

YOUNG FOLKS

Francie's Queer Ride.
"You may take Francie up on Steep Hill with you," mother said, "but you mustn't forget her in your play. Elsa. She is very little and I count on you to care for her."
Elsa blushed. She remembered, and she knew that mother remembered many times when Francie had been forgotten. She took hold of the little, eager hand. "I'll keep her in mind every single minute, this time," she promised.
So off to Steep Hill they went. Elsa in a big hurry because great plans were afoot, Francie running to keep up with her sister's quick walk. Francie was a part of the plan, but she did not know it; she knew only that it was lovely to be going up on the hill with Elsa and Sally and Rob. She made up her small mind that she would try to be as much like a big girl as possible, so that they would always let her go.

At the top of the hill Rob and Sally were waiting. "The horses are ready," Rob cried, "and I see you have the colt!" He led the way to a little clump of trees at the very top of the hill. "Yes, the horses are still standing," he said. "Elsa, here's yours, and there are mine and Sally's." He pointed as he spoke, and Francie looked hard. She could see a few slim little trees, but no horses and no colt, and her eyes grew big with wonder.

They grew still bigger when she saw Rob catch a sapling by one of its branches and bend it nearly to the ground. "Here, Elsa," he said, "I'll help you on." Elsa took her seat on the bent-end of the little tree and caught hold of two little branches, to use as reins. Then Rob let go and the tree sprang high. Elsa bent forward and came down, then rose again, shouting and laughing. It was wonderful! In a moment more, Sally and Rob were doing the same thing on other trees. Then Francie knew what they meant.

"My horse!" she cried. "Where is my horse?"
The riders looked down. "Oh, we forgot!" Rob said. "Francie is the colt, you know. Run round, colt, and kick up and jump." Then they went on riding like the wind.

Francie did not want to be a colt. A big lump rose in her throat. "But I must not cry," she thought, and began to run round among the saplings. She did not know exactly how a colt ought to act, and by and by she stopped and held up her hands.

"Why, the poor little thing!" said Sally. "Elsa, you have the willingest horse; take her up behind you."
So in a minute more Elsa had stopped her fiery horse and was holding its head while Francie scrambled on. The horse reared a good deal, but Francie had got well into the saddle, all smiles, and was holding tight, when suddenly Elsa spied a four-leaf clover.

"That makes five this week!" she cried, and made a sudden reach for it that caused her to drop the reins. The sapling horse reared again, higher and more swiftly than anyone had ever seen him rear before, and he did not come down. Francie gave a little shriek, for she found herself well up in the air, clinging to the slender tree with all her might.

"Oh! oh!" cried Sally. "Look what you've done, Elsa Ball!"
Elsa was already looking, and wringing her hands as she looked. "How did it happen?" she cried. But she remembered very soon.

"Keep still, Francie!" Rob called, getting quickly off his own horse. "Don't move an inch!"
Francie kept very still and very quiet. She did not cry even when Rob decided that he had better not try to get her down himself, for the slightest jolt might make her fall. "I'll run for Uncle Phil," he said.

But Elsa caught hold of him. "No, I'll go myself," she said. "You're stronger than I am; you stay here to catch her if she falls."
So she ran as fast as her feet would carry her, through thorns and brambles without end, on a short cut to Uncle Phil's. When she found him, and they came hurrying back, Francie was still holding on.

"What a brave girl to be sure!" said big, tall Uncle Phil, as he stood on a log and lifted her down in his long arms. Francie laughed, and Rob and Sally clapped their hands, but Elsa hung her head.

"Poor legs!" Francie said, pointing to the scratches the briars had made on Elsa's legs.
"Don't pity them," said Elsa, seizing her. "They ought to hurt."
Uncle Phil bent the tree horse down again and swung Francie into the saddle. Then he stood beside her with one hand on the horse's back, and she had a beautiful ride. She rode until her cheeks were pink again and her eyes shining.

"I'll never forget her again," Elsa was thinking.
And Francie whispered into the tree horse's green ear, "I'm so glad I didn't cry!"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Rough on Him.
Sapleigh—I've just bought a blank book to write my thoughts in.
Miss Keen—It will remain blank if you use it only for that purpose.

* Joys of solitude have nothing in common with a lone dollar bill.

WEAR FLEET FOOT SHOES

for every SPORT and RECREATION
Worn by every member of the family



SOLD BY ALL GOOD SHOE DEALERS

NEWS FROM ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The Great Northern Railway Company have withdrawn all dining and restaurant cars on their trains.
The Great Northern station at Holloway, which was closed to the public last September, has now been pulled down.

Eight cases of smallpox have been notified in the Manchester and Salford districts, two of which have proved fatal.

There have been issued in Bradford 443,280 free train tickets to soldiers and Belgians in the last twelve months.

Mrs. Mary Bucknill, who was congratulated by the King on her 100th birthday a month ago, has just died at Braunston, Northamptonshire.

Captain Frederick Warden, who did fine work in the Indian Mutiny, being known as "Warden of Calcutta," has died at Bath, at the age of eighty.

Mr. Alfred Jeff, who has died at Bedford Hospital at the age of 90 years, registered 30,000 births and 21,000 deaths during the 60 years he served as registrar.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein opened a Y.M.C.A. hut presented by Luton, costing \$10,000, at Folkestone. The Archbishop of Canterbury dedicated the hut.

A scheme suggested by the Board of Trade for the training of women in horticultural work has been considered by the Parks and Small Holdings Committee of the I. C. C.

Mr. Wm. Savage, who retired two years ago from the position of chief assistant to Liverpool magistrate's clerk after nearly 52 years' service, has now returned to his old post.

Lady Viola Gore was fined \$25 at Southampton under the Altru Restriction Act for failing to notify the presence in a prohibited area of her Swiss maid. The maid was fined \$10.

A South Lincolnshire farmer, Mr. George Cauhwell, of St. Lambert's Hall, Weston, who has extensive lands, is now employing over sixty women, and purposes shortly to engage many more.

Mr. Frederick Blaker has died in his ninety-fourth year at Worthing. He was in business in the town for seventy-five years, and was a director in the local gas company for thirty-nine years.

Mr. Arthur Du Cros, M.P., has promised \$35,000 to the Extension Fund of the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women, thus completing the \$150,000 for which an appeal was made.

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The Marchioness of Exeter, whose husband is at present on one of the fighting fronts with his battery, has been appointed chairman of the County Committee of the Soke of Peterborough, which is to organize women labor on farms.

As a band of the Bedfordshire Regiment was playing a number of recruits to the station at Bedford, two horses, attached to a military transport wagon, ran away and crashed into a crowd of people. One woman was killed and nine other people seriously injured.

Large numbers of girls and young women at present employed in machinery works in Manchester, Salford, Ashton and other parts of Central and East Lancashire, will be drafted to Woolwich in the next few weeks to take the place of single young men who have been employed in Government work.

Sergeant Costall, of the Bedford Regiment, who was rendered totally deaf by a high explosive shell at the front three months ago has recovered his hearing through the sudden shock of falling down stairs at Saffron Walden Red Cross Hospital.

James Logue, an Indian Mutiny veteran who joined the 34th Border Regiment as a drummer boy and served under Sir Henry Havelock, has just died at Portmadoc. He was at Cawnpore, Delhi and Lucknow.

Companies of the new corps will be trained in squad drill without arms and in the use of the various forms of tools used in field engineering. The privates will be equipped as infantry, except that they will not be armed or trained with arms of any description.

Pay will be that of infantry of the line, but the men enrolled in the new corps will not be entitled to draw working pay, nor the proficiency pay given to others for professional skill in arms. Officers and men transferred to this corps from other regiments will receive infantry pay, together with proficiency and service pay.

Sawdust By-Products.
Neglect to Utilize It Involves Tremendous Waste.

Few persons have ever given much thought to the sawdust problem. And yet—

Experts of the New York State College of Forestry estimate that 11 per cent. of the lumber cut in the United States every year is wasted in the form of sawdust. That is to say, in sawing the lumber, 11,000,000 feet of perfectly good timber is ground up and left to rot.

Of course, it's impossible to saw up logs without making sawdust. But lumbermen are just beginning to appreciate the fact that there is value in this by-product, and that neglect to utilize it involves tremendous and unjustifiable waste.

A little of the sawdust is used in the form of "wood flour," in making stucco, molding, etc. There is opportunity for the development of big industries along these and similar lines. Vast quantities of the wasted sawdust might be used for the manufacture of wood alcohol. Many kinds of sawdust could be used, too, for paper pulp. All such adaptations of this supposedly worthless material not only serve to create wealth directly, but help to conserve our timber supply.

Future generations may find sawdust heaps more profitable than gold mines.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

Not long ago a gentleman who had been living fairly well and was thought well of, suddenly died. As was natural, one of the first things after his death, was the straightening up of his estate, and when matters were looked over and an inventory taken of what he was supposed to be possessed of, it was found that he would take almost every available cent to pay the outstanding obligations which he had contracted, with a result that his family would be turned out upon the street.

It was heartrending to see them endeavoring to retain some articles of furniture most dear to them. It looked as though the house which they had been accustomed to live in would have to go, but in packing up and rummaging through some of the furniture what was their relief when they came across a policy for \$5,000.00 which the late husband had been carrying unknown to his family in the Crown Life Insurance Company of Toronto.

Notice of the death was sent the Company and a cheque was promptly issued.

The mortgage was paid off, the furniture was safe and there was a considerable amount left over for present needs.

This is an object lesson which should appeal to every one of us and one and all can make the same provision for the family by insuring in the Crown Life.

PARIS MARKETS DWINDLE.

Few Flowers Sold—Ham and Old Iron Fair Has Strange Features.

The Paris flower markets have dwindled a good deal since the war, and some no longer exist, but the flower shops are not doing badly. The lily of the valley is now most in favor. It is the lucky flower, and on May 1, if a young man sent a bunch of it, the lady she felt she stood a chance of missing a little sorrow. But it is also a very profitable flower, and in the woods not far from Paris where it grows in abundance children and women gather it and tie it into bunches to send up to the Paris market.

That Knocking.
Miss Pickles—Too bad, I couldn't see you when you called, but I was just having my hair washed.
Miss Dill—And it hadn't been returned, eh?

If you want money go to strangers; if you want advice go to friends; if you want nothing go to relations.

BRIGGS' FLY MATS
PRICE 5¢

ARE CLEAN NO STICKINESS
ALL DEALERS G.C. Briggs & Sons HAMILTON

TO ENROL THEM IN NON-COMBATANT ENGINEERING CORPS.

The British Government has found a place in the army for the conscientious objectors, men called up for service under the Derby recruiting scheme who had conscientious scruples against fighting and who were excused from enlisting. There were thousands of such and to give them a chance to serve their country, although at the same time cater to their little vanity against bearing arms, the War Office announced the formation, for the period of the war, of the "Noncombatant Corps."

The officers and noncommissioned officers will be selected from regular infantry personnel not fit for general service, but fit for service abroad on lines of communication.

Companies of the new corps will be trained in squad drill without arms and in the use of the various forms of tools used in field engineering. The privates will be equipped as infantry, except that they will not be armed or trained with arms of any description.

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A Blessed Boon to Busy Brides—easily and quickly prepared—full of strength-giving nutriment—the cleanest, purest, cereal food in the world, Shredded Wheat with Strawberries.

A combination that is a perfect, complete meal. You don't know the greatest of palate joys if you have not eaten it. For breakfast, luncheon or any meal.



Made in Canada.

sets, not for a few pennies, but for a considerable number of francs.

The Ham Fair, which is joined to the Old Iron Fair, is also a typical Paris market, and this year was marked by many strange features. The sale of sausages, for which it is noted, was ostentatiously free from anything suggestive of German production, and one noisy war stood by his stall in a fantastic costume and called attention to the notice over his head which ran: "Taisez-vous, mellez-vous, les produits ennemis nous degoutent."

The turning of M. Millerand's famous warning to talkative people in public places to suit his purpose pleased the hum merchant and his customers enormously.

The old iron and the curio mongers also did a fair trade this spring. Although the foreign artists who generally throng there to find studies and valuables were noticeably few, several soldiers on leave stood guard over motley collections of rubbish.

No Connection.

The Canadian Branch of the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild wish to disclaim any connection with a chain-letter which is being circulated in the name of the Guild by the New York Branch. Though responsibility in no way touches the Canadian Branch, the ladies here regret that such a method of obtaining money for the Queen's Guild has been resorted to, and that it has got into this country, as the chain-letter system has long since been condemned and fallen into disfavor.

IMAGE A PEACE BAROMETER.

French Expert Figure's Fall to Mark End of War.

High overhead above the ruined and desolate streets of Albert, in France, the great gilded figure of Virgin with the infant Christ still hangs from the tower of the Church of Notre Dame de Brebieres. For more than a year she has hung thus, at an angle of some fifteen degrees below the horizontal, face downward to the street below, holding the infant out above her head.

In local French belief the day when the holy figures fall will see the end of the war. The German shell which throws down the Blessed Virgin of Brebieres will shatter the throne of the Hohenzollerns, it is maintained.

During the last week of two the immediate region of Albert has been one of the most active on the whole front. From the neighborhood of Fricourt, by La Boisselle, to Authuille and beyond there have been almost nightly raids and blowing up of mines.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Beginning at the Beginning
Bridgework—Now that we are married, darling, we must have no more secrets from each other.

Bride—Then tell me truly, Jack, how much did you really