

HOW BISHOP "GOT" HIS 45 HUNS

TELLS OF THRILLING EVENTS IN HIS CAREER.

Ontario's Heroic Aviator Explains Some of the Tricks Used in Aerial Fighting.

"One day when I was out I saw four Hun machines," said Major W. A. Bishop, V.C., M.C., D.S.O., in the course of a recent speech at Toronto. "I had already seen three other groups, but they did not look good, so I passed them by. I was six thousand feet above them, and I followed them for about twenty minutes. The four machines kept going up and down a certain beat from Lens to Cambrai. I followed for some time, and then I came down. As I did so they swerved, having seen another of our machines, and I had to go back. I came down again after they resumed their course. I was flying about 150 miles per hour. They were flying about 110, but I was flying a slower machine and had to make off in case they saw me, and turned on me. I came down and glided along ten feet underneath one of them. I kept my nose about ten feet from the Hun, got my sights on the exact spot where the pilot was to take the trigger. "My position was rather dangerous, as he nearly hit me as he fell. I skidded to the right and he just missed me. The other three heard my shooting, and turned. At this moment the falling machine burst into flames, and they must have turned for a moment to watch it for they gave me my chance. It was over in fifteen seconds at the most for one of them. The other two did not wait to see me. They were two to one and were flying better machines than I was, and off they went. Unfortunately I could not catch either of them."

Fought in Own Air.

The Major described another attack he had made from below on a Hun machine "over our lines." It was such a rare thing to see a machine over our lines. Only two flights out of 500 would occur over our lines last spring and summer. This machine was taking photos or something. "I climbed up in the hope he wouldn't see me," said the Major. In a case like this, he explained, the ascending plane was caught at a disadvantage if seen and the only way to escape was to watch the machine gun on the enemy plane. When it pointed over one side the plane below would dodge to the other side. "It is one of the little things you have to watch carefully," he said. "I was not paying particular attention and when I was 2,000 feet below him, too far off even to hear his machine gun, I noticed several holes in my wings within a few feet of me. Then a bullet hit my engine, and another went through my petrol tank, and down I had to go. It was lucky it hit that instead of me. This just serves to show that it does not go all one way. At that distance it was more good luck than good shooting."

Captive Balloons.

The major described attacks made by airmen upon captive balloons, which were attached by a steel cable to the ground, and could be pulled down very quickly. It was very hard to catch them in the air. In attacking them incendiary bullets were used. "They do not always work, and then we have to take all the chances and all the risks without any results," he said. The attack was made doubly difficult by the fact that batteries of anti-aircraft guns were guarding the balloons. The hardest thing the aviators had to contend with was a peculiar kind of shell they named "flaring onions." These were balls of fire, discharged in groups of ten, which were exceptionally hard to face. "Of course nobody funks at that, though," he explained. "The quickest way is to bag your balloon and get off again."

Winning His Spurs.

The major described the exciting events which followed his second attempt to down a balloon. "I was thinking of nothing but my balloon, as I was so afraid of finding the wrong one, and never thought there would be Huns in the sky looking at me," he said. "I got over it, and divided down. As I did so, I became conscious of two machine guns rattling close behind me. I pulled back and described a half loop, and the Hun went by underneath me. Every bullet I had was precious for the balloon, but I couldn't resist the machine. The Hun went to the same place as he would have gone if I had asked him. I was so excited about the balloon I did not watch him fall. The balloon was sitting on the ground with people all round waiting for me to come down. I came down to 800 feet and opened fire on it."

"I suddenly realized my engine was not running at all. I tried every vice I knew, but nothing happened. I was flying at 250 miles per hour, and

this carried me to the fields beyond and I picked a field to land in. Just then one cylinder started, then another, then all went off with a roar, and off I went."

Steeplechasing.

"The return trip from these raids is not as dangerous as it sounds. We fly anywhere under ten feet from the ground and dodge over hedges as they appear. We follow a zigzag course and make for any part of our lines, as we cannot pick out landmarks that low down. Why we do this is because, after we have attacked a balloon, we are subjected to anti-aircraft guns and machine gun fire. If you are on the ground they only see you in the particular field you are in. They will spot you three fields away and wait for you. You approach at 120 miles per hour, dodge over the trees, into the field and fly straight at them. By the time you reach their battery there is not a man within 50 yards of it, and every one going hard."

Comparing the man in the street who, because he had to go without some luxuries, called for peace, he mentioned the heroic self-sacrifice of an English aviator called Bower, who was in his squadron when it was in a hand-to-hand fight. He was shot through the spine by an explosive bullet, which exploded in his stomach. "For ten minutes he fought on, then he saw a chance to slip away for help," he said. "If he had landed he would have saved his life, but he did not think of it. He headed for home, but dazed from loss of blood he lost his way. For forty-five minutes he flew, then landed in a field. As there was no one to help him he got out of his machine himself. Had he stayed in, the doctors say he still could have been saved. He managed to walk 100 yards and he died next day. Before he lost consciousness all he would talk of was to send help to the crowd who were fighting against odds up there."

CANADA HAS 28 V.C.'S.

Australia, However, is Still in the Lead With Thirty-four.

By gazetting several new Victoria Crosses, announced on January 12, Canadians are coming within reach of the Australians. Canada started first, but the Australians established a lead in Gallipoli. Australians have now 34 Crosses and Canada 28.

Captain B. G. Goy, Royal Artillery, awarded the Military Cross, belongs to Clapperton. He originally enlisted in the Strathconas. A brother is a Commander in the navy and won the V.C. in China. Another brother has won the Military Cross as tank commander. A third brother is a naval chaplain.

Official particulars are now available of the deeds for which several Canadians serving in the Imperials were recently awarded the Military Cross. Capt. H. Hepburn, Royal Medicals, well known in Montreal and Edmonton, remained with a battery attending wounded until its withdrawal. His coolness, courage and utter disregard of personal safety greatly heartened all the detachments.

Lieut. J. Inverarity, Artillery, belongs to Duncan, B.C. He extinguished single-handed the fire on an ammunition pit.

Capt. Archibald Laird, Royal Medicals, attended the wounded three days at a heavily shelled post, and was himself slightly wounded in three places, but he carried on.

Lieut. G. D. McTaggart, Engineers, formerly of Canada, maintained a bridge across a river under intense bombardment. He twice repaired the utterly destroyed bridge, next day swimming the river with a rope, the shells falling around him in the river.

Lieut. J. H. Ross, Horse Artillery, belongs to Montreal. When his battery was withdrawn, he returned alone to the front line with fuses, enabling the guns to open fire on the arranged time.

BADGE OF HONOR FOR HEROES.

Convalescent Patients to be Distinguished by Blue Arm Bands.

The "Blue Badge of Honor" familiar to everyone in England as the mark of a man suffering from disabilities incurred in his country's service, will appear in Canada shortly when the 11,938 men on the strength of the Military Hospitals Commission Command will be issued blue arm bands.

The blue band will distinguish the man who has done his bit from the men of the new reinforcement units, and will be worn by all soldiers who are patients of the military convalescent hospitals in Canada.

Of the 11,938 men who are eligible for this honor to-day, 9,536 are patients enrolled for treatment in the convalescent hospitals, 1,368 are patients in sanatoria, and 734 patients in various other hospitals.

With the opening of 1917 there were only 2,620 men on the strength of the command, but as the transports have been taking the newly troops across, the hospital ships have been bringing the invalids back, and the increase in the population of the convalescent hospitals has been steady.

It has now become advisable here, as in England, to issue to the men who are patients in the hospitals and at present disqualified for further service, some mark which makes them distinguishable from fresh forces.

The "Blue Badge of Honor" will hereafter enable the public to identify those men who have sacrificed so much for their country's cause and who have not as yet recovered sufficiently to be discharged.

WILL CHINA RISE IN VENGEANCE

HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN BARBARISM OF HUN IN 1900.

On Kaiser's Order "Give No Quarter." Germany Ravaged the Chinese Nation.

China, drilling thousands of soldiers and bestirring herself in her large, vague way in the allies' behalf, secretly remembers what the world has forgotten—the German atrocities in the Boxer war. Behind all the friendship for England and the United States, which is the apparent reason for her preparations for actual warfare on Germany, is the unspoken resentment against Prussian barbarism as China herself felt it in 1900.

The oriental is taciturn by nature. He never boasts of the revenge he is going to take, neither does he keep reiterating his grievances against an enemy. China is slow and placid, but she never forgets. Right now she is quietly making a great army, arming it in the latest and most approved fashion, drilling it according to the best allied tactics, slowly arranging her forces so that they may surprise the world with efficient participation in the war against Germany. Distance, lack of organization, nervousness in military accomplishment all argue against China's dispatch of fighting men to the western front, where they could strike against the Hun, but it is not at all improbable that a half million or even a million trained Chinese soldiers will join the field forces of the allies if the war runs over two years in the future.

Germany's Brutality.

China herself wants a stroke at the nation which handled her most savagely in the moment of her greatest weakness. She cannot forget how Germany, alone of all the powers, was barbarous to her erring people in the dark hour of the Boxer rebellion in 1900. She remembers the fairness of England toward her in her shameful exhibition of irresponsibility. She recalls the sympathetic firmness and generous forgiveness which the United States gave her in that maudlin moment, Uncle Sam making a present of his share of the levied indemnity to the Chinese schools.

Her memory now serves to recall those incidents of Germany's brutality which were mentioned at that day because England and America were Germany's allies and could not criticize her openly, although humanitarian members of the reichstag did protest strongly against the violent barons of the kaiser's orders to his troops, in which he commanded that they give the Chinese "no quarter."

The Boxer War.

In 1898 the Empress Dowager of China, fighting the influence of the European nations which were taking choice seaports along the coast for themselves, overthrew the emperor, Kwang Hsu, and installed herself as the real ruler of the empire. The powers were to be expelled in the program laid out by her. While she was self-seeking and anxious to be the sole ruler of her country, she was also patriotic in wanting to keep China for the Chinese. She hated reform, for that meant the adoption of European education and culture and business principles, all of which served to strengthen the powers politically in her country.

So she sought the aid of the Boxers, an association of radical Chinamen calling themselves the Righteous Harmony Fists. They recruited their forces enormously as the powers spread their influence, and in 1899 broke out with the murder of a missionary of the Church of England, a Mr. Brooks, in Shantung. In June, 1900, two more English missionaries, Norman and Robinson, were slaughtered and mission houses began to burn down.

Missionaries Slain.

Then the tornado broke! China was alive with these maddened fanatics, who secured the country, seeming immune from police restraint, carrying knives and torches and destroying, all told, 135 missionaries, fifty-three children of the Protestant colonies and thirty-five Catholic fathers and nine sisters. Thousands of Chinese converts to Christianity were also killed.

The great body of Chinese did not join in this uprising, and the troops of the empire fought the Boxers throughout the agitation, although hampered by the sly commands of the dowager.

The Boxers gained command of Peking and besieged the legations of the powers. The German minister, Baron von Ketteler, was slain, and the representatives of the European nations took refuge in the British legation, where with such arms as they could secure they fought back the maddened Boxers. So bitter was the siege that out of 500 defenders sixty-five were killed and 131 wounded. From June until Aug. 1 the battle raged. On the latter date, however, an army of 20,000 men, English, Americans, French, Russians and Germans raised the siege.

When Hatred Ruled.

The dowager empress fled and the Boxers retired. Hatred ruled the victorious white soldiers, and with the

exception of the main body of Japanese, American, French and British troops the conquering soldiers sacked Peking to their hearts' content, butchering the innocent Chinese with the guilty and attacking helpless Chinese women.

Captain Brinkley, a British officer, reported that in the City of Tung Chow alone, where there had been no sympathy for the Boxers, to his horror he found, after the white marauders left, the bodies of 573 Chinese women who had committed suicide in despair rather than live with the memory of the wrong which they had suffered.

Worst of these barbarians were the Germans. When they left Germany Emperor William addressed them at Wilhelmshaven, enjoining them "to give no quarter and to make the name of Germany a terror in China for a thousand years to come." The troops carried out their injunctions to the letter.

Thousands of peaceful Chinese who had taken no part whatsoever in the Boxer uprising were slaughtered by the Huns. They looted the sacred treasures of Yamien and hundreds of splendid mansions which had no connection whatsoever with the mad rebellion. They carried off the marvelous astronomical instruments which Louis XIV. had given to Kanghsi.

After Field Marshal von Waldersee arrived with more German troops in September, 1900, German atrocities increased. For von Waldersee was fresh from a conference with the kaiser, who still was obsessed with the "no quarter" policy.

Von Waldersee was, moreover, the ranking officer among the foreign military men and in command of all the forces of the powers. He arrived after the work of quelling the rebellion was done, when China was contrite and grieved over having permitted a small minority of her citizens to commit such crimes.

"A Million Chinese Lives." But, nevertheless, the Germans broke out in fresh terrorism against the Chinese wherever they could lay hands on them. They developed a new battle cry, "A million Chinese lives for von Ketteler," and proceeded to destroy property, temples, lives and women's honor as fast as well organized action would permit.

The soldiers of England, France, America and Japan were appalled. They had punished the scattering pillagers among their own forces long before, and now that the heat of battle was over and the true perspective on the innocence of the main body of Chinese established they were inclined toward mercy for the deluded Boxers and friendship for the honest Chinese.

RUSSIA'S FOREST RESERVES.

Siberia Possesses Rich Storehouses of Timber Wealth.

One of the world's richest storehouses of forest wealth is located in Siberia. The forest area of Asiatic Russia has been roughly estimated at 853,000,000 acres. The State owns the bulk of the forests of this region, the area amounting to 642,000,000 acres, of which 39 per cent. is classed as rich forest lands. In addition the forest possessions of the Imperial Cabinet have comprised an area of 54,000,000 acres in the Altay district. These forest lands will now probably be converted into national property, and more attention devoted to the exploitation of their timber wealth. Large tracts of forest land also belong to the Cossacks, particularly along the Amur River in Eastern Siberia.

The largest forest areas of Asiatic Russia are in the western and eastern regions of Siberia. It is estimated that in that part of Siberia which lies west of Lake Baikal there are 465,000,000 acres of virgin forest, and Eastern Siberia, while not so richly endowed, has sufficient timber to supply the requirements of foreign markets for many years to come. A large part of the forest area of Siberia is still unexplored, the resources in number of trees, species and value being unknown. Thus it is estimated that only about a quarter of the whole area had been either wholly or partially investigated by the year 1915. The investigations which have been made, however, have unquestionably established the great value and wealth of these forests, while as regards the exploitation of their timber resources, only a fringe has yet been touched.

A Valuable Load of Hay.

An incident that gives an idea of the enormous growth of Toronto since Sandford Fleming, the Scotchman who played so important a part in the development of Canada, first set foot on its streets nearly seventy years ago, is told by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee in Sandford Fleming, Empire Builder.

Andrew Sanderson, a farmer in the township of York, took a load of hay one autumn to Toronto to sell in the open market. Finding no sale, and unwilling to take the load back with him over very heavy roads, he offered it to the proprietor of Elgin Hotel on Yonge Street on very easy terms. The hotel keeper could ill spare the cash, and after some bargaining he offered Sanderson in payment for the hay the vacant lot on the north-east corner of King and Yonge streets, which Sanderson reluctantly accepted. That lot was sold long ago for a million and a quarter dollars.

Honey and baked apples served together are delicious.

A ROYAL WAR WORKER.

Princess Mary Takes Active Interest in Many Branches of Service.

Everyone who knows is talking of the steadfast war work done by Princess Mary, writes a London correspondent. The war has brought her opportunities of coming into contact with large sections of the people, and her visits to canteens and food kitchens in and around London have given equal pleasure to those she has helped to serve and to the Princess herself.

The Princess has naturally taken a more prominent part in the activities of the royal family this year than previously. Within the past week or so she has visited, with the King and Queen, the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, a national filling factory in the London area, a charity matinee, and the commemorative meeting in the Royal Albert Hall, and has also presented to the War Office an ambulance given by the Girl Guides.

During the year the Princess has gone with the King and Queen on almost innumerable tours of inspection to all kinds of munition works, hospitals, and other institutions. This included the royal visit to the north. On the return from the tour Princess Mary accompanied the Queen to a number of hospitals in London, and helped to distribute gifts to all the raid patients. In July the Princess made her first appearance alone at a function—a charity concert at Apsley House—the Queen being at the time in France.

During the King's visit to Aldershot in the summer the Princess was frequently seen on horseback. She is a good horsewoman and keenly enjoys riding. During the ten days at Aldershot she often rode about with the King to see the training of troops. At Windsor also the Princess has constantly accompanied the King on his rides.

While staying at Windsor Princess Mary has paid many visits to the canteen at a munition works in a neighboring county, at which Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, is one of the permanent workers. She takes the same pleasure as other young women in helping in canteen work.

There are many other kinds of war work in which the Princess takes an active interest, including Queen Mary's Needlework Guild. The Girl Guides movement has in her a warm supporter. She is president of the Norfolk branch, and while at Sandringham helped to organize a great collection of chestnuts for munition purposes. She is also patron of the Girls' Patriotic Union, which collects funds from schoolgirls for providing comforts for sailors and soldiers.

During the summer the Princess attended a series of St. John Ambulance lectures, which were given in Buckingham Palace, and passed her preliminary examination. It is probable that she will continue the course of study. As the only girl in the royal family, the Princess enjoys the special affection which is generally shown by several brothers for an only sister. It is no secret that Princess Mary and the Princesses are devoted to each other, and look forward to the reunion brought about by such occasions as Christmas.

BIG GUN AND THE CANARY.

Curious Occurrence on the Battle Front in France.

In one of the most curious of recent happenings on the battle front in France a canary bird was the principal actor. It was a French bird. Liberated by an accident, it flew out into No Man's Land, between the opposing lines of trenches, perched on a tree and began to sing in the bright sunshine.

Whereupon the best of the French marksmen began to shoot at it. Why? Because they had to. It was a matter of utmost seriousness, possibly involving many human lives. "Canaries are commonly used to give warning of the presence of deadly gas in mines. They are more sensitive than human beings to such gas, and hence the practice nowadays of carrying them (in cages) into mines to test the air in the underground workings."

Mining operations for military purposes are conducted on a very extensive scale in present-day warfare in Europe. Tunnels of great length are dug to blow up the enemy's works. Such tunnels are tested for gas by the use of canary birds.

The bird that escaped into No Man's Land was being employed for this purpose in a tunnel dug to blow up the Germans. The success of the operation depended wholly upon secrecy. But if the Germans were to hear and catch sight of the canary, they would at once suspect what was going on.

Hence the activity of the French sharpshooters. They must kill that canary at any cost. But a canary is a very small target; they could not hit it. The bird sang on. It was a desperate situation. A last resort remained. It was to use a big gun.

The gun was loaded with a high-explosive shell of a caliber appropriate for attacking mighty fortifications. It was fired at the canary, or, more strictly speaking, at the tree on which the bird was perched. Both tree and canary vanished.

That is all there is to the story. But the blowing-up enterprise was a success.

Add a pinch of borax to the rinsing water of handkerchiefs, if you would have them a little stiff.

SWEEP FLUES FROM THE OUTSIDE

WORK OF THE MODERN OLIVER TWIST.

Chimney Sweep's Life Not What it Used to be Since Development of Machinery.

The march of civilization and the development of machinery has made inroads into all branches of industry and banished old-time methods, even to the sweeping of chimneys. Although the average city dweller would know if asked that all school and civic buildings have chimneys and that they have to be swept at least once a year, he would also know that he has to pay for this, but by whom or how it is done is quietly left to those in authority, and the humble sweep with his helpers carries on, asking no more than his dollar per chimney to pay for his labors and those of his men and machines.

Silent Worker. See the head of a city cleaning department sitting at his phone telling his clients when they may expect his services, and see him skillfully climb to the top of the highest building with his machinery and clean out the long chimney, while at the bottom of the flue in the basement there is the receptacle which catches the soot, and all the while nobody is aware that such a clean result could be brought about in such a black, dusty task. Then read Dickens' graphic description of Oliver Twist! Imagine the small starved boy being goaded by a pin on the end of a long stick as he clammers up the inside of a sooty cavern until he reaches the roof, and with a small hand brush drives down all the thick accumulation of soot that falls to find lodgment on his own poor head or barely covered bones.

Blew Them Out. The ancient sweeper of chimneys knew nothing of long bamboo canes and round broom. He lived tiny waifs from the gutter and drove them up something like the Germans drive prisoners through tunnels while they prepare the shot to blast out the Canadians. Once a more humane and inventive sweep found that gun powder was quicker and employed that, but unfortunately the danger arising from old chimneys and his lack of definite knowledge of the capacity of powder, as well as the sudden gusty smothering of everybody and every thing sounded his death knell, and he followed the way of all obsolete things.

Bamboos and Brushes. Then came the man with the long bamboo rods and detachable sweeper. This industrialist became an institution. He carried his tools on his back and had a lamp over his door. He shouted from street to street: "Sweep! Anybody want the sweep?" From the doorways came prospective customers, who replied: "I want my chimney swept, but I am now cooking dinner. Come early in the morning." The sweep made a mental note of his instructions, for most of these men were illiterate, and phone orders or clerks were not at his command.

The old method started in the fire-grate. The sweep stretched a black canvas across the fireplace after he had inserted his round broom through a hole in the middle of the cloth. He worked this brush up and down until he could feel the way clear. Then he added more rods to the screw end of the cane in the flue until he calculated that the top was reached. He would leave his job and walk out of the house, across the street and gaze at the chimneys to assure himself that the end was reached. Often he was helped by many anxious urchins, who waited for the time to rush into the house and cry, "It's out! It's out!" They were delighted to know that the cold house would be brighter for the clean-up, but madame often lamented the operation, for a general house-cleaning followed.

Prayerful Sweep. In an English town a converted sweep cornered the chimneys by telling his testimony in the streets as he preached the Gospel. He declared that he had been saved by a falling chimney, and he always knelt in prayer before he started his task. The people who employed him said that he was the cleanest sweep in town, so he prospered.

In the old days farmers were anxious to secure the soot for enriching the land, and although it is stated that one load of soot is as good as three loads of manure, the modern civic sweep declares that the market to-day is not worth the trouble, and it is difficult to make money out of soot. The old sweep was lucky to get two jobs a day, but the city of Toronto alone provides for the cleaning of nearly 800 per year, and the private practice more than doubles this number.

Fill the holes of your enamel pans or kettles with putty and press flat, then let dry about a week. When thoroughly dry apply on inside and outside of kettle a coat of white enamel paint such as is used for beds or tubs and allow it to dry, applying three or four times. Set aside for a while. To a couple of weeks, then kettle is ready for use.

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FROM OLD SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

R. Macfarlane, of Aloo Academy, has been appointed science teacher in Dumbarton Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smellie have just celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Bells.

Flight Lieut. Ronald Graham, D.S.O., Castle Douglas, has won the Croix de Guerre with palm.

The Town Council of Hawick have decided on building five hundred new houses at the close of the war.

The Scottish Veterans' garden city at Longniddry was formally opened the other day by Lady Beatty.

Lieut. James Jardine, son of Mrs. Jardine, George street, Peebles, has been awarded the Military Cross.

W. Anderson, military representative of Linlithgow, has been appointed to the food control committee.

Under the Housing and Town Planning Scheme one hundred new houses are required for Dunbar.

A. MacGill, teller of the Clydesdale bank, has been appointed to the office of town clerk of Tormore.

Rev. D. M. Joss has resigned the charge of Coldstream West Kirk, to resume duty as an army chaplain.

Pte. John W. Beattie, Hawick, who was for three years a prisoner in Germany, has returned to his home.

The Military Cross has been awarded to Capt. D. A. Ross Haddon, Hawick, for gallantry on the field.

A mural tablet has been placed in St. George's Kirk, Dumfries, in the memory of the late Charles McNeil, B.A.

A large roll of honor brass tablet has been presented to the Burgh of Stranraer by Mr. Belford, the town clerk.

W. Buchan, a native of Peebles, has been appointed a director of the firm of Messrs. Lever Bros., South Africa.

The death took place recently at Ardnamurchan of James McKenzie, a well-known farmer and mail contractor.

The King has invested Dr. Flora Murray, Ecclefechan, with the insignia of a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

A handsome set of silver-mounted bagpipes was presented to the Bute Mountain Battery by Capt. and Lady MacRae, Ascot.

Pte. Thomas Wright, of Tranent, formerly of the Royal Scots, has been awarded the Military Medal and the D.C.M.

The Countess of Mar and Kellie has opened the new premises at Chillinghill, as a maternal and child welfare centre.

The sum of £61 was raised by a sale of work and concert in Gala-shiels, in aid of the Soldiers' Comforts Fund.

William Black has been elected a member of the Rothesay Town Council in the place of ex-Bailie Stewart, resigned.

A flag day and free gift sale at Alloa, on behalf of the funds of the National Y.M.C.A., realized the sum of £180.

William Tytler, agent for the Royal Bank of Scotland, has been appointed a member of the Rothesay School Board.

CARDBOARD LEGS.

Invention of a Danish Doctor for the Use of Wounded.

Imitation legs are heavy and cumbersome unless purchased from leg experts, and that at a great price. A Danish doctor in a hospital in France, due to the urgent need for cheaper and lighter legs on account of the many boys who are being brought back from the trenches, has invented cardboard legs.

These legs will even allow the wearer to go about without crutches two days after his limb has been amputated.

The materials used are two sheets of cardboard about three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and bandages soaked in a starch solution. After careful measurements have been taken the cardboard is cut into what looks like two peg tops, which after being soaked in the bath fold round each other and are secured with bandages.

The principle is that of an egg in a cup, and the patient can wear the leg long before the wound is completely healed. He can thus get air and exercise, which it is usually impossible to obtain at this phase of his convalescence; also he has to suffer none of the inconveniences of crutches, a stick afflicting for his needs. The leg, properly treated, lasts from six months to a year, by which time a permanent artificial limb is ready to be fitted.

Mend Enamelled Pans.

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