

Doing Our Bit

All of us cannot fight. All of us—men, women and children—can do something towards winning the war. Are we seeking that "something," or are we evading it? Are we looking for the "bit" we should do, or trying to forget it?

Take the Canadian Patriotic Fund. It has been created to care for the families of our soldiers in those cases—and those only—where need exists. Experience has shown that this means in two families out of three. Up to December 1, 1916, the people of Canada have given \$16,500,000 to the Fund.

That is generous giving, isn't it? But the country is still at war; our armies are still growing; the soldiers' families are still in need; the Fund still must be maintained. And what do we find: in every part of the country men crying that they have given enough to the Fund—that Government should now take the burden.

Given enough! When the Canadian lad in the trenches is dead-tired, ready to drop in his tracks, does he chuck his job, declare he has given enough, and call on Government to get another man? Given enough! Is there a man in Canada has given enough if women and children are in need while he, the stay-at-home, has a dollar to spare?

No! This Fund, above all funds, has a claim on every citizen who is not himself a pauper. The fact that Government has not assumed responsibility for it is the fact that makes every man responsible for it—even if he thinks the Fund should be maintained by Government moneys.

GOVERNMENT SHOULD NOT CONTROL, BECAUSE—

1. Government would have to treat all alike. The Fund helps only those in need. If Government paid the families of each soldier the average sum paid by the Fund the extra burden on the country would be between eight and nine million dollars yearly.
2. By paying the average sum those families in districts where cost of living is low would receive more than they need; those in high-cost areas would be paid too little.
3. Costs of administration would be enormously increased. This work is now done, for the most part, by willing workers without cost. Of every hundred dollars subscribed, Ninety-nine Dollars and Forty-six Cents go to the families! Never was a voluntary fund so economically administered.
4. The work would suffer. There would be no more of the friendly, almost paternal, relation now existing between the administrators of the Fund and the families. Government works automatically. The Fund's visitors are friends in need, therefore friends indeed.
5. Taxation would be unequal, for some counties and some provinces are already taxing their people for this Fund. Are they to be taxed again by the Federal authority?
6. The richer classes would be relieved of work they are cheerfully doing. They are now bearing, and bearing because they have the financial power and the patriotic willingness, the larger share of the burden. Why take from them this task, and give it to all, rich and poor?
7. The Fund blesses him that gives. It is a vehicle for public spirit—a channel for patriotic endeavor. The work of administering it has uncovered unknown reservoirs of unselfishness and sacrifice. Men and women have thrown themselves into this work because they found in it the "bit" for which they looked—their contribution to winning the war. Why stay their hand and stifle their enthusiasm?
8. Last, but not least: Government control means raising the money by selling Government bonds. Government bonds mean future taxation. And that means that the returning soldiers will pay, through long years, a large share of the cost of caring for their families—a cost we, the stay-at-homes, pledged ourselves to bear.

MEN AND WOMEN OF ONTARIO:

Send your backs once again to this burden. If you live in the rural districts see to it that your county councils make grants worthy of the counties and of the cause. If in the towns, start campaigns for individual subscriptions. And personally, taxed or not taxed, give as you can afford, give as your conscience tells you is your duty, your war-time part, in this day of national sacrifice.

The Fund requires \$12,500,000 for 1917. Of this Ontario is asked to raise \$6,000,000, being the estimated requirements of Ontario's families. If there is no local Fund to which you can subscribe, send your gift direct to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, Victoria Street, Ottawa.

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

10



Are YOU helping to insure this home against need?

that some day all the money will be mine—unless he changes his will, and he's apt to do that any moment."

"And the matter about which you wished to consult me?" suggested Harley.

The young man grew paler, and his voice dropped almost to a whisper. "It's about a necklace—an amber necklace of great value. It has been in the Donnay family for many generations, and, aside from the fact that it is made up of 100 carved beads of pure amber, there is a pendant which is almost priceless; it is a large canary diamond." He paused and moistened his dry lips.

"And the necklace has been stolen?" Gerald Donnay started violently, and his light blue eyes wore a frightened expression.

"Who told you that?" he demanded. "I surmised it. Please go on with your story, Mr. Donnay."

"Pardon me, Mr. Harley; I am much upset by the whole occurrence. My grandfather keeps the necklace in his museum on the top floor of the house. Last night it was intact in its case. This morning my grandfather appeared at the breakfast table much agitated, saying that the amber necklace had disappeared and there was no sign of burglary. You see, it places me in a very unpleasant position."

"Why?" "Because only yesterday I had asked my grandfather to help me out of a grave financial difficulty. He refused. His natural inference is that I helped myself to the necklace."

"He cannot have a high opinion of your integrity," remarked the lawyer bluntly.

"He hasn't. In fact, he has more than once unjustly accused me of helping myself to various articles of value about the place."

"And what is your theory?" asked George Harley, fastening his keen eyes on the other's face. "Do you believe it was an inside job?"

"Yes; I am sure that I can lay my hand on the guilty man. It is grandfather's valet, Simpson, an Englishman who has been with him for many years—a sly rascal, believe me, sir!" Young Donnay spoke vindictively.

"Simpson is still in the house?" "Oh, yes. Probably he has secreted the necklace and after my grandfather's death will dispose of it to excellent advantage."

"And what can I do in the matter?" "This," said Gerald Donnay, leaning over and tapping a long forefinger on the polished top of the desk—"this Mr. Harley. I want you to go to my grandfather's house with me and prove to him that I am guiltless in the matter of the amber necklace. Also help me to find the real thief!"

"You are sure that we can fasten the guilt upon Simpson?" "Positive," said the other confidently. "Can you come home with me now, Mr. Harley?"

Harley was thoughtful for a few moments, staring at the pale, anxious face of his client.

Suddenly he jumped up and reached for his hat and overcoat. "Let us go now, Mr. Donnay. My car is at the door."

Five minutes later they were speeding uptown to the quiet cross street where the Donnays lived.

During the ride George Harley learned that the household consisted merely of Colonel Donnay and his grandson, Gerald, and that the colonel was enjoying his usual health.

When they mounted the brownstone steps of the mansion the door opened, and a manservant presented himself. He was a quiet, middle aged man with graying hair and rosy cheeks and trustful eyes.

"The valet, Simpson, attending the door during another servant's absence," guessed Harley, and he was right.

"My grandfather, Simpson?" demanded Gerald sharply.

"Taking a nap, Mr. Gerald, and he begs not to be disturbed."

"Very good! Now, Mr. Harley, suppose we go up to the top floor," said Gerald as he led the way up several flights of richly carpeted stairs to the top floor of the house.

"This is the museum," he announced, opening a narrow iron door at the head of the last staircase, "and here is the place from which the amber necklace was stolen."

George Harley glanced around at the rich collection of antiques which crowded the cases and walls of the narrow gallery. Then he stared down at the velvet lined tray where the amber necklace had temptingly lain.

"Where is Simpson's room?" asked the lawyer.

"On the floor below—in the wing. I will lead you there."

Gerald Donnay started for the door, but George Harley stooped to pick up a small pale yellow object from the floor under the case. He slipped it into his pocket and smiled strangely.

On the winding stair he picked up another one and was equally reticent about its finding. Gerald Donnay led the way along a narrow hall to a door at the end which gave upon the corridor of the wing where the servants were quartered.

"Here is Simpson's room," he said,

throwing open a door.

Harley was rising from picking up a third bead, and he did not detect the triumphant smile that lighted the young man's face.

It took them but five minutes to search the prim belongings of Abel Simpson, and it was absurdly plain that the old valet was a clumsy thief. The amber necklace, a jumble of scattered beads, was found in a box of collars, half concealed by a package of letters from Simpson's English friends.

"What did I tell you?" demanded Gerald breathlessly.

"Where is the pendant—the canary diamond?"

"Jove! It has disappeared! The old rascal has recognized its value and undoubtedly concealed it. I wonder what grandfather will say now!" chuckled the young man.

"He will feel bad to think that Simpson has deceived him, has been faithless after all," suggested the lawyer.

"Of course you know this means imprisonment for Simpson."

Gerald winced. "Of course grandfather will never prosecute him," he said hastily. "At least I can prove that I am innocent," he ended in an injured tone.

"I hope so," was Harley's dry reply as they left the room. "Now, Mr. Donnay," he resumed briskly, "show me the location of your own room and that of Colonel Donnay, if you please."

Somewhat reluctantly Gerald Donnay pointed out his own bedroom, a large front apartment on the same floor as the servants' wing. It was luxuriously furnished and bore evidence that Gerald Donnay possessed an indulgent grandfather.

"This is my room," said Gerald impatiently, as they entered the room. "There can't be anything to interest you here, Mr. Harley."

The afternoon was closing in, and the room was growing dim.

"Would you mind closing a light, Mr. Donnay?" said the lawyer quietly.

When Gerald Donnay switched on the electric lights and turned around it was to face the muzzle of George Harley's automatic pistol.

The young man's face was a study in expression as his long jaw slowly dropped and his pale eyes started from their sockets. Slowly, his shaking hands were lifted above his head.

"Don't shoot!" he said weakly.

"I won't—provided you hand over that diamond pendant," ordered Harley, poking the nose of his weapon into Gerald's thin back. And when the diamond pendant had been removed from the mattress, where Gerald had sewn it, and Harley had placed it in his pocket, the lawyer said to the cowering thief: "Now, forget that we discovered the broken necklace in Simpson's room. Remember that you placed it there, and also remember that the beads which you 'planted' so cleverly that they marked a trail from the museum to Simpson's room, were your undoing. They are also scattered along the hall from the valet's room to your door—this you did not know! Now, shall we interview Colonel Donnay?"

SAVING OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

How Valuable Papers Are Mended and Mounted for Preserving.

There are not fifty persons in the United States who are skilled in the preservation and repairing of old manuscripts. One of them, says the University of Wisconsin Bulletin, may be found working on the third floor of the Wisconsin Historical library building at Madison, one of the six or seven institutions in the country that carry on such work scientifically.

About a generation or two ago a priest in the Vatican library at Rome originated and developed the process now in use in the taking care of old papers.

The first thing done in the process of preserving the letters is to place them between wet newspapers under a weight and leave them for five or six hours. This removes the creases and the dirt. Then they are put between wood pulp boards and left twenty-four hours and then between blotters to complete the drying process. The next step is to repair the paper.

The paper of some of these letters is so old when received that it falls to pieces if struck. This is strengthened by a layer of a sort of transparent cloth, on both sides of the piece of paper. Other letters need mending along the edges with parchment paper. To cover holes a piece of paper is glued over the edges and is left larger than the hole until dry. It is then cut down to the proper size, and the edges are sandpapered until smooth. After all such repairs are made the letters are mounted on large white sheets and prepared for binding.

Miller's Worm Powders attack worms in the stomach and intestines at once, and no worm can come in contact with them and live. They also correct the unhealthy conditions in the digestive organs that invite and encourage worms, setting up reactions that are most beneficial to the growth of the child. They have attested their power in hundreds of cases and at all times are thoroughly trustworthy.

Mrs. Housekeeper

DON'T BE DECEIVED—IT HAS BEEN TRIED, and on 1 cwt. of flour you are just 7 loaves ahead of us, not counting your labor and fuel. You can't afford to bake your bread, use your fuel and do the work for that amount.

Fleischman's Yeast—Pure Malt Extract—Lake of the Wood Flour—Pure Salt and Sugar. These ingredients are bound to make you first-class bread, give us a trial.

LOVELL'S BAKERY

A. D. HONE
Painter and Decorator
WATFORD - ONTARIO

GOOD WORK
PROMPT ATTENTION
REASONABLE PRICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
RESIDENCE—ST. CLAIR STREET

THE LOST NECKLACE

Who Stole It?

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. William Donnay sat in his study reading. He was an old gentleman, very rich and lived in elegant style. All his immediate family had died and left him alone in his old age. There was but one person to inherit his wealth, a grandson, and the young man found it irksome to wait until he should step into his grandfather's shoes.

Mr. Donnay, senior, had a fad which interested him at a time of life when activity did not. In the upper part of his house was a large room in which were stored many and varied curios. There were relics of war, pottery that had been dug up by archaeologists after having been buried some 2,000 or 3,000 years. There were Egyptian ornaments and one mummy. Jewels that had decorated the person of some ancient princess were in cases, and even those intrinsically valuable were exposed to the clutches of any one who might take a fancy to them.

On this particular morning when Mr. William Donnay sat reading in his study there was a knock at the door and his valet, Simpson, entered. Mr. Donnay looked up inquiringly.

"There's been more stealing, Mr. Donnay," said Simpson. "The amber necklace has been taken from its case in the museum."

Mr. Donnay's brow darkened. "And the diamond pendant has gone with it."

Mr. Donnay did not hasten to reply, but when he did he said: "Well, Simpson, I presume I must investigate these thefts. I'll see my lawyers and learn what can be done."

Gerald Donnay had seen the valet enter his grandfather's study and followed him, stopping near enough to the door, that had been left partly open, to hear what was said. When he had heard it he hurried away to his grandfather's attorneys.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when an office boy admitted the young man to the law offices of Harley & Rogers, but it was long after 3 when George Harley hurried in from court.

When the lawyer entered with a brief nod of greeting to the stranger the youth came forward eagerly.

"Mr. Harley?" he inquired.

"Yes," returned the lawyer, admitting the client to his private office and scanning the card which he found on his desk. "You wished to see me, Mr. Donnay?"

"It is a very pressing matter," said the other, drawing a chair close to the desk and sitting down, "a matter of the utmost secrecy."

"A case of private inquiry?" "Something of the sort. You see, Mr. Harley, I live with my grandfather, Colonel Donnay, and the old gentleman is—er—rather eccentric—dreadfully penurious, don't you know?" He laughed in an embarrassed manner.

"Doesn't like to see a young fellow enjoy life, eh?" questioned Harley.

"That's it! Grows every time I ask for a check, and he seems to forget