

"SALADA"

It has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold—

English Editor's Strong Appeal to Young Men

Don't be a "Fetched Man" Writes Horatio Bottomley, England's Foremost Recruiter

The following taken from the Sept. 26th issue of the London, Eng., Sunday Pictorial, is one of a number of powerful articles on recruiting in England from the pen of Horatio Bottomley, Editor of "John Bull." Mr. Bottomley is generally recognized as England's champion recruiter. He has been the means, by his powerful voice and pen, of bringing large numbers of men to the colors, and in the following he makes another strong appeal to the manhood of the nation. He writes as follows:

"During the past fortnight I have been bombarded with telegrams and letters, each asking me to attend a recruiting demonstration or rally on Saturday next, October 2. They have come from nearly every quarter of the country. Many of them inquire my 'fee'—from which I gather that there are such things as professional recruiters—(which accounts for much)—and all of them tell me that the effort is to be of a very special character. It would appear, therefore, that either the Recruiting Committee of the Cabinet or the War Office (I gather that the Parliamentary Committee has been transformed into a recruiting mission) is bent upon a great, concentrated final trial of the voluntary system before facing the problem of Compulsion. And as I cannot be at all the meetings, I make my appeal through the medium of the Sunday Pictorial. And I say to every unenlisted man of eligible age and good health—Don't be 'fetched.' Don't be a 'Fetched Man.'

To tell the truth, I am not very sanguine about this great 'rally.' Men who have hesitated through these months of agony—who have faced the gibes and sneers of their neighbors and acquaintances, and the sneers of the public—are not likely to turn out on Saturday afternoon for the purpose of being reminded of their duty, and publicly pilloried for their lack of patriotism. Wherein lies the secret of the failure of most recruiting meetings—aggravated, no doubt, by the remarkable methods which so many speakers adopt, in substituting bullying for banter—abuse for admonition and pugacity for persuasion. But I am hopeful that words, written in the sincerity of our common brotherhood, in the deep conviction of the sanctity of our common cause—and read in the calm repose of the Sunday quietude, with the spirit of Home and Family around them, instead of the sordid atmosphere of the office and the workshop—yes, I am hopeful that they may reach the heart and penetrate the soul of some, at least, of those who ears have not yet caught the cry for help from their pain in the trenches—for retribution from violated women and girls in Belgium—for protection from mutilated little children and hacked and tortured old men—and have not yet heard the call from Heaven to step forward and avenge the sacrilege and blasphemy of the Huns in Rheims, in Dinant, in Louvain and in other old-world cities—the desecration of the House of God itself.

I do not believe that these men are either cravens or curs; it is simply that they have not heard. And I am not altogether surprised; there has been such a lot of gabble—such a din of words—such a confusion of tongues. And then we are such a long way from it all, not measured in miles and furlongs—but separated in God's providence, from all outer danger, by the magic realms of old King Neptune. And we must not wonder that, having had it rammed into our heads at school that Britannia rules the waves, and that Britain is a bright little, tight little island—immune from invasion—the old martial spirit of our race has become more or less atrophied, and wants a lot of rousing. But that it is there—powerful as ever, though latent—was proved at Mons, at the Dardanelles—wherever it has been fired by the smell of powder, the roar of cannon, and the clash of steel. Yes, it is there, right enough; and the task of the recruiter is to discover and set it free.

It has been said that when great nations fall it is because a degenerate race intervenes between the class of people who created it and its latest population. Are you willing to be classed as one of the 'degenerates'—whilst your Empire-builders have come miles across the sea—from Australia, from Canada, from New Zealand, from South Africa? Remember, you cannot be a member of the British Empire unless you are willing to discharge your primary obligation to the State—and that is to protect its shores against the enemy. You will wait till its shores are threatened you say? Let such words choke you. For then it may be too late; and you had better read what the Germans have said as to what they will do if ever they succeed in obtaining a footing over here. The most brutal outrages of Belgium will be acts of refinement compared with their reprisals on the British. Have

you a mother, a wife, or a sister? Yes! Then jump into khaki without a moment's delay. Her life—her body—her soul are all at stake. Have you any little children playing and laughing in the sun to-day? Slip on your uniform, lest some day you have it on your conscience that it was you, as much as the Huns, who violated their sacred bodies, and impaled them on bayonets and swords. And what about the new order of the V.C.? At present that is the most coveted prize of the Army. If we are forced to conscription, let us cut the letters in two—giving every volunteer soldier the 'V' on his collar, for 'Voluntary,' and every 'Fetched man' the 'C' for 'Compulsory.' How do you like the idea of that? What would your girl say when, on your return after the war, the 'V's' are greeted on their march home with the hysterical plaudits of the people—and the 'Cs' allowed to pass in silence? Come, come, old man—don't be Fetched.

But that you must come, is certain. I have not altered one jot my view that if Kitchener had been given a free hand from the first the war would have been practically over by now. As it is, we are now just where we should have been a year ago. And that means that we have given the enemy a big start. But although we shall soon catch him up, you must remember that many of your mates have had a long and trying time in the trenches, and they will want a bit of rest before marching on Berlin. Then, too, we shall require an Army of Occupation, to mind the German capital whilst the War Indemnity is being paid. It would be rather fun to be paid of that army, I say to you. Then hurry up. Never let it be said that you were one of those who forced Britain into the bondage of Conscription. The word is abhorrent to all British ideas—and yet it connotes merely the primary duty of citizenship. And, by the way, I am far from satisfied that the State has not the power to-day—without any fresh legislation—to call you up.

That, young man, is the best I can do for you. But if the Government will not wait—or if Lord Kitchener will not wait—there's an end of it. So be a man and not a maff, at this day—Sunday, September 26, 1915—be the Great Day of your life. So near is God to Man—When DUTY whispers low, 'Thou Must.'

Let youth reply, 'I can.' I have slightly altered the original lines—and I have put Duty in big type. It is a much finer phrase than the Enlisting Officer, isn't it? And to-day duty calls you—says you must; and says it in the name of God. At His side, and yours, at this very moment, stands the Recording Angel—book in hand, waiting for your answer. May she write your name? She is waiting so patiently—so sweetly, and hiding in her robes, and gazing into your eyes, are the pleading faces of a mutilated little child, a violated girl, and a murdered old man. Come!

44th Annual Report School for Blind

School Has Circulating Library of Books Which are Supplied Free of Charge

The forty-fourth annual report of the Board of Managers and Superintendent of the Halifax School for the Blind has been received at this office. There is in connection with this school a large circulating library of point print books, which are supplied to all blind persons free of charge. Any persons who are interested in providing literature for the blind, and are desirous of aiding in the same, can render material assistance by forwarding their subscriptions to the Librarian of the Halifax school for the blind.

During the past year upwards of two thousand volumes have been loaned to blind persons in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. These books are transmitted through the mails free of charge.

Escaped German Prisoner Caught

Amherst, N. S., Dec. 23—Fritz Vidal, the German prisoner who escaped from the government experimental farm at Nappan, where he was at work a week ago Wednesday, will take his Christmas dinner in the internment camp here this year, having been re-captured at Pughwash today. The prisoner proved very talkative and told an interesting story of his escape and wanderings.

Fearful Wounds of a Dalhousie Man

Dr. R. G. C. Stewart Tells of His Experiences on Battlefields of Flanders.

To be shot through the head with a German bullet, to lie on the field of battle all night, be picked up by comrades in the morning, pronounced dead, a grave dug to receive your body, and then being placed into it to awake and ask what the meaning of it all is, was the very vivid and startling experience of Dr. R. G. C. Stewart, a Dalhousie, N. B., boy, who reached St. John last week on the Allan line steamer Pretoria.

Dr. Stewart, prior to the outbreak of the war, was practicing his profession north of Kingston, Ont. He was sergeant major in the 48th Regiment of Toronto. With the declaration of war he dropped his rank, gave up his practice, and enlisted in the 15th Royal Highlanders, and went to the front.

It was at St. Julien in April that he was wounded. A rifle bullet penetrated the back of his head and came out at the corner of his left eye. Telling of his experience he said, "I was bending over a comrade who had just had his arm shattered by a bursting shrapnel shell. The fight was at its hottest and I had just finished tying up his wound as well as I could when suddenly I was shot from behind.

"I am told that for seven weeks I never spoke. I was pronounced by the doctors to be deaf, dumb and blind. I used to write with my finger in the palm of the hand of one of the attendants and thus tell them what I wanted.

"Finally I got the sight of my left eye. The first thing I remembered of seeing was the red cross on the arm of a nurse by my bedside. When I finally got out of the hospital, my best friends did not know me, because I had gone down so badly."

The left side of Lance Corporal Stewart's head is still paralyzed and he is blind in the right eye.

Returned Men Should Be Settled on Land

Sir George E. Foster Addresses Economic Commission in Ottawa

Ottawa, Dec. 14—How the industry of agriculture may be stimulated for the good of Canada, for the good of the Empire, and to help, heal, and reanimate that large portion of the world now suffering because of the war, was the topic of a speech before the Economic Commission by Sir George Foster. All of the members of the new commission were present with the exception of J. W. Flavelle, whose resignation from the commission to take the chairmanship of the Imperial Munitions Board was read by the secretary.

Sir George declared that Canada had suffered to some extent in the war, but that the war had been enormously stimulated. It had been our own people, and had generally supplied the allies with the necessities of life. "The country agriculturally," declared Sir George, "stands ready to face the future. The problem was how best to employ this immense resource for the good of our own people, for the good of the Empire, and for the good of the suffering nations. If Canada could say justifying who should occupy the land, it would be desirable.

"What shall be done for our returned soldiers? How can these brave young men be placed on the great wild lands of the Dominion for agricultural and rural development? As the war has affected our country in a marked degree, it is possible that soldiers or burden-bearers of these countries will turn their eyes to Canada with its great wealth of agricultural land after the war ceases. They will have to be settled and guided when settled. This question will receive your earnest consideration.

"It is up to you," concluded Sir George, "this is just about the biggest opportunity and just about the biggest work that has ever been entrusted to any commission."

Vines of a variety imported from the United States are the only one in the vineyards of western France which this year have escaped the worst mildew in years.

About fifty-five Canadian officers, most of whom have been wounded, are being brought back to Canada to aid in training and organizing troops here during the winter.

Christmas Exams. In the Schools

Interesting Programs by Pupils of Douglastown Superior and Nordin Schools

(Held from Last Issue)

The semi-annual public examinations in the primary and two intermediate departments of Douglastown Superior school were held Wednesday afternoon. A large number of visitors were present. The work of the term was reviewed in each room, the pupils showing satisfactory progress. After the review was over, the three schools united in Miss Kearney's room and carried out a fine program of recitations and songs as follows:

Grades 1-2
The Bird's Xmas—Marjorie Henderson.
Santa Claus—Edith Gulliver.
The Boy that Laughs—Ray Simpson.
Santa in a Plight—Pearl Sleeth.
Rather be a Boy—Harvey Grey.
My Little Kitty and I—Frances Sullivan.
Looking Ahead—Boys of Grade II.
The Xmas—12 Children.
Xmas—Harvey Jessamin.
No Place for a Boy—Fred Simpson.
Song of Xmas—Hazel Mullin.
The Uncomfortable Curls—Bertina Russell.

Grades 3-4
What Santa Might Bring—Mary Sullivan.
Holiday Gifts—Jack Craig.
Telling Dollie—Genevieve Gekkie.
Dialogue—Cecilia Lee, Anna Cowie, Kathleen Young.
Recitation—Mary Boudreau.
Waiting—Elsie Anderson.
Santa Claus—Genevieve Gekkie.
Influence of a Xmas Tree—Mary Sikes.

Grades 5-6
Sweet Xmas—Audrey Bule.
Recitation—Florence Mullin.
Under the Stars one Night—Helen Kirkpatrick, Helen Dickens, May Dinan.
Lullaby—Mary Sullivan, Cecilia Lee, Kathleen Young, Genevieve Gekkie.
Gather the Stockings—Mona Wood.
Recitation—Emily Dalgie.

Grade 5-6
Deacon Hill's Philosophy—Yorston Benn.
Lost—Arthur Young.
Hello Jack Frost—Jack McCosh.
Santa's Helpers—Bella Wood.
If Santa Was Poor—Max Russell.
Fall Fashions—Eloise Anderson.
A Lazy Boy—Andrew Lee.
Our Xmas—Annie Nowlan.
Doll's Grocer—Linda Wood.
Willie's Prayer—Josie Breen.
Addresses were then given by R. H. Jessamin and Prin. Stuart and the National Anthem was sung.

Grades VII-X
The examination in the Advanced Department was held on Thursday afternoon, a large number of visitors addressed the classes were reviewed in Canadian History, General History, the History of Douglastown, general and farm arithmetic, geometry, and Canadian Civics.

The following recitations were given:

The Common Boys—Arthur Roy.
A Mother's Call—Margaret Kirkpatrick.
A Boy's Xmas Wishes—Clyde Gulliver.
The Honor Roll—Mamie Mullin.
The Strong Arm of Britain—Burton Anderson.
The Call—Florence Breen.
His Letter Home—Annie Benn.
The Norman Baron—Wm. Jessamin.

An address was given by Mr. R. H. Jessamin, highly appreciative of the work shown, and giving valuable information on Douglastown's past history and good advice to the pupils.

Prin. Stuart made a few remarks and the school closed with God Save the King.

RATES OF WAGES

Stratford, Ontario, and English Manufacturing Centre Compared

In April, 1914, before the war was upon us, and the high cost of living claimed our attention, Mr. H. B. Morphy, the member for North Perth, in which the city of Stratford is located, made a speech in this course of the budget debate, in which he gave some interesting figures bearing on the average wages in the trades throughout England and in his native city.

Dealing with this subject, Mr. Morphy said: "The first point that I am going to touch upon is what is known as the high cost of living, and in connection with that I desire to compare the cost of living of the Canadian workmen with the cost of living of the British workmen, the cost of living under what is known as a protective tariff in Canada as compared with the cost of living under a free trade or free food fiscal policy. That is fair and germane to the subject at issue.

"I have taken the trouble to secure some figures in relation to the subject just mentioned. I have taken the rates of wages of various trades common in the city of Stratford, in the county of North Perth, which I have the honor to represent, and the rates in the same trades in the City of London, or rather throughout England, using average wages. The figures in both cases I have had prepared for me by the Department of Labor of this Government, and I accept them as accurate. So far as the Canadian figures are concerned, I know that they are under rather than over-stated. Let us see in what position the workmen in cheap-food England stands in regard to what pay he gets compared with the same kind of man in the Dominion of Canada under a protective policy:

	Eng.	Stratford
Building Trades: Cliches	Ont.	
Bricklayers	10-20c	40c
Masons	10-15c	45c
Carpenters, Joiners	16-19c	35c
Plumbers	16-19c	35c
Plasterers	16-19c	40c
Painters	14-18c	30c
Builders' laborers	10-14c	22½c
Furniture and woodworking:		
Cabinet makers	10-20c	27c
Finishers	10-20c	27c
Carvers	10-20c	27c
Upholsterers	10-20c	30c
Woodcutting mach.	16-20c	30c
Metal Trades: Rates per week, 1912		
Boiler-makers	\$10.00	\$13.20-\$19.50
Fitters	8.50-\$9.00	12.00-18.00
Blacksmiths	9.50	12.00-17.40
Machinists	9.00	12.20-19.80
Printing Trades:		
Comp. (hand)	7.50-8.75	13.00

"I could go over the whole range of industrial life, and show that the artisan in the Dominion of Canada, under the present policy, is getting a substantial wage which will enable him to live well and put something aside, while the wages paid in Great Britain to the same class of artisan are sweat-shop wages unworthy to be paid to any laboring man who wishes to live decently. Hon. gentlemen opposite desire to bring us to the same position as Great Britain is in on the cheap-food plan. In Western Ontario, the mechanic, who is a thinking man, has the idea that he likes good wages and steady work. His argument is very terse, when some of these advocates of free trade or reciprocity come to him. He says: 'I want work and continuous work; at good wages; I am an industrious man, and, in getting work with good wages, it makes no difference to me whether bread costs three-cents or seven cents a loaf, so long as I am well paid for my work; I will live according to my pocket, but I cannot pay one cent a loaf for bread if I am out of work and have no wages.' I invite hon. gentlemen opposite to come to Western Ontario and talk free food to some of our artisans. They will find that they are in the wrong stall and that there is nothing doing along that line."

One of the most bare-faced impositions in the sale of goods ever perpetrated on unsuspecting customers has been brought to our attention by a man who went out the other day to buy an ordinary fly paper. He came out with a little cardboard box all wrapped round with an attractive and highly-colored "Made-in-Canada" label. But by accident or design the label came loose, and underneath he read the very different slogan "Made-in-Germany." Without the label no one could miss noting the fact that it was a German-made article, and one cannot get away from the fact that the Made-in-Canada label was deliberately pasted on the box to cover up the sin of the seller. The man who sold these retail informs us that the labels were on the boxes when he purchased them, and that since he has discovered the imposition he has refused to sell any more. The retailer must come along with the name of the people from whom he purchased so that the fraud may be traced to its source and the perpetrators exposed.—Exchange.

Dolls—7 girls; Something for Baby—Alexis Taylor; The Union Jack—Leonard Malley; When Santa Comes—Vincent DeWolfe; Do you know what I'd like to do?—Winnie DeWolfe; Santa on the Train—Muriel Russell; Tim's Xmas Dream—Linnæa Hedman.

Dialogue—Snow Flakes—Martha Hedman and Sylvia Gabrielsen.

Recitations—A Boy's Grievance—H. Malley; Goodbye—Edith Russell. Addressed by visitors.

God Save the King.

NORDIN

Pupils enrolled 45.
Grade IV (a)—Leonard Malley 61.
Grade IV (b)—Florence DeWolfe 76.
Grade III—Muriel Russell 82, Lizzie Taylor 69, Elsa Hedman 56, Raymond Roy 54.
Grade II (a)—Martha Hedman and Alexis Taylor 97, Vincent DeWolfe 88, Burton Howe 87, Wm. Howe 82, Henry Malley 70, Andrew Butler 65.
Grade II (b)—Joseph Robichaud 96, Gordon Sullivan 95, Sigrid Jansen 87, Samuel Howe 79, Florence Ryan 73.
Grade I (a)—Hazel Taylor 85, Joseph Taylor and Edna Hedman 83, June Howe 80, Vincent Taylor 75, Winnie DeWolfe and Harry Ryan 70.
Grade I (b)—Harry Taylor 80, Norman Taylor 78, Francis Tobin 75, Edith Russell 72, Norman Russell and Kirin Hedman 70, Andrew Butler 62, Willie Sullivan and Fred Taylor 60, Cyril Daughney 58.
The first semi-annual public examination was held Thursday afternoon. Thirty visitors were present. The work of the term was reviewed, the pupils showing satisfactory progress, and the boards were beautifully decorated with holiday drawings. After the review was over the following program was carried out:
Dialog—Welcome
Chorus—O Canada.
Dialogue—Xmas—Grade I.
Recitations—Poor Santa.—Sigrid Jansen; A sad disappointment—Elsa Hedman; I'm a Boy—Sam Howe.
Dialogue—Santa—Grade I.
Recitation—Xmas has Come—Florence Ryan.
Chorus—Santa
Recitation—Our Xmas—Florence DeWolfe; What I should like—Gordon Sullivan.
Dialogue—Jack Frost and Tom Ruddy—Raymond Roy and Leonard Malley.
Recitations—Kris Kringle's Travels—Martha Hedman; The Stocking's Xmas—Lizzie Taylor; Xmas

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An English golf enthusiast has patented a club in the head of which is a device to measure the force of strokes.

Members of the Du Pont family are taking a dispute over their immense war supply profits before the United States Court.

Garbage wagons in a German city are arranged to be drawn either by horses or electric tractors, the latter being 96 per cent. cheaper to operate.