

BOVRIL
Repels Colds, Chills, and Influenza

THE EDUCATED ANGLEWORM

"I had a trained worm once," began Col. Hrata Beem, reflectively. "I don't wonder that you chaps look surprised—as far as I know it's the only case of a trained worm on record. Hawn! Yaww!"

"I was digging for bait on the far bank of the Ganges, and I noticed that one of the worms had a particularly large head. Well, now, my favorite motto is 'Large head, something in it.' I started to educate the little devil, and in two months' time he was the marvel of the entire countryside. Really!"

"Here's the way he would help me fish. He'd wind his little tail around the end of the hook and wave his body about till a snapping pottie, or perhaps a blue-nosed skad, would make a dive for him. Quick as a wink, Silvers—that's what I called him—would curl himself up into a ball and roll out of the fish's jaws just as they closed on the hook. Clewah, what? Oh—ah—and I forgot to mention, whenever he saw a fish coming, he would send three little bubbles up to the surface to put me on my guard. Then, after I'd landed the fish, Silvers would stick his head out of the water and wait for the hook again."

"He died, finally, of some sort of cerebral trouble—brain fever, perhaps. Gad! boys, I was sorry to lose that worm! If any of you ever get over that way, just look up a little tombstone. It's right outside a little town called Goodah—any of the natives'll show you. Hawn!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The worst part of being a bachelor is that when I die my name dies with me. What is your name?" "Smith."—*Life.*

THE VOLUNTEER WITNESS

An Irish country gentleman, well known for his geniality, happened to visit a court of justice at the moment when the judge was about to pronounce a sentence on a peasant youth for his part in some serious riots.

"The judge seemed really anxious to discover extenuating circumstances, and asked the boy whether there was any one present who could give him a good character. The prisoner replied mournfully that he saw no one in the court who knew him, whereupon the visitor, perceiving how matters stood, called from his seat in the gallery: "Well, now, yourself's a queer boy that doesn't know your own friends when you see them!"

Quick to take the hint, the boy promptly responded: "Indeed, then, it's proud and happy I am to see your honor here this day!"

"The gentleman came forward as a witness and testified as follows: "I can tell you, my lord, that from the very first time that ever I saw the boy to this minute I never knew anything of him that was not very good."

"As he had never before set his eyes on the defendant, his evidence was certainly the truth and nothing but the truth, as far as it went, and the boy was discharged after a caution."—*Chicago News.*

Miss Niblic—"I don't think Mrs. Driver plays a such good golf as she did before she was married." "Miss, Bissac—" "That's the trouble with matrimony. It does interfere so with one's game."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Are there any pleasurable amusements about here?" "No, sir; nothin' doin' but fishin'."—*Baltimore American.*

GOOD AS THE WHEAT

"Good as the wheat" is an old motto, about as much the last word in meaning as "Safe as the Bank of England." A bag of No. 1 Northern, clean as a whistle of cockle and fustil, was a symbol of sure value long before gold was known in the world. Wheat has been found in the Pyramids. The Egyptians just about worshipped wheat. The Bible calls it corn; so do the English. But when we say "good as the wheat," we refer to the bushel of brown, hard kernels worth by Government fixture this year, \$2.20. In the memory of living man when did "good as the wheat" mean more than it does now? Never. A bag of wheat weighing two bushels and a peck tops up in 1917 to just about the value of a five-dollar gold piece. But of course no man wants gold for his wheat. All he gets is a cheque made out in his favor on some bank and signed by the manager of some elevator company or milling concern. The cheque is converted into bills or notes on deposit. Good wheat; good paper; nobody asks any questions. Because the company is O. K. and the bank is sound if any wheat-seller had any doubt of either he would at once demand something else.

"I sold good wheat," he would say. "I want something as good in exchange."

What makes the wheat good? The good farmer behind it. A poor farmer can make good seed into poor wheat.

What makes the paper money good? The security of the corporation whose name it bears. The sounder the corporation, the nearer the paper comes to being as good as the wheat. But even a big company may go broke. Back of the

corporation is a concrete whose guarantee on a piece of paper is better than either. The pledge of the Dominion of Canada to pay any man money for value received is as good as the wheat and as safe as the Bank of England.

The best pledge of the Dominion of Canada to pay is a Canadian Victory Bond; better than cheques or bills—AS GOOD AS WHEAT. Suppose you change that twenty bags of wheat on your wagon, not into a cheque or note or even gold; but into Canadian Victory Bonds of \$50 each, bearing interest at five and one-half per cent. per annum and as negotiable on the market as the cheque or the best load of wheat you ever saw? It's worth considering.

"But we're engaged in the happy occupation of getting out logs. By the time the law was all adjusted and a load of steam up the water 'd be down in this game you get our logs first and think about law afterward."

"How about legal damages?" insisted Newman. "If George drives a couple of stakes each side of them to hold 'em. Correct! Now, run down a couple dozen more and pile them across those two sides on to the stream, of course. Roll 'em up. That's the ticket."

Orde next braced more logs against a convenient bowlder, and an old skull over the mill.

"Now, boys," commanded Orde, "above off some shore logs and let them come down."

The stray logs floating down with the current the rivermen caught and jammed about the improvised piers.

So in ten seconds after the shore logs began drifting the jam formed, low and broad. The weight of the topmost logs sunk those beneath to the bed of the stream. This to a certain extent dammed back the water. Below the improvised dam the water fell almost to nothing, and above it, swirling in eddies, grumbling fiercely, bubbling, gurgling, searching, hunting for an opening, the river turned back on itself.

"Nothing can stand that pressure," breathed Newman, fascinated.

"The bigger the pressure the tighter she knots," replied Orde, lighting his pipe.

In order to take full advantage of the water power developed by his dam, old man Reed had built his mill nearly at a level with the stream. Now the river, backing up, rapidly overflowed this flat. As the jam thickened by its own weight the water fairly jumped from the lowest floor of the mill to the one above.

In less than five minutes the old man descended on the group.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded.

"Matter?" inquired Orde easily. "Oh, nothing much—just a little chink."

"But it's flooding my mill!"

"I'm not interested."

"I've a lot of grain upstairs. I'll be ruined. You miserable blackguard!"

Reed frantically disappeared, returning bearing an antiquated pike pole, and single handed attacked the jam.

Amusement and disgust held the rivermen breathless for a moment. Then a roar of laughter drowned even noise of the waters.

Only Orde seemed to see the other side. With a few quick leaps he had gained the old man's side.

"You can't break this jam," he said kindly. "Come ashore. You'll kill yourself!"

"Break it!" pleaded Reed. "You're ruining me. I've got all my money in that mill!"

"Well," said Orde, "we've got a lot of money in our logs too. Come, taking Reed gently by the arm, "there's no use in your yelling. I should've got along together all right. Maybe we're both a little hard headed. Let's talk it over."

He led the old man ashore. At the end of ten minutes Orde cried cheerfully:

"War's over, boys! Break that jam!"

The crew swarmed across the log barrier to a point above the center pier. This they attacked with their peavies, rolling the top logs off into the current below. In less than ten minutes they had torn quite a hole in the top layer. The river rushed through the opening. Immediately the logs in the wings were tumbled in from either side. At first the men had to do all the work, but soon the river itself turned to their assistance.

The going of the jam drained the water from the lower floor of the mill. The upper stories and the grain were still safe.

By evening the sluice gate had been roughly provided with poles guided down which to slide to the bed of the river. The following morning saw the work going on as methodically as ever. By the end of the second day the pond was clear, and as Charlie's waigan was drifting toward the chute the first of Johnson's drive floated into the head of the pond.

cookers by means of pike poles and a long sweep at either end.

The packing began before the men had finished breakfast. Shortly after daylight the waigan, pushed strongly from shore by the pike poles, was drifting toward the chute. The heavy screw threatened to come back on, and the screws at either end churned the water frantically in an endeavor to straighten her out.

"An Newmark looked at the smooth run of the water sucking into the chute he began to wonder why he had come. The noble ship was pointed right at last and caught the faster water head on.

"All right!" Charlie shouted. "Zeke and his mate took in the oars. The waigan shot forward below the gate.

Whack, bump, bang, and the screw stopped so suddenly that its four men plunged forward in a miscellaneous heap. The water, backed up behind the stern, began to overflow into the boat. Newmark saw that the screw had run her bow on an obstruction and had been brought to a standstill square beneath the sluice gate. The water was beginning to flow the entire length of the boat. Various lighter articles shot past him and disappeared over the side.

Newmark had an inspiration. The more important matters, such as the men's clothes bags, the rolls of bedding and the heavier supplies of provisions, had not yet cut loose from their moorings. He seized one of the long oars, thrust the blade under the edge of a thwart astern, laid the shaft of the oar across the cargo and by resting his weight on the handle attempted to bring it down to bind the contents of the waigan to their places. The cookers came to his assistance. Together they succeeded in bending the long hickory sweep far enough to catch its handle end under another thwart astern. The second oar was quickly locked alongside the first, and not a moment too soon, a rush of water forced them all to cling for their lives.

Two or three rivermen appeared at the edge of the chute. A moment later old man Reed ran up, carrying a rope. This, after some difficulty, was made fast to the bow of the waigan. A short rope from the top of the dam allowed the boat to be lifted free of the obstruction; a cable astern prevented the current from throwing her broadside to the rush of water; another cable from the bow led her in the way she should go. Ten minutes later she was pulled ashore out of the eddy below, very much waterlogged and manned by a drenched and disgruntled crew.

"Boat two ton of water in them bed rolls and turkeys," grumbled Charlie.

In a couple of hours' run the waigan had overtaken and left far behind the rear of the drive.

"Well," said Charlie at last, "we better make camp. We'll be down in the jam pretty soon."

"Well," said Orde to Newman, "how does river driving strike you?"

"It is extremely interesting," replied Newman.

"Like to join the waigan crew permanently?"

"Oh, thank you. I should've returned Newman dryly."

"Well, stay with us as long as you're having a good time," invited Orde heartily.

"Thank you," Newman acknowledged this, "I believe I will."

"That old moonback Reed was right on deck with ropes," remarked Johnny Slims. "That was pretty decent of him."

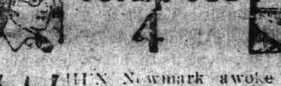
"Old skunk!" growled North. "He beat us two days with his moonback."

"Oh, he's a poor old devil," replied Orde easily. "That's the way the Lord made him. He can't help how he's made."

THE RIVERMAN

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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WHEN Newman awoke once more to an interest in affairs the morning was well spent. On the river the work was going forward with the precision of clockwork.

Orde discovered about noon that the jam crew was having its troubles. Immediately below Reed's dam ran a long chute strewn with bowlders, which automatically a sluiceway or a stretch of white water according as the stream rose or fell. Ordinarily the logs were flushed over this declivity by spouting the gate, behind which a head of water had been accumulated. Now, however, the efficiency of the gate had been destroyed.

"I wonder if we can't drop that gate way down to get something for a head," said Orde to the foreman.

The two men examined the chute and the sluice gate attentively for some time.

"If we could clear out the splinters and rubbish we might spike a couple of cyplines on each side for the gate to slide down into," speculated North.

The logs were held up in the pond, and a crew of men set to work to put away the splinters and to clear the sluiceway. The current rendered footing impossible, so all the work had to be done from above. Wet wood gripped the long stakes viciously, so that a man's utmost strength could scarcely budge them. Nevertheless they held to it. Orde, satisfied that they would succeed, departed up river to the rear.

This crew he found working busily among some overwooded woods. They were heading the laggards of the flock. The subsidence of the water consequent upon the opening of the sluice gate had left stranded, and in shallow many hundreds of the logs. From the advantage of deadwood, stumps or other logs the "sackers" pushed the unwieldy timbers forward, leaping, splashing, heaving, shouting, until at last the steady current of the main river seized the logs and bore them away. With marvelous skill they topped the dripping, bobby, rolling timbers, treating them over and over, back and forth, in unconscious preservation of equilibrium.

Hardly had Orde the opportunity to look about on the progress, making however, before he heard his name shouted from the bank. Looking up, to his surprise he saw the solemn cook waving a frantic dish towel at him. Nothing could induce the cook to attempt the logs.

"What is it, Charlie?" asked Orde, leaping ashore and stamping the looms water from his boots.

"It's all off," confessed the cook peacefully. "It's no good. He's stopped us now."

"What's off? Who's stopped what?"

"He's droy the men from the dam with a shotgun. We might as well quit."

"Shotgun, hey?" exclaimed Orde. "Wasn't that the man from the dam with a shotgun? We might as well quit."

"Shotgun, hey?" exclaimed Orde. "Wasn't that the man from the dam with a shotgun? We might as well quit."

Orde stopped forward. Immediately Reed wheeled, his thumb on the hammer.

"All right, old spirit of '76," replied Orde. "Don't shoot; I'll come down." He walked back to the waiting row.

"Surely," spoke up Newman, "whatever the status of the damage suits, you have the legal right to run your logs."

Orde rolled a quizzical eye in his direction.

"Per-fectly correct, son," he stated.

Chapter 5

CHARLIE'S waigan, in case you do not happen to know what such a thing may be, was a scow about twenty feet long by ten wide. It was very solidly constructed of heavy timbers, square at both ends, was immovably stowed and weighed an unbelievable number of pounds. When loaded, it carried all the bed rolls, traps, provisions, cooking utensils, tools and a chest of tobacco, clothes and other minor supplies. It was managed by Charlie and his two

KEEP YOUR HOLIDAY HEALTH

Make it your business to always look and feel as well as you do at the end of your vacation. Sunshine, fresh air and exercise are nature's great restorers and the health gained during a holiday should carry you well along to the next vacation.

It is most important that the blood be kept clear of impurities. This is the business of the kidneys. One-fourth of the blood begins to get clogged with poisons which are carried to all parts of the body—giving rise to one or more of the following symptoms:—

Rheumatism follows the crystallizing of uric acid in the muscle tissues and joints. Uric acid poisons should be eliminated by the kidneys.

Swollen joints and ankles indicate the immediate need for Gin Pills. Pains in the sides and back and through the groins, constant headaches, restless nights, derangements of the urinary system, stone and gravel, puffiness under the eyes and frequent chills—all these should be taken as warnings and a treatment with Gin Pills taken at once.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, or a free sample will be sent upon request to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, or to the U.S. address, No. 220 Co. Inc., 202 E. St., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Will Class One Provide The One Hundred Thousand Men?

It will be greatly to the advantage of Canada if the entire quota of 100,000 men to be raised under the Military Service Act can be secured from the first class; that is, from the men between the ages of 20 and 34 who were unmarried or widowers without children on July 6th, 1917.

This is almost self-evident for the following reasons:

It is admitted that, between the ages of 20 and 34, the average man is at the height of his physical strength and is most adaptable to the change of conditions from civilian life; the military service of unmarried men and widowers without children would occasion less distress than that of most others, since they are largely without dependents. Also, it would entail less financial burden for Canada, through separation allowances, etc.

Authorities estimate that, after all proper exemptions have been allowed, Canada should be able to produce from the first class 100,000 men fit for service, so the drain upon the man power of the country will not be severe.

Members of Class One will be well advised to present themselves for examination immediately to the Medical Board in their district. Upon examination as to their physical fitness, they will be placed in one of the following categories:

Category A—fit for service in overseas fighting units.
Category B—fit for service overseas in Army Medical Corps, Forestry Battalion, etc.
Category C—fit for service in Canada only.
Category D—fit for military service of any nature.

If not placed in Category A, the applicant will know that he is not liable for immediate service, but will go to the Post Office and send in a claim for exemption with his Medical Certificate attached, when he will receive in due course a certificate of exemption until those in his medical category are summoned for service.

Where a man, who is placed in category A, feels that exemption should be allowed, an application form can be secured from the postmaster. This form, when filled in, will be forwarded by the postmaster to the registrar of the district, and the applicant will be informed by mail as to the time and place for the consideration of his application by the Exemption Board.

Issued by The Military Service Council.

BATTALIONS ARE JUST LIKE CHUMS

HOW QUEBEC AND NOVA SCOTIA UNITS HAVE STUCK TOGETHER FROM THE FIRST

Montreal, Oct. 30.—Canadian battalions, while in training or at the front, frequently form friendly associations, like friends or chums. Two close friends in the trenches are the 25th Nova Scotia Battalion and the 22nd French-Canadian Battalion.

These two units, both highly distinguished on active service, left for overseas together on the Saxonian on May 20, 1915. They went through their training together and they went into the trenches at the same time. When the great advance to the attack came at Courcellette, as one unit there sprang from the Allied trenches this heroic Quebec battalion and their firm friends from Nova Scotia.

It is regarded here as a good omen of future harmonious relations between the various sections of Canada that these close friendships have been formed so often between Canadian corps from widely separated parts of the Dominion.