

## HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

MY WIFE'S A-GOIN' AWAY.  
Somehow yams around the grocery  
Ain't so funny as before.  
An' a'm all the time forgettin'.  
This or that 'ere little chore;  
When I get out in the kitchen,  
Want to hang around an' stay;  
Guess I'm foolish cause this ev'nin',  
Why'm wife's a-go'g away.

She's a fixin' things up for me  
With a thoughtful, lovin' care,  
Tellin' me that somethin's here,  
And somethin' else is over there;  
Lookin' sober, speakin' low voiced,  
Though she hasn't much to say;  
Ketch her eyes on me all dim like—  
Guess she hates to go away.

Wish 'twas over—wish 'twas off—  
Wish we didn't have to part;  
That's jist what I keep thinkin'  
An' afeelin' in my heart.  
P'raps our speerits see much further  
Than the partin' of to-day.  
An' jist hint what they can't tell us,  
When a loved one's go'n away.

Calls to mind another journey,  
By an' by we all must go.  
Wonder who's a gettin' ready  
For the train that moves so slow?  
Bring the tears to think about it,  
So I git near her an' pray  
It may be my time for starin'  
Just when she's a-go'g away.

Women may train their daughters in all the ways they imagine to be pleasing to men; they may teach them to wiggle and squirm and reef in their waists and roll their eyes and lip out insipid nothings between curvilinear lips, and yet the men will desert them, and flock about the girl who is fully and completely independent of them, and who cares very little whether they fall in love with her or not. It is natural for men to want what they cannot get too easily and women cheapen themselves who thus "stoop to conquer."

The kitchen in a house may represent an engine room in a steamship, and the cook may represent the engineer. However beautifully furnished the rest of the ship is, if the engineer is incapable, or the engine is broken, all will go wrong; so it is with the home; no matter how nice the parlors are furnished, if the cook is not competent, everyone connected with the home will have to suffer the consequences.

Let us not wait for chances for doing good to come to us, but to go out to meet them. Too many beautiful opportunities escape us otherwise. As charity begins at home, so does love. We don't care much for either the charity or love that would leave its nearest to want for duty or affection and go out into the world to work. We find it a delightful plan to make each one of our home-folks happy about some one thing each day of

### German Analysis.

A man was talking of the German analytical spirit. "This spirit," he said, "analyzes international law and finds that the Lusitania massacre is permissible. It analyzes treaty obligations, and finds that it can justly destroy Belgium. How like Professor Snickelfritz. Professor Snickelfritz, of the University of Cotteging, refused certain demands of his wife. She, thereupon, burst into tears. But the professor, shaking his head, said coldly: "Ah, my dear, tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, oxygen, hydrogen and that's all."

### Chivalry in War.

One of my wounded friends was enthusiastic over one feat which he regarded as the noblest of the war, says a writer in The London Outlook. In the beginning of that terrible retreat from Mons, which the genius of Sir John French alone saved from being an absolute disaster, there came a time when a section of the Irish Guards were told to hold the road at all costs. Most of the officers had been killed, or else were so badly wounded that they could no longer lead, and the charge fell on a grey-haired Sergeant-Major, who swiftly seized a corner post commanding two roads as an ideal place to hold up the Prussians until our rear-guard was in safety.

As he was about to place his two machine guns a woman stopped him and said, "You cannot stay here, Sergeant. There is a woman in labor in a room above." "Good heavens," he answered. "And at such a time! Now, then, ma'am," he continued with ironical good humor, "can't you tell the lady to hurry up, as she's keeping an army waiting? How long will she be?" The reply was "About half an hour." The Sergeant told off ten of his men with stretchers and blankets to wait until the child was born, then to convey it and its mother into safety, after that to return to their section. In the meantime he advanced an eighth of a mile and fortified a weaker spot as well as he could, scolding his men the while and telling them not to make too much noise, else they would alarm the "babby." And so, in a place which left them exposed to the full danger of the Prussian attack, these Irishmen fought until every man was either killed, wounded or made prisoner, rather than disturb a woman in the crucial hour of maternity. "This," cried my wounded friend, "is one of the noblest stories ever told of a war. Even Thermopylae is insignificant beside it."

**Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

our life—plan little surprises for their delight, do little deeds for them, brighten a dull hour, or congratulate them upon some achievement of their own.

Money is a good thing, especially in these times, but there is something much more valuable. It is character, the consciousness of a pure and honorable life. This should be a young man's first aim to preserve at any cost.

Home life is the sure test of home character. Let the husband grow cross and surly, and the wife grow cold and unamiable. The children grow cross and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard, kind of a two-legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. This is not what the family circle should be. If one must be rude to any, let it be to someone he does not love—not his wife, brother or partners.

Sometimes the hasty word has been spoken, the sharp, snappish word been carelessly uttered in the home circle. The true wife's heart so often bleeds at the bitter, thoughtless, but cutting word of a husband. When she is gone to heaven, and he "weeps o'er her bier" he will remember it.

There is a demand for good boys. The boy who is honest, earnest and industrious, will not be long out of a job. There are lots of prosperous business men, merchants and mechanics, who are constantly on the look out for good boys. They do not look for one on the streets, however, but in some sort of employment. They have no use for an idle boy. He is too apt to make an idle man.

Though you may be associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third class boarding-house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantle. Bid unholy mirth stand back from threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Shovel your saloon money, theatre money, tobacco money, into the bank, and gather something to beautify and render more pleasant the sweetest place on earth—home.

### LOCAL DRUGGIST SAYS: "TAKE ONLY ONE DOSE."

We want to tell those in Carleton Place suffering from stomach or bowel trouble that we are agents for the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-ika, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis. This is the most thorough bowel cleanser known and JUST ONE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation almost IMMEDIATELY. You will be surprised at the QUICK action of Adler-ika. W. J. Hughes, druggist.

### He Swore Off.

The artist was painting—sunset, red with blue streaks and green dots. The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching. "Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky pictures page by page! Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."—Tit Bits.

### Might have been in New Brunswick.

At one of the annual fairs held at a small town in Russia, a gentleman observed a gypsy and a Jew lagging over the sale of a horse. Full of curiosity when the two separated, and anxious to know how such shrewd characters had bargained, the gentleman called the gypsy to him and inquired how much he had got for his animal.

The gypsy opened his hand and showed a ten-rouble note.

"But isn't that very cheap?"

"No," said the gypsy; "he is dead lame."

The gentleman then sought out the Jew and said, "So you have given ten roubles for a lame horse?"

The Israelite laid his finger on his nose and said, "Lame! He's as sound as you are; I saw he was badly shod, and only limped in consequence."

The inquirer returned to the gypsy and reported what the Jew said. The former gave a tremendous and most significant wink, and whispered:

"He's as lame as a two-legged stool. I had him badly shod on purpose to make them believe that that was the cause of his limping."

When this was communicated to the Jew he seemed for the moment taken aback and hung his head; then with a little sigh and a shrug of his shoulders, he said, quietly:

"Ah, well; it's all right—it was a bad ten-rouble note!"—Beck's Weekly.

## LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Don't preach charity and leave somebody else to practice it.

Many a man who has to swallow his pride couldn't digest it.

The Bulgarian colony in Toronto has dwindled almost to nothing.

The Austrian guns in the Carnic Alps were silenced by the Italians.

The Swedish banks have arranged to loan the Germans \$10,000,000.

The cost of the war to France is now estimated at \$13,800,000 per day.

Almost always energy and good management make poverty needless.

For smuggling letters into Holland, three Belgians have been sentenced to death and 33 others to long terms in jail.

Many people ask for advice because they want to be able to blame someone later on.

The sum of one thousand dollars has been realized in Westport for the purchase of a machine gun.

Anglican clergymen are enjoined by the new prayer-book provisions not to marry divorced persons.

Seven New Yorkers were killed and fifty injured when a new subway car dived in, engulfing a loaded surface car.

The British Board of Trade beat the Argentine beef trust by requisitioning all the tonnage from that country.

A Government geologist reported that the Keewatin district is worth prospecting for gold and other minerals.

Winter snows are falling in the Alps, making more difficult the Italian army's campaign, 9,000 feet above the sea level.

Berlin announces that commanders of "U" boats, when in doubt about a ship, are to let her alone rather than risk an error.

Rev. Josias Greene, one of the oldest and best known Methodist ministers in western Ontario, died at Clinton, aged eighty-two.

Austria has sent 76,000 men to the war zone, and among these there have been 13,976 casualties; 3,032 have lost their lives.

Seventy thousand prisoners of war were taken by the Russians, the first of the month, and many more have been taken since.

Berlin Recruiting Committee has decided to form a permanent organization to further military interests in the city in various ways.

Miss Ruby Clements, of Vegreville, was admitted to the Bar of Alberta, the first woman in the Province to receive that recognition.

Fire swept the dock lumber yard of the Bathurst, N.B., Lumber Company, consuming 15,000,000 feet of lumber, worth \$250,000.

The Anglican Synod reached a compromise on the Athanasian Creed, by which the controversial clauses may be omitted from reading.

Two thousand workmen from Krupp are idle in Constantinople from lack of raw materials. There is neither gas nor electricity in the city.

Mr. Geo. H. Cowan, K.C., former M.P., for Vancouver, thinks British Columbia has touched rock bottom and will now have a return of prosperity.

Mr. J. W. Price, a Toronto survivor of the Hesperian disaster, has returned to the city. He states that the stewards of the ship filled the first boat to leave.

A British Commission which is coming to Canada to look into the possibility of securing coal miners in Canada, will go to British Columbia. Over 250,000 British miners have enlisted.

All male Serbian subjects between the ages of 18 and 50 who are residing in the United Kingdom were ordered to report themselves to their Consuls preparatory to rejoining the army.

A new issue of warm waterproof and serviceable boots, two pairs to each soldier, is being sent out to the overseas forces, and warm winter clothing is being provided for all the Canadian troops.

Barrie Division Railwaymen's Association, nearly one thousand in membership, contributing monthly for patriotic purposes, is giving a fully equipped motor ambulance, Stratford Division, G.T.R., has also organized for similar work.

Fifty thousand more bushels of wheat bought by New Zealand in Canada will be shipped this week. New Zealand purchased in Canada 400,000 bushels last winter and her agents have now shipped 100,000 bushels of a second order.

Mrs. Ferguson, widow of the late Dr. C. F. Ferguson, formerly M.P. for Grenville, died at her home in Kempsville last Tuesday night. Mrs. J. C. Jeffrey, of town, a daughter of deceased, was with her mother at the last. The funeral took place Thursday.

The Dutch steamer Konigen Emma, of 9,000 tons, which struck a mine as she was on her way to Amsterdam from Batavia, Java, capsized and sank in the Thames. The 250 passengers had been previously taken off the Konigen Emma, which was being towed up the river when she sank.

Reginald McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a budget speech estimated that the Government's revenue for the current year would be \$1,360,000,000, that the expenditure would reach \$7,950,000,000 and that the dead weight of debt at the close of the financial year would be \$11,000,000,000.

Miss Eva Stewart, daughter of Mrs. Donald Stewart, Renfrew, fancied she heard a burglar in the cellar. The family agreed. The chief of police was summoned. He believed a yeggman was busy. Drawing his revolver he went down into the cellar and flashed his electric torch. The burglar was a skunk. The chief declined to arrest the culprit.

## REDINGOTE COAT.

The Garment of Louis Philippe's Reign is Again Revived.



ADVANCED AUTUMN MODEL.

Coat of covert in redingote fashion, with deep plaits to give additional fullness. These plaits are not stitched, but held in place at the waist line by a snugly fitting belt of the material. The deep cuffs are trimmed with a row of tan bone buttons and over the flaring collar is worn a separate collar of white linen.

## TIN NOVELTIES.

Articles Which Contribute a Gay Note in Outdoor Life.

Among the decided tin novelties which some ingenious brain has evolved is the door knocker into which the guest's name or card may be slipped and save confusion in a home of many visitors. And now that the door-stop door porters are so in vogue, bricks are being decorated in gay flowers for the purpose of holding back doors when strong breezes blow.

A charming idea is that of the painted tin cluster of flowers forming the old time curtain knob or rosette, as it was called. These are only effective on a plain curtain and not on flowered drapery.

Sure to be popular is a practical ornamental painted tin pail in which ice can be packed about any bottled drinks and be carried out to the tennis courts or for a garden tea. Popular, too, are the long tin horns which are meant to summon guests at the tea hour for the meals. The convenient tin newspaper rack will no doubt figure conspicuously on the up to date veranda.

The bird houses of the painted tin, if they are put up in a more or less sheltered place, promise to be a decorative note of color on the lawn. Painted tin has also been introduced into garden novelties. Watering pots of different sizes for my lady who does the sprinkling of her choice blossoms cannot but appeal to the fair gardener. The garden sticks come both in the painted tin and wood, as do the weather vanes.

### The Ethics of Borrowing.

Some time since a little girl who lived in a rural community appeared at the back door of a neighbor's house with a small basket in her hand. "Mrs. Smith," said she, as the neighbor answered her timid knock, "mother wants to know if you won't please lend her a dozen eggs. She wants to put them under a hen."

"Put them under a hen?" was the wondering rejoinder of the neighbor. "I didn't know that you had a hen!" "We haven't," was the frank rejoinder of the little girl. "We are going to borrow the hen from Mrs. Brown."—Christian Endeavor World.

### To Clean Bronze.

Dip the bronze object into boiling water and rub with a flannel cloth dipped in soapsuds made from yellow soap. Dry with a soft cloth and then polish off with a chamolite.

## GETTING THEM SOFT.

It was their first breakfast in their little flat after they had returned from the honeymoon trip. Lovey had asked Dovey to fix him a couple of soft boiled eggs. When the eggs were served Lovey opened one of them and found it to be as hard as a rock. "These eggs are very hard," exclaimed Lovey. "I wanted them boiled soft."

"Well, dear, they ought to be soft," replied Dovey. "I just boiled them and boiled them and boiled them until I felt sure that they must be soft. But I only boiled them for twenty minutes. Perhaps I should have let them boil for half an hour."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

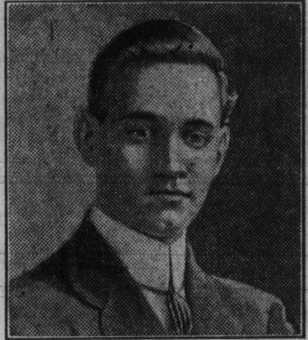
## Double Wedding.

About seventy-five of the immediate friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron, of Weymss, gathered at their home on Tuesday last at 7 p.m., when their two daughters, Margaret and Nettie, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. William Ireton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Ireton, of Drummond, and Mr. Sinclair Somerville, son of Mr. Alex. Somerville, of Prestonvale, respectively, by Rev. Mr. Greig, of Balderson. Both brides looked charming in gowns of white satin crepe de chene, trimmed with lace, pearls and rhinestones. The contracting parties were unattended, while the wedding march was played by Miss Margaret Allan, of Smiths Falls, and after the ceremony, Miss Elva Cameron, of Smiths Falls, sang very sweetly, and the happy couples were showered with congratulations, after which all sat down to a sumptuous bridal supper. The tables were decorated with pink and white asters, and flowers were tastefully arranged throughout the dining-room. During the festivity, Rev. Mr. Ballard, of Calvin church, proposed the toast of long life and prosperity. The grooms' gifts to the brides were gold pendants, inset with pearls, and the happy couples were the recipients of many beautiful and costly presents from their hosts of friends. They left for their future homes that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Ireton will reside at Drummond Centre and Mr. and Mrs. Somerville at Prestonvale. The bride's travelling costumes being of blue serge with black velvet hats and white plumes.—Perth Courier.

The dwelling on Gore street, Perth, lately renovated by its owner, Mr. Harry Stone, was built about seventy years ago by a Mr. John Munnes, a ship carpenter from Ireland, whose wife was a half-sister of the late Mr. John Morris, P.L.S. He afterwards moved to Nananee, then to Deseronto, where he died. The timbers in this old house are of most excellent quality, the plates over the basement being over a foot square and even now good as new.—Courier.

## TOOK THE ADVICE OF HIS FRIEND

Stomach Trouble and Rheumatism Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. L. LABRIE

594 Champlain St., Montreal.

"I have been restored to health by taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. For two years, I was a miserable sufferer from Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble. I became very weak, had frequent dizzy spells and when I took food, felt wretched and sleepy. I suffered from Rheumatism dreadfully, with pains in my back and joints and my hands swollen.

A friend advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and from the outset, they did me good. After I had started the second box, I felt I was getting well and I persevered in the treatment. I can truthfully say that 'Fruit-a-tives' is the only medicine that helped me.

LOUIS LABRIE.  
"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is the famous medicine made from fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

## Christmas and Holiday Greeting Cards

We have a large assortment from the best publishers.

For Foreign Mails they should be ordered early.

Call and see Samples at

**The Herald Office.**



**IN the evening at camp when all hands are "bushed" after a day's tramp, canoe trip, fishing and swimming, this**

**COLUMBIA**

**Graphophone "Eclipse" for \$32.50, on easy terms, will make welcome entertainment**

Small, light easy to tote and needing little bunk room, the "Eclipse" is a musical instrument that will make your camp complete this summer.

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