YOUNG FOLKS

The Sky Chichen.

This story tells how a fluffy little yellow chicken became a member of a flock of white chickens, and how it got the strange name that it is still known by after a whole summer has passed.

One day in early May Lester Wood and his sister Rose went out to feed Lady Redwing and her family of ten little chickens. Lady Redwing was dusting herself in the middle of the highway,—a thing Rose had often warned her that it was very unsafe to do, on account of the automobiles,—and when she saw the children coming, she called loudly to the ten white chickens, and all of them came hurrying into the yard. Suddenly Lady Redwing stopped and acted very queerly. She fluttered round with her wings outstretched, uttering strange cries and looking up into the sky.

Lester and Rose could not understand what she meant, but the ten white chicken were quick enough to understand. They knew that it meant danger, and they darted to Lady Redwing's side and gathered under her wings.

Then Lester understood.

"It's a hawk, Rose! Look! Look!" he cried, pointing upward.

Rose looked, and saw a large bird with a hooked beak just above them.

"Go away!" she screamed. "You shall not have our chicken!"

Lester shouted, too, and waved his hat; and the hawk, which had swooped very close to the ground, suddenly changed its flight, with a great fluttering, and mounted upward again.

As the hawk, rose, something fell to the ground close beside the children, but in their excitement they did not notice what it was.

Lady Redwing was as quick to know that the danger was over as she had been to see it coming in the first place, and before the hawk was out of sight she was cheerfully clucking to her family, and they were all eagerly waiting for the dinner that the children had brought.

Scarcely had Lester begun to feed them when he exclaimed. "Why, I thought that all of Lady Redwing's chickens were white!"

"Of course they are!" said Rose, and then she exclaimed, "But there is a yellow one!"

"And there are eleven instead of ten!" said Lester, more and more excited. "Where did that new one come from?"

Sure enough, where could the little yellow chicken have come from? There were no other flocks of chickens on the place, and the nearest neighbor lived a quarter of a mile away. The children looked hard to make sure that their eyes were not playing tricks on them, and they thought and thought.

"I know!" Rose said at last. "The hawk brought it! Don't you remember that we saw something fall?"

Of course Lester remembered then, but it was not easy to believe that a little chicken, caught up by a hawk and carried far through the air, could be as sound and happy as that little yellow fellow appeared to be.

Just then Mr. Wood came from the field, and when he heard the story he said, "No doubt Rose is right. The hawk was not satisfied with one chicken and tried to get another. You frightened it so that it dropped the one it already had. It was too greedy, you see."

And that is the way the little yellow chicken—they called it the Sky Chicken from that day—joined Lady Redwing's family. It had suffered no harm from the talons of the hawk, although the journey must have been a long one, for Lester and Rose could never find our where it had belonged' Lady Redwing always treated it as one of her own brood. Perhaps she never knew that she had an extra member in her family, although even if a hen cannot count she really ought to know a yellow chicken from a white one.

And now that the Sky Chicken has grown to be a handsome young rooster with a very red comb and a strong voice, Rose says, "I thing the Sky Chicken puts on airs because he has flown so much higher than any other chicken in the whole town!"—The Youth's Companion.

Misdemeanor.

For several days Mandy, the faithful cook, failed to put in an appearance. Her mistress made anxious inquiries and found to her dismay that Mandy had been arrested. She hastened down to the court house to see what could be done.

"Why, Mandy!" she exclaimed, "what in the world have you been doing to get arrested?"

"Ah ain't been doin' nothin' 'tall, Mis' Anna," was the indignant reply. "All dis heah fuss is bout a lady named Miss Demeanor, and Ah ain't nevah even heahed of her befo'!"

Rise and Fall.

Officer (as company is temporarily about to vacate trench which has been reported mined)—You two will remain here, and if there is an explosion you will blow a whistle. You understand?

Private Spuds—Yes, sorr! Will we blow it going up or coming down, sorr?"

The only man who never misses his mark is the man who never shoots.

"The Perfect Day" is the day when you work in harmony with law. Health comes from Harmony. Get in harmony with Nature's laws by eating Shredded Wheat, a simple, natural, elemental food which supplies the greatest nutriment with the least tax upon the digestion. Try it for breakfast with hot milk or cream. Delicious with sliced bananas or other fruit. Made in Canada.

BETWEEN THE TRENCHES.

French Ceasing Firing to Allow Germans to Rescue Comrades.

Sapping deeper, the French engineers had countermined their foes, and very early in the morning, with a thunderous explosion, they blew up the German position. Many Germans were killed, but some escaped and ran for their nearest trench. The French leaped their embankment and dashed forward to occupy the crater that the explosion had made; but the enemy's fire drove them back. So, now, French and Germans faced one another not thirty yards apart, with the demolished trench between them, neither army able to occupy it.

None dare show his head above the trench, for sharpshooters watched with keen eyes and ready rifles from the opposite positions. A great silence reigned, broken only by the agonizing cries of the wounded who were unable to crawl back to their lines.

Gradually the cries of these unfortunates ceased, all except one, whose piteous wails filled the air: "Hilfe! Hilfe! Um Gottes willen!" he repeated over and over again. But none dare go to him.

The hot sun shone down mercilessly upon the half-buried, suffering man. He was severely wounded and pinioned beneath the fallen timbers of the trench. It appeared he must die a slow and agonizing death, with help so near, yet so far; with power so close to him, yet so impotent.

"Help! Help! For God's sake, help me!" he kept groaning.

His voice became weaker and weaker.

"Water! Water—oh, give me water!" he moaned. But none dared to help him.

Suddenly, with utter disregard of the danger, a tall, slim, young French captain leaped to the top of his trench. A shot sang past him instantly, but he fearlessly held aloft his hand to command attention. Then he shouted to the imprisoned German, "Tell your comrades to come and fetch you! We will not fire. We give our word." He jumped down inside again.

The wounded man heard. Summoning his last remaining strength he raised his voice and cried the message aloud to his comrades.

There was a short conference inside the German trench. Then four tall soldiers in the uniform of the Prussian Guard climbed over their parapet and advanced boldly into the open, carrying a stretcher. They faced a hundred rifle barrels, but there was no shot. The word of honor had been passed, and men were acting as human beings, saving instead of destroying.

Quickly the Germans reached their comrade. A heavy beam of the demolished trench had fallen upon him and crushed both legs. Working with a will, they soon had him released, and, placing him on the stretcher, they bore him away to the safety of their trench.

A moment later some sixty Prussian helmets were hoisted enthusiastically on rifles above the trench, and in a mighty chorus there came the shout, "Thank you, comrades, thank you!"

The French captain climbed upon the trench bowed courteously, and responded, "It was our pleasure comrades. Now to our duty again."

And pitiless war reigned once more between the lines.

Dyspeptics Should Avoid Drugs And Medicines

Try a Little Magnesia Instead.

Some people instinctively shut their eyes to danger, and it may be that instinct, or custom or habit causes dyspeptics to take drugs, patent foods and medicines, artificial digestents, etc.

But closing the eyes does not banish the danger, and it is certain that neither drugs nor medicines possess the power to destroy the harmful excessive acid in the stomach, which is the underlying cause of most forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. They may give temporary relief, but ever increasing quantities must be taken, and all the time the acid remains in the stomach as dangerous as ever.

Physicians know this and that is why their advice so often to sufferers from digestive and stomach trouble is "Just get about an ounce of pure bisurated magnesia from your druggist and take a teaspoonful in a little water immediately after every meal. This will instantly neutralize all the harmful acid in the stomach and stop all food fermentation, thus enabling you to enjoy hearty meals without experiencing the least pain or unpleasantness afterward.

IF ALL WERE SHIRKERS.

Cemeteries Would Replace Barracks—Man Power Will Win the War.

Better a country of barracks than what the shirkers would make it—a country of cemeteries, says the English Review.

If we aspire to regulate the balance of European power in a sense favorable to ourselves, which in brutal truth means our continued existence as a world empire, it is as a nation in arms we must pursue the fight to a finish. To-day it is men, not money or armaments, that our nearest ally lacks, and it is man power that we must contribute if a premature and inconclusive peace is not to be forced upon our valiant friends under conditions which they would regard as detestable. For unless Britain can maintain for another two years or thereabouts an uninterrupted flow of man power to the western and southern fronts our valiant neighbor across the silver streak will find it humanly impossible to maintain the struggle which has in the last two terrible years involved the depletion of the flower of her manhood.

This was whispered many months past; now it is being openly discussed wherever thinking men get together, whether in dugout facing the unspeakable Hun or snatching a few hours' leave in the bosom of their families.

"Men; more men," "England must send more soldiers," are the common expressions of opinion in the fair land where already so many of our khaki-clad heroes sleep.

ST. VITUS DANCE CAN BE EASILY CURED

A Tonic for the Blood and Nerves With Rest All That is Needed.

Many a child has been called awkward, has been punished in school for not keeping still or for dropping things, when the trouble was really St Vitus dance. This trouble may appear at any age but is most often met between the ages of six and fourteen. The most frequent cause of the disease is poor blood, aggravated by indoor confinement, or mental strain at school. Under these conditions the blood fails to carry nourishment to the nerves and the child begins to show listlessness and inattention. Then it becomes restless and twitching of the muscles and jerking of the limbs and body follow. A remedy that cures St. Vitus dance and cures it so thoroughly that no trace of the disease remains is Dr. Williams Pink Pills which renew the blood thus feeding and strengthening the starved nerves. This is the only way to cure the trouble, and parents should lose no time in giving this treatment if their child seems nervous or irritable. Mrs. Wm. A. Squires, Cannington, Ont., says: "My only daughter, now fourteen years of age was troubled for several years with St. Vitus dance. She was so bad that at times she would lose control of her limbs and her face and eyes would be contorted. We had medical advice and medicine, but it did not help her. In fact we thought the trouble growing worse, and finally we had to take her from school. About a year ago we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and by the time she had taken five boxes she was completely cured, and is now a fine, healthy girl. I firmly believe we owe this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and are very grateful for her restoration to perfect health."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Overhauling the Liners.

The C.P.R. is going to overhaul its trans-Pacific liners at the beginning of the new year. The boats will be laid up at drydock at Hong Kong for renovation and repair. The Empress of Asia will be the first to be laid up. She will be out of commission for about a month. The Empress of Russia and Empress of Japan will be laid up in turn—the former having a month and the latter 26 days at Hong Kong. The big liners are kept in the best of trim, being all thoroughly overhauled once a year. The Empress of Asia and Empress of Russia have not been completely overhauled since they were released from the Admiralty service, toward the latter part of last year. The Monteagle, which is now on her way across the Pacific, was recently overhauled at Hong Kong.

Krupps' Works in Danger.

The Amsterdam correspondent of the London Times says that since French airmen attacked Essen a large number of anti-aircraft guns which had previously been removed have been remounted. Workmen have been busily engaged in constructing bomb-proof underground shelters, which, it is believed, are intended for storing the most dangerous explosives. Regarding the reports of disturbances at Essen, a strike was threatened, but the workmen's conditions, which it is believed concerned the food arrangements were granted.

Gratitude is so cheap that there is no excuse for giving it grudgingly.

For every ailment there are a dozen cures that don't.

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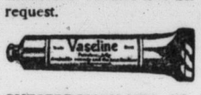

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A WEIRD LEGEND IS RECALLED

GERMANS WERE PARALYZED AT YPRES.

Frightened by Optical Illusion of Huge Reserves Behind British.

Captain Norman Thwaites, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards in the British army, now in the United States on leave, describes a recent visit to a prisoners of war camp in England. His story, published in the New York World, is as follows:

I talked with the senior officer, whose rank entitles him to rule the camp under the British commandant. He had been taken near Ypres during the terrible five days when the "contemptible little army," depleted by one-third, faced the flower of the German army urged on to Calais by the War Lord himself. The culminating attack by two whole German divisions was made against one cavalry brigade, which lost 40 per cent. of its total in five days.

I was greatly interested when this Prussian officer informed me that he had been separated from his comrades and had run into a trench full of British cavalrymen. I was eager for a piece of information.

"How was it," I asked, "that the Germans did not get through that day? The British were retiring slowly and stubbornly, and a vigorous pursuit would have made a sauve qui peut of it. We thought we were scuppered, sure."

Illusion of Reserves.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "When the British occupied the prepared trenches outside the town we advanced in force, but the Dragoon Guards held us up a long time. They had a good field of fire and we could not make headway. They spoiled our game. Then when we did manage to get some of the French trenches on the right of the cavalrymen we saw your enormous reserves and had to wait for our supports to come up."

I was amazed. "Reserves!" I exclaimed. "Why, we had no reserves. We had not even any supports that amounted to anything. Several days passed before any considerable number of troops were able to assist us."

Puzzling Halt.

Now this statement of the prison commander was of rather weird interest. After the pretty but wholly fictitious story of the angels of Mons, which originated in a poetic conception of Arthur Machen, there went from mouth to mouth the story of the heroes of Agincourt who had arisen from the ancient battlefields where their bones had lain these 500 years, and in their thousands had faced the invaders of France and Flanders. The wise and unpoetic sneered at the fantastic conception, but some sort of explanation for the German halt in the midst of their victorious stride during those early days of November, 1914, has still to be offered. My friend the prisoner of war was merely confirming the evidence given by numerous prisoners of those strenuous days who persistently talked of vast reserves descried behind our thin and tortuous lines.

Still Hold Trenches.

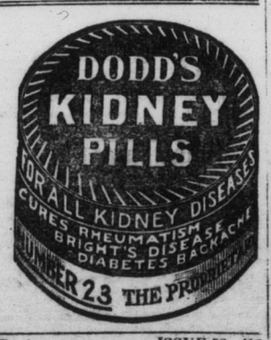
Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that by some optical illusion the Prussian commanders were led to believe that the further advance of their troops was fraught with danger, and the trenches held that day by the British are still in their possession.

Our conversation was interrupted by a messenger. A party of newly-taken prisoners from the Somme front was about to arrive. A flutter of excitement ran through the camp. "Now we shall have some reliable "news," said the prisoners. They got it.

Early arrivals in this camp had fumed and fussed at the ill luck that made them prisoners of war when their fellows were driving along to certain victory. This spirit of confidence has received harsh blows in the course of two years as new batches of prisoners arrived with discouraging tales of checked progress and steps of retrogression. They were to hear sad tidings from the Somme. A nerve-racked, disheartened group of captives, dusty and torn of raiment, was ushered into the grounds.

Slowly and with much shaking of the head, with gestures of despair, outspreading of expressive hands and tears of humiliation, the tale was told. It was a tale of overwhelming, soul and body-shattering shell fire. Of trenches and shelters, laboriously constructed during months of patient perseverance, blown to fragments in an hour. Of wave upon wave of sunburnt, laughing British Tommies and battalion after battalion of resolute, bearded Poilus that came over the shot-torn landscape to overwhelm the soldiers of the Fatherland, dazed and distracted by the most terrible artillery preparation the world has ever seen.

Far into the night the captives talked. The cheeriest of them grew solemn during the recital. The elder men wept. There appeared no gleam of hope of victory. An ill-balanced compromise was the best to be hoped for. The "place in the sun" was more remote than ever.



CANALS OF MESOPOTAMIA.

Great Irrigation Schemes and Their Destruction.

Great irrigation schemes enabled Mesopotamia, Armenia and other countries in the near and middle East to become the seats of mighty empires in spite of their arid climates. To-day, says Dr. Arthur Selwyn-Brown in the Scientific American, they have few cities of any importance. Bagdad, which has a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand, had two million ten centuries ago. The difference between Mesopotamia then and to-day is the result of the destruction of the canals.

In the height of its prosperity Bagdad had the most remarkable system of irrigation that has ever been constructed. The canals about the city measured over three thousand miles in length. They were well built, supplied with storage basins, locks and weirs, bridges and loading docks for barges, and were carefully kept in good order.

There were others, both north and south of the city that joined the Euphrates with the Tigris, and there were several that ran parallel with the rivers.

The largest was known as the Chosroes Canal. It was built in early historical times to connect Bagdad with the city of Dur, about one hundred miles north. This canal was extended by the Caliph Al-Mansur to the city of Madhraya, the modern Kut el Amara. Later caliphs carried it one hundred and fifty miles beyond Dur. Whenever this canal passed through loose soil it was over two hundred feet in width and six feet deep. Where the ground became rocky it was reduced to a width of forty or fifty feet. This trunk canal carried a large boat traffic and supplied water to hundreds of miles of lateral canals and irrigation ditches. It served many thousands of miles of most splendid farming country.

South of the city of Kerbela, on the Eurphartes, three were great irrigation works on what is probably the richest agricultural land in Asia. The Euphrates has since shifted its bed about thirty miles to the eastward, and the rich canal lands are nothing but unwholesome, reedy swamps, the haunts of water buffaloes, cranes and other animals and birds.

Between Dur and Bassora there were over fifty trunk canals between the Tigris and the Euphrates, and they irrigated thirty-seven thousand square miles of rich farming lands. These lands, called the "Meadows of Gold," were worked to the fullest extent under the Abbasside caliphs, and even until 1258, when the Mongols sacked Bagdad and brought the rule of the caliphs to an end. After the Mongolian invasion Bagdad was no longer the capital of the Mohammedans and the holy city of Islam.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Vital Point.

A beautiful young lady interviewed a fortune-teller on the usual subjects.

"Lady," said the clairvoyant, "you will visit foreign lands and the courts of kings and queens. You will conquer all rivals and marry the man of your choice. He will be tall and dark, and aristocratic-looking."

"And youngs?" interrupted the lady.

"Yes, and very rich."

The beautiful lady grasped the fortune-teller's hands and pressed them hard.

"Thank you," she said, "Now tell me one thing more. How shall I get rid of my present husband?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

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Paper From Flax Straw.

The Canadian Pacific Railway's Research Department is working upon a method whereby a commercially satisfactory paper pulp can be made from flax straw. Hitherto the straw had to be burnt for want of proper methods of treatment.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

No Trouble at All.

Friend—I suppose if people would do just what you tell them you would have a great deal less trouble.

Doctor—Yes, indeed! I would tell some of them to settle their accounts.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Use Murine Eye Medicine. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Sore Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Write for Book of the Eye Free. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago. Adv.

On the Border.

"Watch yourself, man! Be more careful with that rifle!" the range officer exclaimed, angrily. "You just missed me that shot!"

"Did I, sir?" the badly rattled recruit responded. "I'm awfully sorry, sir—I'll try to do better next time!"

Monsieur:

For 15 days in the month of January I was suffering with pain of rheumatism in the foot. I tried all kinds of remedies but nothing did me any good. One person told me about MINARD'S LINIMENT, as soon as I tried it the Saturday night, the next morning I was feeling very good. I tell you this remedy is very good; I could give you a good certificate any time that you would like to have one. If at any time I come to hear about any person sick of rheumatism, I could tell them about this remedy.

Yours truly,
ERNEST LEVEILLE
216 Rue Ontario East, Montreal.
Feb. 14, 1908.

Old Jim Keen's Observation.

"Real friends," says old Jim Keen, "are the ones who guess you're in need of help before you've even begun to holler."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

No Disappointment Here.

A man who was convinced of stealing was brought before a certain judge, well known for his tenderheartedness, to be sentenced.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge, not unkindly.

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, suddenly bursting into tears.

"Well, well, don't cry, my man," said his Honor, consolingly; "you're going to be now."

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He Got Around It

"Mention twelve animals of the Polar regions," said the professor, and the respairing student wrote:

"Six seals and six polar bears!"

Rare, Indeed.

"He has a very rare disease."

"That so? What is it?"

"Something brought on by overwork."

Consistent.

Teacher—Willie, your face is but half washed.

Willie—Yes'm, but to-day is only a half holiday.

The fellow who does his own thinking is never afraid of what the other fellows think.

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time In Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.

London.—Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without my glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." The Valmar Drug Co., Store 4, Toronto, will fill your orders if your druggist cannot.

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