

FEBRUARY SALE of WHITEWEAR at CLARKE BROS.

Of course the wideawake woman doesn't make her muslin underwear now. That would be sheer loss of time and waste of money. This Underwear Sale is filling these needs of women. It is doubtful indeed now, unless a woman is an artist with her needle, whether she could equal the beautiful needlework seen in these dainty garments. They are the results of not one expert's skill but of many.

Take any garment you see, run it over with an expert's eye, note the fine materials, the beautiful laces and embroideries and such splendid workmanship. What woman could take such pains in making these at home?

Just these few points to remind you that our stock is complete, which will enable you to fill your every need in Muslin Underwear better than we have ever done before.

Mail Orders All mail orders promptly filled by an experienced store shopper. You will get the same prompt, efficient service as though you were at our counters.

Free Delivery All orders amounting to \$5.00 or upwards will be sent Parcel Post, FREE.

NIGHT ROBES

- No. 100. Made of fine English Cambric. Pull over style. Ribbon and lace trimmed. Sale Price 50c
- No. 104. Made of English Long Cloth, high neck, ribbon and lace trimmed. Sale Price 90c
- No. 107. Made of fine English Long Cloth, pull over style, lace and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 69c
- No. 136. Made of Nainsook, pull over style, embroidery and lace trimmed. Sale Price 98c
- No. 111. V Neck, 3 rows tucks on yoke, hamburger and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 98c
- No. 150. Made of fine Nainsook, pull over style, empire style, lace, insertion and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price \$1.00
- No. 148. Pull over style, embroidery and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price \$1.00
- No. 188. Made of fine English Long Cloth, empire style, embroidery and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price \$1.25
- No. 191. Made of fine Nainsook, pull over style, embroidery and insertion trimmed. Sale Price \$1.25
- No. 200. Made of fine English Cambric, pull over style, empire style, embroidery, insertion and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price \$1.50
- No. 228. Made of fine English Cambric, pull over style, lace and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price \$1.75
- No. 257. Made of fine English Long Cloth, pull over style, embroidery and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price \$2.00
- No. 271. Made of fine English Cambric, real linen insertion and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price \$2.25
- No. 404. Made of fine English Long Cloth, extra large sizes, high neck, embroidery trimmed. Sale Price \$1.25
- No. 409. Same as above, pull over style, embroidery and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price \$1.40

Corset Covers

- No. 919. Made of English Long Cloth, lace and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 20c each
- No. 929. Made of fine English Cambric, lace, insertion and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 25c each
- No. 933. Made of fine Nainsook, lace insertion and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 29c each
- No. 943. Made of fine English Long Cloth, wide lace, insertion and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 37c each
- No. 962. Made of fine Nainsook, embroidery, lace and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 49c each
- No. 888 & 889. Same as above. Sale Price 49c each

CORSET COVERS, Continued

- No. 959. Made of fine English Long Cloth, lace, embroidery and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 50c each
- No. 971. Made of fine English Cambric, insertion, lace and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 50c each
- No. 986. Made of fine Nainsook, insertion, lace and ribbon trimmed. Sale Price 60c each

White Muslin Drawers

- Both styles, opened and closed are kept in stock:
- No. 450. Made of fine English Long Cloth, lace trimmed. Sale Price 25c per pair
 - No. 454. Made of English Long Cloth, 5 rows tucks, hamburger trimmed. Sale Price 29c per pair
 - No. 465. Made of fine Nainsook, 5 rows tucks, hamburger trimmed. Sale Price 45c per pair
 - Nos. 479-1137. Made of fine English Cambric, hem-stitched frill linen lace and insertion trimmed. Sale Price 50c per pair
 - Nos. 398 & 1072. Made of fine Nainsook, lace and embroidery trimmed. Sale Price 75c per pair
 - No. 112. Made of fine English Long Cloth, French bands, shaped hips, embroidery trimmed. Sale Price \$1.00 per pair
- Children's Drawers. Sizes two years to sixteen.
Made of fine English Long Cloth, hamburger trimmed. Sale Price 25c and 35c per pair

White Muslin Underskirts

- No. 751. Made of English Long Cloth, eight inch frill, 5 rows tucks, lace trimmed. Sale Price 50c each
- No. 764. Made of fine English Cambric, nine inch frill, drop skirt, hamburger trimmed. Sale Price 75c each
- No. 779. Made of fine Long Cloth, fourteen inch frill, drop skirt, hamburger trimmed. Sale Price \$1.00 each
- No. 100. Made of fine Long Cloth, hamburger trimmed. Sale Price \$1.25 each
- No. 820. Made of fine English Long Cloth, eleven inch frill insertion and hamburger trimmed. Sale Price \$1.50 each
- No. 102. Made of fine English Long Cloth, hamburger and lace trimmed. Sale Price \$1.75 each
- No. 103. Made of fine Egyptian Long Cloth, hamburger trimmed. Sale Price \$2.00 each

FINAL WORD

No occasion to send away for a single garment. First, because we guarantee the materials our garments are made of; secondly, because we meet competition; thirdly, because you can examine the garments before you purchase.

Close buying connections with the leading manufacturers enable us to meet every possible need and give prompt service.

Soliciting your Whitewear Orders,

We remain, yours very truly

CLARKE BROS.

Bear River, N. S. January 26th, 1916

"NO, TOMMY, YOU FIRST"

That was as fine a scene as battle line ever saw, when the hospital ship *Anglia*, freighted with wounded soldiers, was swiftly sinking in the English Channel, and the brave nursing sisters, instead of seeking their own safety, helped the sick and crippled soldiers to get into life belts. They refused life belts themselves; "Fighting men first!" When one of the wounded men, who had crawled out of bed and gone on deck in his pyjamas, and who tried to push one of the nurses into rescuing a boat alongside—with face white as death, but firm and set, she said to him, "No, Tommy, you must go first."

She could "only nurse." He might recover and go again to the battle front to do a further bit for King and Country. This was reason enough

for that heroic soul to give the fighting man the chance of life, while she, with a whole band of her like-minded sisters, went calmly down to death.

To find this record of heroism in the columns of a daily paper, and in another column of the same paper the story of the incredible profits of some of our Canadian firms on war contracts, makes the blood boil. A half million profit monthly, making at the rate of 26 per cent. on the company's entire capitalization; 40 per cent. earnings; 50 per cent. profit; on 100,000 18-pound shrapnel shells at \$3.80 each and a total of \$380,000, a profit of \$200,000; these are some of the figures. "Feet in the trough," is not too strong a description of the greed which is thus shamelessly fattening on Britain's and the Empire's distress.

The self-sacrificing nurse and the greedy war contractor are the opposite poles. It is because the spirit of the former, and not the spirit of the latter prevails throughout our land—and throughout the Empire, that we are optimistic as to the outcome of the war and the future of the nation.—East and West.

There are twenty miles of trenches to every line of front, so that between Switzerland and the North Sea the British and French armies have at least 10,000 miles of trenches to guard, and keep in order.

The Germans have re-opened coal mines in Syria that had lain idle since the time of the Romans.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Bear River

February 14

Mrs. A. H. Wade left for Halifax on Monday, 14th.

We are sorry to report Mrs. George Croscup seriously ill.

Mr. E. W. Dyer is spending a few weeks at Litchfield.

Mr. C. W. Phinney had the misfortune to fall and injure his knee.

Mr. Vernon Jones of Halifax is spending a few days with his mother.

Pte. John Nichol and Fred Purdy of the R. C. R., Halifax, are home on a short furlough.

Mrs. Roope, accompanied by Mrs. A. H. Wade, made a short visit to Yarmouth last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Veno are receiving congratulations on the birth of twins, a boy and a girl.

Miss Margaret Beeler, Miss Emma Morine and Mr. Reginald Beeler, left for Portland, Maine, on Monday.

Rev. A. W. L. Smith of River John, who supplied the Episcopal pulpit on Wednesday evening, visited Oakdene School on Friday morning.

HILLSBURN

February 7

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Raynor spent Sunday at Litchfield.

Sorry to report Mr. Fred Kaye confined to the house with measles.

Some of the men are very busy getting ready for the lobster fishing.

Miss E. H. Fox spent the week-end with her parents, at Granville Ferry.

Pte. Ralph Clayton of the 112th Battalion called on friends here on Sunday.

Mr. LeBaron Troop of Granville Centre called on friends here on Saturday.

Mr. Bernard Longmire returned from a shot business trip to Digby on Saturday.

Misses Watson and Everett of Litchfield called on Mrs. Harry Longmire on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Longmire entertained the young people on Thursday evening.

Mr. Hiram Young left on Friday for Digby where he will join the schooner A. J. Lutz.

Capt. A. H. Longmire and crew of the fishing schooner *Albert J. Lutz* spent a few days at their home here last week.

Mr. W. S. Sanders of Halifax called at the home of Capt. A. W. Longmire on Saturday enroute for Young's Cove.

PRINCE DALE

February 14

Mr. Harry Milner spent Monday in Annapolis.

Mrs. Albert Fraser entertained the Red Cross on Friday evening.

Mrs. Zenas Sanford spent a few days recently at Clementsport.

Mr. Albert Dunn who is employed at Bear River spent Sunday at his home.

Mrs. Forest Connel of Bridgetown is visiting her father, Mr. Charles Fraser.

Mr. John Larmont of Bear River spent the week-end with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fraser.

Miss Minerva Hudgins returned Tuesday from a visit at her home in Weston, N. S.

Miss Amy Peener returned to Clementsport on Tuesday after spending a few weeks at her home here.

ST. CROIX COVE

February 14

Pte. Ira Brinton is ill at the Bevan Military Hospital at Sandgate, England.

Mr. Loring Beardsley, Port Lorne, was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Beardsley.

Miss Eva and Marguerite Marshall have been suffering an attack of tonsillitis the past week. Dr. Morse was in attendance Tuesday.

A number of the juveniles of this place spent Saturday afternoon and evening very pleasantly at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Poole, the occasion being a birthday surprise party for their daughter Susie.

MORGANVILLE

February 12

Mrs. Ruben Alcorn and Mrs. Edward Balcom visited friends at Morganville.

Preaching service at Morganville Baptist Church on Sunday, Feb. 20, at 3 p. m.

Mrs. Norman Baker of Middleton was the guest of Mrs. George Morgan for the past week.

Mrs. I. M. Phinney wishes to thank the neighbours and friends for their kindness during her baby's illness. The little one is slowly recovering.

INCIDENTS OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

(By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt in "Our Dumb Animals")

For a period extending over half a century, I have practically been a daily student of animal life, and my studies have by no means been confined to any particular group of forms or to those of any special country; for from animalcule to man, I have taken into consideration the representatives of nearly every known class.

In early life, my instructors and my text books pretty thoroughly fixed the belief in my mind that, in the case of all animals below man, their every action, their behaviour—indeed all that they did, resulted from the operation of a blind instinct, which was the physiological and mental force responsible for all their movements, whatever its nature might be. I was taught that the affection which animals exhibited for their young was merely due to this blind instinct; and although in a way akin to the same emotion in man, it is not the same for the reason that man, of all created beings, alone was endowed with immortality. Hence, when a dog was seen to rush frantically into a burning barn, at the risk of her life, and bring out in her mouth, one at a time, her five puppies helplessly asleep up in the haymow, it was said that the animal was inspired to do so by some powerful instinct "that almost amounted to reason." Many there were who lived during the middle of the last century, in the old-fashioned puritanical towns in various parts of the country, who dared not hold any other opinion, much less express a contrary one.

However, as time went on, and I read of and observed all kinds of animals, under all sorts of conditions I began very seriously to believe that the seers were out of their reckoning in the premises, and that the so-called "instinct" of animals below man was nothing more or less than precisely the same reason that controlled man in all of his actions of every conceivable description.

When I read of a ruffled grouse—or pheasant as they are called in the south—being surprised in the woods by a hunter, at a time when she had but one chick to look after out of a probable brood of a dozen, eleven having been destroyed in some way or another, and that the bird, instead of playing the old wounded-trick, to distract the attention of the intruder while her chicks scattered to hide as best they could in the vicinity—when, as I say, I read that this bird, instead of resorting to this time-honored deception of all our game-birds, picks her sole chick in her bill and flies off with it at top speed, I say that the bird was doing precisely what any woman, with only one child to defend, would do under similar circumstances, and that the behaviour of both was the result of the same mental process—call it instinct if you will. There are, too, thousands of instances on record where ferine as domestic animals have behaved far more reasonably under trying conditions of various kinds than men or women would have under the same circumstances.

Many years ago, I reared from the nest one of our ruby-throated humming birds, and as it grew it became so tame that I never thought of confining it in any way whatever. It slept at night on top of the window curtains, the window being open during all fair weather after spring set in. This little pet was an extremely interesting one and very fond of me. The moment I came into the room, he flew from his perch and buzzed about my head, begging for his ration of sugar and water, which he took from a little cup in my hand. He would also thrust his bill between my lips when he observed that I had put a few drops into my mouth for him. As he attained his full growth, he would fly out of the window, sometimes being gone for an hour or more; but he always returned to my room to pass the night in his old, accustomed place.

One day during the summer, much to my surprise he flew into the room with a beautiful, full grown companion of his own species—we have only one species in the East out of the eighteen known to occur in the United States. After some of the most amusing attempts I ever witnessed, he finally induced the stranger to alight with him on the brim of the little cup on the mantel containing his sugared water and take a few sips with him. The next day the stranger again returned with him, and my little pet seemed to rejoice in the companionship. It was too much for him at last; and as October drew on, he one day exhibited very considerable excitement as I entered the room. He flew round and around me; lit on my shoulder; flew out of the window, only to return to repeat his demonstrations. Poor little fellow! He could not speak, nor tell me what was in his mind. Finally, off he flew, and next day I realized what it was all about, for no little hummer was to be seen, perching on the corner of the curtain above my window. I have had these little birds as pets several

If you can make good bread from some flours, you can make better bread from

PURITY FLOUR

and more loaves to the barrel too. Buy it and see for yourself.



More Bread and Better Bread

times in my life, but this one was my favourite. Then, too, I have photographed them many times.

One would not look for much intelligence in a turtle, and what I am about to relate in regard to a pet wood tortoise (*Chelopus insculptus*) I had while living in an apartment house in New York City, several years ago, will surely be a surprise to many of the readers of *Our Dumb Animals*. The postman who brought me my mail was something of an amateur naturalist, and when he came in from his suburban deliveries, he frequently brought me butterflies, turtles, lizards and so on, which he had found in the country. One day he had a male and a female wood tortoise in his bag and duly turned them over to me. My wife christened them "Darby and Joan," but they by no means lived happily together.

At first, Darby pressed his courtship to the limit; but as his advances were very coolly received on the part of the unresponsive Joan, his love turned to hate, and he treated her most cruelly. Finally he inflicted such bites upon her that she died one night from the blood she had lost. He was very selfish, too, often deserting his pile of fresh strawberries on the floor on one side of the room, and walking over to where she was eating hers, he would drive her away from them and start in to eat them himself—until I taught him better manners. After Joan's death, however, Darby became very lonesome. He was fully eighty years old when I had him—and I kept him for several years—and he came to know every nook and cranny in my rooms. Frequently, when he felt particularly affectionate, he would come and rest on one of my feet as I sat writing at my study table, possibly working away on some paper on turtles.

His eyesight was excellent; and sometimes, when I'd offer him a strawberry from across the room, he would come directly after it and stand by me on three legs while begging hard for the berry by lifting the fourth up and down. If not served at once, he would walk around in a circle, a yard or so in diameter, with the hope of attracting my attention, or of remonstrating how hungry and impatient he was. He would also beg for food while we were at the table, coming over to my chair, and waving his foot at me in the way just described. He knew every member of the family—and especially the maid who was very fond of him.

Finally the time came when I was compelled to part with him; but I was afraid to give him his freedom in the nearby country, for I felt sure he would fall into hands where he would suffer. Boys, especially, are often very cruel to the tortoises they find in the woods; therefore I decided to put him in some fine zoological garden, where he would be carefully looked out for and regularly fed, and where he could enjoy surroundings as good as his native haunts. With this in mind, I presented him to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, where large and commodious quarters are kept for all such creatures. For all I know to the contrary, Darby is comfortably passing his life there—the great war notwithstanding.

The Paris newspapers publish further excerpts from the interview last week of David Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, with the London correspondent of the *Milan Secolo* in which the minister was quoted as saying that the Allies are only just beginning and that they are gaining now, while Germany is weakening. "We have at present 3,000,000 men under arms," said Mr. Lloyd George, according to the interviewer, and by spring we shall have 4,000,000 soldiers, solid, fit and well equipped."

The world's production of tea last year totaled 802,000,000 pounds, a gain of nearly 50,000,000 pounds from the year before, India yielding the largest amount.

Toronto school children have contributed over \$15,000 to the Patriotic Fund.

ASSISTANCE RENDERED BY THE DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

To Associations in the Purchase of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, or Swine for Breeding Purposes

Owing to the heavy drain upon the live stock of the various warring countries of Europe, they have been forced to go abroad for supplies. The longer the war lasts the greater will be this demand. Moreover, when peace is restored, these countries will require large numbers of the various classes of animals to replenish their studs, herds and flocks. It should be born in mind, however, that the buyers, who come to this country after the war, will require better animals than they have bought during war time, as they will be used largely for breeding purposes.

With this end in view, the best of the females and particularly the young stock should be kept for breeding purposes. Breeders should not fail to raise all the live stock possible at this time, in order that the country may be able to supply a large number of the animals that are certain to be needed by the warring countries. At present, however, there is an unequal distribution of live stock in the country. In certain sections there is a heavy surplus, with a corresponding scarcity in other parts. During the past year hundreds of young cattle from our Prairie Provinces have gone to the United States as stockers and feeders. These should have been kept at home, particularly the females. Sections of the West are reported as being in need of good draft horses, particularly draft mares; while, in sections of Ontario, there is an over supply of this particular class.

In order to remedy these conditions, the Minister of Agriculture, through the Live Stock Branch, has decided to grant liberal aid to breeders who wish to secure good breeding stock. The conditions under which aid will be given are as follows:

In the event of a number of farmers in any district of Canada wishing to co-operate for the purchase of breeding stock in carload lots from some distant section of the country, the Department will pay the travelling expenses of their duly appointed representatives during the time required to effect the purchase and transport the shipment to its destination.

Should it be desired the Live Stock Commissioner will nominate a suitable person who will be directed to assist him as far as possible in buying and shipping the animals. Persons wishing to take advantage of this offer should make full arrangement with the Live Stock Commissioner as to place and time of purchase before sending out their representative.

A DOG OF FRANCE

We vouch for the following, for as we write, the letter lies before us received from a friend who knows and has seen both the dog and the master and sends the photograph. This soldier, French Zouave, named Jacquemin, with his comrades was suddenly buried beneath a mass of wreckage as the result of an explosion due to the enemy's sapping under them. His comrades were nearly all blown to atoms. When he came to he saw a little sky over his head and discovered that his dog, Fend-l'Air, was scratching away the earth above him. As soon as the dog saw him move he rushed away barking and brought help to the almost dead master. Badly wounded, one leg gone, and with little more than a fighting chance for life, Jacquemin found himself in a Paris hospital.

The dog, detained at the station, for fear the doctors would not allow him at the hospital, refused to eat, and showed such signs of grief that he was finally sent for and admitted to the hospital. He manifested the wildest joy at being again restored to his master, Fend-l'Air has received several medals for his wonderful fidelity and the government allows him a ration like a soldier.

—F. H. R. in *Dumb Animals*.