

Do You Weigh the Cake of Soap You Buy?



The increase in the cost of nearly everything that is used in the manufacture of soap makes it impossible to give the same size, same weight and same quality as heretofore, **without increasing the price.**

Some soap manufacturers have cut down the size and reduced the quality.

KIRKMAN'S BORAX SOAP is the same to-day as it has been for over a quarter of a century—no change in the weight, in the size or in the quality.

When buying laundry soap, be sure you get—Full weight, full size and full quality.

KIRKMAN & SON BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. A.

The First Flight.

(The following entertaining description is taken from a letter received here from Mr. Raymond Harvey, of New York.)

Last week I had lunch with a man at the club, and another fellow about 29 years old, good looking, tall, clean cut, with a most decided chin who happened along, told me he had fought in one year 29 battles as a soldier under Madero; got shot in the leg, made \$500, left, went Pearl fishing, got arrested, sentenced to death, received a pardon three days afterwards from Madero's headquarters, and came back home. After lunch we went to the top of the club building to watch a storm. We were standing on a little iron fire escape on the 23rd story with nothing much below us but some excavations which were decidedly rocky. He was most annoying this man. He wanted to climb along the coping. Besides whenever he sees a steel beam on the street which is going 400 feet up on a steel cable to fit on one of the skyscraper things they are always building, he gets aboard with the fellow who smokes a pipe and guides the thing, and they stand over the street together. Once in a big circus out West the man who gets into a big ball and shoots from the top of a wooden post and loops the gap on the way down, got a little indisposed and he did the job for two nights. I got rather uncomfy, so we came in on to the roof, and had to discuss aviation of course, and H. said he had ballooned twice and that it made you seasick but an aeroplane didn't, and that it wasn't so frightening as putting one foot over the roof of the club and out into space. I asked him if he was nervous when he first went into the 29 battles. He said "No only your hands are kind of perspiry; you're not frightened, but it is like sitting in a Poker game when you know 'the stakes are too high for you and you are betting your last hundred dollar bill. Your palm is sort of sticky and the note sort of sticks to it."

Next day I ran against M. who went through Verdun as an ambulance driver, and who had with him a chap which he had sold out to the Government, and he was now working for them at nothing per day. He said the quiet of Washington was killing him. M. said he had applied and been accepted as a Naval aviator but had heard nothing more about the matter since. Then I said "I wanted to try it but did not know about it as I could not take the Ski jump at Placid, and that only threw you 70 feet in the air." "You should worry" but "if your best friend is driving, and the better you know him the more

"this holds you are simply scared stiff. It is about the same with an 'aeroplane'." The end of all this was that one morning I felt that I must get to work and fly to 15,000 feet and loop four times on the way down, ending in a spinning nose dive, but as the thought at once quickened my heart action I decided that I had better go first and look over the outfit and watch someone else do it. Thus I was able to get a good night's rest. It's quite a distance to the flying school and I don't even know where it is on the map. Round a curve en route we met a khaki man with four khaki-clad men skidding round a turn at about 65 "per" so I guessed we were near. I found the school a quiet place with a fine chap quite like A. in charge. He said the flight business was all right and I could go up at three o'clock. I was to have lunch with the rest and he took me over himself, khaki from his almost white hair down, and introduced me to nine of the best looking and huskier young fellows, monotonous in sepia; you ever saw. The tents were awfully nice, all screened, and the lunch was good. I mostly listened to their fun. They were all, alas, a good deal younger than some of us! They talked so much shop that I had to put my ear in and tell them how two weeks ago when I went to Toronto there were three U. S. aviators going up to train with the Canucks, and how disgusted they were with the latest regulation, to wit, that all U. S. men aviators must wear caps! They asked why? and I had to explain because the U. S. man is supposed to climb out to the end of the rudder, swing from his hands, and kick the Hun in the face. They all settled in their seats as they laughed at this and I think they had my number from then on, darn their bronzed young faces. Without doubt that camp had more strange looking bugs in it than I ever saw before. There were flies and grasshoppers and things with horns and big things, and shining armour and I envied them all because they had flown and I hadn't. I was not what you would call nervous, but did you ever get that awful cramp in the stomach that comes on a scenic railway or the shoot the shoot? I looped the loop at "Coney Island!" "No," the boys said, "except a little sometimes, but it's some sensation." One said "I know what 'R' (the pilot) will do, he'll take you on a joy ride. He goes up and banks terribly, and you daren't look up it makes you sick. You look down and maybe you see the spire of the church just above the top of your left wing and a church spire beside it!" He does that with everyone first—it's the "Joy-ride". He did it with me and then dove for the hangar straight nose dive, and then "driving it" I said "if you people kill me of fright I'm going to haunt the mess tent for ever after—the

And the Worst is Yet to Come



chicken soup is so good here." But I don't think I felt as cheerful as that all the same. I thought I would take counsel with the white haired man who looked like A. "I'll arrange with 'R' so that he will take you round the field two or three times and if you don't like it you can signal by dropping your arm. He'll come when you right." It was not until 4 o'clock that the machine, a 90 horse power Farnham tractor, was tuned, and ready. Then I had to wait while the bar was a bit tickled because I wasn't a bit nervous, but then I had to confess to myself that perhaps it was because I had a working arrangement with my friend about it, which the brown young Indians didn't know about.

I asked how long she took to climb 15,000 feet and was told she was a slow climber but she comes down like a whirlwind. She goes 75 miles an hour on the straightaway. I reflected she was an awful piker since France has a new tactic plan tuned to 155 miles an hour at 25,000 feet. "R." turned up at last. They decorated me with a leather cap the day I was to go up. He was very nervous, and I climbed into a hole in front of the cab. The machine was a tractor and the propeller came first, then the engine, then beneath the place I sat was an aluminium plate which shut out the view, but if you tread on it you never come back. There was a cubby hole behind me. I held firmly on to the front of the cab with both hands. When the novice aeroplane came spiralling to earth!

I wasn't scared stiff but I was fearfully quiet. Suddenly we were through the clouds, still spiralling to the left. Looking along the left wing I saw the ground far below and a white speck in the water and I was looking along the wing upwards to see the sea. We circled round as we came down. I was in a bad way. He was upside down. When we got further down the white speck was a big five master. All the way down the pace was terrific and part of the time I frankly didn't know "where I was at." I was rather surprised, however, at which I was rather surprised. But I thought horizontal within 100 feet of the water and I simply ceased to be interested whether he spilled me into the sea or stopped the engine, then started it up again to taxi over to the hangar. "Why did you signal me, were you feeling sick?" "No," I said. "I couldn't stand the suspense any longer of finding out what you were going to do to me on the way down." I came to the conclusion that if he can stand "2,000 feet one ought to be able to stand 25,000 just as well.

Nothing has quite the distinction in neckwear which is possessed by hand-embroidered linen.

WHY WOMEN WRITE LETTERS

To Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Women who are well often ask "Are the letters which the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. are continually publishing, genuine?" "Are they written by you?" "Why do women write such letters?"

In answer we say that never have we published a fictitious letter or name. Never, knowingly, have we published an untruthful letter, or one without the full and written consent of the woman who wrote it.

The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives, once ordered with pain and suffering. It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness, stomach troubles and from the blues.

It is impossible for any woman who is well and who has never suffered to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when stored to health; their keen desire to help other women who are suffering as they did.

GUEUDEDECOURT.

A Remnant From The Regimental History of Newfoundland's Soldiers!

How quickly the time flies! It was only a few days ago we reached the second anniversary of the landing at St. John's Bay and the evacuation of Cape Helder, and the attack at Beaumont-Hamel was commemorated only a short time since. Now we have attained the anniversary of the Battle of Gueudecourt—the advance of October 12th.

All is quiet to-day at Gallipoli! The rows of wooden crosses at Anzac and Helles look out over the Aegean; and the dead who lie beneath these monuments of great deeds have reached their rest. Grass and weeds have threaded the valleys and skirt the hills-tops. The sandbags of the trenches have rotted, spilling their sand on the litter of these battles of yesterday.

The warm, tideless sea washes these empty beaches where once thousands of men from the British Empire made war as it has never been made before.

The Battle of the Somme—the engagement at Beaumont-Hamel—is an event emblazoned in the history of our Regiment. The unflinching spirit of the men—the firm, steady lines that went on towards the German trenches—the heroism demonstrated on that occasion—are life-long memories, heroic ones that age can never tarnish. Every foot of ground in that territory is consecrated, and those who have fallen have left an heritage of real British courage and sacrifice.

"The present day has no value for me; it is with to-morrow that my spirit wrestles!" —Matternich.

October 11th, 8 p.m.

Guns are firing everywhere, and the stench of their fumes is heavy on the air. Norris has just been over to say that "C" Company is on our right, and their ration party has passed through. A message to Capt. March has brought him to Headquarters, where there is a conference of O. C. Companies. Bartlett and I are watching the white flares that mark the winding line of the Hun trenches. We can easily see a deep brown glare that has suddenly lit up the whole devastation of the landscape and spread upwards and outwards across the sky. It was evidently a Boche ammunition dump going up!

11 p.m.—Capt. March has returned! He brings the news that we will attack to-morrow. He tells us that Major Rendell has been wounded and that Norris is missing. In the shelter of two rubber sheets, stretched from parapet to parapet, and with the aid of a shaded electric torch, we hear the details of the formation in the attack—"zero will be notified later."

Midnight.—The bombardment of our line still continues. "C" Company is also getting it heavily, as is the village behind us. A shell has just landed in the traverse—a thud that made the air tremble and a reek of sulphur. "Edens was flung into the bottom of the trench; Bartlett was knocked down, and I was thrown against the parapet. The concussion knocked off Sgt. Hawker's helmet, and the sickening cloud of smoke that drifted towards us set the sentry-groups coughing. The temporary shelter is completely broken down and the rubber sheets are in shreds!

"One moment of the Well of Life to taste." The stars are setting, and the Caravan Starts for the Dawn of Nothing!" —Omar Khayyan.

October 12th.

Early morning! Everywhere the smell of the Somme battlefield—the earth exhaling the clammy odor of death and the scent of freshly turned clay.

It is barely four o'clock, but the Company is already preparing to move to the "jumping out" position. The waiting has passed—there is a look of relief on every face as the men put on their equipment. There is no confusion—little noise—they are very deliberate, these brave, loyal soldiers of "Ours."

The stars are falling to the new day as the long line begins to move slowly to the left. "A" Company are awaiting us. Capt. O'Brien, looking calm and satisfied; Ebsary, hands in pockets, sitting astride a shell struck tree that has fallen across the parapet; Corp. Carmichael, and behind him Emerson and a thin line of figures stretching down the communication trench, and along the parapet; Capt. March and Frost advising, exhorting and commanding, their frames silhouetted against the early morning sky. By six o'clock the attacking line was ready, and stood on the



Home Cure for Eczema.

You, who have suffered year in and year out with Eczema, here's good news for you. A simple, antiseptic wash, the prescription of a famous skin specialist who has just given his secret to the world, is an absolutely reliable home remedy for all skin eruptions. It is called the D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema.

If you are afflicted with skin disease—the kind that seems to baffles medical treatment, do not fail to investigate this wonderful new discovery which is now recommended by many of the best skin specialists, even in preference to their own prescriptions. A single bottle of D. D. D. Prescription will convince you that Eczema in all its forms, Psoriasis, Bad Leg, Ulcers, Scalp Troubles, Ringworm, Sores and Itch of all kinds yield to D. D. D. and there is instant relief.

Start your cure now; get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold everywhere. Recommended by T. McMurdo & Co., A. W. Kennedy, M. Connors, Peter O'Mara.

Milady's Boudoir



So close is the association of lacy negligees and boudoir fittings that I feel it would be an opportune time to mention the necessity of owning one for the "rainy day" or possibly the one day of illness or indisposition.

Every woman should have a dainty comfortable negligee of some sort laid away in case of illness, the gown that is in constant use, is rarely presentable when sickness comes, and nothing is more depressing to a sick person than the knowledge that she looks untidy.

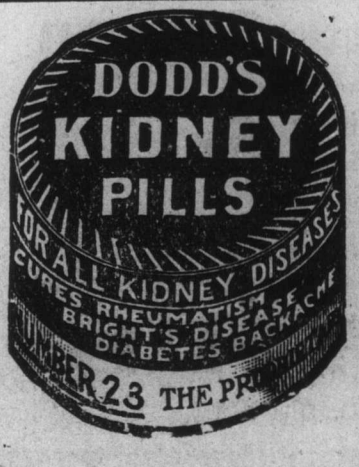
A woman may claim that she is seldom ill that it scarcely seems any more necessary to keep sick garments around than to follow the example of her grandmothers and have grave clothes packed away in camphor, but when sickness does come it is usually a sudden thing and it may then be neither convenient nor possible from a pecuniary standpoint to purchase new garments in such an emergency. It is all very well to use old quilts and gowns while the patient is really ill, as there is danger of spilling medicine on bed-room finery, but when there is a change for the better, there is nothing like a fresh little saque or a becoming wrapper to have a moral effect on the patient and hasten recovery.

If the occasion does not arise when the negligee is needed for illness, it is yet always ready for packing to take on a trip away from home. One should never travel without a negligee of some kind for use in case of illness or when the night is chilly and extra covering is needed.

Everyday Etiquette.

"Should I go ahead of an older woman when entering the room?" Inquired Jessie.

"On entering and leaving a room a young girl always permits an elder woman to precede her. When introductions are under way the youngest girl is the last to be introduced. She follows her mother, never precedes her, in advancing to greet her hostess," was her mother's advice.



THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION NO. 1 CURES DISCHARGES, STIFFNESS AND WITHOUT INDICTION THERAPION NO. 2 CURES HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC. THERAPION NO. 3 CURES GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC. THERAPION NO. 4 CURES GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC. THERAPION NO. 5 CURES GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC. THERAPION NO. 6 CURES GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC. THERAPION NO. 7 CURES GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC. THERAPION NO. 8 CURES GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC. THERAPION NO. 9 CURES GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC. THERAPION NO. 10 CURES GONORRHOEA, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SPRAINS, BURNS, SCALDING, ETC.

STRANGE DISCOVERY ON STRANGE SHIP.—It is now known that the big Norwegian liner Kristianiafjord, which lies on the rocks on the South Coast, was not operating in the interest of the Allies, because large quantities of lead and brass in large sheets were found in the bottom of the ship by the salvagers of her cargo. The answer to the question as to who would be in possession of the metals next is obvious.

The pink or flesh-colored "under garments" of batiste continue to have an amazing vogue.