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LADIES,—There is now ready, and awaiting your inspection, the charming and choice selection of

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We also carry a full line of Farm and Garden Implements, including PLOWS, RAKES, HOES, FORKS, SPADES, Etc.

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BLOUSES For Ladies.

Dainty Designs, Low Neck Effect, Perfect Fitting.

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SPECIAL WINDOW DISPLAY. SEE IT.

S. MILLEY.

Serious Accident.

ANNIE CHRISTOPHER, AGED FIVE YEARS, CUT DOWN BY A BICYCLE—BADLY INJURED ABOUT THE HEAD.

Last evening, a little five-year-old girl, had a narrow escape from being killed in the East End of the city, as a result of being run over by a bicycle. The victim is Annie Christopher. As it is she is in a serious condition at the home of her parents on Banerman Street. According to an eye-witness the child was playing on Gower Street, or less than fifty yards from her home, when she was cut down by a bicycle, the driver of which was a young man named Bergeau. The cycle was travelling fast at the time. That section of the thoroughfare, being inclined, extra power had to be applied to drive the machine along. The handle bar of the cycle struck the little girl on the right side of the head a heavy blow, throwing her violently to the ground and striking near her left eye where a bad cut was inflicted. With blood oozing from her head the child lay prone where she fell until picked up by Constable Snow and a civilian who took her home where she was attended by Dr. Cowperthwaite. The part of the patient's head that was first struck is badly battered and concussion of the brain is feared. Last night she vomited a great deal and suffered from shock. The young man who was riding the bicycle regrets the accident keenly, and immediately after the accident and ever since has particularly interested himself with regard to the victim.

Mr. Allen's Concert.

There was an encouraging and enthusiastic audience at the College Hall last night to listen to a refined programme under the direction of Mr. Allen consisting of unaccompanied singing by the Cathedral Choir, vocal solos by Miss Elsie Herder and Miss Margaret Mitchell, recitations by Miss Margaret Duley and Mr. T. H. O'Neill, and a small orchestra composed of Miss Alice Bradshaw, Miss Marie Devine, Mr. Frank Bradshaw, Mr. Stafford, Mr. Alex. News and Mr. Allen. The orchestra so delighted the audience with their "Solemn Melody" that an encore was demanded and gracefully given. The Choir rendered its part sweetly. Mr. Allen has lost several of his principal boys during the past year and consequently many of his boys now have only been in training a short while, but the freshness of their voices is always a delight and the fact that people remarked on the good solo work of one of the boys whereas three or four were actually singing speaks well of the unanimity which the Choirmaster has developed in their singing. Miss Herder was in good voice and gave fine renditions of Elgar's interesting "Sea Pictures," while her second song, "Sing, break into Song," was sung in a very happy manner and enthusiastically received by the audience. Miss Mitchell's songs, "For Music," "Bird, Say, Whither thy Flight," and "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal," were pleasingly given, and the charm of both Miss Herder and Miss Mitchell was their delightful unaffected platform appearance.

Miss Duley's "Highwayman" showed some technical ability with perhaps a slight indistinctness that detracted from a full enjoyment of her recitation. Mr. Tom O'Neill was "himself" all through, commanding presence, unaffected, and perfectly natural, and his two recitations were up to his usual standard. Mr. Allen should feel encouraged by the evident appreciation which crowned his efforts.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.—Yesterday afternoon the volunteers of the Reserve Force were given leave owing to the Armory being put in readiness for the C. L. B. sports. To-day enlisting and general recruiting has been resumed.

WILL LOAD COFFISH.—After the schooner Freedom has finished discharging her molasses cargo, she will load codfish for the Brazilian market.

most everybody in Canada uses



WINDSOR TABLE SALT

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM

The Germans

LOOK UPON YSER AS CERTAIN DEATH.

London, March 29.—An Amsterdam despatch to the Daily Chronicle says: "That terror of the Yser affects many German soldiers seems certain from accounts I have received of scenes and incidents in the far western corner of Belgium. In spite of all the frontier guards, there is still a deal of uncensored communication with Holland, and news occasionally reaches us from the heart of the German lines."

"From this it seems clear that large bodies of young and unseasoned men are never allowed to know the exact locality to which they are being sent. When they entrain it is never for the rail-heads nearest the Yser. Always it is for some destination, the name of which is not synonymous with certain death, for such is the reputation of the Yser front. A round-about train journey is arranged in order to delude the soldiers still further, if possible. According to their officers, the enemy in front of them is always more than half beaten and ready to run away at the approach of the Germans."

"Stories of the sufferings of the German soldiers are heard from all sides here. A young soldier, after many days in the trenches, crawls away to a lonely cottage, where he lies more dead than alive. The inmates lift him in and revive him, and driven by sheer agony, he breaks the rule of the army and takes off his boots and again faints and cannot be aroused. The cottagers, fearing punishment if the man is found thus under their roof, seek out an officer and reports the matter to him."

The officer visits the cottage and sees the exhausted soldier. The man has broken the rules. He has taken off his boots. His feet are swollen and almost shapeless. He is no longer of any use as a fighting machine so the officer shoots him dead as he lies in a fainting condition.

"It is by no means an uncommon thing in the German lines to see some soldiers, sometimes forty or fifty in a body, being marched to the front with their hands tied behind them. In the firing line they have the choice of shouldering rifles and entering the trenches or facing a firing party."

ON LAYING EGGS.

By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At Good Old Slivash." Laying eggs is the only talent which the hen possesses. The hen is not handsome and is one of the world's poorest singers. She has no education and produces the poorest grade of thoughts turned out by any brain, large or small. A hen hasn't even enough intelligence to vote a straight ticket at elections and goodness knows that needs less brain power than anything else on earth. She has just one talent—she lays the best eggs there are.

Many people with only one talent, sulk their lives away in gloom and decline to become useful to the human race. But the hen isn't built on this style. She uses her talent. Early and late, year in and out she lays eggs, putting all the fervor and enthusiasm of her being into the process. By so doing she has become one of our most valued citizens and is regarded with great affection, especially when fried with cream gravy.

Man screeches with pride because he builds half a million automobiles a year. But the modest hen with her one talent makes the automobile business look like a few rusty nickels. If the automobile were to disappear tomorrow man would mourn and become exceedingly footsore. But if the hen were to suspend the publication of 44 millimetre eggs and retire upon her reputation earth would hardly be worth living on. The annual value of the hen's work in the United States is greater than the value of the automobile, the hog or the hay crop.

This teaches us to appreciate our talent no matter how small it may be. Many a man with no ability except to make a very loud noise and keep it up for an hour at a time has run for seventeen different offices and has eventually orated himself into Congress by the vote of a weary people who couldn't get out of listening to him any other way.

The hen teaches us one more lesson. She reserves all her brags about her eggs until after they are laid. Man is not nearly this wise. He is forever flaunting up the combined output of 150 hens—for next year—and buying poultry farm based on over-confidence and a few errors in multiplication.

ROYAL Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



The Prudent Housewife Uses No Other



Contains No Alum

The Keeper of War Secrets.

Sir Stanley Buckmaster, the Censor-in-Chief.

One of the most fascinating but mysterious officials in London at the present moment is the Press Censor. In ordinary life he acts as Solicitor-General, and is a sound and clever lawyer, by name Sir Stanley Buckmaster. But in the stress of war, he has become the high priest and guardian of all the secrets of the great campaigns in Europe.

Surrounded by a trained corps of some fifty journalists and famous military officers, he sits enthroned in a venerable building in Whitehall, and woe betide any journalist or editor that offends him. He can press an electric button, or mutter a mysterious formula through the telephone, and hey, presto! the wicked scribe can be dragged off to the Tower of London under a corporal's guard of fixed bayonets, to languish in a dungeon for weary months, or be brought before a court-martial and shot in the cold and chilly dawn.

His Uncanny Powers.

Fearsome stories are whispered by journalists of his uncanny powers. One day a London journalist who sent news to the American Sunday papers, and tried to be unduly smart and communicative, found himself seized and thrown into durance vile. Another daring press potentate remonstrated with Lord Kitchener about the powers of this High Press Inquisitor. "What if we do make a trifling slip one day," he remarked, "we can always correct it the next."

"There will be no next!" returned Lord Kitchener grimly. "Within 24 hours you will be shot!" Sir Stanley Buckmaster knows all the perplexities and problems of the campaign. He knows all the moves in the great war game weeks and weeks ahead. He is not going to let the enemy know anything that can help him beat the Allies. Germany keeps a sharp look-out on the English newspapers, and if you read their official war news from Berlin, you will see they often quote fancy passages from the chief British organs of the press.

Why News is Censored.

Nowadays they can read the English news till they go green in the face with anxiety, disappointment and chagrin. They will get no cheap tips

Sat is fac tion



SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Ask your Grocer for Seal Brand to-day.

—Have this delicious coffee for breakfast to-morrow.

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL 134

from England as to how the war ought to be run.

It was not always so. In the days of the Egyptian campaigns and during the South African War the enemies got a lot of valuable news from the English papers because there was no Press Bureau or censor. And in that long struggle in the Philippines the American Army paid heavily for the refreshing candour and innocence, on the subject of the movement of troops, exhibited by the American press. No, Sir Stanley Buckmaster is taking no risks. He has said:

"In the exercise of the censorship everything possible is done to avoid any unnecessary inconvenience. Inconvenience and hindrance to some extent, however, are part of the national burden that must be borne. I have done everything in my power to prevent the censorship lying too heavily on any newspaper, and I am convinced that, on the whole, I have succeeded."

Journalists, as a class, certainly speak well of Sir Stanley Buckmaster. "You have got to recollect," explains one who haunts his offices, "that he saves us no end of blunders. If we publish an article with his authority we are always safe from prosecution. He is the one man in London, and the only man, who knows how far we dare go. Obviously the Government must trust some one, so they trust him. He knows all the news there is, but he knows more—he knows what can go into print."

He is not an old man in any sense. He was born in 1861, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. For five years he represented the City of Cambridge in Parliament, but when he was rejected by that constituency, in 1910, he shook the dust of that city off his feet for ever, and stood for the Keighley division of Yorkshire, for which he has been M. P. ever since. He loves fly-fishing, and belongs to the Fly-fishers' Club. He needs all the subtlety, patience and skill he has learned in the angler's elusive art in the more elusive duties he has now to perform as the Great Keeper of War Secrets. His friends twit him with a new peril, that if he is not careful he may become the most secretive man in England. Meanwhile, however, his blue pencil is plied busily on all the war news from the front.

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THE MILITANTS.

I wonder why the suffragettes, who lately made great Britain tremble, and at whose name pale London sweets, don't go where armored hosts assemble. In times of peace they dealt in bombs, and spoiled silk hats and blew up churches, but now, when sound the fife and drums, they sit in safety on their perches. Oh, how would Wilhelm's soldiers feel, if they should face long lines of sisters, all burning with their old time zeal, and yelling till their tongues had blisters? No, thinks they'd up and run like squirrels, before those votes-for-women sappers, for who could face that gang of girls who buffaloes the London peaciers? King George should sit them on the Turks, to blow them up and chase and gail them, for they, of sinful ways and works, deserve the worst that may befall them. But there'd be protest, I'm afraid, and talk of methods harsh, inhuman: "you're killing us with dum-dum maid you're using an explosive woman." But then the girls don't volunteer, so what the'd do is merely guessing: they're playing lila games this year, and still rolls on the war distressing.