

The Perfect Panacea

(Lieut. K. N. Colville.)

There is a perfectly amazing amount of talent in the British Army. In the ranks of a single small unit you may very likely find, in the words of William Shakespeare, "some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." Thus among the batmen who successfully ministered to my needs while I was with the B.E.F., one was a silversmith, another an engine driver, another a cowkeeper, but the one who concerns me at the moment was, among other things, a patent medicine proprietor.

I was messing alone at the time when he had me in his tender care, having sole charge of the battery horses and the battery mules, and the drivers and spare gunners, and the wagons and the ammunition, and everything that the battery owned, but did not at the instant require. He fed me, and he clothed me, and kept my Armstrong hut in order, and when I got chilblains from stepping about through the mud all day in gumboots, he insisted on providing me with a pot of "Peacock" Patent Pain-easing Ointment for burns or boils, scalds, the Perfect Panacea for all Domestic Diseases.

Of this wonderful preparation, of which he was sole manufacturer and vendor, he had a large jar. But among his effects, and he insisted that I should always have a small quantity by me. A kind relative in England had recently sent me a small brown pot of cream, and this now empty vessel was to serve as a receptacle for my share of the Perfect Panacea.

But before I could avail myself of its healing properties, two things happened. One was that I was instructed to go off next morning for a week's attachment to the local artillery squadron of the R.E.C., the other was that I was informed about an hour later that the General Officer Commanding the Corps heavy artillery was coming next morning to inspect the battery horses. This, however, was not to delay my departure as the Captain would come down to do the honours, and another subaltern would come with him and remain in charge till my return.

To this I replied that my locomotives must bring a batman with him, as I should have to take my patent pill proprietor with me to the R.F.C.

The two officers from the battery turned up next day just before I rode off. Lockwood, the subaltern, had brought his servant with him, and I commended my hut and its contents to his safekeeping.

"By the way," remarked the Captain, "this General is to be here at 12.30. I shall have to offer him some lunch. Do you think Hodges will be able to raise enough food for us all?"

I opened the door of the cupboard (found in an abandoned German dug-out) and pointed to a row of tinned foods. "There's plenty there," I said, "I got a lot of stuff up from the expeditionary forces canteen the other day. Use what you like, but see that you leave me as much when you go!" And with that I went off to enjoy, for a season, the flesh pots

and the youthful ebullience of the R.E.C. Their stresses and perils it was not mine to share.

Of course, to anyone hearing the story now, the sequel is easily foreseen. The General duly came, saw and approved. He was in a genial mood and accepted the captain's apologetic (in advance) invitation to lunch. Hodges managed to find room for the whole party on cart-ridge boxes around my home-made table, and fed them excellently on tinned salmon and an excellent piece of ration beef. Finally he produced a delectable looking dish of stewed pears surrounding a large lump of cream, uncut, which he whispered to Lockwood had set rather hard, but it smelt quite fresh. The General took two half pears and a spoonful of cream. He proceeded to combine about an eighth of a pear with a good smudge of cream, and to introduce the blend into his mouth.

The result was catastrophic. Napkins are unknown in the B. E. F. and the unfortunate General could not find his handkerchief. Moreover, before he could give any warning, the staff captain had followed his chief's unhappy example. Fortunately, our colonel, a much more choleric man than the General, and one with whom we had more permanent and frequent relations, was stayed, as it were, 'twixt the cup and the lip. The General behaved so well over the matter that I will not outstage his memory by repeating Lockwood's description of what actually happened. Suffice it to say that we all fully expected that he would report on our horses as being the most scabby, mangy lot he had ever seen, and attribute their scabbiness and manginess to the incompetence and negligence of the officers. We should have quite understood it if he had. But no; he was a perfect gentleman (though Lockwood's description of the incident might lead you to doubt it) and gave our "hairies" their due.

Of what precisely the perfect panacea is compounded I have never been able to discern. It is too valuable a secret for the manufacturer and sole vendor to divulge. He admits that its flavor, like its healing properties, is unique; but claims that the General should not mind, for it is perfectly harmless and, indeed, cannot fail to have imparted to his internal organs remarkable immunity from chilblains, burns, boils, scalds or sores.

FEELING AGAINST BRITISH.

By Courier Leased Wire.
London, Dec. 7.—The Petrograd correspondent of The Times says there is only too good reason to corroborate the statement of Leon Trotsky, the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, regarding the existence of a feeling of resentment against British residents in Russia. The feeling, he adds, is not now universal, but is growing daily among the Bolsheviks. British workmen in Petrograd factories lately were warned by their Russian comrades that they had better leave the country as trouble may be brewing.

AT THE BRANT



Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

That disappearing mustache has pa's goat



An Inside Bath Makes You Look and Feel Fresh

Says a glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast keeps illness away.

This excellent, common-sense health measure being adopted by millions.

Physicians the world over recommend the inside bath, claiming this is of vastly more importance than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing ill health, while the pores in the ten yards of bowels do.

Men and women are urged to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of helping to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Just as soap and hot water cleans and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the eliminative organs.

Those who wake up with bad breath, coated tongue, nasty taste or have a dull, aching head, sallow complexion, acid stomach; others who are subject to bilious attacks of constipation, should obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to demonstrate the value of inside bathing. Those who continue it each morning are assured of pronounced results, both in regard to health and appearance.

Rippling Rhymes

EATING TOO MUCH.

You're digging your grave with your teeth, you're eating your way to your doom; then some one will come with a wreath, and fasten it onto your tomb. Your stomach is weary and sore, long has it yearned for a rest; and still you keep throwing in more, the which you would have it digest. Go slow on your eating, I beg; the money you blow in for pies, would buy some poor cripple a leg, or fix him with vitreous eyes. Oh, list to my patient harangues, don't turn from my rede in disgust; you're digging your grave with your fangs, while millions are craving a crust. All Europe is hungry, they say; women and children are lean; the helpless, the stricken and gray, can't find in the larder a bean. And you are devouring the rucks, consuming the doughnuts and pies; you're digging your grave with your tusk, all dead to the hungry folk's cries. Says Hoover, "You're helping us win, by cutting out sugar and fats, by dieting till you are thin, reducing the lard on your slabs." Stand up for the allies, whose flags are borne in a cause that's sublime! You're digging your grave with your snags, when eating too much is a crime.

LITTLE DAMAGE.

By Courier Leased Wire.
London, Dec. 7.—Most of the damage done in London yesterday morning in the big German raid appears to have been the work of a single airplane, which hovered over the city and dropped five explosives and two incendiary bombs. One of the explosives, a bomb fell near a residential block, breaking windows, while an incendiary bomb caused a large fire when it fell on a wall paper and brush establishment. A laundry, a brewery and an occupied school and a glassware storehouse also were struck, but there were no casualties in these places.

BANKER QUILTS.

By Courier Leased Wire.
Montreal, Dec. 7.—Mr. W. B. Torrance of Guelph, Ontario, who has been connected with Canadian banking for a period of about 40 years, has retired from the post of superintendent of branches of the Royal Bank of Canada. The appointment of Mr. M. W. Wilson as his successor is announced, along with some other changes resulting from Mr. Wilson's promotion from his former position of chief inspector.

Good Night Stories

JOHNNY SPARROW'S FIRST NIGHT OUT.

"Come, children," said Mamma Sparrow, "it's high time we were on our way home."

"But I don't want to go home!" exclaimed Johnny Sparrow, who never wanted to do anything he was told to do.

"Listen, dear," said Daddy Sparrow kindly, "it will soon be night, and all little birds should be in bed before it grows very dark, you know. So come along."

But Johnny Sparrow acted very naughtily and fretted all the way home.

"I'm not sleepy, and I don't want to go to bed," cried Johnny Sparrow. "It's growing darker every second," exclaimed Mamma Sparrow, "and after dark you can't see, you know."

"That's just it," cried Johnny Sparrow, "I don't know, and you won't let me stay up to find out." And he chattered so loud that Mamma Sparrow had a hard time putting the baby birds to sleep.

"All right," said Daddy Sparrow, "you may stay up, Johnny, but fly away so you won't bother the rest of us."

With a self-satisfied twitter, Johnny soared away toward the rosy clouds and settled himself on the topmost limb of a maple tree.

"Jay, jay!" called a voice near him, and Johnny Sparrow quickly replied that it wasn't Jay, but himself sitting there.

"Better run home before it's too late," replied Mrs. Jay Bird. "I'm not afraid of the dark," chirped Johnny Sparrow bravely. Those who continue it each morning are assured of pronounced results, both in regard to health and appearance.

But Mrs. Jay was sound asleep and didn't hear him.

Blacker and blacker grew the night until everything faded before his eyes. He began to feel that he had made a mistake and started to move over nearer the trunk of the tree, when two great big eyes blinked at him out of the darkness and a hoarse voice demanded to know who he was.

Johnny Sparrow moved over to the very end of the limb and when the two big eyes followed him and a big black claw reached toward him, Johnny Sparrow lost his hold and fell down, down through the air.

Johnny Sparrow had just about given up all hope of ever hitting the ground when, plump, he landed on something soft.

"Stop your shoving," cried one of his brothers, and Johnny Sparrow opened his eyes to find he was safe in his Mamma's nest and that he'd just been dragging.

Mamma and Daddy laughed when he told them about it next morning, and Daddy gave him the biggest worm there was for his breakfast.

"What do you suppose those big eyes were?" asked Johnny Sparrow. "They belong to the Wise Owl," he was watching for you," laughed Mamma.

"Well, he will never find me out after night, for all birds belong in bed after the sun goes down," exclaimed Johnny Sparrow. He never gave his parents any more trouble after that.

ST. GEORGE NEWS

(From our own Correspondent)
Mr. and Mrs. Sickle and Miss Sickle of Lockport, N.Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Sickle.

Mr. and Mrs. Robins and family returned on Friday last after spending three months with relatives out West.

Gunner Dorey Smith of Toronto, was the week-end guest of relatives and friends.

A neighborhood prayer meeting was held on Thursday evening of last week at the home of Mrs. O. Collins, and was so well attended that it was decided to hold another on Thursday evening, this week, at the home of Mrs. H. Johnson.

Mrs. J. C. Newman, of Toronto, spent the week with her brother, Mr. J. N. White.

Mrs. Stuart McKenzie of Brantford, was the week-end guest of Mrs. James McKenzie.

Mrs. M. Sager and Miss A. Mullen have returned after spending a few days with relatives in Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Graham and little daughter, Dorris, spent Sunday with relatives and friends in Paris.

Blue Lake Women's Institute and German School Farmers' Club will hold a social in the school on Friday evening.

GILLETTE

BECAUSE it is a gift that's of real, every-day service: because it adds to his comfort, yet subtracts from his expense: and because it looks—and is—the best of its kind, the Gillette Safety Razor is the one sure-to-please Christmas Gift for a man.

FOR HIS CHRISTMAS

evening, Mr. Roy Schuyler, of Paris, will give an address, and a splendid time is anticipated by all.

Mrs. Harry Burns, of Toronto, is spending a few days with friends. A large number of fathers from this vicinity have attended the Fall Stock Show at Guelph this week.

Mrs. Gilbert Fields is spending the week with friends in Buffalo.

Mrs. G. L. Bonham received the sad news of the death of her niece, Mrs. Walter Legge, of Brantford, formerly Miss Bella Racher, of this village.

RUSS ARMIES DIVIDED.
London, Dec. 7.—There is a profound divergence of opinion among the Russian armies in Roumania regarding the attitude they shall take toward the Bolshevik Government, says a despatch to The Times from Roumanian headquarters, dated Sunday.

Committees have been formed, consisting mostly of interested Germans who have succeeded in getting a hold on the rank and file. The correspondent, after reporting signs of disintegration, says the Bolsheviks are gaining the upper hand along the whole front. General Rogussa, commander of the Fourth army, has been arrested by order of the Soldiers' Committee of that army.

TEACHER DIED SUDDENLY.
Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 7.—Prof. James Johnson, teacher of singing in the Hamilton Public Schools, died suddenly this morning at the age of 69 years. He formerly conducted choirs in Galt, Ingersoll and Guelph.

PRICES WILL ADVANCE SHORTLY.
This is the time to secure one—prices will advance shortly. The official Laboratory model, the Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, is perfect in tone, ease and every detail and is still sold for \$325. One of these wonderful musical instruments would be the ideal Christmas gift for the home and family. H. J. Smith & Co. will demonstrate them for you at any time.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

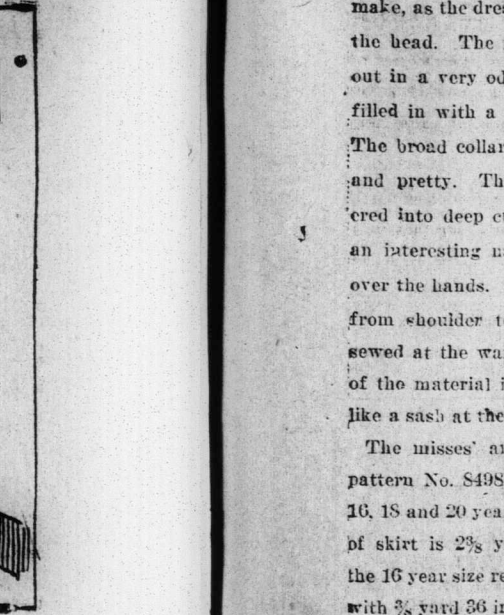
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

---By Wellington



(From Friday's)
Kitty timidly raised Ralph's. The scorn that her shrieved up her so drew at how she could after it.

"How do I know you Joe asked her. "How do tell you about the other "I'll say no more," Kitty.

Joe made a move to arm, and she sprang with a cry. "I'll tell true! I swore it! He was head when he came. He told me in his favor over he told me. I was thought it was just. Annie came to-day, and it was true. Now let's Hope died within R. His head fell forward forewas this," he thou always right. I have thing. What is there Joe looked at Stack. that he come to lean man's evil perspicacity.

"It's true all right," "He'd have kept it was a lie."

"Now let him go," again.

"Hold your horses," didn't say—"You promised!" cried ly.

"I'll keep to my pr Joe—"in my own time fool to let him loose trouble for us. We're off at dawn. I'll leave the tree, and as soon as you can come and cut.

"He'll not us from Stock piped up excitedly. "He'll not raise a arm inside a moment's ning. "Run back to y said to Kitty.

"No, you don't!" said have your father down mackie moose directly? er I'll go up to the shed fetch him back to bring The threat was effe turned abruptly and re the trail.

She ran until she w footfalls had passed on Then she stopped and make sure she was not Satisfied of this, she underbrush and until her way back, feeling infinite patience over twigs and dry leaves, circling to find a way thickly springing stoms, skirts close around her ting her body softly leaves.

Kitty had never hunted woodcraft; it was that enabled her to m through the undergro lessly as a lynx. There have a boldness of the She proceeded until, interstices of the leaves watch every move of around their fire, and that they did him no f.

The half-breed had himself down to sleep the manner of his race, self aloof, affecting a cern with white meads. The three white me gether low-voiced. It

own clothes may well simplest of simple pattern the first place there are make, as the dress is to be the head. The front of out in a very odd shape filled in with a tiny inset. The broad collar of white and pretty. The long eered into deep cuffs, wh an interesting narrow c over the hands. The Gre from shoulder to hem, sewed at the waistline of of the material is softly like a sash at the back.

The misses' and small pattern No. 5498 is cut in 10, 18 and 20 years. Wid of skirt is 2 1/2 yards. A the 16 year size requires 5 with 3/4 yard 36 inch con

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