

PENNY POSTAGE VICTIM OF WAR

STRONG FORCE IN WELDING FAR-FLUNG EMPIRE.

Was Spreading Over Globe and Might Have Been Universal But For the War.

Penny postage, which disappeared at midnight Sunday, June 2, was one of the great triumphs of peace, and succumbed only to the demands of war, says a London despatch. Although the price has gone, the principle remains, and nothing has been a truer index to the march of progress than the penny stamp. Its first use in 1840 for inland postage amounted almost to a revolution. That date fixes the "great divide" between the old postal systems and the new. The penny stamp, probably more than any other influence, exercised a power in holding together the scattered threads of kinship and acquaintance throughout the far flung British Empire, and as a factor in imperial trade it provided the facilities upon which modern trading depends.

Many years ago King Edward, then Prince of Wales, said he looked forward with hope to the day when every English speaking man, in whatever part of the world he might be, should be regarded as being as much an Englishman, so far as the penny post was concerned, as if he lived in Kent or Sussex. This was spoken before even inland postage carried all the benefits that there were supposed to be associated with it. It was not until the Diamond Jubilee year of Queen Victoria that the last step was taken to make inland penny postage fully adequate to the demands of the community.

Might Have Been Universal This minor postal concession had to satisfy for the moment the advocates of imperial penny postage, who were then pressing their claim that the adoption of their scheme in jubilee year would fittingly mark the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession. The larger boon was delayed until 1898, and the credit of its introduction then undoubtedly belongs to Joseph Chamberlain.

But for the outbreak of the war universal penny postage, which was on its way, might have been an additional achievement by now. The case of the United States and Britain finds parallels in similar arrangements between China and Japan and between Germany and Austria.

In the time of Thomas Withers, who opened the royal post to the public in the reign of Charles I., the charge for a single sheet letter conveyed within a distance of eighty miles was twopenny. A double sheet cost fourpence, and if charged by weight the price was eightpence per ounce. Single sheet letters were carried up to 140 miles for fourpence, while a letter could be sent any distance in England for sixpence and to Scotland for eightpence.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Great Deal, So Choose a Suitable One for the Boy and Girl.

Every once in a while someone replies, "Oh, well, what's in a name?" When William Shakespeare had Juliet ask those words, it may have been that he never expected an answer from us. But our hand is up, Mr. Shakespeare: we think we know.

There's a whole lot in a name—almost anything from a rough-and-tumble fist fight to a person and wedding bells. If you say the right names to the right persons. But in all probability you were talking about the names that your friends call you by. There is a great deal in them too.

A name can either fit a person and become as much a part of his personality as his voice and manner, or he can carry it through life as excess baggage. There is a football player "somewhere in France" who weighs 245 pounds, has red hair, hates the girls, and used to drive an ice wagon. His name is Percival. He dislikes it more than anything else in the world. He tries to be rough to get away from it, but it haunts him like an evil thing.

We know a man whose first name is Pleasant. If Pleasant only hates his name, Percival is proud of his. And then there is a woman who, in all probability, years ago was a likeable child and was given the good, sound name of Mary, and then nicknamed Babe. To-day she is a grand-mother, and it sounds natural for the youngsters to call her Grandma, but it is a harsh, unpleasant sensation when one of her nephews appears on the scene and calls her Aunt Babe.

Yes, we have firm convictions that there is something in a name. A good, rugged, virile name for a boy and a sound, sensible name for a girl really amount to a whole lot in their lives. If the name of your boy is one that is easy to make over into a pet name or a diminutive, beat the rest of the crowd to it. Nickname him yourself, but pick out a good one.

First Food Controller.

Sunday School Teacher—And what reward was Joseph given for saving the Egyptians from starvation? Smart Boy—Please, miss, he was made food controller.

A "BLUE DEVIL" OF FRANCE

WAR AS SEEN BY ONE OF OUR FRENCH VISITORS.

Ambrose Morgant Tells How He Won Two Decorations, Military Medal and War Cross.

A detachment of the famous Alpin Chasseurs of France are visiting this continent. They were received with enthusiasm in both Canada and the United States.

"Going over the top?" queried Ambrose Morgant, one of the "Blue Devils." "There is no sense of fear. It is the night before—it is the time of waiting that is a little difficult. But one gets used to it."

Ambrose Morgant is a grenade thrower, a Breton, who has been fighting for two and a half years. The stripes on his sleeve show that he has received two wounds, but these are balanced by the two medals pinned proudly on his chest. A Breton peasant, sturdy and anxious to fight "pour la patrie," he enjoyed his trip to America, but his thoughts were already turning to the battlefield, when he will be able to kill a few more of the hated Boches.

"I've fought on many fronts," he answered hesitatingly when questioned. None of the Diables Bleus will speak willingly of their exploits or war experiences, and only persistent questioning will bring out the story of that great moment for which the reward given by a grateful country is the medal.

They Just Shot Jean.

"I was on the Somme in 1914. We did not then realize what we now know about the boches, but still we fought—and we fought hard. I remember the incredible speed with which villages would change hands; one day we would be in, the next the boches were masters. The people hardly knew who was the victor, and their only desire seemed to be to get away. I remember one man who had been trying to reach us for months."

"He had a house in one of the villages, and then we were driven out and the boches entered. His wife, mother and little boy of six were with him, but the women had hidden; it is always better so when the boches are coming. So the little boy cried for his mother. The boches were everywhere—and it seems that they do not like the crying of children, for one of them threatened the child and told him to keep quiet. Of course Jean cried even louder. They just shot him."

"That is the reason that I want to kill and kill the boches. They are fighting against innocent children. The father escaped and was captured, then he escaped again, but they caught him. He reached us finally. Was he glad? Eh bien oui! His wife and mother? He knows nothing of their fate."

That Dull, Incessant Booming.

"Then I was sent to Verdun; that was in April, 1916. The attack on the city had begun by the boches on February 21, but it was already a dead stretch of country by the time of my arrival. Bare ground all round, not a tree left intact, the fields torn up by shell holes instead of being covered with the first wheat sprouts or with flowers. Everything destroyed—a bullet-swept country. Desolation reigned everywhere and far away could be heard the never-ceasing booming of guns. Day and night they reverberated through the air, over the hills to Verdun, and it seemed as though the world had never been and never could be without that dull booming. Sometimes it came closer and then stray bullets would whistle through the air. At other times the booming came near; it premeated the air. Bursting shells pursued one. I was stationed on Hill 304, over which there was one of the longest and most persistent struggles. How they tried to get it away from us!"

"The poison gas would come creeping up over the waste country. Just a slight haze, moving over the ground. The rats often warned us of its coming, for they fled before it, running helter skelter toward our trenches. But it was nothing, for we put on our gas masks and waited for it. Our only begins to bite the throat when there is a great deal of it. Otherwise, you see—"

The Somme, Verdun, Champagne.

Ambrose Morgant flung his arms wide apart and stood up defiantly. "I've been through several gas attacks—and here I am. I remained at Verdun for several months. The walls of the houses in the town were crumbling; those people who remained lived in cellars, for the boches' guns dropped shells there all the time. If these did not actually destroy the buildings they started fires in the city. The boches thought that by destroying the walls they would destroy Verdun. That was their great mistake, for we would have defended the bare ground, covered with masses of brick and burning wood."

"I was back on the Somme in 1918 and then I battered Verdun once more. It was last year, but nothing had changed. The booming was still going on and the desolate landscape had not changed. It could be no worse."

"In July of last year I was sent to Champagne, and it was there that I received my two medals."

"We had been living quietly in the

trenches. After our duties for the day were finished we sat around reading newspapers and sharing our letters from home. Stray shells did burst over our heads and our aviators reported activity among the boches, but still we took no notice, for we knew that our general was watching. It was almost too quiet, however, and there was a sense that something was going to happen soon.

Three Nights of Fireworks.

"It happened, but we started it. Our cannon got busy far back of us. For three days and three nights our men pounded the boche lines relentlessly. The guns roared over our heads, the shots falling somewhere in front, bringing havoc and consternation to the enemy. The noise was so deafening and so persistent that we could not sleep, so we snatched moments of rest when fatigue overcame, and then we would lie down for a few minutes right in the trench. You cannot sleep when a barrage is rolling over your head; besides, you are always waiting for the word—the word that will fling you into the unknown before you—that will bring you face to face with the men in green."

"At night the sky was one livid mass of bursting rockets, fireworks that made the night bright and living. And the colors! I can still see the magic of those three nights—all imaginable hues, blended together and standing out sharply against the dark sky. We did not mind the sleepless nights and the incessant booming, for we knew that at any moment we would be given the order to go over the top. Just a queer feeling around the heart while waiting for that order. After days, months and even years in the trenches the heart tightens at the thought of the dash forward—into the heart of death—where the unseen enemy lurks, cowering with fear. We must go forward—we must run and run to kill all the men in green. Kill them that freedom may reign once more and that France might flourish in peace."

Won Two Decorations.

No matter what you feel, the order will come. It always comes. And then all fear is gone. After the days of expectant waiting I was glad to face the invisible enemies.

"I rushed out, and since we were placed at about ten yards' distance from each other, I did not know what the others were doing. My belt was well-filled with hand grenades and I had them tucked away in every available corner. I wanted to kill a great many of those men, who fight defenseless women and children, and if I had to die I intended to take many with me."

"I ran, shooting from my revolver. How many did I kill? I don't know; how could I, when I was only thinking of shooting? I'm sure I killed many . . ."

Ambrose Morgant stopped and a pleased smile spread over his tanned face. "I prefer the grenades, for they kill more boches—they burst and ten or even fifteen will fall. But the revolver—one—that's all."

"Suddenly something happened. A queer sensation in my side, and I fell, rolling into a shell hole. It did not take me long to realize that a number of boches were hiding in that hole. If I had to die now I would do so gladly, but first I wanted to kill all those men. So I began shooting at them and throwing out a few hand grenades—just to frighten them. I wounded several of the men, the others cowered and tried to hide. They must have been frightened, for they surrendered."

"Yes, I was wounded and there were fifteen of them, but I led them back to our trenches, prisoners of war. I was given the Medaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre."

"When it was all over I realized that I was wounded. It took me many weeks to get well and return to the front."

"America? It is fine here. We have had a wonderful reception, but still . . . I am looking forward to returning to the trenches once again, for the boches must be beaten."

7000 BELGIANS DEPORTED.

Boys of 13 and 14 Forced to Work Behind German Lines.

Seven thousand Belgians have been deported from the interior and made to work back of the German lines, which French war prisoners refused to do because of the starvation rations issued to them. Most of the deported Belgians are boys of 13 and 14 and old men of 60.

On the declaration of Count Hertling concerning "guarantees which Germany must receive as a condition of peace, the pan-Germanist Bayerische Staats Zeitung published an interesting commentary. It says that first the Entente governments must make up their minds that Germany cannot be defeated. German armies will keep on fighting until Germany's own terms of peace are accepted."

ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

The captain and his family were returning to their quarters a little late, and were stopped by a sentry on duty for the first time.

"Who goes there?"

"Captain J. Company C, and family," was the response.

The rookie was slightly puzzled as to procedure, but rose nobly to the occasion: "Advance, Captain, and be recognized, rest of family mark time."

The national air of Italy is the "Marcia Reale" (Royal March).

For Canada's War Workers

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet here after: wear shoes a size smaller than you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding tissue.

A small bottle of freezezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's foot.

If your drugist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezezone for you from his wholesale drug house.

TREES AND FARM FERTILITY.

Effect of Tree Protection Upon Grain Crop Yields.

Addressing the York Pioneers Club at Toronto, Mr. Charles W. Nash, an Englishman who came to Canada many years ago from the agricultural county of Sussex, gave his audience the benefit of his observations of the contrast of results obtained in conservation of fertility of the soil in Canada and Great Britain. The 40 and 45 bushel crops of wheat, which were general throughout York County when he first knew it are now the exception, he said, and he quoted Government statistics, showing that the average yield of wheat for the county in 1917 was 25 bushels, a figure which was below the average for the past 16 years, however, by eleven bushels.

The average yield for the Province of Ontario was only 28 bushels of wheat and in this and other grain crops York County has for years exceeded the average of the province. The average yields for the county and province respectively being as follows: Oats, 46-40; Barley, 36-33; Rye, 17-16; Peas, 18-16; Corn, 50-44.

As one reason for the falling off in productivity of the soil in York, and in the province in general, Mr. Nash gave the too extensive removal of the forest, an opinion in which he is endorsed by many farmers of long practical experience. Not only does this removal of the forest leave the cultivated land too greatly exposed locally, but where the tree growth is entirely removed from the location of the source of streams the results are disastrous to a regular and sufficient supply of water through the countryside.

AN EQUALLY EXTENSIVE VIEW.

A literal interpretation of a commonplace remark is sometimes amusing. In Mid-summer Motoring in Europe, Mr. De Courcy W. Thom tells of a traveller who said to a very small boy then making his first voyage, who had climbed upon the bulwark and was gazing across the ocean to the far horizon, "My boy, did you ever before see such a glorious stretch of ocean—as far as you can see, only ocean?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Hardly," said the man. "Where do you think you saw it?"

"On the other side of the ship," replied the youngster.

STRATEGY.

Willie came to his mother with an expression of anxiety on his face.

"Ma," he asked, "if a poor, hungry little boy was to come to the back door and ask for something to eat would you give him that piece of pie that was left over from dinner?"

"Yes, Willie, of course I would," said the mother.

Willie's face cleared.

"All right," he said, "just wait a minute till I run around to the back door."

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INDIA'S CONTRIBUTION.

King George is a National Hero in Vast Empire of the East.

Since the war began India has sent 1,106,000 of her sons, according to Dr. Gurubal Karmarkar of Bombay, who has been in New York attending the International War Work Council at the Y.W.C.A.

"My country has also contributed gold by the ton, spices and grain," she informed the reporter. "We have even sent firewood and charcoal to Mesopotamia, where they had only palm leaves for fuel. Princes have given their personal ornaments and many of the rajahs have gone to the war. The Prince of Pretapahing, who was among the first to volunteer, said that he didn't want to die in bed. Within the first four months the women had organized Red Cross classes throughout the country and were making great quantities of the garments needed. As their men began to embark for foreign countries a feeling of international friendship was engendered among them for the women of other countries whose men were also at the front. But though they entered upon their war work at home with whole-hearted interest, yet they still cannot understand how this dreadful war could have come about between Christian nations."

"The last Durbar at Delhi accomplished a great deal in bringing about an understanding between India and Britain. For on this occasion King George made himself very popular with the people by his simple, friendly attitude. He went about among them alone and unguarded, and they found him most democratic and informal."

"So, now the women of India feel that it is to help King George that these men are going, and they are very brave about giving them up."

"Of the 700 rajahs in our country all have been loyal. Few of the rajahs," she explained, "are Brahman, most of them belonging instead to the warrior caste."

"We have now in India," she stated, "an immense standing army, a great defence force, to which every college has contributed its young men. And at the various war fronts are Brahman, Indian Christian, Marhata, Sikh, and Gursha regiments."

ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY.

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"Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested another.

"What for?" demanded a third. "If we are a'goin' oot together, what need is there for any o' us tae watch 't' clothes?"

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WORK OF CARRIER PIGEONS.

Only Means of Communication at Times in Recent Offensive.

One of the principal elements which worked toward the bringing of the recent German offensive to a halt was the splendid co-operation of the transport and information services. In Champagne lorry drivers passed four days and nights without a moment's repose in hurrying troops from one section of the line to another, wherever most needed, and conveying tens of thousands of men, often under heavy fire.

The role of the carrier pigeon proved most important in the Champagne fighting, where the French advance posts were often cut off from the main body and possessed only this means of communicating. The birds constantly brought back messages keeping the staff informed concerning the movements of the Germans. In one instance a pigeon brought a request that the French artillerymen open fire on a position occupied by their own comrades, because the Germans were surrounding them in dense masses. The gunners complied, mowing lanes in the German waves. Their wonderful accuracy of aim spared their comrades, many of whom afterward were able to make their way back.

GIRLS! LEMON JUICE IS SKIN WHITENER

How to make a creamy beauty lotion for a few cents.

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quart pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, whitener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any drug store and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands.

An English Girl.

The ruddy, gallant lads, with whom she used to ride and dance, Went singing down to Italy, To Flanders and to France.

Now, some lie deep in foreign soil, And some are home again— Disfigured, maimed—life hostages To patience and to pain.

Yet, as she serves with soothing hands And tireless, willing feet, A cot-filled ballroom, where once more Familiar faces meet.

From windows, filled with broken lines, She sees with wistful glance More lads who leave for France, For Flanders and for France.

FOR SALE

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER FOR SALE In New Ontario. Owner going to France. Will sell \$2,000. Worth double that amount. Apply J. H. Co. Wilson Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto.

WELL-EQUIPPED NEWSPAPER and job printing plant in Eastern Ontario. Insurance carried \$1,500. Will sell for \$1,200 on quick sale. Box 69, Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED—\$1,000

YOU can make it in your county with our safe and complete outfit. One salesman makes \$355.25 the first month. Another agent sells 20 in two hours. Others clean up the daily. No credit necessary. Goods shipped to reliable men on time. Territory going fast. Write quick to secure your field. Combination Products Co., Thomas Hill, Foster, Que.

MISCELLANEOUS

WILL PURCHASE ALTERNATING Current Motors for Cash. Milnes and Prentiss, Traders Bank Building, Toronto.

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

ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION Diseases, Montreal. Probationers wanted, between 19 and 25 years of age, for one year's training. Lectures and diploma given, and arrangements made for the transfer of successful candidates to a general hospital. Strict references required. For forms and application, etc., apply to Miss Grace M. Fairley, Lady Superintendent.

SMOKE TUCKETTS

T&B PLUG

HIRST'S

FAMILY SALVE

Takes out the inflammation—Sore throats, inflamed cuts, sores, blisters, ulcers and eruptions—piles and abscesses. Works like magic! Buy a box at dealer, or write us.

HIRST REMEDY COMPANY, Hamilton, Canada

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CLEANS-DISINFECTS—USED FOR SOFTENING WATER—FOR MAKING HARD AND SOFT SOAP—FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EACH CAN.

If You Think—
If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are,
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins,
Is the man who thinks he can.

MONEY ORDERS.
The safe way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Order.

Pulled 'Em Under.
Mrs. Nuptials was entertaining for the first time since her marriage. The soup and fish she served for dinner were quite all right, but the pudding—well, everyone fought with it manfully until, fearful of bending the young wife's new forks, they desisted. Mrs. Nuptials was heartbroken. "Put that pudding out of my sight!" she said to the little skivvy. "Give it to the ducks at once!"
A few minutes later the little skivvy popped her head round the drawing-room door and cried: "Oh, missus, I give that pudding to the ducks, and they've all sunk!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES Garget in Cows

Success in gardening depends upon keeping soil well stirred at all times. Moisture that feeds the plants in the capillary moisture which comes up from below. In order that plants may obtain most of this moisture, it is necessary to loosen the surface thoroughly after each rain so that it cannot escape by evaporation.

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WELL-EQUIPPED NEWSPAPER and job printing plant in Eastern Ontario. Insurance carried \$1,500. Will sell for \$1,200 on quick sale. Box 69, Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED—\$1,000

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