

ON WINGS!

By Ralph Hamilton

"I don't believe in new-fangled contraptions," said Isaac Reid. "These skates—what do you call them now?"

"Roller skates, papa," exclaimed timid Myrtle.

"Yes, roller skates. They're a nuisance. I've seen children roll into people on the town sidewalks and all but tip them over. What did you bring them home with you for?"

"Why, papa," Myrtle hastened to advise, "they are quite the thing in the city. The Wares took me several times to a fine, pretty rink, with a floor as smooth as glass, and music, and I spent many pleasant hours there. You see, Alice Ware made me a present of the skates and I value them as a gift from a real friend."

"That's all right, Myrtle," nodded Mr. Reid, "but you're getting to be a big girl now, and I don't think it just the thing for a young lady. And that ring you're wearing," proceeded her father, with a foxy twinkle in his eyes, "did Alice Ware give that to you too?"

Myrtle blushed scarlet. "No, papa," she answered. "Her brother, Lawrence, gave me that. It is only a friendship ring."

"H'm! Don't get scared, Myrtle. Girls must have beaux, I suppose, and the Wares are good people. Well, daughter, I wouldn't try any roller skating here."

Myrtle took the roller skates and stowed them away up on a pantry shelf. She sighed a trifle. The most glorious time of her life had been spent in the lively city rink. She had no idea of using these skates at home.

Longingly, however, Myrtle had viewed a branch of the magnificent Union highway, approaching completion, and had realized what a splendid surface it offered for the exercise of her favorite amusement. She counted greatly on the long spins she and the Wares could take when the concrete roadway of a system reaching across three states approached completion. It had very nearly arrived at that stage now, but there were some interactions to finish, and the road was not yet open to automobiles.

The new highway had brought fortune to Isaac Reid. The old farmhouse was situated less than two hundred feet of its course. A speculator appeared, planning to establish a roadside hotel, and had offered Mr. Reid double the value of his house and a grove surrounding it. The farmer had only that day received a large sum in ready cash on the sale.

Myrtle was so glad that the treasure ring was not tabooed that she went to sleep with the hand it graced under her cheek and fondly dreamed of its handsome, manly bestower. If

must have been midnight when she was awakened rudely. In frantic accents her mother's voice was calling her. Myrtle hurried on a dress and ran down the stairs to the room where her father slept. She paused appalled as she viewed him tied hand and foot to the bed, her mother striving to release the ropes that bound him.

"They took the money—all of it!" gasped Mr. Reid. "They went away in an automobile. I heard them plan how they'd take the cut around the dirt road, as the highway wasn't open. They'd stolen the auto, and were going to dump it in the ditch near Afon and catch the early milk train there for the city."

Myrtle ran upstairs, impelled by a sudden idea. She dressed fully for the street and did it in a jiffy. She reappeared in the room below, flushed and excited.

"Papa," she spoke, "those men can't make Afon on the dirt road under an hour. I can do it in forty minutes."

"No, no—it's ten miles!" "With the roller skates! Oh, mamma! Tell him to let me go, quick! I'm sure I can get to Afon ahead of the robbers, rouse the watchman and get back our stolen money. Please—please!"

"Get it!" fairly shouted Mr. Reid, inspired by the idea.

Myrtle needed no second bidding. She was out of the house and across an intervening stretch in sixty seconds. She lost no time in adjusting the skates. Then with an exhilarating shrill she seemed to dance with joy as her feet sped across the set concrete, smooth as a ballroom floor.

How fortunate her training in the city, she reflected. What a blow to her father's antiquated ideas if she succeeded! The miles seemed to fly past her. She was not one bit wearied, and her eyes glowed sparkling as ever as she whirled into the main street of Afon, and straight through the open doorway of the town police station and horse-car outfit combined.

A sleepy watchman roused at her thrilling story and set the telephone into immediate action. Half a dozen men, sent for, appeared. There was a hurried confab, and twenty minutes later, as two men appeared at the railway station they were promptly nabbed.

Myrtle next day wrote the Wares to be sure to bring their roller skates with them on their anticipated visit, for her father had lifted his veto and given her unlimited permission to indulge in her favorite exercise when the guests arrived.

Which led to Myrtle and Lawrence Ware coming to a full understanding, and in the fullness of a grateful heart Mr. Reid made the happy pair a fitting present on their wedding day.

Dead Teeth Lead to Dead Owners

One of the most striking features about the late Colonel Roosevelt was his teeth. When he smiled he showed most of them. When he made a point in a speech he was accustomed to snap them together. They were large, white and even. Yet it now appears that Roosevelt's death was due to a diseased tooth. The direct cause of death was a pulmonary embolism, that is to say, a clot of blood that was carried through an artery to the lungs, where it stopped circulation. The creation of this clot, however, was due to an infected tooth more than twenty years ago. Through the diseased tooth a malevolent organism entered the system and manifested itself in various ways on several occasions. Eventually it created the blood clot which carried off the greatest of contemporary Americans when he appeared to be in his vigorous prime. This statement is made on the authority of Henry James Buxton, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, who uses it as a text to call attention to the great importance that is now attached to healthy teeth by medical authorities.

Modern Dentistry

Until quite modern times the general idea was that the only risk one ran with a bad tooth was the risk of toothache, and toothache was often treated as an unavoidable ill. When a tooth ached too badly it was yanked out. When several teeth had been lost in this manner the custom was to have the remaining ones extracted and their place taken by a set of store teeth, preferably of a pale blue tint. These teeth, in two sets, were removed at night and deposited in a glass of water, and more than once it has happened— but that is another story, and not any too pleasant. In late years dental science has made many discoveries about teeth. It has found, for instance, that in hardly any circumstances it is wise to extract a sound tooth. It has discovered the wisdom of filling the first teeth of children. It has performed miracles in the way of crown and bridge work, and now it is coming to the conclusion that the pride it took in much of this work was false pride, and that a crowned tooth is a danger, the toothache is the smallest of the ailments that attend an unsanitary state of the mouth, that the proper care of the teeth may be a matter of life and death, and that indeed thousands of people die annually as a result of infections that enter the body through diseased teeth.

American and Canadian Teeth

Rheumatism and infections of the heart, kidneys and intestines are often closely associated with the condition of the teeth. For example, it has been learned that these afflictions were most common in the Austrian and Italian armies in which dental science was least advanced. The writer claims that the American army went to the front with the best teeth of any army in the world, all filled and set, as it were. This claim may be disputed. No army had any superiority over the Canadian army with respect to the health of the men's teeth. If the American soldiers were as well attended to, that must be the limit of their claim. It is not necessary to argue, of course that in the United States and Canada there are the best dentists in the world, that the average teeth are better cared for than in any other civilized countries, and that the importance of sound teeth is understood by almost everybody, since the dental principles are taught in school. But even here, it appears, there is much to learn.

Dead Teeth Dangerous

For instance, the famous Dr. C. H. Mayo, of Rochester, Minn., says that "a crowned tooth is not a crown of glory, and may even cover a multitude of sins." The really dangerous tooth is the dead tooth, the tooth from which the nerve has been removed. This tooth cannot ache, nor form an abscess, but there is always the possibility of germs remaining in it and laying the foundation for some illness that may incapacitate or cause the death of the victim, and he has no reason at all to suspect the cause of the trouble. On this account some medical men and dentists are now advocating that every devitalized tooth should be removed from the head. Tonsillitis, earache, inflammation of the nasal cavities, deafness, eczema, rheumatism, blood poisoning are a few of the ills that have never ached but that have harbored germs. One authority mentions a case of obstinate deafness in a middle-aged woman which was completely cured by extracting the roots of a couple of teeth.

The removal of X-Ray in discovering the cause of some mysterious maladies the X-ray has been of great assistance. By its aid, Dr. Mayo says, the presence of alveolar, absorbed roots of teeth absorbed bone without the teeth having been detected when there was no other indication that there was anything amiss in the mouth. He points out that the one place in the body in which man quite regularly if not invariably carries bacteria, is the mouth. On this account there is no other part of the body whose constant attention is so important. Another doctor observes that the modern dental surgeon must look beyond the little problem of saving a patient's tooth to the greater question of saving him from a serious or perhaps fatal infection. Regular brushing of the teeth, and rinsing of the mouth with some mild antiseptic, inspection by a competent dentist once or twice a year, will go far to maintain the teeth in good condition, but it will require an X-ray examination to determine whether a dead tooth that has given no trouble for years perhaps, should be permitted to remain in the jaw. The responsibilities of the dentist are increasing.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY CEREMONY POPULAR For Place of Royal Wedding—Will Take Place in the Morning.

A New Story of Kitchener's Death

A new story of the sinking of the Hampshire with Lord Kitchener in June, 1916, has been published by the Manchester Guardian, having been given to the London correspondent of that paper by one of the Hampshire's warrant officers. In view of the mystery which still surrounds the sinking of the ship, and of the strangely persistent belief that Kitchener is still alive, this first detailed account of the disaster will be found interesting.

The loss of His Majesty's ship Hampshire, with Lord Kitchener and his staff on board, in June, 1916, this correspondent writes, has been one of the great mysteries of the war. Questions have been asked in Parliament and in the press, and a report was presented by the Naval Committee which investigated the disaster, but until, I think, now, no detailed account of it has yet been published. The following narrative was given to me by a warrant officer who was saved from the wreck:

His Majesty's ship Hampshire, four days after the Jutland battle, in which, my informant said, she sank a light cruiser and a submarine, took Lord Kitchener aboard on June 5, 1916, about five in the evening, and set out with 800 souls in the foulest weather known in that region. She had two escorting destroyers, which soon returned to port, as they were unable to face the storm. Everything aboard was lashed down, and only one hatchway was open. My informant was watch below.

At about eight o'clock a terrible explosion took place forward, and there was a scramble for the companion. A large number of the crew were young and new hands, and there was a good deal of hurry. How my informant got on deck he did not know. When he got there the officers were at their posts, but their orders could not be heard owing to the fury of the storm and the escape of the steam. All the lights went out at the moment of the explosion (of which there seemed to be two), and this added to the confusion. When he got on deck he and another hand proceeded to cut the lashings of the life-rafts on deck. There was no attempt to launch boats, which could never have lived in the sea that was running. The rafts were, however, launched, and the one on which my informant stood went over the side and turned upside down. He had hold and got into the righted raft which he praised very highly. Most of the others also got in, about 80 in all.

There was no sign of Lord Kitchener, and he thought that he probably never got on deck. (This differs from a report at the time of Lord Kitchener having been seen on deck). There was not five minutes between the explosions and the disappearance of the ship. He had tried and failed to open other hatchways, and he thinks that the crowd at the single one at which he emerged may have blocked many people from getting on deck.

The raft drifted before the gale for over five hours, when by an extraordinary chance they passed through a rocky entrance and were beached on an island whose name he had forgotten. By that time of the 80 on the raft many had been washed off, and of the rest all but four had died and had fallen into the net in the middle of the raft. On reaching shore my informant scrambled out, and found himself among the rocks, with great difficulty tearing off his nails, and eventually with one other man got to the ton about half past three in the morning. There he found a shed, and he awoke a moving light. His companion went

WESTMINSTER ABBEY CEREMONY POPULAR

For Place of Royal Wedding—Will Take Place in the Morning.

"Princess Patricia has made a very popular move in insisting that her marriage to Commodore Alexander Ramsay, of the Royal Navy, should take place on February 27 in Westminster Abbey, rather than in Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, as originally planned." So writes the Marquis de Fontenay in her letter from London to the New York Sun.

"If that project had been adhered to the public would have seen little or nothing of the affair. For since the Duke of Connaught's London home, Clarence House, is within the precincts of St. James' Palace, of which the Chapel Royal forms part, the bride would have merely had to traverse the garden behind the palace walls in order to pass to and from the Chapel, whereas a wedding in Westminster Abbey will involve a bridal cortege through the streets and in full view of the people. Chapel Royal, moreover, is relatively small and the accommodations restricted, whereas the Abbey will hold a crowd.

"As a general rule, when royalty has married outside of its own particular circle and caste, there has been an appearance of secrecy, or at any rate the suspicion of a desire to avoid publicity. Princess Patricia, however, who is said to be very much in love with her future husband, for whose sake she is renouncing her royal rank and all her prerogatives as a member of the reigning house, is bent upon showing that she is very proud of him, and that she wishes all her countrymen and countrywomen to know it, and to have a good look at the gallant officer to whom she has accorded her hand. That is why she is set upon the ceremony taking place in Westminster Abbey.

She does not doff her rank until the sacramental words pronouncing her the wife of Capt. Ramsay have been uttered by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and therefore all the arrangements of the wedding are in charge of the Lord Chamberlain that is to say, Lord Sandhurst; and all the members of the royal family, including the King and the two queens will be present; also the bride's only sister, the Crown Princess of Sweden, who has already arrived in London

after it and found a farmer going about in search of cattle. With the aid of some farm folk the four survivors, who had been taken to the farmhouse, were well looked after. In all there were twelve survivors two on a second and six on a third raft, blown ashore two or three miles from the landing place.

No officers were saved, a fact which incidentally this warrant officer said prevented their doings in the Jutland battle from being reported and rewarded. There had been no time between that battle and the embarkation of Lord Kitchener for a proper report to be made. He stayed only one day in bed after his exhausting experience, and then went down to the shore to see if the other survivors were to be found. On the second day a navy doctor appeared and ordered him to remain indoors. In four days he was sent to a hospital ship went to Haslar. He had no real illness, but he said he did not feel quite the same.

My informant utterly scoffed at the idea of Lord Kitchener being alive. He was quite sure that the Hampshire was not torpedoed, but mined.

Obituary

MRS. MARY RINE Mrs. Mary Rine, passed away this morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. A. Wilbee, 355 Bleecker Ave, after an illness of seven weeks. She was 78 years of age.

The remains will be taken to Toronto for interment on Monday leaving Belleville at 6.50 a.m. Mrs. Rine lived the greater part of her life in Toronto, coming to Belleville with her daughter four years ago and making her home here ever since. Her husband predeceased her about twenty-nine years ago. Mrs. Rine was a member of the Tabernacle church.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Arthur Johnston, Toronto and Mrs. M. A. Wilbee, Belleville and one son, Mr. Frank Rine of Calgary.

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Forte or Pianissimo?

Written for The Ontario by Chas. M. Bice, Lawyer, Denver, Colorado.

In the following article Mr. Bice deals in an interesting way with one of the world's most interesting figures, Paderewski, the world's master pianist and now the First Premier of the newly created Polish Republic.

Ignace Paderewski is Premier and minister of foreign affairs, if not President, of the new Polish Republic. The statement provokes a score of happy ideas that better may be left to the paraphraser; but the world is a strange to watch in its revolutions and upheavals.

It seems not so very long ago since Paderewski, with his flowing locks, was charming matinee mobs of adoring women, who worshipped his elegant figure, his classic countenance and his hirsute halo even more than they did his genius.

And now this man with harmonic soul and the magic fingers—each of which are insured for fabulous sums—to whom a piano was the responsive medium through which his every emotion found expression, fills the eyes of the world as the reconstruction leader of a people redeemed from long servitude.

The ivory keys of black and white were simple contrivances to manipulate compared with those upon which he now lays his long and graceful hands. If he can produce a symphony from the disorder and discords of Poland, then, indeed, will he crown a career already glorious, with a fame unperishable.

control of a dominant personality

of the gentle, diplomatic guidance of Paderewski?

Paderewski is a Polish patriot, but not a radical. There are those of radical tendency, who say his is too sympathetic with aristocratic traditions, too friendly with the great land owners and others whose properties interests incline them to conservatism.

That remains to be seen. For the moment, at least, Paderewski is the Master before the instrument. How it will respond to his touch no prophet can say.

Beyond all doubt he did much to make the cause and need of Poland known to the world, and especially to quicken the sympathy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

That sympathy he will retain as long as he leads wisely. We admire his devotion to his country and the courage with which he steps from his own realm of unchallenged mastery to one so fraught with peril and pitfalls, even for the most practical and practiced in statesmanship. He deserves success, and for his own sake and the cause of Poland we wish him his deserts.

A Remedy for Billious Headache

To those subject to billious headache, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach and so act upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at some time subject to billiousness and familiar with its attendant evils. Yet none need suffer with these pills at hand.

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CREDITORS
OF THE ESTATE
OF SIDNEY
OF HASTINGS,
DECEASED.
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