

**Economize By Using**  
**PURITY FLOUR**  
 (Government Standard)  
**For all Your Baking**  
 MANUFACTURED BY  
**Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited**

# One Of The Six Hundred

of their fatherland; thus, in England and Ireland, and still more amid the goldfields of Australia, or the rice-swamps of Hong Kong, in the cities, camps, and barracks of India and America—ay, and in our ships far out upon the lonely sea, ten thousand miles, perhaps, from Forth, or Tay, or Clyde, on New Year's morning there are claspings of toil-hardened hands, good wishes exchanged, with the thoughts of home, its familiar faces, and its old fireside; the heather hills, and the deep grassy glens, that sojourn may never see more; but still, amid joy and revelry, and, perhaps, the songs of Burns, the new year is ushered in.

On that morning, as soon as the clocks strike twelve, a cheer passes over all the towns and hamlets of Scotland, from the German to the Atlantic sea; many a bottle is broached, and many a bagpipe blown; and though the wild orgies and uproar, and sometimes the discharge of firearms, with which it used to be welcomed at every market-cross, are passing away, still the New Year's tide is a time of feasting, merry-making, and congratulations with all.

Even that solemn "Dundreary" my brother officer, Berkeley, thawed under the jovial influence of the society around him; but I was provoked to find that it led simply to very animated conversation between himself and Lady Louisa across the table. It referred to a past hunt! Wg affair, in which they had had some adventures together.

"We—how—had not been there more than half an hour before there was a find," said he; "you remember Lady Louisa?"

"How could I forget?" she responded, with charming animation. "T fox, a dull, reddish fawn one, with black back and shoulders, broke cover from among some gorse at the foot of the Mid-Lomond."

The hounds were instantly in full cry, and away we went. By jove, it was beautiful! We cleared some garden-walls, where we left the general up to the chin in somebody's hot house; and after that we took the lead of the entire field.

"Se?" said I inquiringly.

"Lady Louisa and myself," replied Berkeley, with one of his quiet, deep smiles; "we were better mounted, and in riding I—how—flatter myself that few—even of your Fife-shire hunts will surpass me."

"Well!" I said, impatiently, crushing a walnut to pieces.

"The meet was at the base of the Mid-Lomond; the morning was everything that could be desired; the field was very small, but select; Sir Nigel, the general, Mr. Spittal, Lady Louisa, Miss Calderwood, Miss Wilford, and—how—a few others. The pack was in a most workman-like condition, and as Lady Louisa remembers, they soon proclaimed a find, with open mouth."

"Yes," said she, with her dark eyes lighting up; "away we went at racing speed, through the park of Falkland, a two miles open run at least, on, on, over 'bank, bush, and scour—"

"But the fox was evidently an old one. He tried some old coal mines, and then some field drains; but they had been carefully stopped by old Pitblado, the keeper. Yet we lost him at a deep pool on the banks of the Eden."

"But for a time only, Mr. Berkeley," resumed Lady Louisa. "You remember how oddly he was found in a cabbage-garden, and how we cleared the hedges at a flying leap, you and I going neck and neck; you must remember, too, how Sir Nigel's shout made all our hearts rebound!"

"Quitting the river-side, he broke southward for two fields, and ran straight through the home farm of Caldewood; on, on we rode, and drove him right in Kinross-shire; but doubling on we rode, and drove him

the dogs, he had led us back. Doubling again, we pursued him one more into Kinross; what did you think of that general?"

"Left to my own reflections among the melon-seeds, ten miles in your rear, I thought it devilish poor work when compared to tiger hunting," growled the general.

"In and out of each county he went no less than three times in as many half-hours," said Lady Louisa; "and but for the darkness of the December evening, he would have been compelled to yield up his brush, had we not lost him in a thicket near Kinies Wood, at Loch Leven side."

"We lost more," said Miss Wilford, with a very decided expression of mischief in her very beautiful blue eyes; "for when the whole hunt assembled, Lady Louisa and Mr. Berkeley were nowhere to be found—the keepers shouting, and horns were blown in vain. Having taken the wrong road, they did not reach the Glen till half-past nine, when a storm of snow was falling."

"Which compelled us, Miss Wilford, to take shelter in wayside cottages at

that never-failing subject at a country table, fox-hunting.

The county pack, the meet of the Fife-shire hounds at the kennels, or on the green slopes of Largo; of the Buccleuch pack at Blacklaw, Ancrum, and so forth; their runs by wood and wold, loch and lee, rock and river, with many a perilous leap and wild adventure in the field, over a rough and hilly country, were narrated with animation, and descanted on with interest, though all such sank into insignificance beside the history of a hunt in Bengal, where General Rammerscales had figures in pursuit of a tiger along the terror of the district), seated in a lofty howdah of basket-work, strapped on the back of an elephant, twelve feet high to the shoulder, accompanied by the major of his regiment, each armed with two double-barrelled guns.

The tiger, which measured nine feet from his nose to the tip of his tail, and five in height, had been roused from among the jungle grass, and was a brute of the most ferocious kind, yellow in hide, and striped with beautiful transverse bars of black and brown. He was well known in that district. With his tremendous jaws he had carried off many a foal and buffalo; by a single stroke of his claws he had disembowelled and rent open the body of more than one tall dark sowar of the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry; and as for sheep and goats, he made no more account of them than if they had been so many strumps.

With a shrill, short scream of rage, on finding that he was brought to bay at last, he threw himself in cat-fashion on his back, belly upwards, his small and quivering ears close on the back of his head, his dreadful claws thrust out his eyes glaring like two gigantic carbuncles, his wide, red mouth distended, and every wiry bristling with rage and fury.

The general fired both barrels of his first gun. One shot failed; but the other wounded the tiger in the shoulder, and only served to make him more savage; though, instead of springing upwards, he lay thus on the defensive gathered up in a round ball.

The major, an enormously fat man, weighing more than twenty stone, how leant over the howdah to take a cool and deliberate aim; but the elephant in the same moment happened to bend his fore-knees, for the claws of the tiger were inserted in his trunk.

Losing all balance by this unlucky motion, the poor major toppled head-over the howdah, just as both barrels of his gun exploded harmlessly, amid a yell from the Indian hunters as they thought of his fate.

But, "with a mighty squelch," as the general phrased it, the major, with his twenty-two stone weight of flesh and bone, fell prone upon the fair, white, upturned belly of the tiger!

Terrified, breathless, and bewildered by an antagonist so ponderous, and by such an unexpected mode of attack, the tiger started up, and fled from the scene, leaving the major untouched and unharmed, but seated ruefully among the jungle grass, and with considerable doubts as to his safety and his own identity.

The parish minister fairly overmatched this story by the narrative of a fox which had been drowned by a mussel.

Prior to being appointed pastor of Caldewood Kirk, through the favour of his patron, Sir Nigel, he had been assistant in a parish situated on the borders of one of the great salt lochs in the western highlands.

When riding one morning along the shore, opposite the Summer Isles, he was surprised to see a large grey fox busy among the basket-mussels, thick clusters of which were adhering to the dark whin rocks which the ebb tide had left dry. The sea was coming in fast, but, strange to say, Reynard seemed to be so much engaged in break fasting on shell-fish that he was heedless of that important circumstance.

Dismounting, and tying his horse to a tree, the minister made a circuit to reach the place, and being armed with a heavy-handled riding-whip, he had no fear of the creature; but by the time he arrived at the mussel-beds, the rapid tide had overflowed them, and the fox had disappeared. So, the minister pursued his way into the mountains.

Returning along the shore by the same path in the evening, when the tide had ebbed, he again saw Reynard in the same place, but lying quite dead, and, on examination, discovered that he was held fast by the tongue between the sharp shells of one of the basket-mussels, which are sometimes seven inches long, and adhere with intense strength to the rocks by the hear known to the learned as a powerful byssus. Seized and retained thus, as if in the grasp of a steel vice, the fox, which had been in the habit of seeking the sea shore to feed on the mussels had been held fast, until drowned by the advancing tide, which there flows rapidly in from the Atlantic.

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The provost and minister gabbled about presbyteries and synods, the moderation of calls, elders, deacons, and overtures to the General Assembly,

## Simple Herbs Cure Serious Troubles

MANY of the diseases of womanhood may be prevented with care. Unusual excitement—mental or physical—disturbs the delicate balance of woman's sensitive nerves, and upsets her whole system. At the first indication of nervousness or any irregularity, take

**Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS**

It's safe and certain—purely vegetable—regulates kidneys and bowels—overcomes headaches, indigestion, stomach trouble—purifies the blood—tones up and invigorates mind and body.

At most stores—25c. a bottle; Family size, five times as large, \$1.

The Brayley Drug Company, Limited  
 St. John, N.B.

### BACK FROM THE BATTLE FIELDS.

Major A. A. Durkee With Mrs. Durkee Visiting Truro Friends.

Major Durkee with his wife arrived in town on the 2nd from his former home in Yarmouth N. S. and is enroute back to the battle fields in Europe where he has been in active service right up on the firing line ever since the commencement of the War. This gallant officer was connected with a battery of artillery and has been thru many serious battles during the past three years.

Major Durkee's many friends in Truro are glad to welcome him back and wish him continued good luck and safety when he returns on military duty again fighting the Huns for freedom and the right and a world's Democracy.

If the youth of Quebec do not respect the pledges of those who spoke for them in the recent election and submit to enforcement of the Military Service Act, endorsed by the overwhelming vote of the Canadian people, then must the authorities deal vigorously with all who lead in this new move to thwart the popular will and paralyze the national effort. Recent happenings in Quebec, culminating in the use of troops against a mob and in bloodshed and loss of life, are further reminders of the failure of Quebec political leaders to oppose the rising tide of nationalism and direct a mistaken people in the way of true citizenship in a time of grave national peril.—St. John Globe.

**Time Has Tested It.**—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has been on the market upwards of thirty years and in that time has proved a blessing to thousands. It is in high favor through out Canada and its excellence has carried its fame beyond the seas. It has no equal in the whole list of liniments. If it were double the price it would be a cheap liniment.

"My wife explored my pockets a gain last night."  
 "How did she come out?"  
 "As an explorer should. She acquired enough material for a lecture."

Miss Hilda Ward left today for her home in North Alton, King's Co., N. S., being called by an urgent summons because of the serious illness of her sister.

**The Model TOWN**



**the paint protected town**

THE finest town buildings soon get to look "dingy" if they are not kept painted. Worse still, the omission of the Spring painting leaves them open to weather-attack and time's decay. And—with materials so high as to make every building worth double today what it was worth in 1913—you are making a mistake if you let a building "go to seed."

Have your town a "model" town—have it fresh with paint—have it protected with a paint that affords real protection—

**B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT** 70% Pure White Lead (Brandram's Genuine B.H.) 30% Pure White Zinc 100% Pure Paint

If this paint were sold at a price half as high again as any other (which it isn't) it would still be the economical paint to use on your house. In sheer covering capacity it has no equal. A gallon of it goes so far that you'll buy less of it and yet do more with it. Paint with B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT this spring—and your house is protected for years, where a coat of ordinary paint will last but a few months.

The difference lies in the above formula basis. For what other paint is so correct in this respect that its makers guarantee it? What paint can a dealer furnish you that has anything like the quantity of white lead in it that has B-H "English"?

This was the formula when lead was lower in price—this is the formula still; even though lead is extremely high in price. It HAS to be the B-H formula; because the guarantee that calls for it, is printed right on the B-H cans. We could not cheapen B-H "English" Paint even if we wanted to. So it's your safe paint as to quality, your sure paint as to covering capacity, your dependable paint as to durability. Find the B-H dealer in your town. He's the man to buy from.

**Other B-H Products of Sterling Worth**

We carry and recommend the following B-H products:

For Interior Finishing "China-Lac"—the perfect Varnish Stain.	Plaster Ceilings and Walls "Fresconette"—a flat tone oil paint.
Staining the Roof "Anchor Brand Shingle Stains" in 19 different colours.	Varnishing a Floor "Floorluster"—excellent for interior floors.
B-H Porch Floor Paint For Porch Floors, Ceilings and parts exposed to weather.	For Barn and Outbuildings Imperial Barn Paint.

Colour cards and Prices from our local agents.

**R. J. Turner, Truro, N. S.**  
**Turner & Co., Truro, N. S.**

**BRANDRAM-HENDERSON**  
 MONTREAL HALIFAX ST JOHN TORONTO WINNIPEG CALGARY EDMONTON VANCOUVER

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CHAPTER VI.

No, tempt me not—love's sweetest flower  
 Hath poison in its smile;  
 Love only woos with dazzling power,  
 To fetter hearts the while.  
 I will not wear its rosy chain,  
 Nor e'en its fragrance prove;  
 I fear too much love's silent pain—  
 No, no! I will not live!

Through the cool and airy corridor, with its cabinets full of Sevres jars, Indian bowls, and sculptured marble busts—on one side of the Marl horses in full career crowning a bull pedestal; on the other a bronze Laocoon, with his two sons, in the coils of the brazen serpents—we proceeded to the drawing room, a merry and laughing party, for it was impossible to resist the influence of a good dinner, good wines, and jovial company.

On entering we found the ladies variously engaged, a graceful group

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Come, let us enjoy the fleeting day,  
 And banish toil, and laugh at care,  
 For who would grief and sorrow bear,  
 When he can throw his griefs away?  
 Away, away! begone I say!  
 For mournful thought  
 Will come unsought.  
 Bowring's Poetry of pain.

Provost... said my uncle to the jovial and rubicund magistrate who sat on his left hand, now that he had taken Cora's place at the head of the table, "try the Johannisberg. It is some given to me by Prince Metternich when I was at Vienna, and is from grapes raised in his own vineyards. Rare stuff it is for those who like such light wines."

"Thank you, Sir Nigel; but Binns, I see, has brought the three elements, so I'll e'en brew some whisky toddy," replied the magistrate.

The conversion now became more noisy and animated. The approaching war, the treaty of neutrality between the Scandinavian and the Western Powers, whether our fleet had yet entered the Euxine, or whether Luders had yet burst into the Dobruza, became the prevailing topics, and in interest seemed fully to rival

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### Pain in Shoulders PAIN IN HEAD LIVER BOTHERED HER.

Miss A. Windsor, Peterboro, Ont., writes:—"I have been sick for about four years with pains in my head and pains in my shoulders which I always thought were caused by working outside in the sun on the farm."

People told me that it was my liver bothering me, so I bought three vials of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and found that they were doing me good. I continued taking them until now I am well and strong. I am very thankful to you for my recovery."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are a specific for all troubles arising from a morbid state of the liver, so keep it active by the use of these easy-acting, non-irritating little pills.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.