

The Greatest Mother in the World.

Never has the sign of the cross been more worthily carried than by that army of ministers to suffering who constitute the Red Cross Society. If they would not be insulted by the term, it might be said that they are the ideal pacifists—the bringers of peace. They do everything but fight. That badge of red is supposed to protect them from enemy fire, and it likewise binds them to non-combatancy. Yet they are everywhere at the point of danger. The sublimest courage resides in him who goes into the trenches, and over the top, and through No Man's Land, willing to die, if need be, to save others.

Yet perhaps even greater fortitude is demanded at the stations and hospitals where the sight and sound of pain is ever present to the nurses, without the thrill of the battlefield. And yet the battle—that unjustifiable—dastardly, one-sided battle—is brought even to the hospital by the enemy airman. But while the bombs are doing their ghastly work, those girl nurses—still their work goes on, the calm, sure, self-sacrificing work of saving life where the lives of both the saved and the saviour are the prey.

The Red Cross was born in the time of war, and war has called for its greatest exertions in relief work. The infinite demands of this unprecedented struggle call upon the Red Cross for greater expenditure of money and life than could have been conceived before. Yet, as in times of peace the Red Cross devoted itself to the relief of suffering wherever needed, so even in the midst of the war it continues to do the same.

Besides its care of the wounded, its auxiliary service includes correspondence with relatives, search for missing soldiers, feeding and clothing of prisoners in enemy hands through the parcel post, providing comfort equipment for every soldier in the army, re-educating and training in trades crippled soldiers, the care of refugees—thousands and ten thousands—the feeding, and clothing, and care of completely care for themselves, the re-establishment of destroyed industries both manufacturing and agricultural, and so on through an endless list of benefits.

In the saving and care of little orphaned children, in the bringing of comfort and help to the sick and wounded, in the restoration of life and joy to the despoiled, is met the Red Cross indeed "the greatest mother in the world!"—The Watchman.

Just received, 25 lbs. Paris Green. STAFFORD'S DRUG STORE.—July 16, 1918.

A German Inconsistency.

Will the peoples of the Allied countries ever succeed in understanding the attitude of Germans towards what are usually regarded as obligations of morality and honor?

Take, for instance, the discussion in the Reichstag with regard to the exchange of prisoners. There the minister of war explains that, as to exchanged prisoners from France and England, conditions have been accepted which render impossible the employing again of such persons in the war.

That sounds all right and proper, doesn't it? But what, then, is the meaning of the despatch from The Hague which says that Germany, in arranging for these exchanges, is demanding the release of three of her ablest submarine commanders?

The inference seems inevitable and glaring. Apparently she reconciles such little inconsistencies by applying the motto that nothing can be allowed to stand in the way of the necessities of the Fatherland.

And the most curious part of it is that in face of this sort of thing her feelings are hurt when other nations decline to take her word. She talks about honesty and chivalry, and she expects to be believed! It is a state of mind which is simply beyond comprehension.—Vancouver Daily Sun.

It's Easy Enough

to keep the liver right if you use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally.

The liver gets lazy at times and when it does digestion is interfered with and the kidneys fail to act. You soon know it when the liver is awakened by this treatment, for headache, biliousness and stomach troubles disappear and you feel fine. This is an easy prescription for health and happiness.

A novel bridal veil has a chin strap attached to the cap-fashioned portion of the fowing.

A smart sports coat is made of black satin lined and trimmed with black-and-white tartan.

A charming afternoon frock may be made of white cotton marquisette and point d'esprit insertion.

Trap Fraternalizing German Aviator.

How a German aviator, who got possession of a British airplane, camouflaged it to look like a French plane, dressed himself in the uniform of a United States soldier, then sailed across the lines of the Allies to fraternize with our aces, is told in a letter just received from Violet McAllister, a Salvation Army war work woman, who for nearly a year has been working with hundreds of her organization members along the front that faces the Germans in France.

The letter, which was given out yesterday, asserts the American troops among whom the writer is working, have yet to give up a single inch of the ground they have taken holding all of their objectives, even against the German tanks, ten of which tried in vain to break through.

The letter reads in part: "Our men put over a terrific barrage last night. All around us are long-range guns, and at 3 o'clock this morning they started in shelling the German lines. With daylight came cessation of our part, and no response from the enemy. Later in the day a most startling thing happened, and we all witnessed it with awe and admiration for our fellows. It seems a German got possession of a British airplane that had landed behind his lines in a fight, and painted it to look like a French machine. Then he got into a uniform of a United States soldier and boldly sailed over into our lines. His idea, of course, was to stick around among our men for a few hours and get an idea of their future plans, whereupon he would dash back to the Germans with that information and quality for a few tons of Iron Crosses. But he overlooked one little detail.

"This enterprising German overlooked the fact that a countersign is required in the air as one passes, even as upon the ground. The supposedly French machine was seen coming, and a signal was set. The boche, of course did not even notice it. Again and again he was signalled to give the countersign, but he simply sailed ahead. Then the squadron stationed there took to the air quickly, and we all rushed out, because the whole thing happened right above our hut, with the boche hanging pretty low at that. The Allies boxed him in and flew along, giving him one more chance to give the countersign. It was all Greek to the boche, so they tumbled him down to earth, French soldiers, American uniform and all. He was not killed, but he was a very sore and disappointed youth when they hustled him in with the prisoners, and put the machine into the French service against the Germans."—N.Y. Times.

W. P. A.

The W. P. A. of Harbor Breton acknowledges with thanks the following donations of money, wool and socks from Jersey Harbor, collected by Miss Blanche Boyce.

Mrs. Richard Rose \$ 50
Aloysius Rose 50
John Miles 10
Mrs. T. Hardy 30
Mrs. T. Bungay 20
Mrs. J. D. Bungay 20
Mrs. H. Drakes 20
Mrs. J. M. Tibbo 50
Mrs. W. Osmond 50
Mrs. T. Bungay 25
Mrs. Charles Moore 25
Miss Maude Pitt 30
Mrs. George Stone 50
Mrs. C. Griffin 20
Mrs. J. Griffin 20
Mrs. Dan Bungay 20
Miss Blanche Boyce 50
Mrs. Alex. Boyce 50
Mr. Albert Miller 40
Mr. Archibald White 20
Mrs. J. Grandy 40
Mrs. S. Gregg 40
Mrs. Robert White 40
Mr. J. White 50
Mr. T. Mullins 1.00
Mrs. J. Moore 50
Mrs. T. White 25
Mrs. W. White 50
Total \$11.45

Mrs. Stephen White, 2 slips wool; Alexander Bungay, 2 slips wool; J. Stoodley, 1 slip wool; Mrs. A. Stoodley, 1 slip wool; Mrs. J. Rose, 4 slips wool; Mrs. A. Bungay, 3 slips wool; Mrs. Joseph Rose, 2 slips wool; Mrs. George Bungay, 2 slips wool; Mrs. Daniel Boyce, 3 pairs socks; Mrs. T. White, 1 pair socks. Total, 17 slips wool and 4 pairs socks. Also 4 lbs. raw wool from Mrs. J. J. Rose, of Hr. Breton.

C. E. MERCER, Hon. Sec. W.P.A., Hr. Breton, Harbor Breton, July 15th, 1918.

Feed Your Nerves

What tired nerves need is nourishment. Your blood has failed to supply this. To get the system right again, you must supply nutrition in condensed and easily assimilated form, as it is found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is quickly enriched, the vigor of the nerves is restored, digestion is improved, and soon you feel through the whole body the energy and vigor of health.

"Don't Come to Germany."

London, July 14. (British Wireless Service).—Germans who have been interned in England and German prisoners of war who have recently been sent back to Germany from England are not happy when they reach the Fatherland. Letters they write prove their surprise and dismay when they discover the true state of things in Germany. One letter from a prisoner sent back to Germany reads: "About 10 o'clock in the morning we left for the good old Fatherland. The first stop we made was at Goch, in Germany, where we were kept six days for examination. From there I was sent to Dortmund, where I was forced by military authority to work in a munitions factory. I stuck at it for three days. I tried my best, but I was not strong enough. The third day I told them I was too weak to do such hard work and left the place.

"In the Bezirks command I got the order to do only Government work, otherwise I should be taken for the army—and I thought to get my liberty in the Fatherland. It was really worse than that in the English camp. On the night of the 11th I deserted into Holland and was a foggy night and a long and dangerous march. Well, dear friend, I think you would have done the same. So much for them. If they had caught me I should have had a bad time, I believe. But now I am out of it, and I give you one word of advice. Whatever you do, don't apply for repatriation."

Another prisoner who was sent to Germany writes: "I have been here about ten days. But what a disillusion! It is no more as it used to be. All is strange, and one rushes about like a lost sheep. Our business here is absolutely dead."

The following is a message sent to a prisoner in England from Germany: "You are in heaven as compared with us. Don't come to the Fatherland, if you can help. We are all finished."

Sacrilege.

Look well upon this wounded son of earth; this soldier put away; His limbs were broken on the wheel Of War; his wounds that will not heal; Have laid him low—unmann'd, undone.

His hand, the carver of the House Of beauty, waits to be built; His brain, the little architect; His eye, the master of the Golden Clue.

Not very long in this round world, Not very long in this old earth Of ours we, have to love, to wield The lofty tool, to sing and build And give our fellows shelter from their death.

Look, then, and see how he doth lie; The ruined craftsman, with the quilt, Too like a shroud, around his face, That tells of youth and boyish grace, Gone, and the blessed life-blood split.

SUNLIGHT SOAP



"Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a good 'un heart and hand, You're a credit to your calling and to all your native land."

NO one can pay too high a tribute to the bravery and efficiency of our gallant Soldiers—the cleanest fighters in the world.

We could not associate Sunlight Soap with our clean fighters if it were not for its high standard of efficiency. Just as there is no better Soldier in the world than the British Tommy, so there is no better Soap in the world than Sunlight Soap. It is used in the homes of our clean fighters, and by our Soldiers in the trenches, billets and camps.

Include a Tablet in your next parcel to the Front.

£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

Make your coal bill small by purchasing

A NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKER.

You have the opportunity to-day of making a selection from stock just in at to-day's prices.

A Patriotic housewife who is taking her place in the "front line" of war relief work is finding it necessary to shorten her kitchen hours. The New Perfection Oil Cooker will lighten the kitchen duties, exempt you from coal and wood stove drudgery, and give you gas stove comfort and absolute cleanliness.

1 2 3 4 BURNERS.

If you cannot call to-day 'Phone No. 11, and book your order.

AYRE & SONS, Limited.



Night Service Before Attack.

"In the blackness of the night one tiny flame quivered at the doorway of what had been a Flanders home, but was now just three walls and a bit. The tiny flame was that of a burning candle. It jumped nervously and flickered in the throbbing darkness under the concussion of the artillery which was thundering its message at the German trenches," writes S. M. in the Daily Mail.

"From various points of the night came men in twos and threes, and now and then a small squad would march towards the tiny light, entering at the 'door' and disappearing into the interior of the place that had once been a home. A man clad in a long cassock and white sleeves came towards the little flame.

"There are no lamps and no oil, boys," he said. "All we have is this candle. What shall we do?"

"Carry on," replied the boys.

"But someone discovered a handful of candles, and these were served out, the boys sticking them on the top of their helmets, where they burned fitfully. At the end of the poor, almost roofless building, amid the pile of rubble and dust, was a pile of ammunition boxes, over which a Union Jack had been draped. On the top lay an open book. . . .

"The man with the cassock began to read, droning his words as he bent over the book, beside which a candle had been placed. He read for about five minutes. The only background of sound to his droning voice was the rumble of exploding shells and the wall of the missiles as they hurtled through the air. The candles gave a ghostly radiance to the scene.

"The man with the cassock ceased to drone and knelt beside his altar of ammunition boxes.

"A few minutes later he rose. This time he spoke loudly.

"Boys," he said in his Scottish burring tone, "there's nothing like the 'Old Hundred.' 'Let us sing.'"

"So they sang the 'Old Hundred,' then another hymn. A crash not far off shook the building and made the earth heave. Some of the boys stopped singing.

"Boys," came the voice from the ammunition boxes, 'Brother Boche is getting the range. Let us disperse. And let each do his damndest in the next five hours. God bless us all.'"

"The candles were extinguished and the boys came out of the wretched building. In twos and threes they disappeared in the blackness. The man with the cassock was last to leave. As he came through the 'doorway' he bent and blew out the candle. Then he, too, went into the night.

"What was it? you may ask. . . .

"It was a night service before the attack at daybreak."

A Royal Silver Wedding

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Great Britain celebrated recently the silver wedding of the King and Queen by a sincere demonstration of respect and affection which was only the more remarkable because of restraint imposed by the war. The King had asked for a simple commemoration and had declared that any gifts would go to charity. A service at St. Paul's and a visit to the Guildhall constituted the sole public ceremonies. But the desire of the whole Empire to honor George V. and his consort could not have been more emphatically expressed. Both deserve well of their subjects. They have devoted themselves with untiring zeal and energy to the heavy tasks which the time has forced upon them. They have been the first to set an example of economy, of self-denial, of single-minded endeavor to do more than their mere duty. In ordinary times they could never have been, perhaps, as popular as Edward and Alexandra were. For a while, indeed, they suffered somewhat by the comparison. Yet in their own way they have won a secure place in the esteem of their own people and of the people of the Allied nations. George has not a few peculiar qualifications for his high position. Widely travelled, intelligent, sensible, friendly, a man of good judgment and a valued counsellor to his constitutional advisers, his great office is more than "broad-based upon the people's will." The King is a power in England, despite the limitations that guard his sovereignty; and a different king than George might have changed considerably the history of the past quarter of a century. America may well join with England in wishing him and his queen long life and happiness.

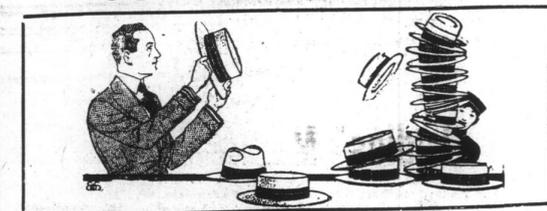
Scarves of tulle draped around neck and shoulders are caught at the waist with a rose.

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Come and see The Bon-ton Ivy Straw Hat, with the improved adjusting band inside; fits the head like the old one.

Same Hat as worn by H. M. King George V.

That alone ought to speak stronger in favour of this Hat; all sizes.

PANAMA HATS

need no boasting from us. 'Twill suffice to say we are well stocked in these. The above range in price from

\$1.75 to \$12.00.

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