessons, and she keeps up such a terrific row that I never go home except to eat and sleep." "You're in luck. My daughter is taking cooking lessons, and I don't even dare to eat at home."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly,
VILANDIE FRERES.

Mighty Near It.

"Do you, Mr. Stacks, think that a rich man can go through the eye of a needle?"

"I don't know. I will, however, admit that my lawyers have dragged me through some very small loopholes."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Why Mothers Sing to Babies.

Psychologists who have carefully studied the characteristics of instinct in woman have discovered just why mothers sing their babies to sleep. It is not merely inspired by the expectation of better sleep in their children, but it is the primeval call of the feminine nature. It is a maternal prompting which occurs naturally to each mother. Savage mothers who are never known to sing upon other occasions invariably hum and croon to their children at night, and upon one other instance, when they are planting seed. It is a peculiarity of the Zuni native women and one which has been but recently understood. The theory of primitive people is that there is some mysterious connection between the sound of a woman's voice and growing things.

The Right Breed.

A British sentry had considerable trouble with a batch of German prisoners who behaved in a high-handed and insolent manner. On being reprimanded one of the latter drawing himself to his full height, exclaimed—"Don't you know I vos a Pomeranian?" "It disna matter if ye were a Newfoundland," was "Tommy's" answer, "ye've got tae gie in tae the British bulldog."

"Made in Canada"

DOMINION RAINCOATS

Best for quality, style and value. Guaranteed for all climates.

DOMINION

Ask Your Dealer

CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

Effort to Restore Traffic on Interior Water Routes.

China is reported to be considering the restoration of the old canal system, of which there were at one time 60,000 miles within the empire. Centuries before the Christian era the great rivers of China were diverted from their natural courses, the waters of one turned into another's bed and the waterways carried along in the direction of desired traffic.

The ancient Grand Canal extends from Hangchou to Tientsin, traversing the provinces of Chekiang, Kiangsu, Shangtung and Chili, the total length of the canal being about 850 miles, says the Christian Herald. China is in desperate need of transportation, and it has been estimated by engineers that the canal system can be restored at a less cost than that which would be involved in the building of the necessary railways. With the canals again in operation the railway building can go on at greater leisure.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

DUKE AS AN INDIAN CHIEF.

Stony Indian Garb Suits the Fine Figure of His Royal Highness.

During the five years of his Governor-Generalship, nothing has given His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, more pleasure than the ceremony which made him Chief of the Stony Indians. This ceremony took place at Banff, where the Duke and Duchess, together with Princess Patricia, spent a delightful holiday this Summer.

The Stony Indians, who were once a distinctly warlike tribe, and some of whose exploits form the background to Ralph Connor's "Sun Dance Patrol," are now good citizens and hold Annual Sports Day at the great tourist resort in July. The picturesque garb of a Stony Indian Chief admirably suits the fine figure and strong profile of the Duke.

Princess Patricia found particular pleasure this Summer in riding her Mounted Police pony "Dandy" along the mountain trails which radiate from Banff through the passes and over the precipitous sides of the surrounding mountains. The Duke himself spent much of his time in fishing for mountain cut-throat and devil trout, but the largest fish of the season was caught by Miss Yorke, lady in waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, who landed a monster of no less than nine pounds. The sulphur water swimming pool attached to the C.P.R. hotel was a source of great delight to the Royal party, and many amusing snapshots not for publication, are being taken back to England. The many visits of the Connaughts to Banff have resulted in this becoming the chief social centre of the West during the summer months. The Americans who have the money to travel have deserted their own National Parks so that they could be nearer to a real Duke.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

PAY FOR SOLDIERS' WIVES.

Canadian Women in London Can Care for Themselves.

With reference to the statement of a Canadian soldier's wife, that she was stranded in England, a Canadian soldier writes to the London Daily Mail that she was either exaggerating or it was entirely her own fault.

"In nearly every case where a soldier's wife arrives in England," he says, "she gets into touch with the Canadian Pay and Record Office. Immediately her letter is received a letter is written to Ottawa requesting them to transfer her account, and in all cases where it is found that the dependents are urgently in need of funds a cablegram is sent to facilitate the continuance of payments from this end.

"Only yesterday I was talking to an officer of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Associations, who mentioned the case of a woman who had told him she was stranded. He rang up the Canadian headquarters and was informed that a cablegram would be sent at once. A reply was received within three days and on the fourth day a cheque was sent to the woman."

Rosemary used formerly to be carried at weddings, dipped previously in scented water.

THE TIME HAS COME

when people cannot afford to accept anything but the very best for their money. Zam-Buk has been proved by thousands to be the best ointment obtainable for skin ailments and injuries, because it cures when other treatments fail, and because its cures are permanent. You take no chances when you buy Zam-Buk.

Only the really good things are imitated! Proof of Zam-Buk's superiority is provided by the great number of imitations and substitutes which have been put on the market. Don't be deceived, however, by anything represented as "just as good." There is nothing "just as good" as Zam-Buk. All druggists, 50c. box, 3 for $1.25, or direct from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

Send 1c. stamp for postage on free trial box.

ZAM-BUK

CANADIAN STORAGE BATTERY CO., LIMITED

117-119 Simcoe St., Toronto.

Agents for

Willard Storage Batteries.

Repairs to all makes of

Batteries, Magnetos, Generators, Etc.

In Greece neither bridegroom nor bride will enter the house until promised presents by the groom's father.

SEED POTATOES

SEED POTATOES. IRISH COBblers, Delaware, Carman. Order at once. Supply limited. Write for quotations. H. W. Dawson, Brampton.

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES. GOOD CONDITION. Large Bank Barn; Cement Stables. Huron County. Apply F. S. Scott, Brussels.

CRUCIBLES WANTED.

NO. 50, No. 60, No. 70. STATE QUANtity you have for sale, also Maker's name and best cash price. Apply United Brass & Lead, Ltd., 254 St. Helens Ave., Toronto, Ont.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE

PROFIT-MAKING NEWS AND JOB Offices for sale in good Ontario towns. The most useful and interesting of all businesses. Full information on application to Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC., internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

FOR THE FARMERS

Many Attractive Prizes For Farmers Only, at the Seventh Annual

Toronto Fat Stock Show

Union Stock Yards

December 8th and 9th, 1916

Prize List on Application to the Sec'y Union Stock Yards, Toronto

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

BOOK ON **DOG DISEASES And How to Feed**

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
118 West 31st Street, New York

The Soul of a Piano is the Action. Insist on the

"OTTO HIGEL" Piano Action

WANTED MEN

Between the ages of 18 and 25

ALSO

GIRLS

To learn Rubber Shoe Making. Good wages paid while learning. Apply the

Independent Rubber Co., Ltd.

MERRITTON, ONT.

Clydesdales Wanted

Pedigreed Clydesdale Mares, Fillies and Stallions. Must have good quality and thick, made up to a fair size. Mares 3 to 6 years old, Fillies 1 year old up. Stallions 2 to 6 years old. All stallions over 2 years old must have proven themselves reasonably sure. When writing state County, nearest railway station, G.T.R. or C.P.R., and telephone exchange, also quote prices. Anyone with good pedigreed clydesdales for sale should communicate at once.

W. J. McCALLUM, Importer
Brampton, Ont.

Bank—Merchants' Bank, Brampton, Ont.

Machinery For Sale

Wheelock Engine, 150 H.P., 18 x 42, with double main driving belt 24 ins. wide, and Dynamo 30 K.W. belt driven. All in first class condition. Would be sold together or separately; also a lot of shafting at a very great bargain as room is required immediately.

S. Frank Wilson & Sons
78 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.