

"Minnie Stevens" Became Aristocratic Lady Paget, Leader of London Society

LADY PAGET, wife of Gen. Sir Arthur Henry Fitzroy Paget, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Paran Stevens, died of pneumonia in Paris on May 18th. Her life story, observes the New York Sun, reads "like a leaf from a romance of another age." Never again, the writer thinks, "will the world have room for the sort of society in which Lady Paget so long reigned—though, grande dame as she was, she adjusted herself to the changes which the war brought and was active in work for the soldiers as her all health would permit." The account continues:



LADY PAGET.

Minnie Stevens, of New York, he wedded an American as dauntless as any Paget that ever breathed. "Mrs. Stevens was wealthy for those times, and the education of her two children, Harry and Minnie—Mr. Stevens died while they were quite small—was the object of her greatest care. Minnie was reared in every luxury, taught every accomplishment a fashionable young lady is expected to have, and at seventeen, when she was graduated from Mme. Reed's exclusive school in New York, her mother took her to Europe to be 'finished' in music and the languages. After three years in Paris and Berlin they returned home, and Miss Minnie, in the language of the newspapers of the day, 'burst like a beautiful meteor on New York society.'"

Just Sand.

What is this stuff that trickles through your fingers as you lie on the beach and idly paw the material thereof?

You call it sand and let it go at that. But of what is it composed? It is made up of innumerable multitudes of tiny bits of quartz which, originally contributing to the composition of rocks far inland, have been brought down to the sea by rivers and deposited along the shore.

The particles are heavy, therefore they soon fell to the bottom and were not carried far out into the ocean like the finely divided silt fetched from inland by the same agency. They are extremely hard, therefore they have withstood the constant grinding to which they have been subjected.

This quartz sand makes admirable material for building purposes. Glass can be made out of it, though it contains too many impurities to be first-rate for such use.

Pick up a handful and examine it. In the light of the above remarks, it becomes quite interesting. More interesting yet when you learn that 53 per cent of it is oxygen.

How odd to consider that more than half of the sea beach on which you lie is oxygen! The remaining 47 per cent is silicon.

Silicon is a metal—some scientists call it a "metalloid" or metal-like substance—and is quite black. When cut it shows brightness, as lead does.

Nobody ever saw silicon up to a few years ago. Only by means of the electric furnace can it be separated from the oxygen with which in sand it is found combined.

Its chief use is to make "ferro-silicon" (in combination with iron) for the production of high-grade steel.

Well, Hardly Ever.

Edith—So that's Mr. Black. That's your ideal.

Helen—Dear me, no! Merely my fiancé. One doesn't meet one's ideal in real life, you know.

LONG HOLY PLACES

Shrines That Are Held in Veneration by Moslems.

All True Followers of Mahomet Eager That Their Last Resting Place Shall Be Near Those of Their Great Apostles.

Near to the resting place of the first great apostles of their faith it is the dearest wish of all pious Mohammedans to lie after death.

The shrines of Najaf, Kerbela and Kazimain, the resting places of Ali, Hussein, and the seventh and ninth Imams, lie on the edge of the desert in the country British troops now occupy in Mesopotamia.

One often meets a corpse on the road packed in a long crate or bundle of palm leaves and slung across the back of an ass, says Edmund Chandler, the press representative in the Mesopotamian forces. The pilgrim behind is taking his relative to swell the population of the cities of the dead by which these sanctuaries are surrounded.

Of the three shrines, Najaf is the richest, and to some minds the most sacred. Like Kazimain, it is approached by a horse car line. The cars are not of the pattern of those that ply in European cities. I believe the few British soldiers who have seen them rank them with the Clock tower in the mosque as first among the lions of Mesopotamia.

In peace time the dead come from a wide radius. The donkey with the bundle like a big carpet bag on its back, draped in wattle or rich silk, according to the means of the pilgrim, may have come all the way from Bokhara. A few years ago a corpse arrived from the Persian embassy at Paris.

The rich as a rule are buried in the shrine itself. The fee for interment in the mosque is \$250. For burial outside the walls of the city the pilgrim pays anything from four to ten rupees (two to five dollars), according to the distance he has come.

Many pilgrims buy houses in Najaf, and thus the place is gradually becoming a city of the dead. Nine houses out of ten have graves in them. Sometimes the building is nothing else than a tomb.

Najaf has proved impregnable to Wahhabi and Bedouin. It is believed to be fabulously rich. There are two stores of treasure. The old treasury has not been opened since the visit of Shar Nasir-ud-Din, 50 years ago. It is buried in a vault and built over with brick and lime, with no door or key or window by way of entrance. The new treasure is in the keeping of the killidar—gold and silver, and jewels, and precious stones, silks, and shawls, and beaded curtains.

One of the first gifts for the shrines to reach Bagdad after our troops entered the city were four curved swords of gold, with diamonds on the sheath and hilt. They had been dispatched from Constantinople to Bagdad when the British menace was regarded as a madman's dream, and bore the inscription, "From the servant of all pious Moslems, Enver Bey."

No doubt they were intended to symbolize the might whereby the Turks would defend the city against their hated foes, the Christians.

Germany From the Clouds.

"Eddie" Rickenbacker is quoted as saying:

"Germany looks rather peaceful from above and there seems to be little disturbing them back a ways from the lines. That is where an airman's point of view is defective. The German hills and fields look as soft as ours. Probably they are, which is not very soft. Any field covered with grass always looks soft and you think it would make a fine landing place. When you get down lower and are forced to land on any old field that happens to be under you, some time when you're enplaned you learn differently."

WOMEN Suffering from

—lassitude, low spirits and loss of appetite will find renewed strength, brighter looks, better health and clearer complexions by using Beecham's Pills. They give you the very help you need, and are a natural aid to the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Gentle and positive in action, without any disagreeable after-effects—Use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

Neptune and Heligoland

WHETHER the joke may be on in the proposed destruction of Heligoland, the Gibraltar of the North, it is not on old Father Neptune. What the council of four would now like to do in wiping out forever this important stronghold of the Germans is in line with the destructive work which the ocean had been carrying on slowly and relentlessly for hundreds of years, when it was stopped by the hand of man in the form of a great wall built since Germany's acquisition of the island from Great Britain twenty-nine years ago.

In the time of Charlemagne Heligoland was more than five times its present size. There is still in existence a remarkable chart of the island, showing that within the memory of man it was watered by several small rivers and that it could boast of no less than four different and excellent harbors. A dozen churches, monasteries and convents flourished there when the chart was made, more than 1,000 years ago, in the time of Charlemagne. Intimate friends of that monarch, namely, Bishop Adam, of Bremen, and the learned Alcuino, referred, in documents still in existence, to the character of the island, as indicated in the chart. They also emphasized its religious character, whence its name of Heligoland, or Holy Land, and it is a matter of tradition that in the days of the old Vikings the Goddess Hertha had her temple on the island, to which people from all parts of Scandinavia and Frisia made pilgrimages; while St. Willibrod first preached Christianity there toward the close of the seventh century.

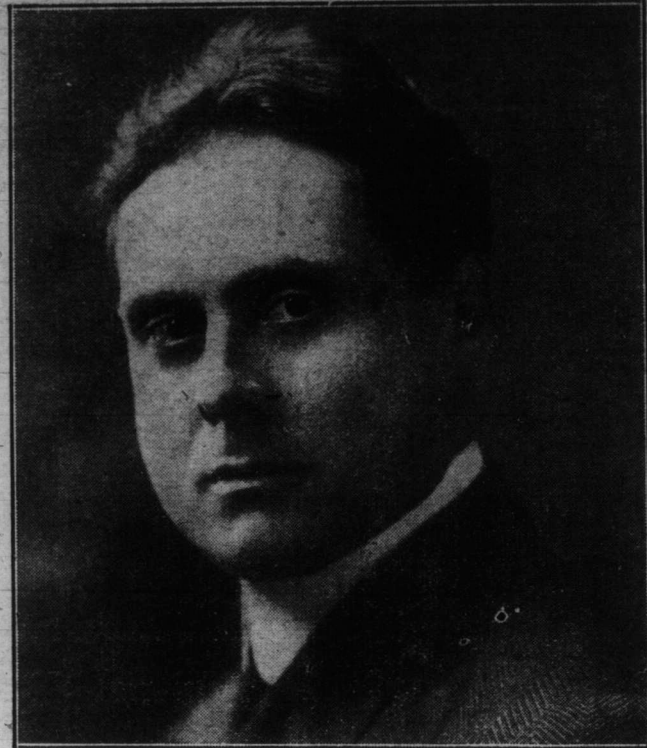
By the beginning of the fourteenth century the island had lost two-thirds of its area through the inroads of the stormy seas, which continued their ravages until in 1714 the size of the island had dwindled to 173 acres. Seventy years later the seas tore the island asunder, dividing it into the so-called Island and the Dune, and by the time Germany had taken possession, in 1890, the islands had still further shrunk to their present size of one-fifth of a square mile.

Father Neptune, peering out of the waves which dashed upon this bit of rock, then a bathing resort under the dominion of Great Britain, must have thought his work nearly done, for the Holy Land of medieval days was fast dwindling to nothingness. Then the Kaiser appeared and protected his newly acquired property from the invasion of the ocean at an enormous expense. He had all the fissures and caverns filled in with a particularly durable form of concrete. The cliffs, which rose to a height of about 200 feet, were faced with a tremendous strong granite and in part armored with masonry, the masonry being yards in depth. The artificial barriers had power to withstand the power of the ocean, by which the natural walls of rock were being undermined. Moreover, by means of breakwaters the stretch of sea between the two islands was converted into a large and wonderfully protected harbor, later to serve as a base for the light cruisers and submarines of the German navy.

The cliffs were surmounted with disappearing forts of the most modern description, armed with immense Krupp guns. Equipped with sheds and hangars for Zeppelins and airplanes, Heligoland formed an ideal harbor for boats of the air as well as of the sea. The whole rock was pierced in every direction, like Gibraltar, with galleries and tunnels to admit of the handling of the concealed guns, which literally bristled from every point of the island.

What will happen next to this fifth of a square mile, upon which Germany spent \$50,000,000 in preparation for the great war? Although it has probably played a more important part during the events of the last five years than any other fifth of a square mile on the face of the earth, still to any country save Germany it would be a white elephant. For what is the use of such a rock, no matter how wonderfully it be fortified, if remote from all bases of supplies belonging to the same nation and within twenty-eight miles of an enemy country? Its fate might have been solved if the sea had been allowed to make invasions or if the allies had succeeded in blowing up the island during the war. Certain it is that had it remained in Great Britain's possession its value would have been negative rather than positive. Germany could not then have so completely fortified it before the outbreak of the war, but, on the other hand, Great Britain would unquestionably have lost it soon after the outbreak of activities and it would have been of little actual use.

The fact that Britain of her own free will gave over Heligoland to Germany a quarter of a century ago is interesting as indicating the lack of fear then existing in Great Britain of the empire across the sea. It was Lord Salisbury, Premier and Foreign Minister, who made the transaction without the knowledge of Parliament. It was generally felt at the time in both England and Germany that Great Britain was getting decidedly the best of the bargain in the North Sea for African territories, including the spice lands and fruitful soils of Zanzibar, Wituland and Uganda. Much weight was given to the opinion of Sir Henry M. Stanley, then the eminent authority on all questions relating to the dark continent. He had been consulted by Lord Salisbury about the transaction and publicly declared that Great Britain had secured an entire suit of clothes, in return for "a mere trouser button."



DR. FRANK BOHN.

The lecturer on the fourth day of Chautauqua will be Dr. Frank Bohn, who created such a tremendous interest on the circuit last year. It will be a great pleasure to welcome Dr. Bohn to our town, knowing his reputation as a speaker and his knowledge of the great questions of the day.

Dr. Bohn has spent the year largely in Switzerland and has been in attendance at various conventions of Socialists, combatting Bolshevism and forwarding the interests of the Allies. His subject, "Revolutionary Europe," will be of intense interest.

During the past year he has contributed articles to the "New York Times" and other leading papers and magazines, and no one has been quoted more frequently and more copiously that has he as an authority on all great international questions.

DURING CHAUTAUQUA WEEK IN CARLETON PLACE

DR. HESS' STOCK FOOD

Sheep Dip,
Louse Killer,
Panacea,
Royal Purple,
Calf Meal

—ALL AT—

W. J. MUIRHEAD'S Hardware

What About That Wasted Five per cent?

Most of us fritter away at least five per cent. of our weekly wages in trifles.

If we stopped to reckon it up, we would find it hard to remember where the money went.

If we could make that money earn more money without troubling to think out a plan or attend to details, we would consider that we had done a good stroke of business.

The Government has made it possible for us to do that. Here is the plan:

You say to your employer: "Every week I want you to hold back five per cent. of my wages and invest them in War Savings Stamps. When you have bought a War Savings Stamp with my money, put it in my pay envelope. Go on doing that for a year."

You will never miss that five per cent. which you had previously frittered away. But at the end of a year you will have a little package of Stamps which, in 1924, will be worth \$5.00 for every \$4.00 odd you pay for them now.

The guarantee of safety behind the War Savings Stamps is the whole Dominion of Canada.

In June
W.S.S.
Cost \$4.05



War Savings Stamps
can be bought wherever
this sign is
displayed.

Make Your Savings Serve You
and Serve Your Country—Invest
Them in War Savings Stamps.



THE POLICE FORCE OF THE BODY

DAY and night—without ceasing—a struggle is going on in your body between the germs of disease and the white blood corpuscles—the police force of the human body.

If this police force weakens, disease germs gain a foothold—sickness follows.

Constipation is the most common and dangerous way of corrupting the human police force. Food waste remains too long in the intestines—decays—poisons the blood—and opens the way for attack by the germs that cause tuberculosis, diphtheria, pneumonia and a multitude of other ills.

The culpable habit of using salts, pills, mineral waters, castor oil, etc., to force the bowels to move, makes this condition even worse, as constipation returns almost immediately.

Nujol is entirely different from drugs as it does not force or irritate the bowels.

Nujol prevents stagnation by softening the food waste and encouraging the intestinal muscles to act naturally, thus removing the cause of constipation and self-poisoning. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant.

Nujol helps Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world.

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today and keep your police force on the job.

Warning: Nujol is sold in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. All druggists insist on Nujol. You may suffer from substitutes.

Nujol

For Constipation

"Regular as
Clockwork"

