

THE ANSWER IS WEAR RUBBERS

Many People Will Don Goloshes Early This Season to Combat the High Cost of Leather Foot-wear

"Buy rubbers," says the shoe-man, the dealer who plays fair with his customers.

Leather is up and shoes are up to such an extent that the buying of a pair of shoes is almost on a level with the acquiring of a new suit for coat. Shoes must be worn, but the economical person will don rubbers as soon as the weather gets the least bit "damp under foot"; not only for the protection to the feet, but the rubbers afford, but to save the costly shoes he or she wears.

There was never a problem in economics that was not solved sooner or later, and rubbers and over-shoes seem to be the answer to the augmented price of shoes this winter.

Honor Roll, C Company 149 Batt

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- Lieut. R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.
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- Sergt. M. W. Davies
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- Pte. W. C. Pearce
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- Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band
- Pte. G. A. Parker
- Pte. A. W. Stilwell
- Pte. W. J. Saunders
- Pte. A. Armond
- Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band
- Pte. R. Clark, Bugler
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A Frenchman has invented a smoke consumer for kitchen ranges that admits air, superheats it and, combining it with coal gas and dust, causes them to burn.

Mothers Value This Oil.—Mothers who know how suddenly croup may seize their children and how necessary prompt action is in applying relief, always keep at hand a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil, because experience has taught them that there is no better preparation to be had for the treatment of this ailment. And they are wise, for its various uses render it a valuable medicine.

Be Honest With Yourself And Us

Figure out at the cost of flour and see for yourself if you can bake as cheap as we can supply you.

All we ask is that you figure honestly.

Bread at 8c for 1 1/2 lbs. is there any other food as cheap?

Give Ours A Trial

LOVELL'S

The Typhoon

A Story of Japan

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Wendell had been in Japan a week when he decided to leave Nagasaki and make his headquarters in a tiny fishing village.

The motive came upon Ray Wendell the very day he decided to leave Nagasaki.

It came in the shape of a typhoon. Toward noon there was a cloud before the sun.

Everything portable was fastened as tightly as possible, and then all one could do was to pray for deliverance from the whirlwind.

Even the foreign population living in the substantially built hotels and large private residences recognized the signs of approaching storm.

A yellow light seemed to brood over the city. Birds flew restlessly among the trees and shrubs in the gardens, and mothers gathered their little ones into the house.

In the bazars the boxlike counters were quickly telescoped, the stock in trade vanished as rapidly and only the swaying standards and paper lanterns were left to waste warning.

Wendell, walking toward the ticket office to see about reservations for his journey to the fishing village of his dreams, paused for a moment and looked down the street to the very end, where the busy thoroughfare became a jutting wharf—a choppy yellow gray sea, not a sail in sight and the shipping in the harbor rocking uneasily.

All at once the typhoon came screaming down the wind like a thousand furies let loose.

Frail roofs were lifted like paper and sailed through the air like huge kites.

Wendell gasped for breath and clung to a pole. His hat vanished and became one of other myriad flying objects. Furniture, clothing, uprooted trees, signboards, flew past at dizzying speed. People struggling against the wind turned and went with it, many to destruction.

Wendell, pausing at a corner, turned it to get away from that dizzy glimpse of the sea. He lost all sense of location.

Dogs dodged under his feet. Paper umbrellas, whose owners had neglected to furl them, were torn to shreds and went swirling through the air like huge paper kites. Signboards danced and clattered overhead.

There were shrill screams as women fled toward their frail homes. Clogs clattered on the pavements and there were tinkling crashes of porcelain as shop windows blew in and devastated the stock of some luckless merchant.

Amid the eerie ringing of temple bells sounded the hoarse notes of warning whistles in the harbor. The cries of flying jinrikisha runners were lost in the pandemonium of sound.

Wendell wondered what he should do. He could not find his way back to the hotel, yet he must find some place of refuge and find it very soon.

When the blighting wind had passed over the city there might follow its aftermath—the tidal wave. Very likely the shops in the harbor were preparing to meet the shoreward thrust of the mighty waters.

Wendell tried to hail a rikisha man. He might get back to the hotel. But every vehicle was filled and his call was unnoticed. He addressed one or two fleeing passersby. He offered money to be guided to the hotel. But his offers were ignored. The wind tore the words from his lips, and no matter which way he turned he met absorbed, fear set faces or fleeing blue cotton backs.

"I will go with the wind," he muttered savagely, and with this resolve in mind he swung around the next corner and with the wind at his back felt himself impelled with great velocity.

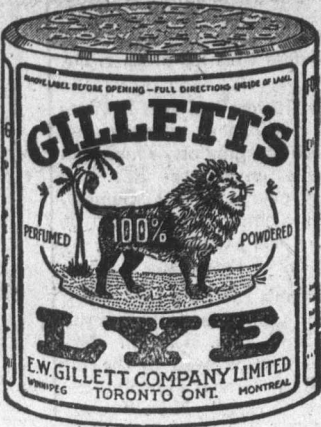
The street he was now on was free from shops and he could see glimpses of red tiled roofs among the cryptomarias in the gardens. Here the wind was tearing tiles from the roofs and lashing the trees to destruction.

Wendell saw a group of Japanese scudding down the street to some safety they had in mind. The street sloped sharply downward. Suddenly something flashed past the young American and he heard a girl's frightened cry.

It was a jinrikisha, with no sign of attendants, rolling wildly down the street. In the slight two wheeled vehicle sat a girl, gowned in white, with ruddy brown hair blowing back from her face—a white, staring face. She thrust out appealing hands to Wendell, and then the jinrikisha had borne her down the steep incline.

In an instant Wendell was after it.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



the wind that propelled the flying vehicle speeding his going. He had not dreamed that he could speed so swiftly, his feet barely touching the ground. Strange things flew past him—lighter objects—and he feared for the girl's safety.

It was growing darker now, and there was an ominous hush.

The wind seemed to pause in its blowing as if catching breath for greater effort.

In that momentary stillness Wendell reached the dying jinrikisha and, passing it, caught up one of the poles of its shafts.

"It's all right now," he called back encouragement to the white form in the car.

He did not catch her reply. Some words left her lips, but were lost in the sudden scream of the storm. The whole world suddenly became an uproar of wind and the lash of waves from the sea. Amid that cataclysm of sound the man and the girl and the jinrikisha tore down the hill. Wendell, between the poles of the light vehicle, wondered where the insane journey would end.

His question was quickly answered. Without warning they crashed into a hedge of some sweet smelling shrub. Wendell received the full force of the blow as he was propelled through the shrubbery on to what was apparently the lawn of a gentleman's place.

The jinrikisha stuck in the hedge. "I am all right," quavered the girl's voice out of another momentary cessation of sound.

"Good!" muttered Wendell, reaching over and lifting her from the vehicle. "Perhaps we can find shelter in the house."

They stumbled down a path and into a path, where they paused to take breath. Wendell flashed a tiny electric light and disclosed the doorway to a temple. The large cedar doors were closed, but a smaller door further along the portico admitted them to the hush of a small temple.

Incense was drifting lazily from bronze koro on the votive tables. A large statue of Buddha loomed in the background. There was the sickly scent of dying blossoms. Somewhere up in the roof a deep throated bronze bell boomed solemnly as the wind swayed it to and fro.

"Are we safe here?" asked the girl, clinging tightly to Wendell's arm.

"As safe as anywhere in Nagasaki just now," he replied. "Sit down here and if you do not like to look at the image face the doorway."

He drew a number of clean white mats from the floor and piled them beside one of the pillars of the temple.

"Oh, I like the face of the Buddha," she hastened to say. "It is so calm and peaceful—after the storm!" She broke down and began to sob softly.

Wendell turned and went softly away. Left to herself, he argued, she would quickly recover her poise.

Within the thick walled temple one heard vague rumblings of the storm. Wendell moved slowly among the various smaller shrines and marveled at the singular absence of the priests. He decided that they had sought refuge in some safer place, perhaps some larger temple near by.

The votive table was laden with offerings of flowers, rice and wine. On the steps of the shrine was a small black lacquered box. Wendell picked it up and found it to be one of those tiny portable stoves which the Japanese are fond of using. Inside was a small brazier of glowing charcoal, and in one of the drawers were tea cups and tea, and in the other compartment were tiny rice cakes. Some priest had dropped his tea equipage in his hurried flight.

Wendell blew the coals into flame, put on a tiny copper water kettle and presently made tea in the Japanese fashion in the small porcelain bowls. These he carried to the girl.

She was sitting up now, and he could see her face quite clearly. She was very lovely with wide gray eyes and sweet mouth.

"Tea?" she asked incredulously. He nodded. "And rice cakes, too, if you want them," he said. "You will feel better afterward."

They sat together on the mats and drank the tea and ate the priest's rice cakes. When they had finished Wendell dropped a handful of coins in the box and returned it to the place where he had found it.

Listening, he decided that the storm had abated in a measure and, going to the door, thrust his head out into the portico. The world was bathed in a glory of golden sunshine.

"Come," he called to his companion. "I think we may go now."

She joined him and cried aloud at the transformation. The temple garden was in ruins. Along the roadside people were hastening to their deserted homes. The road was muddy.

As Wendell helped Alice Lovell up the hill toward the storm beaten city, he felt that something new had come into his life with the typhoon. Love had come riding on the crest of the storm. It had passed him for an instant, but he had caught it. He laughed exultantly and the girl turned, and their eyes met in a long glance.

When she turned her eyes away her face was rosy, but it was not the sunset's glow. It was rather the fair morning sunshine of love.

He went with her to the hotel, where her friends were frantically searching for her. His meeting them and listening to their thanks for his timely rescue was like a dream. The only real thing was the girl and himself.

As he said goodbye in the hotel garden, he looked down into her dark blue eyes.

"You are going to be here awhile?" he asked.

"A month," she answered.

"And I may come and see you?"

"Ah, I hope you will!" she cried impulsively, and then she blushed once more.

That is the reason why Ray Wendell decided not to leave Nagasaki.

On their wedding trip, a year later, they came to Nippon, and a priest served them with tea in the temple garden. And he told them a strange tale of the day of the great typhoon, when the storm gods took the tea and cakes from his cabinet and replaced them with many yen. And of course Wendell filled the little drawer with copper coins once more, telling his wife:

"In memory of the day when I met you, dear."

WATFORD ASTONISHED BY SIMPLE MIXTURE

Watford people are astonished at the INSTANT action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. ONE SPOONFUL removes such surprising foul matter it relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. Because Adler-ika acts on BOTH lower and upper bowels, a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. Taylor & Sons, Drug-gists.

Fatigue Injures Temper.

More than half of the ill temper and irritability displayed by women are due to fatigue, not only of the body, but of the nerves. Every woman should learn how advisable it is to rest daily and to rest in the proper way. After a tiring day, whether it be housework, looking after the children, shopping or paying calls, half an hour's rest will work wonders.

Take off your shoes, put on soft slippers and slip into a loose gown. Pull down the blind; then either lie down or sit in a comfortable easy chair, say, for twenty minutes. Even if you don't sleep you will rest. After bathing, rearranging the hair and getting into fresh clothes you will feel like a totally different woman and equal to any work that may be necessary.

Good Coffee.

Four two quarts of boiling water over one-half pound of best coffee and let stand one-half hour; then strain off the clear liquor through cloth, add one quart of milk and one-quarter pound of sugar. Pour into freezer and pack well around with ice and salt. Let it stand an hour before using, then serve in small coffee cups.

The Largest Painting.

"Paradise," by Tintoretto, is the largest painting in the world. It is eighty-four feet wide and thirty-three and a half feet high. It is now in the Doge's palace, Venice.

Sure to Grow.

"What you said about Jack isn't worth repeating."

"It's young yet, give it time."—The change.

The future is purchased by the present.—Johnson.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

Misery in Back, Headache and Pain in Limbs.

Dear Mr. Editor—For more than a year I suffered with misery in the back, dull headache, pain in the limbs, was somewhat constipated and slept poorly at night until I was about ready to collapse. Seeing an account of the wonderful qualities of "Anuric," prepared by Doctor Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., I sent for a box, and before using the whole box I felt and still feel improved. My sleep is refreshing, misery reduced, and life is not the drag it was before. I most cheerfully recommend this remedy to sufferers from like ailments.

Yours truly, W. A. ROBERTS.

NOTE: You've all undoubtedly heard of the famous Dr. Pierce and his well-known medicines. Well, this prescription is one that has been successfully used for many years by the physicians and specialists of Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for kidney complaints, and diseases arising from disorders of the kidneys and bladder, such as backache, weak back, rheumatism, dropsy, congestion of the kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, scalding urine, and urinary troubles.

Up to this time, "Anuric" has not been on sale to the public, but by the persuasion of many patients and the increased demand for this wonderful healing Tablet, Dr. Pierce has finally decided to put it into the drug stores of this country within immediate reach of all sufferers.

I know of one or two leading druggists in town who have managed to procure a supply of "Anuric" for their anxious customers in and around this locality. If not obtainable send one dime by mail to Dr. Pierce for trial package or 50 cents for full treatment.

EDITOR—Please insert this letter in some conspicuous place in your paper.

EXTRAVAGANT EUGENIE.

The Empress Coasted That She Never Wore a Gown Twice.

It is true that the cost of women's dress has so increased that it is not given to the many to be as truly elegant as their grandmothers were able to be at comparatively small cost. But, then, those were the days when an elaborate ball gown consisted of yards of founcess of tulle and some other light and uncouth material.

Empress Eugenie, it is said, declared she never wore the same gown twice. She it was, by the way, who made Worth, the renowned Paris couturier, famous. The great luxury in those days was to wear several ball gowns during the course of a single ball. Dressing rooms were provided, and the ladies retired to reappear resplendent and as fresh as at the beginning of the evening. The gowns of the day, which were flimsy of train and spread by crinolines, suffered much from an evening's wear; hence these wasteful ways.

There is a tale of the lovely Empress Elizabeth of Austria which recounts her appearing at a function in a white tulle gown, flounced and ample, decorated with garlands of real camellias, and changing both gown and camellias every now and then to preserve the impression of absolute and uncrumpled freshness.

Bird Stories.

A German scientific journal published in 1807 a story to the effect that a golden eagle shot in that year at Esseg, Slavonia, was found to have a ring about its neck engraved on which were the arms of a Slavonian family, and the date 1646.

In 1793 the Gentleman's Magazine told about a hawk, captured when flying in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope and taken by an Indian ship to England, which wore a gold collar inscribed:

"This goodlie hawk doth belong to his Most Excellent Majesty James, King of England, A. D., 1610."

If this bird really escaped from England in the reign of James 183 years elapsed between its escape and its recapture, and it had flown a distance of 6,500 miles away from its former owner.

Have a Cheery Kitchen.

One should bear in mind that the kitchen is the engine room of the home, and the comfort and happiness of the family depend upon its running smoothly and well. Lack of system, inadequate equipment, inconvenient arrangement of furniture and utensils and the total absence of beauty and cheer are the things that make drudgery of housework. Servants are as susceptible to surroundings as their mistresses, and the little aids to housework, such as cheerful aspect and pretty furnishings, do much to secure a more loyal interest and co-operation. A harmonious environment in a kitchen will go a long way toward making a happy home.—Harriet Sisson Gillespie in Mother's Magazine.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.