

ACROSS THE BORDER

WHAT IS GOING ON OVER IN THE STATES.

Latest Happenings in Big Republic Condensed for Busy Readers.

Coney Island season just closed was the poorest in many years.

The town of Wisner, Miss., with 800 citizens, was moved 12 miles away.

James J. Hill has given \$50,000 to the Eugene Bible University of Oregon.

Warden Osborne, of Sing Sing, says officers of that jail do not now carry guns.

At Mikelster, Omaha, Neb., wanted the police to arrest his wife for not supporting him.

The Public Library of Passaic, N.J., has barred "The Fatherland," a pro-German weekly.

Wm. Davis, artist, noted restorer, died in his New York studio with his brush in his hand.

Cape Cod cranberry growers are getting a dollar a barrel more for the fruit than last year.

Frank Mosby, New Jersey game warden, was fined at Bristol, Pa., for shooting without a license.

Louis Abrahams, Indian, was fined \$50 for taking 18 cents from a poor box at Chicago Church.

A girl baby was born without eyes, but strong and healthy, at Hickman, Ky., to Mrs. Charles Brown.

Stricken ill in a barn, George Miller, of Peoria, Ill., died of being bitten by rats as he lay helpless.

Old servants, armed, still guard the grave of the late Mrs. John D. Rockefeller in Lake View Cemetery.

In a raid on a basement at New York, twenty-nine men were found at prayers, holding racing charts.

A pair of rubber-soled shoes saved the life of Clyde McInnes, who was struck by lightning at Sullivan, Ind.

Buffalo police are going to clean up the low drinking resorts frequented by youths and young girls.

Tripping over a root in a Philadelphia park, E. H. Ridgeway struck a tree, fracturing his skull and died.

While John P. Joyce was being buried at Trenton, N.J., his brother Martin, being the widow at the grave, said:

Thos. Fortune Ryan will fight the efforts of the State of Virginia to collect \$2,436,000 back taxes on his estate.

Mrs. Ella Huffman, 30, Franklin, Pa., died of blood-poisoning after being bitten on the cheek by a mosquito.

Dr. G. W. Sims, candidate for city commissioner of San Antonio, Tex., suicided after losing the election and \$20,000.

John Morrow, of Lansford, Pa., powder mill worker, died of heart failure, induced by fear of explosion.

Former Mayor Burton pleaded guilty to embezzling \$35,000 of the funds of the Savings Bank at Apisonia, Conn.

A chipmunk on a pole grounded the current and shut off all the lights of Hazelton, Bloomsburg and Berwick, Pa.

Mrs. Mary Carroll, caretaker of a Thompkinsville, S.C., school, beat up a poor-box robber and held him until the police came.

Because his son died after being "hazed" at Purdue University, Ind., A. L. Obenchain is suing the institution for \$25,000.

Elmer Richard, farmer, near Gallopington Hill, N.J., fed snakes to his hogs and got a demand from New York for more of his fine flavored pork.

The Washington Mint, owing to demand for small coins, has bought as much silver in August as is usual for one whole year.

The Holy Jumpers, a religious colony of Zerapath, N.J., were arrested for noisy services on the streets of Plainfield.

Howard Davis, of Philadelphia, went to jail for two months for auto speeding, right after coming off jury duty at the same court.

South Pasadena, Cal., will compel chicken keepers to lower the roof of their pens so that roosters cannot raise their heads to crow.

Samuel Sattino, Chicago barber, thinking the firemen were burglars, would not let them in his store till flames came through the floor.

Going to get her mail and wearing a big sunbonnet which dulled her hearing, Mrs. John Heald, 70, Cedar Falls, Iowa, was killed by an auto.

A "moonshine" still was found on the estate of Senator Hoke Smith, near Atlanta, who signed the prohibition law while Governor of Georgia.

LITTLE GIRL WORKERS.

Flappers Replacing Young Men in Shops and Offices.

Little girls of school age in London, England, are now joining their elder sisters in taking the places of young men and youths who have abandoned business for khaki.

Fourteen and fifteen are the tender ages of some of these girls with short skirts and with "flapper" pigtail or long ringlets of curls.

The little girl greengrocer is notable among the juvenile workers. She can be seen busily weighing up the apples and the plums and filling the big scales with potatoes.

The flapper butcher has also arrived. She takes the joints round to the customers, and can weigh up the meat and the dripping.

AN OPEN LETTER

From a Well Known Methodist Clergyman of Interest to All Who Are Sick.

One of the best known ministers in the Hamilton Conference is the Rev. Chas. E. Stafford, of Elora, Ont., who freely admits that he owes his present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Stafford writes as follows:

"Some years ago I was severely afflicted for a period of nearly four months. The leading physician in the town in which I was then stationed diagnosed my case as one of complete nervous prostration, brought on by over-work and which superinduced intercostal neuralgia and muscular rheumatism, from which I suffered the most excruciating pain night and day for weeks. So weak and helpless did I become that my attendants had to handle me like an infant, raising me up and laying me down with the greatest care, so intense were my sufferings. Acting on the advice of my doctor, and taking his medicine, I did not seem to improve. One afternoon, while suffering great pain, the editor of the paper published in the town, and who was a member of the church of which I was then pastor, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was sceptical as to the medicinal qualities of all proprietary medicines, but on the strong recommendation of the editor, who had great faith in the medicine, I decided to try them. To my great surprise and supreme delight, I soon found that the Pills were giving me relief, and after I had taken seven boxes I was fully restored to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, under God, having made me a new man. Ever since I have been better and stronger physically than I had been for a number of years."

Three years ago, after an active ministry of forty-six years, I asked the Hamilton Conference of the Methodist Church to grant me superannuation relation, which it did, but for more than two years I have been supplying a charge which necessitates a drive of twenty miles every Sabbath. To-day I am strong and hearty, without an ache or pain, and for my present physical condition I am indebted to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can most heartily recommend them to the afflicted."

Don't Do It.

Solomon Isaac was very ill, and the doctor was paying him a visit. "Vell, doctor," said Solomon, "if I've got to die, I die contented. My life is insured for five thousand dollars."

"Well," replied the doctor, "I think I can keep you alive for a week longer."

"Don't do it, doctor," said Solomon; "the premium comes due the day after to-morrow."

Even undeserved praise sometimes becomes an incentive to better effort.

HEROES OF THE COAST PATROL

GALLANT WORK IS SILENTLY ACCOMPLISHED.

The Safety of British Shores in a Large Measure Depends Upon Them.

A few weeks after the outbreak of the war a middle-aged, weather-beaten looking man, with a pair of very clear blue eyes, and clad in rather rough attire, presented himself at the Admiralty and asked to see the official who was in control of the patrol office, says London Answers.

Casual callers do not readily gain interviews with busy officials at Government offices in war time, but there was something about this particular caller—something that suggested an inflexible resolution to see the official he had asked for and discuss "real business"—that gained him admission with but little delay to the room of the official he wanted to see.

"What do you want?" asked the official, an old naval officer.

"I am a yachtsman," was the reply. "I've a steam yacht, 500-tonner, twenty-five knots. I hold a master's certificate, and I have a crew that will follow me anywhere. The lot is at your disposal, including the man you are talking to, if you want me."

Sentinels of the Sea.

Half an hour later, the yacht belonging to this weather-beaten, rough-clad volunteer was entered on the register of boats on patrol service, and its owner, a millionaire yachtsman, left the Admiralty a captain (unpaid) of a patrol boat in His Majesty's Navy.

This is but one instance out of many that might be quoted of how the Admiralty found ships and men for their patrol service, which has performed such splendid work round our coasts—work full of risk and hazard since September last.

The patrol boats may be described as Naval sentinels. They are constantly watching the seas round our coasts, and it is no exaggeration to say that on their vigilance the safety of our shores in a large measure depends. The patrol boats are not fighting ships; a shell from the smallest warship afloat would seriously damage, if it did not sink, the largest of them. But many of them are tremendously fast; they are handled by men as daring as they are capable navigators, and when the history of the war comes to be written it will be found that among the officers and men who served on the patrol boats were many deserving of the highest honors of war.

Many of the boats are captained by their owners, who put their yachts, themselves, and their crews at the disposal of the Admiralty. Other boats are captained by retired admirals, captains too old for service in the Fleet, or by retired master mariners or masters in the Merchant Service. All are splendid seamen, as ready to face danger and death in defence of king and country as any officer or man in the Grand Fleet.

Chased by Enemy Ships.

There are now hundreds of boats in the patrol service, and ten months of constant work at sea have produced a fleet of efficiency and usefulness of which will probably never be properly known or understood except by those who are in control of the naval defence of our island.

There are patrol men who have been chased by enemy ships, who have encountered imminent risk of destruction from mines, who have defied attack from submarines and aircraft. Escaping from such dangers, these sentinels of the seas are daily performing work as useful and as important and as essential to our safety as is the work of the outposts at the Front to the safety of the British Army in France.

Several of the fastest patrol boats have been employed as despatch boats, to carry despatches to and from our warships, and to different naval bases. This is work after the very heart of the men in the patrol service.

Speed is the essential qualification of a boat employed on this service, and a high courage, great daring, and fine seamanship the qualifications of its commander. There may be, say, one hundred miles of ocean to traverse between the point from which the despatch boat starts and the ship it is to deliver its despatches to.

Driving Ahead in Darkness.

The time it may be given to cover that hundred miles—the distance may be longer or shorter, of course—may be but four hours. From the start it is a case of driving ahead at full speed, possibly in pitch darkness, and with all lights out.

The discipline on board the patrol boats is as strict as it is on a battleship, though its officers and crew may possibly consist of a dozen friends or so who are working it themselves.

A story was told to the writer recently of a patrol boat which before the war was a private yacht. When it was registered as a patrol boat its owner became its commander, and among the crew were four of his most intimate friends. One of them was a young fellow who had often sailed with him on pleasure trips, and who was specially keen about serving as one of the crew when the boat went into the patrol service.

"Mind," said the owner to him, "we are not going on a pleasure trip. We shall be on war service, and there will be as strict a discipline on the boat as if she were a warship. I shall be glad to take you on, but you will have to obey orders." And the young fellow promised to do so. The first night at sea the order was given that there must be no lights—an order that was forgotten by the young fellow in question. When he went to turn in at one o'clock for his four hours' sleep, he switched on the electric light in his cabin whilst he undressed.

Dismissed!

Two minutes later he was summoned to the presence of his friend, the commander of the boat. The young fellow stood between two of the crew at a table at which the commander was seated in his cabin.

"You have disobeyed orders," said the commander, "and I have sent for you to tell you that I shall land you to-morrow at —, where we are bound for, and that I shall not have you on board this boat again."

The "commander" kept his word, and discharged his friend the next day. But the latter bore him no ill-will; he recognized the fact that he had committed a grave violation of discipline that on a battleship would have entailed severe punishment. The young fellow is now serving his country, not at sea, but as a sergeant in a regiment in which he enlisted directly after his dismissal from the patrol service.

Tactful.

Mr. Hardfax—I've brought you here so we could be alone, so that I can tell you what I've been dying to speak of.

Miss Gushington—Tell me. What is it?

Mr. Hardfax—There's too much powder on your face.

Convinced.

Mrs. Uptown—I trust that we shall get along very nicely, Nora. I am not at all difficult to suit.

Nora (the new maid)—No, ma'am; that's what I thought the minute I set eyes on the master.

A FREE "TREAT" FOR YOUR CANARY

FREE FOR DICK

If you wish your pet to keep healthy and happy, give him a free sample of Dick's Bird Seed and Treat. Write to Nicholson & Brock, 40, Francis St., Toronto.

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If Your Food Ferments or Disagrees Just Read This!

Thousands of broken-down, dependent dyspeptics have recently been given back their health. A month ago these despairing folks would have scorned the suggestion that anything could help them. Their terrible condition was chronic, and appeared beyond the reach of medicine. These happy people don't proclaim it was a miracle that endowed them with a new lease of life—it was simply their common sense in selecting a tried and proven medicine, one specially adapted to their particular ailment. All these splendid cures were effected by Dr. Hamilton's Pills which beyond all question has a strange power to restore a weak or ailing stomach. If your stomach is tired and overworked try Dr. Hamilton's Pills and note the prompt improvement. Pain before or after eating will disappear. You'll no longer have that nauseous, gassy, bad tasting sensation. You'll get a real vigorous appetite and digest what you eat. Lots of well digested food is bound to increase your strength, to make you brighter and more ambitious. In a week you'll feel like a different person, in a month you'll be permanently restored. For folks who are out of sorts, not feeling just up to the scratch, perhaps bothered with headaches or constipation,—to them Dr. Hamilton's Pills will prove a boon.

ETON COATS FASHIONABLE.

In appearance, the Eton Jacket is to the suit what the bolero is to the summer frock—it therefore has a rightful place among the up-to-date

style features. The illustration herewith, Pattern No. 9093, is a smart frock for ladies with two possibilities. It may be either made as illustrated, or with short sleeves, with or without the applied trimming-bands, belt and panel in back. The Eton coat is attractively finished by a turn-over collar. The three-piece skirt may be made with or without the hip yoke. Pattern cuts in sizes 34 to 48 inches bust measure, requiring in size 36 5 1/2 yards 36-inch material.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be obtained at your local Ladies' Home Journal dealer, or from the Home Pattern Company, 183-A George St., Toronto, Ontario.

NOTES OF THE BIG WAR.

Electrified Wires Kill Animals—Bad Boys Make Good.

The number of special constables in the London Metropolitan area is 32,617.

The speed limit for motor-cars at the front is twenty-five miles an hour, and it is one of the duties of the military police to see that the speed is not exceeded.

Rheims holds the record of being the most heavily bombarded town in France, having been bombarded on 288 occasions.

"Two men with a machine-gun," a very distinguished British general has said, "can hold up a brigade" (6,000 men).

A sentry never gives up his rifle to anyone—not even to his general, no matter how persistently the latter may demand it.

Cats, dogs, rabbits, and chickens have been killed in such numbers by the electrified wires protecting the Dutch-Belgian frontier that the Ger-

man soldiers have had to set to work to bury them.

The shrapnel that the enemy is using is filled with the most extraordinary collection of scraps of everything likely to hurt. Nuts, bolts, scraps of iron, even marbles and chips of flint are common.

No fewer than 19,648 boys who have received their training in Reformatory and Industrial Schools in Great Britain have served during the war in the naval or military forces. Three of them have won the Victoria Cross.

The high explosive favored by the Austrians is called ecrasite. The secret of its composition is known to only two men, who are natives of that country. It is an explosive of particularly destructive power against forts and earthworks.

The Italian private soldier's pay is small—three cents a day—but he is well fed. Besides ordinary rations he gets plenty of fruit and macaroni and other Italian dishes he loves so well. Cigars are regularly served out to him, and often also wine.

The Kaiser has conferred various orders and distinctions, from that of the Black Eagle to the silver signal service medal, on more than 500 civilians. The list includes the names of shoemakers, tailors, doctors, chemists, nurses, mechanics, teachers, and scores of other workers throughout Germany.

It is reported from Northern France that the Germans are using a metal-destroying liquid. It consists of a mixture contained in a cylinder under high pressure. By simply turning a screw the liquid can be thrown a few feet against barbed wire, which burns through more quickly than wire-cutters could possibly sever it.

Laundry Proprietor (showing visitor or through)—"This is the mangle-room for the clothes."

Visitor (sarcastically)—"Ah, that explains it. Some of the shirts that come back look as if they were sent through a half-dozen times."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

A Bad Lot.

When charged with being drunk and disorderly, and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of grey hair, and said:—"Your honor, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not so debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as—"

The magistrate, "Ten days! And officer, take a list of these names and run them in. They're evidently as bad a lot as he is!"

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gents.—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly, VILANDIE FRERES.

Has One Advantage.

"My dwelling is bounded on the north by a gasworks, on the south by an india-rubber works, on the west by a vinegar factory, and on the east by a glue-boiling establishment." "A nice neighborhood, I must say!" "Quite so; but it has one advantage. I can always tell which way the wind blows without looking at the weather-cock."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Explicit.

Lawyer (to timid young woman)—Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?

Young Woman (blushing)—Y-yes, sir, of course.

Lawyer—Please state to the jury just what suit it was.

Young Woman (with more confidence)—It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue, and hat to match—Judge (rapping violently)—Order in the court!

Always Looked That Way.

"Yes," said the old mathematician with a gleam in his eye. "I've always looked at it that way. Marriage is addition; when the little ones come it's multiplication; when dissent comes up to cloud the horizon of their happiness it's division; and when the final parting comes it's subtraction!" "And how about divorce?" asked the listener. "Oh, that would come under the denomination of 'fractions!'"

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

James Carrol, of Tacoma, Washington, once drove a motor-car weighing a ton and a half down a wooden staircase of 700 steps.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

RECOMMENDED BY GOOD GROCERS FOR OVER 40 YEARS

MADE IN CANADA E.W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

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