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REMINGTON U.M.C. OF CANADA, LIMITED
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Popular, and the hearts of English mothers are aflutter as with burning coal.

I will not attempt to answer the arguments with which, when your mother's heart has been troubled by reports of the hideous calamities that have fallen on our children as from the kingdom of death and hell, your military leaders have put you off—that they were accidents, military necessities, that London is a fortress which it is imperative to subdue, that what Germany has done in London is less than what Frenchmen did at Freiburg, that war is war and the only mercy is to make it terrible, so that it may be the sooner ended and the peace of the world restored. You are mothers, and I will ask you some simple questions out of the soul of your motherhood—they will be easier answered.

Have you considered what a crime against childhood is involved in these unnecessary atrocities? We come into the world through pain; most of us leave it in pain. Birth is a great agony; death may be an agony also. But between these two there is nearly always one golden strip of life, full of joy and peace and sunshine—childhood. To blacken out that sweet period altogether, to snatch the little, happy soul from the light of the sun—what an iniquity!

Have you thought of the sin against motherhood? When a woman bears a child she is a creature God creates for the right, highest and proudest of His creatures, to repeat the miracle of creation. In becoming a mother she enters into the greatest of all empires, the holy empire of motherhood, whereof the only King, the only Kaiser, is God, and therefore her fealty is first to Him. When, out of the valley of the shadow of childbirth, she comes back with the new life, the light of a great joy is upon her, and neither the fear of poverty nor yet the dread of shame can quench it. To put out that light by putting out the life of her child—what a crime against motherhood!

The Duties of a Mother.

Have you thought, too, of the right which nature gives to a mother to protect her child? That is the greater right than has ever yet been written in any lawbook. Deep down in every mother's heart it lies, and it is sacred and everlasting. The first of a mother's duties is to protect the little body she brings into the world and the living soul it shelters. The mother who would let harm befall her child, even to save herself, would be more guilty than the most savage of the lower animals. The animal mother will fight the felon sire for her young, and because of her motherhood the male partner gives place to her. An eternal law seems to grant to the mother of all species the right to kill, if need be, that her offspring may not be killed. By the measuring of that right we may judge of the wickedness of taking it away from her. To outrage the sanctuary of the mother's breast is the crime of crimes. It is a crime that shames both the world and God.

And have you thought, also, that if our Christian faith counts for any thing, these helpless little ones who have been so cruelly done to death are mightier far than the whole of the German Empire now? Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. If it is to God only that they can look for justice, their victory is sure. He who is too weak to fight for himself has God to fight for him. Is it only an idle thought, a foolish superstition, that until the trump of doom they will be waiting at the bar of God, at the feet of the Mother of all Mothers—these slaughtered innocents, with eyes that are as the eyes of your own children?

Mothers May Demand Reprisals.

I will not speak of reprisals except to say that, logically or illogically, nearly all that is best in our country is against them. But it is a fearful thing to play with the human soul, and of all souls the mother-soul is at once the sweetest and the most terrible. Therefore, not as a threat, nor even as a warning, but only as a light to light up the heart of the British mother, I tell you, mothers of Germany, that if further air raids over England should kill still more English children, no church, or press, or parliament, or government, or backwater thought of Freiburg will be able to withstand the demand of British motherhood (bleeding for the loss of its dead and trembling for the safety of its living) for justice and retribution, and that the only result will be that thousands of your German children, just as sweet and innocent as our own, and living now in the fullness of their childish joy, will soon (God knows how soon) be carried to their graves.

Mothers of Germany, let us stop the madness and delirium of such an unnatural conflict, and so make reprisals on either side unnecessary. Is it not horror enough that through starless nights and hopeless dawns all Europe is in sorrow for the daily sacrifice of the flower of its young manhood? Must the world weep for the slaughter of its children also?

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At the above great reduction we are offering a large quantity of Boys' Smart American Suits. These Suits were originally \$6.50 to \$8.50 values, and every Suit is offered at the uniform price of \$5.50. This is an exceptional chance for parents who have boys aged from 2½ to 10 years. Doesn't your boy need a new suit?

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Always watch our Western window, it corresponds with our advertisement each week.



An Appeal to the Mothers of Germany.

Hall Caine Pictures Useless Slaughter of English Children by German Raiders—Says Outraged Motherhood May Compel Reprisals.

(By HALL CAINE.)

TO THE MOTHERS OF GERMANY: Mothers of Germany, all the world knows how dearly you love your children. Some of us (now your enemies) who, in the unbelievable days before the war (Ah, God, can it be?) used to sleep and eat and laugh in your German homes, as you slept and ate and laughed in our English homes, have memories of little domestic scenes in Germany which were sufficient to prove it. Two or three such memories come back to me now, and not all the fiery passions that have burnt up the sweetness of the years between can quite blacken the tender grace of them.

The first is of a Christmas Eve spent in the house of a beautiful young German woman with three or four sweet young children. Like Dickens' little mother, she had spent the morning in mysterious journeys to the village shops, in smuggling strange looking parcels into the house and in certain solitary occupations in the drawing-room. But toward the early dusk of the winter day the blinds were pulled down, the folding doors were thrown open, and then the little people, dressed up in white, tingling with excitement and holding each other's hands, were allowed to go in as to some magic cave, with our black-coated contingent of older folk following in the rear.

There in the middle of the floor stood the Christmas tree, glittering with red and blue candles all alight, glistening with crackers, laden with toys, and crowned with the welcoming face of the Christmas Man. And there, too, was the young mother herself, waiting and watching with eager eyes for the wonder and joy in the eyes of her children. After the first moments of breathless awe were over and "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," had been sung, she called on the youngsters to play something on the piano. Then there was a romp round the tree the young mother taking the hands of her youngest on either side, and all laughing and shrieking with delight. I stood in the open doorway. I remember, and if there was anything more moving for me in the fairy-like scene than the happiness of the children, it was the searching sense of the mother-heart throbbing through and through it.

The second of the memories that come back to me is of the same home of happiness a few hours later. After various carols, sung in silvery child voices at the back of the dining room door, the house was silent, and with noiseless footsteps we were creeping upstairs behind the young mother to the darkened chamber where her golden-headed treasures

ness of the skies, and dropped bombs on their humble home. All three were killed.

In the Spring of the present year a laboring man who lived in a cottage on the edge of a little holiday town on our southeast coast, was smoking his last pipe late at night before going to bed, when a shell from a German destroyer on the dark sea outside struck the upper storey where his wife and children lay asleep. Amid the crash of falling timbers he reached the foot of the broken stairway and called up to his wife. There was at first no answer, and then out of the darkness came a frightened cry from his little daughter, five years of age.

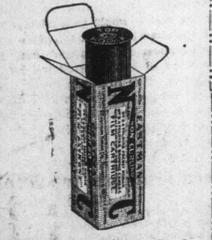
"Come down, dearie," he called. "I can't daddie, I'm hurt," cried the child. The distracted man clambered up to the child, carried her to the outer door of his house, told her to find her way, if she could, to her grandmother's down the street, and then returned to look for her mother and baby brother in the bedroom above. When he found them they were dead.

A fortnight ago, toward noon of a heavenly Summer day, in an infant school in East London, a hundred children, ranging in ages from 3 yrs. to 6, were singing their last lesson before the time came to scamper home in childish glee to their midday meal, when out of the sunshine of the sky, two bombs fell from a German air machine and killed ten of them and wounded fifty. The scene was a frightful shambles. Some of the children were destroyed beyond all recognition, their sweet limbs being splashed like a bloody avalanche against the broken walls. And a moment later, their mothers, coming breathless, bareheaded, and with wild eyes to the school door, saw the mangled bodies of their babies brought out in a stream of blood.

Is Murder Worth While?

Mothers of Germany, if I have not spared you the pain of these descriptions it is because I want you to realize for yourselves what English mothers feel about the murder of their innocent children, who knew nothing of the war and who had done no harm to any one. Who manned the legion of devilish engines that dropped death on them from the sky? Your sons, and some of them are still so young that it must seem to you only as yesterday since you nursed them on your knees. Who directed them? Your fathers and husbands, and some of these are the rulers of your nation, and therefore responsible for the cowardly outrages. But motherhood is the supreme power in a State, always has been, always will be, always must be, and if you, mothers of Germany, had set your faces against the doing of such things they would never have been done.

Were they worth while? Has the military advantage gained to the arms of Germany by all her air raids put together been worth the golden head of one darling child? It has not. You could walk for a week through thousands of miles of the streets of London without seeing a trace of Zeppelin damage. Only one real result has come of these barbaric raids from the first to the last—a hundred and fifty little coffins have been carried to the cemeteries of South London and



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AFTER THE WAR.



Won't the old world seem just splendid when this weary war is ended, when we hang our swords and shotguns up behind the kitchen door? And I hope, when done with saying, we'll devote our time to having, that the thunder of the captains may be heard on earth no more. All the kings should turn view again appears; for we've had enough of slaughter, and of blood that flows like water—what we've had should satisfy us for at least a million years. But the war must drag on further, with its endless useless horrors till the kaiser has been canned; till the kronprinz, smashed and gory, says he's had enough of glory, and the sword of wrath has fallen from the royal madman's hand. Then, when there's no longer tidings of the captain and his riders, and the pawing, neighing war-horse has to haul the farmer's plow, this old world will be alluring, with a peace that is enduring, this old world that is so weary and so horror ridden now.

Sadie Wiseman, 14 Dicks' Square, wins 2nd prize of \$15.00 for Stafford's Lucky Number Competition, No. 1557. (See advertisement.)—aug4,17

String sets of buttons on the wire when you put them away and you save a lot of time when you start to hunt in the button box.

The Gas Range!

The Gas Range means comfort for the housewife; shorter kitchen hours for her, and a cleaner kitchen. It is a great mistake to think that cooking with gas is expensive. Whenever a woman becomes used to gas for cooking, thoughts of a coal or wood stove fill her with gloom. A Gas range is so much easier to operate, so efficient for all kinds of cooking, and so much cleaner, that the idea of going back to the old style methods is decidedly unpleasant. Yet in winter many housewives think they must use a coal or wood stove, because there is no other way of heating the kitchen. THERE IS ANOTHER WAY AND IT IS FAR BETTER THAN THE OLD. THE GLOW GAS STEAM RADIATOR WAY. may23,17

Household Notes.

In these days of paper economy it is a good idea to let the children save the wrapping paper and make pads of it.

A flannel dipped in a little ammonia and rubbed on a white spot on polished furniture will remove the spot.

This is the time of year to clean up outside premises and sprinkle lime where it is most needed in damp places.

Every now and then shoes should be given a sun-and-air bath. A good idea is to have two pairs and wear them on alternate days.

"Griddle," to use on the oil stove, can be "home-made" of wire screening, and take less time to heat than the regulation solid iron griddle.

When lard is so expensive, oysters can be fried in just-enough lard to safely keep them from sticking. They

are just as nice as when fried in deep fat.

A mushy mixture of ammonia and salt will take white marks off the inside of dark coat collars, but it should be remembered that it is a dangerous mixture.

Little pigs-in-blankets are made of selected oysters, dried and rolled in thin blankets of bacon, pinned with wooden toothpicks and fried a delicate brown in deep fat.

Pimento cheese can be rolled into balls, just as you make butter balls, and if placed on the side of the salad they add color, and it is a convenient way of serving cheese.

Old, discolored cauliflowers need never be thrown away. Break them into small pieces and leave in salt water for twelve hours. Then pop them into a pickle-jar.

A shoulder of veal will make a delicious roast. It will then slice cold and the odds and ends that are left will make a very nice salad. If the quantity is not quite enough for a salad add celery and hard-boiled eggs.

Winners!

The four lucky numbers are: No. 601 winning 1st prize of \$30.00 No. 1557 winning 2nd prize of \$15.00 No. 1556 winning 3rd prize of \$10.00 No. 1886 winning 4th prize of \$5.00

The above numbers were drawn by J. Carran and E. M. Green.

We will be glad to have the persons holding these lucky numbers come to our Drug Store at Theatre Hill, or Duckworth Street and claim your prize.

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