

The Cruise of The Last Hope

A Thanksgiving Day Story.

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Johnny Baxter was born on the Maine coast and was more at home on the water when he was ten years old than on land. At any rate, he liked the water better, for, as he put it, the boat did his walking for him, and that was much better than using his legs. Johnny dabbled as a boy before the period of motorboats, but he was scarcely into his teens when he had rigged a little three cornered sail on a six foot pole in a punt and seemed to know by instinct how to navigate. He used to frighten his mother by going out in his punt into open water, but he was never frightened himself. We are not usually frightened at that to which we are accustomed. Johnny was several times caught in a storm out in water where the force of the waves was unbroken by any intervening land, but he never lost his head. But one day he dropped a lighted match in a thicket dried after a long drought and started a blaze. He ran to the nearest house so frightened that he was scarcely able to warn the inmates of the danger that threatened the region. When the fire was put out he sailed away in his boat. When asked why he did so he replied that he didn't like being ashore; it made him afraid.

Bessie Andrews, a couple of years younger than Johnny, was as amphibious as he. They went to and from school together, but, as to play, their playing was done in Johnny's boat. Bessie's mother objected to her child going out with Johnny, till she found herself unable to prevent it, then consented on condition that they never sail outside the cove. Conditions with children when they are beyond reach are a dead letter. When Johnny was reprimanded for breaking the agreement he laid it to the tide or the wind, or both. That ended the argument.

Johnny and Bessie grew up together, and when Johnny came to manhood and the problem of making his own living presented itself, he naturally chose the sea. There was, however, a great obstacle in the way of his doing so. He and Bessie had become so used to being together that a separation was terrible to think of. Though Bessie was a good girl, she could not stand with Johnny on the same vessel. Bessie proposed dressing as a boy in order to go with him, but Johnny wouldn't hear of it. He said the tight fitting sailor tops would give her away at once.

Johnny shipped before the mast—there were few steamers in those days on a cruise to the west coast of South America to bring back him. He was gone two years and would have enjoyed the voyage immensely if he could have had Bessie Andrews with him. As it was, he was mighty glad to get back. When they parted they had not entirely thrown off the childhood companionship that had existed between them; when John returned they flew to each other's arms as a pair of lovers.

John found that during his absence another barrier than the sea had come between him and Bess. An uncle of hers, Nathan Barrows, when a boy had gone to the city and had prospered as a shipping merchant; but, since his wife had not borne him children, he had no one to whom to leave his accumulations. Besides, his wife was an invalid and needed the attention of a younger woman. The couple had spent a summer at Mr. Barrows' old home, where Bessie lived, had taken a fancy to her and had proposed to adopt her and provide she would remain with them so long as they lived, leave her their property.

This was a severe complication for John Baxter, who could not claim Bess as his bride without doing so to her serious disadvantage. As the wife of a sailor she would be without the companionship of her husband nine-tenths of the time and must live in comparative poverty. As her uncle's adopted daughter she would have all the advantages wealth could bestow.

John was made of such stuff that he would not stand in the way of the girl he loved, though it required all his resolution to give her up. He not only advised his sweetheart to accept the offer, but insisted upon her doing so. She consented at last with the hope that if she and John should outlive Mr. and Mrs. Barrows they might be united. Such a result did not enter John's calculations, and Bess made no mention of her expectations to him.

When John sailed again there was but one comfort for him—Bess was pledged not to marry during her uncle and aunt's lifetime, and John need not marry if he was not so disposed. Nevertheless he expected Bess to take on that refinement-city life is supposed to produce, and as she married it would be with a city bred man.

Five years passed, during which John Baxter's sterling worth gained him the position of first mate of a vessel in the China trade. Mrs. Barrows died at this time, and her husband found himself dependent on his adopted daughter for whatever of comfort remained to him. Though grown old, he retained control of his business, and his only regret concerning Bess was that she was not a man, that

he might fit her to manage it when she should own it after his death. Another five years brought a still greater change. One morning while sitting at his desk in his office Mr. Barrows was stricken with apoplexy and died in a few days. Bess, while she loved her adopted father, had looked forward to a day, after he had finished his career, to her union with John Baxter. She now had a double reason for wishing this union. She had suddenly come into the possession of a shipping business and believed—that which she wished to believe—that John's seafaring life would have fitted him to manage it for her. John was at sea at the time and was not expected to return for several months.

Miss Andrews, after coming into possession of the business, appointed the best man in it to manage it under her direction, she going to the office frequently to consult. But, being a practical woman with some head for business, she soon perceived that her manager was unequal to the task. She longed for John's return, firmly believing that, though he had not been educated for the purpose, his knowledge of sea trading would be valuable.

Then came a disappointment. News came that the Petrel, which John on sailing had been appointed to command, had been wrecked in a storm on the east coast of Africa and all hands had been lost. The statement that all had perished was given on hazy authority, and Miss Andrews hoped that some of the crew, including the captain, might have gained the shore in safety. Africa at that time was a wild country, and persons wrecked on its coast were liable either to be murdered or made slaves. Miss Andrews fitted out a ship, made one of her uncle's most trusted captains master and sent him to look for any members of the lost crew that might have been saved from the wreck. She would have gone with the expedition, but at this time she was trying to supply her uncle's place in the management of the business.

The Last Hope—such was the name Miss Andrews gave the rescue vessel—sailed for the coast of Africa on the 10th of September. The last words she spoke to its master were: "Captain, I'll give you \$100 for every seaman you bring back, \$200 for each officer and \$1,000 for the captain. And if you will bring them in time for Thanksgiving I'll add \$5,000."

"I'll do the best I can, in any event," replied the captain, and, weighing anchor, he sailed.

There were no wireless messages in those days, and the Last Hope was not heard from except on being spoken by an incoming ship on the way out. A month passed and she did not return. Six weeks more went by, and since nothing was heard from her it began to look as if the Last Hope had failed. The day before Thanksgiving Ellen, both Andrews had given up any hope she had cherished of having Captain Baxter with her for the anniversary. She shut herself up in her home, intending to pass the day without making any effort to observe the usual festivities, but being alone was so trying to her that she determined to go to her office and find relief in occupation.

She had not been there long when she received a telegram, "Last Hope signaled." Then followed three hours of suspense. Had the mission been successful? If so was Captain Baxter among those who would return on the incoming vessel? She tried to think that she was as interested in the others' safety as in his, but she knew in her heart that she was not. She swayed between believing that she would meet her lover again and that she would not. The latter filled her with despair, the former made her shiver to the tips of her fingers.

It would be some time before the vessel would reach the dock, and part of this time she could get away with by making her preparations to go to meet the ship, and a part she would spend on the way. Her impatience to know what had been accomplished led her to start to the dock so early that she was obliged to wait there an hour, and this was the longest hour of all, and filled with flashes of hope and despair.

When the ship came in and was swung around there on the upper dock, standing beside her master was a figure which Miss Andrews' eager eyes recognized for John Baxter. He saw her, and smiling, waved to her.

These two who were eager to come together were kept separate for a while longer by a gap of water some of the time not twenty feet wide. The ship was at last docked, and as soon as the gangplank was run out Captain Baxter, for whom all the others gave way, descended and was met on the dock by the girl who had been instrumental in bringing him and others of his crew home. Notwithstanding those looking on, the couple were locked in an embrace, after which Miss Andrews welcomed the others to their native shore.

That evening the captain and crew of the Last Hope, the captain and a dozen of the crew of the Petrel—all that got ashore from the wreck—sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner. A seat at the head of the table was reserved for Miss Andrews and when the dinner had been disposed of she entered and listened to an account of the sufferings of the returned sailors given by Captain Baxter. They had been slaves from the time they went ashore from the wrecked Petrel till they were redeemed. Before the gathering broke up Miss Andrews handed each man a sum of money for immediate use and the captain of the Last Hope the promised reward.

Captain Baxter and Miss Andrews were married the day after Thanksgiving, and the groom at once entered upon the work of untangling his wife's business affairs. He proved to have a head fitted for the purpose and became its permanent manager.

The Girl of New England

A Story for Thanksgiving.

By EDITH V. ROSS

One autumn Warren Bickford of Virginia happened to be in Massachusetts Thanksgiving was coming on, and he had no invitation for dinner on that day. This did not trouble him, for the Thanksgiving anniversary, not being indigenous to the south, has never taken such hold there as in the rest of the country. Besides, being an ardent southerner, he was not enthusiastic over New England institutions. He admired the rosy cheeks of the girls of that region, but had never had any intention of marrying any but a dark-eyed southern beauty.

Bickford had some cousins in Massachusetts living between Boston and Plymouth whom he had never seen. He had promised his mother that he would look them up and on arriving at Boston wrote them that he would be pleased to visit them if they would insist him how to get to them. He heard nothing from them till the day before Thanksgiving, when he received an invitation to dine with them on that anniversary. They lived on a road some distance from a railway, and he would be obliged to go by auto a matter of ten miles from the station. The distance from Boston to their home being but forty miles, he concluded to hire a car and go by that conveyance.

He started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, expecting to reach his cousin's home within two or three hours. But winter sets in that region, and the day ended with the advent of a violent snowstorm. Bickford, who was driving the machine, pushed on through the deepening snow, but his progress slackened, and it began to look as if he would be stalled.

That was the year when intense cold came on so early and so many persons lost their lives in a November blizzard. It was certainly not inviting to the southerner used to the sunny climate of Virginia. His lights after a time, on account of the snow, failed to show him the road, and presently he found himself in a ditch. He had a choice between remaining in the car or leaving it to find a better shelter. He decided to remain where he was, for a time at least, hoping that some wayfarer would come along and pick him up. He strove to keep himself awake, fearing that if he went to sleep he would freeze to death, but despite his efforts he sank into a doze.

Suddenly opening his eyes, he saw a very short distance ahead of him the lighted windows of a house. He wondered why he had not seen it before, for he had looked for a place of refuge in every direction. It occurred to him that the reason he had not seen it was because darkness had come on, the snow was falling thick, and the lights might not have been lighted. Determining to go to it, he got out of the auto. His limbs were stiff with the cold, and he moved with difficulty. On reaching the snow covered ground he staggered like a drunken man.

Though he had but a short distance to go, it seemed to him that he was hours in making the distance. Time and again he thought he must sink in his tracks, but he struggled onward and in time stood on a porch. He could not see the character of the house on account of the darkness and the falling snow. He was only able to catch an iron knocker on the door and give a few faint raps when he sank on the porch. In another moment the door was opened, and he was dazzled by the lights within.

A man in a strange costume lifted him up and supported him into the house. He had seen pictures of men dressed that way, but they had died two or three centuries before. The man, calling for others to assist him, got Bickford into a room where was a four post bedstead and, placing him on the bed, called for hot rum. When it came Bickford drank it, and it seemed to give him strength. He sat up on the bed and declared that he was quite himself again, though his head was top heavy.

By this time a group of men, women and children were gathered about him. What astonished him was that they were all dressed in the costume of the pilgrims.

"I see," he said to himself, "this is a Thanksgiving party and they are celebrating it in the apparel of their forefathers."

But those who were looking at him seemed as much interested in his appearance as he was in theirs. However, since they refrained from commenting on his clothes he refrained from commenting on theirs. Rising from the bed, he said to them: "I am sorry to intrude upon what I conceive to be a Thanksgiving family party, but on my way to attend a Thanksgiving dinner I got stalled in the snow. Seeing the lights in your windows, I came here with much difficulty and barely had strength to give a few raps on your knocker before sinking down with fatigue and benumbed with cold. Give me shelter for the night, and tomorrow I will leave you."

"We will not only give you shelter," said a patriarchal man with a white beard, "but you shall join us in giving thanks for the abundant fruits of the earth we have been blessed with this autumn. You need rest." His words were gratified.

"Yes, and when you are refreshed you will see you again." Bickford felt himself sinking into a slumber as the old man spoke and had a confused view of those who had gathered about him trooping out of the room. When he awoke or when he came to consciousness again—for all this seemed more like a dream than reality—he found himself sitting around a large table. At one end sat the old man who had bidden him rest. At the other was an old woman. There seemed to be several generations present, the youngest a child of three years sitting in a high chair in a quaint costume to correspond with the clothes of its elders.

The old man at the head of the table asked a blessing on the feast, giving thanks for the abundant crops and many comforts that had been showered on the family during the past year. Then the viands were served, and the company fell to, the men washing them down with potatoes of rum. The women with port brought from England and the children with milk.

Beside Bickford sat a girl, who from the moment he looked at her engrossed his attention. Her complexion was soft and smooth; her cheeks were a pale rose color. On her lips played an incessant smile.

"Who are you, pretty one?" asked Bickford. "I am the girl of New England," was the reply. "I am noted for my beauty, strength and freshness. Poets have sung my praises. I have been wooed by many a lover. My mother came over in the Mayflower, and I am the first girl born on Massachusetts soil."

Bickford was so taken aback by this speech that he sat looking at the girl in a sort of stupor. The girl of New England! Why did she not say "a girl of New England"? She said "a girl of New England"? And what did she mean by saying that she was the first girl born on Massachusetts soil? And yet she looked—were she endowed with perpetual youth—as if she might be the first girl so born. There was something typical about her. She seemed rather to be the girl of New England than an individual girl.

It seemed to Bickford that there was more union in the family about the table than he had ever seen in any family before. The sons and sons-in-law, the daughters and daughters-in-law all treated the old couple with great reverence, being obedient to their wishes as their own children were to theirs. The two score persons sitting together seemed to be in this respect as one.

"It is the patriarchal system," said Bickford to himself. "These people have not only put on the apparel of the pilgrims but they have turned away from that disrespect for old age which pertains to the present day and gone back to the reverence and affection of those who first set aside a day for giving thanks for the fruits of the earth."

The conversation about the table being carried in different small groups, Bickford could only get a broken bit from each. Some were speaking of regicides who had come to the colony to save their heads, others of dissenters, others of Old Noll, as Oliver Cromwell was called. A young woman was speaking of an acquaintance who had been taken to her senses by means of the ducking stool and seemed to think that she had been rightly served. Bickford wondered how a woman of the twentieth century could approve of such harsh treatment of one of her sex.

Bickford, the one guest who did not seem to be carried back 300 years, was offered rum like the others, but declined. He was not used to drinking anything with his dinner stronger than wine, and the odor of the rum nauseated him. Finally one of the men urged him to drink. Bickford refused. The man rose from his seat and, with a cupful of rum in his hand, came to where the guest was sitting and insisted on his drinking. Bickford, surprised at an effort to force him to do what he did not wish to do, endeavored to push him away. The man put a muscular arm around Bickford's neck and forced the cup to his lips. He felt a warm stream going down his throat. The assembly faded, and he heard the words: "He is coming round."

Instead of being at the dinner table Bickford was in his car. An arm was around his neck, and a flask was pressed to his lips. He drank not rum, but whisky. More liquor was swallowed, and he received a shaking sufficient to wake a dead man. Several persons were about him, and one was chafing his limbs.

It was soon plain to him that he had gone to sleep in his auto and had been found nearly frozen. The snow, which had ceased falling, was not very deep. Bickford was removed to a house near by, where he spent the night, and the next morning finished his journey. On reaching his destination he was received by his cousin, a girl of twenty, with a rose in each cheek besides a dimple.

"Are you the girl of New England?" he asked. "I am a New England girl," she replied, looking at him interrogatively at his strange question.

Bickford did not satisfy her curiosity—at least, not then—for he began to express his good fortune in having kind relatives in Massachusetts, who were willing to take him in on the day so universally observed in the north, but he had been well pleased with the girl of New England who had come into his brain while the life was ebbing out of him, and there was something in his cousin to remind him of her. At any rate, a feeling sprang up within him that he would like to take this New England girl back with him to Virginia, and a time came when his desire was gratified.

Heroism At Loos

AMONG after tales of the great battle of Loos, which have just appeared in the official records, are stories of the heroism of various individual officers during the progress of the battle who have been rewarded by the military cross or the Distinguished Service Order.

One of the most remarkable deeds was that of Lieutenant Holloway of the Royal artillery, who took a field telephone and wire to a little force of British who were clinging to the trenches on the far side of the captured Hohenzollern redoubt.

At times Holloway had to crawl across the tops of the excavations, in plain view of the German machine gunners only a few hundred yards away, slowly uncoiling telephone wire behind him. Before he had gone ten yards he was hit in the leg. He crawled on. Before he had finished his task another missile struck the same leg, breaking the bone.

Still Holloway struggled on. Two other telephone men crawled out to take him to safety and for their pains were ordered to leave him and finish laying out the wire. Not until all was secure would he consent to be carried to the hospital.

Scarcely one of the officers mentioned in the orders but was wounded at least twice. Captain Dennis of the Scottish borders, twice wounded and carried to the rear, scrambled out of the ambulance, escaped from the dressing station, and ran back to his company to be with them on the final charge, only to receive a third bullet. But even Captain Dennis was surpassed by Captain Kearley of the Welsh fusiliers, who stuck to his post at the head of his men until he had been hit no less than seven times.

Major Gordon of the London artillery, sent forward to the German trenches with a reconnoitering party, shot one German with his revolver and returned through the midst of a terrific fire, marching twelve German prisoners before him.

Captain Bird of the London field ambulance corps worked for twenty-three hours without a stop, tending wounded and carrying them to the rear through a terrific shell fire, and was twice seen coolly carrying off a wounded man to a stretcher with German rifle bullets whistling all around him. He remained on duty for fifty-five hours in all without a rest.

Lieutenant Williams of the Buffs, heading a bomb party, threw 2,000 bombs in seventeen hours, holding his position throughout that time in a heavy rainstorm, lighting the damp fuses from his cigarette. After he had been relieved it was discovered that he had been seriously wounded early in the fighting.

Captain Williams of the Welsh guards, commanding a machine gun squad, was dangerously wounded, but returned to his post and directed the fire of his machine gun, and was back on the ground, unable to raise himself, until at midnight relief came up, and he was carried to the rear.

Lieutenant Wood of the Gordon Highlanders, after marching 275 prisoners, taken in Loos by himself and his company, to the rear, returned with badly needed supplies of ammunition to find his company clinging desperately to a position under a hill 70 yards high, and with every other officer down. He promptly took command and held on to the position until relieved.

Lieutenant Pusch of the London infantry, head of a bomb party, was engaged in the perilous work of routing the Germans out of the cellars in Loos in which they had taken refuge. Plunging into one house ahead of his men, he found himself alone in the presence of seven Germans, one of whom fired on him and wounded him in the face. In spite of this he captured the entire lot and continued with his work without stopping to have his wound dressed.

Moors and Kultur.

It would be a poor bill to any conceit His Majesty of Germany may have could he have been present at a Maori meeting in New Zealand recently at which a distinguished Maori member of the New Zealand Parliament made ironic reference to Prussian "kultur." Savage though some of the thought be before German capabilities in the war were known, he said that they had at least tempered them with civility.

In the Waikato campaign the Maori once learned that the British troops were short of provisions, so they sent thirteen canoe loads of kumera (sweet potatoes) down the river to their enemies. On another occasion, the famous Hone Keke's men captured some British transports, but as soon as Hone heard of it he said: "Take the wagons back; how can you expect me to fight men with empty stomachs?"

Pudding for Tommy.

One million Christmas plum puddings are being turned out by one of London's biggest wholesale bakeries for the soldiers at the front. The big shop has been at it for a week, and already 25,000 of the plum puddings have been made, packed, and sent away. It may be, when things get running faster and funds to buy puddings accumulate, the aggregate shipped off to the soldiers will be nearer two millions.

Money for the puddings is pouring into one of the Christmas funds. It comes in big and small lots, from everywhere.

German Women Police.

Women wearing the police helmet and cloak, armed with clubs and accompanied by watchdogs, are now employed in night police duty in the streets of Berlin.

Hindenburg Monument Has Proven a Great German Money Raiser

GERMANY'S mania for hero worship is finding its outlet these days in the decoration of the great Hindenburg statue in Berlin. This remarkable monument to the most successful of the Kaiser's generals stands forty feet high and is made entirely of wood. It stands opposite the great triumphal monument of cannon taken in the Franco-Prussian war, and has become the centre of patriotic activity in the German empire.

Shortly after the inception of the scheme to build a statue of von Hindenburg some ingenious person suggested that the effigy be used as a means of raising money for widows and orphans of German soldiers. The statue was made, therefore, of wood, and each donor to the fund for the relief of war sufferers was to be permitted to have a nail driven into the figure. Contributions of all sizes poured in, from a few pennings to thousands of marks, and now the image is a veritable mosaic of nails—wire nails, cut nails, tinclacks, screw nails, clouts, and even copper nails.

As a means of raising money the Hindenburg statue has been a great success, but it is an open secret that the Kaiser is by no means happy over the popularity of his greatest general. By a strange fatality the credit which was to have gone to himself and more particularly to his heir, the Crown Prince, was passed to the Hohenzollerns by probably because of certain family traits inherent in the Hohenzollerns.

Nearly Wiped Out.

One of the most graphic stories of the battle of Loos on September 25 is contained in a letter from a captain in the famous Highlanders Corps, the Black Watch. The brigade of which his regiment formed part left the trenches the morning of the battle 4,000 strong. At 5 o'clock in the evening the whole brigade numbered fewer than 500 men. In the attack on Loos and Hill No. 70 the writer's battalion lost 10 officers killed or wounded and 880 men, leaving only three officers and 83 men.

"I must say the men went marvelously well," says the writer. "They were cheering, laughing, and joking as they went up and passed our wire entanglements."

"Our casualties started directly we showed ourselves. The enemy's machine guns got to work and our men began to drop right and left, but they never wavered for one single second. On they went, line after line, just as if they were on parade. There was no sensational charging; they kept touch in distance and marched solidly across the hay field, men and officers dropping right and left. Seven officers were killed within 50 yards of us."

Commission Hard at Work.

The Soldier's Aid Commission in the Province of Ontario is now organized and doing business. So far it is reported that the responses from the different sections for co-operation in looking after those who have returned from the battle-line is most satisfactory, and as the scope of the Commission becomes better understood there is no doubt that the work it has been initiated by Premier Heist will receive widespread approval.

Seeking New Gas Cure.

At Johannesburg, South Africa, a Dr. Lindsay Johnson is pursuing his investigations in the hope of doing away with the gas respirator altogether and providing the soldiers in the trenches with a kind of pill, which, when kept in the mouth, will simply protect them against the poisonous gases used by the Germans. The basis of the invention is a remarkable South African plant.

THE HINDENBURG STATUE.

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Since the last report the Quinte Chapter, I. O. D. E., has shipped the following hospital supplies and field comforts from the workroom, 62 Bridge St., W. Miss M. B. Falkner, Convenor.

Hospital bedpads, 151; monthwipes 3,500; bandages, 1700; old linen squares doubled and sewn, 50; surgical sponges, 444; absorbent swabs, 2126; applicators, 4000; Talcum Powder, 50 lbs.; wash cloths, 168; bed socks, 36 pr.; scarfs, 1; cuffs, 7 pr.; pipes, 32; tobacco, 50 pkgs; gum 45 pkgs.; chocolate bars, 60; Oxo, 42 tins; post cards, 192; cigarettes, 11,250; jam, 100 jars; hospital bed-jackets, 30; pyjamas, 24 pr.; dusters 36; mop clothes, 36; socks, 8 pr.; \$12.50 to the National Service Committee for the Christmas Gift Fund.

Old linen and cotton are asked for in large quantities. The Chapter would be very grateful for donations of this kind, sent to the workroom, 62 Bridge St. W.

A donation of \$78.00 from the Belleville Philharmonic Society, the proceeds of last season's concert, was greatly appreciated by the Chapter. In addition to the work of hospital supplies and field comforts the Quinte Chapter is sending a sum of money each month, private subscriptions of members and others, to the Red Cross Society for the purpose of supplying Canadian prisoners in Germany, not otherwise cared for, with hamp