

YOUNG FOLKS

The Cave Family.

Robert and Sara were greatly excited. They had found a cave in the mountain back of their summer home, on the side facing the sea. It was a very small cave, too small for either of them to crawl into, but they could see that it was very deep. What might there not be living in it? A dragon, perhaps, or, better still, a real fairy! Indeed, before they found the cave, Robert had seen a little grey figure moving about near by—a figure of just the size, Sara said, when he described it afterwards, that fairies were supposed to be.

On one of their visits, which they made on the day when Robert was six years old, they were allowed to take their luncheon with them, and in the luncheon was a little cake baked especially for that day.

"Let us leave a slice for the fairy," said Robert. So they cut a slice and left it on a stone just inside the opening to the cave.

The next morning the cake was all gone, save for a few crumbs lying on the ground!

"The fairy has eaten it," whispered Sara. "O Robert, perhaps she'll come out to-day!"

So the two waited among the bushes, their hearts full of new hope. Suddenly their ears caught sounds in the cave, which up to that time had seemed such a silent spot.

Robert grasped Sara's hand, for, although he was a boy, he was just a little frightened. The sounds ceased; then they began again; and then, out of the cave and straight out to sea flew a great bird.

"It's only an old sea gull!" cried Robert, disappointed and disgusted. But Sara tightened her hold on her brother's hand. "Robert," she said, "I don't believe it's a sea gull at all, but the fairy herself in disguise! Fairies never like to have anyone find out where they live. What could be easier than for a fairy to change her cloak into gray feathers?"

So the two children went home happy, and told their mother that they felt sure they had really seen the fairy that lived in the cave.—Youth's Companion.

JUTLAND FIGHT MEDAL.

Will Be Sold and Proceeds Given to Naval Orphanages.

Admiral Prince Louis of Battenburg has designed a medal to commemorate the recent battle of the Jutland Bank. It will be the first of a series connected with naval events in the present war which Prince Louis intends to bring out at short intervals and the entire profits of the sale of the medals will go to the naval orphanages.

Commemorative medals for naval achievements were struck in England in Elizabethan times. After the defeat of the Armada, in 1588, Queen Elizabeth ordered some to be made in gold and silver, of which a specimen may be seen in the British Museum. These may have been bestowed upon the principal officers—of that there is no definite information—but nothing like a general distribution of medals to the officers and men of the fleet engaged in action was usual until a much later date. During the Commonwealth it was decided to issue medals to the officers and men who had "done good service at sea," but after that the medals struck were commemorative rather than decorative, until June 1, 1794.

For the victory of the Nile in 1798 Alexander Davison, Nelson's prize agent, presented a medal as "a tribute of regard" to every officer and man in Nelson's fleet—gold to captains, silver to lieutenants and warrant officers, bronze gilt to petty officers and bronze to seamen and marines. No authority was ever given for these medals to be worn, and they were not so intended, but some of the sailors or fixed a ring through a hole and wore them on their jackets at home. Similarly, after Trafalgar, Matthew Boulton, the partner of James Watt, presented a medal to each officer and man who had taken part; silver for the senior officers and pewter for the junior officers and seamen.

Although the naval gold medal instituted by George III. at the time of the glorious June 1, 1794, was afterwards awarded for all the great naval victories, it was only given to post captains and flag officers, and it was not until 1847 that Queen Victoria commanded an official medal to be struck for every officer and man engaged in the battle, and to recognize the services rendered by the fleet from 1793 to 1840. The admitted claims for this naval general service medal, as it is known, totaled 20,900, and no fewer than 230 bars were issued to it.

There are two sizes in which these medals are being struck, one having a diameter of 1 1/2 inches, in white metal at 1s., in solid silver at 15s., and in 18-carat gold at £11 10s. The smaller size is seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and this is made with loop and ring, in solid silver.

It pays to be polite, but anything that pays seems too much like work for some folks.

The man who brags about his past career of wickedness is usually a lawless cuss.

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BATTERY CO., LIMITED
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Willard Agents.

BOMBING TRENCHES ON BRITISH FRONT

ENGLISH OFFICER DESCRIBES
SOME INCIDENTS.

Machine Gun Fire Fails to Reach
the "Bombers" in Their
Shell Hole.

One of the most unusual tales of trench warfare is told in a letter of an officer of the new armies serving in France.

"It happened like this. I was looking out from what was a little sheltered spot alongside the entrance to what we call Stinking Sap, through a very fine new telescope some one had sent to our C. O. when suddenly I spied a shovel sticking up against a little mound, and close to it was a gap in the wet grass.

"I stared jolly hard, and presently the whole thing became clear to me. The Boches had dug out a new sap, fully fifty yards from their fire trench, which at this point is over 250 yards from ours. It was right opposite our Stinking Sap, and not more than 100 yards from the head of it.

"I walked around to company headquarters and informed the C. O., who was delighted. I decided to take Corporal Slade with me, because he's such a fine bomb thrower, besides being as cool as a cucumber. I also agreed to take one other man from my own platoon and one man from each of the other three platoons.

Ready to Attack.

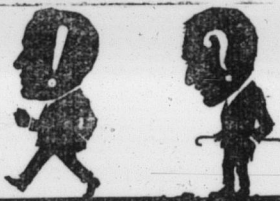
"The C. O.'s idea was that we must reach that shell hole close to the new Boches sap as soon as possible after dark and before the Boches resumed work there. As it turned out, we were all lying in the shell hole for three-quarters of an hour before a single Boche made a move. There was a fine rain all the time and it was pitch dark. We lay perfectly still and flat, hands covered and faces down.

"By and by Slade gave a little tug at my jerkin. I listened hard and just made out footsteps. Two or three minutes later six or eight Boches came shuffling along the sap, carrying picks and shovels and jabbering away nineteen to the dozen. I gave the signal with my left hand. There was a bomb in my right.

"I could distinctly hear the safety pins come out of our six bombs and could even hear the breathed murmur of the man at my shoulder—a pug-nacious draper. 'A hundred and one, a hundred and two, a hundred and three' he was timing the fuse of his bomb, exactly as I'd told them.

"And then they all let go. Our six bombs landed, one on the edge and the other five plumb in the sap head before us, right in the middle of the six or eight Boches digging there. Two seconds after they left our hands they did their job. And when the rending roar was over we heard only one Boche moaning, so I knew that at least six or seven would 'strafe' no more English men.

Bullets Fail to Hit.
"We again lay absolutely still while Fritz rained parachute lights, stars, flares and every kind of fireworks, and just as I had expected, swept his sap head with a least a thousand rounds of machine gun bullets, not one of which so much as grazed us, where we lay in the mud of that shell hole.



Two Fellows

are trying to
get ahead
It's easy to see who'll win.
If you have any doubt
about tea or coffee holding
some people back—in fact
many—leave the hesitating
class, stop both tea and coffee
ten days, and use

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This delicious pure food-drink, made of wheat, roasted with a bit of whole-some molasses, has a delightful, snappy flavor. It is free from the drugs in tea and coffee and all harmful ingredients.

Postum is good for old and young, and makes for health and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
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"Get your bombs ready, I told my fellows. A few seconds later we heard the Boches streaming along their narrow new sap. They took it for granted we had cleared back to our lines, and they made no attempt to disguise their coming. We waited until the near end of the sap was full and then we gave 'em our second volley, followed immediately by a third. It must have been a regular shambles.

"A few seconds later we heard a fresh lot start on their way down the sap, and the draper and I let 'em have our last two bombs well to the left, and ourselves made tracks like greased lightning for Stink Sap. The luck held perfectly, and Slade was hauling the draper over the parapet of Stink Sap before a sound came from the Boche machine guns.

"And then, by jove, they opened on us. They holed my oliskin coat for me as I slid in, and spoiled it. But not one of my crowd got a scratch, and we reckon to have accounted for at the very least twenty Boches, may be twice that number. Altogether a splendid job.

"And the best of it is our artillery has registered on that sap this morning, and this afternoon is just about going to blow it across the Rhine.

PALE, WEAK GIRLS.

Grow Into Weak, Despondent
Women—How to Overcome
the Trouble.

Healthy Girlhood is the only path to healthy womanhood. The passing from girlhood to womanhood lays a new tax upon the blood. It is the overtaxing of the blood that makes growing girls suffer from headaches and backaches, from paleness and weakness and weariness, from languor, despondency and constant ill health. Unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood and a life of misery. Nothing but the blood building qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can save a girl when she undertakes the trials and tasks of womanhood. That is the time when nature makes new demands upon the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood to meet these demands. In this simple, scientific way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give growing girls new health, and makes their dawning womanhood bright and attractive.

Miss A. Sternberg, Halleybury Road, New Liskeard, Ont., says: "I have much reason to be grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they restored me to health, if, indeed, they did not save my life. In 1914 I began to feel run down, and the doctor who was called in said that mine was a bad case. I was in bed for some time, felt tired, and I got so nervous that I could scarcely hold a cup to take a drink. My heart would flutter alarmingly. The doctor did not seem to be able to help me at all and my family and friends all thought that I was in a decline and could not recover. I was in bed for some time longer, when an aunt came to see me and urged that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My father got a supply, and by the time I had taken three boxes there was a noticeable improvement, and from that on I steadily progressed toward recovery. I continued using the pills for some time longer, and they restored me to my old time health and strength. I shall never cease to praise this medicine, and to urge all weak run down girls to give it a fair trial, as I have proved in my own case their great merit."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at \$2.50 cents a box or six boxes for \$25.00 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SENT BY ERROR
TO WAR ASYLUM

AMERICAN IN FOREIGN LEGION
CONFINED IN MADHOUSE.

Herbert Corey Tells an Interesting
Story of French
Forces.

"I had rather go through the battle of Champagne over again," said Dennis Dowd.

Dowd is one of the young Americans who enlisted in the Foreign Legion at the beginning of the war. A graduate of Georgetown University and a practicing lawyer, he felt very deeply that as a believer in liberty and democracy he should fight for France. After the battle of Champagne, in which he was wounded, there was little left of his regiment of the Foreign Legion. Dowd felt he had had enough of trench fighting. He put in an application for leave to join the aviation arm, writes Herbert Corey, from France.

Just as he was about to go back to his regiment he received word that his application for a change of service had been acted upon favorably. He had passed the very severe examination to which aviators are subjected with flying colors. But red tape unwinds slowly, and when the time came for his return to the trench he had not yet received the coveted paper.

"My hand is not completely well," he told a sympathetic army surgeon. "Give me two weeks in a hospital."

To the Madhouse.

"There," said he, as he struck it on Dowd's papers, that among the weeks at the physiotherapeutic institute at Epinal.

It was the psycho-therapeutic stamp he had affixed to Dowd's papers by mistake. An institute of psychotherapy is a madhouse. Dowd said good-

bye gratefully and took up the route for Epinal. The train guards looked at him oddly on the way, but he thought nothing of that. At Epinal he knocked at the door of the hospital.

"Come in," said a guard.

The door locked behind him with a spring. The guard examined his papers—with a lifting of the eyebrows due to his surprise at a madman coming in without a keeper—and crooked his finger at Dowd without a word. Afterward he learned that the guard thought he had given him the slip—had perhaps murdered him—and by an insane freak had come in alone. Another door snapped shut behind the American. He was in a room absolutely bare, save for benches bolted to the wall. On the benches sat insane soldiers. They were quiet and motionless. Still Dowd suspected nothing. His treatment was odd, that was all.

"Usually Frenchmen are kindly and jovial," said he. "These men did not look up or speak to me. But I did not know they were mad."

"That night he was locked in a ward with six insane men. His clothing was taken from him, with the exception of a brief undershirt and a packet of cigarettes which he managed to conceal under his pillow. He asked permission to keep his razor, but the guard refused.

"If some of these men got hold of a razor," said he, "they would cut their throats or yours."

"None of Them Are."

Then Dowd awakened to the situation. He told the guard that he was not crazy, and the guard laughed. "None of 'em are," said the guard, as he locked the door.

The six insane men sat on their beds, silent. So did Dowd. The elec-



The Late Dennis Dowd.

tric light snapped out. From the six beds came animal-like noises. One man talked to his wife, waited for her replies, laughed, coaxed his little ones to come to his knees. Another yawned incoherently. He heard their bare feet padding up and down the board floor in the darkness. Two fought to the accompaniment of the mindless laughter of their mates. Dowd smoked his cigarettes and waited for the morning.

"It will be all right," he assured himself. "I will tell them a mistake has been made. I am not mad."

The doctor in charge made his rounds each morning. Dowd gave up trying to convince him of his sanity. The third morning the doctor shot a question at him suddenly.

"What did you mess around at when you were at home?" is a fairly literal translation of his question.

"I was an advocate," said Dowd. The absurdity of the answer struck him. Here he was, masquerading behind a dense growth of beard, clad only in a tiny undershirt, sitting up in a bed with five other insane men, and insisting that he was a lawyer. It seemed to strike the doctor in the same way.

"Ah, said he, 'a lawyer—in a variety show'."

They laughed together. Dowd had tears of real mirth in his eyes when the door closed. He laughs yet when he thinks of it. The humor of it—the American ability to see humor under any conditions—saved him. Next day the doctor's assistant put him through an examination.

"This man is not mad," said he. There was still red tape to be unwound. Days passed before he got out of the madhouse, but he went through them cheerfully.

GERMANS SET MAN TRAPS.

Also Distribute "Tortoise Bombs" in Abandoned Trenches.

Philip Gibbs, in a despatch from British headquarters in France, writes as follows: "The German is beginning to leave a lot of little things behind him, even if he abandons a trench in a hurry. This is a new dodge. One invention which has come into his fertile imagination is the mantrap, which

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he sets outside his parapet or inside a shell hole on the way to it. As soon as one of the British soldiers sets foot on it it closes about his leg with a terrific bite and brings him down like a log.

"Another little device in devilry is the 'tortoise bomb.' It looks very much like a tortoise if you happen to see it, which you do not in the dark, and it stands on four little legs. They waggle a little, but should it be unwarily touched it may detonate a bomb and blow a man to bits."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

She Could Make More.

It was at the piano. Mother's darling firmly refused to do her practice. "What a naughty little girl you are!" chided the mother. "Don't care grumbled the youngster, as she gave the piano a kick. "Now, treasure, you shall have a cent if you'll do your exercises nicely," urged mamma. "Shan't," retorted treasure, getting off the piano stool. "I can make more than that taking castor-oil."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N.B., Sept. 17, 1904.

SHEEP DOGS IN AUSTRALIA.

Dog Trials a Feature of Agricultural Shows.

In no place in the world are sheep and cattle dogs more in use than in Australia. The grazing estates are so enormous that it would be impossible to handle the great flocks without dogs. The Australian pastoralist could not possibly exist without his dogs and that is the reason that sheep dog trials are looked upon as something amounting to national competition. Every town has its agricultural show and at all of these sheep dogs trials are one of the most deserved attractions and the training that the Australian sheep dog gets is nothing short of miraculous.

Australians are among the chief buyers of English dogs, with the result that excellent specimens can be found there. They boast that there has never been a case of rabies among the dogs.

WHAT AIR PILOTS MUST KNOW.

By Means of a Chart Dangers May Be Avoided.

To the ordinary observer the air may seem quite guileless of dangers, but, in reality, this is by no means the case. Aviators rarely make a flight without encountering some invisible, and therefore all the more dangerous, peril. During the earlier days of aviation these dangers often proved fatal, but nowadays an aviator, by means of his chart, can avoid, or at least be prepared for, them.

A considerable amount of time and money have been expended on these charts, which are of incalculable advantage to airmen.

From towers in various parts of Europe kites, bearing with them apparatus which records fluctuations in the strength of winds, are constantly sent aloft, sometimes to astounding heights. On these towers, also, are placed special instruments which record the force of the wind nearer the earth. From the data thus collected experts are constantly preparing new air charts.

These charts show where the disturbed areas exist, at what heights they are encountered, and what is the maximum force of gusts over localities known to be dangerous during various strengths of wind.

Aviators themselves play a big part in the making of air charts.

At the Front, for instance, our airmen are constantly coming in with news of fresh dangers they have discovered. The air-pockets, eddy, or whatever the newly-discovered peril may be, is promptly marked down on the chart of that region for the guidance of other aviators flying over that part of the country.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

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Lovers of beautiful mountain and valley scenery, towering rocks, thick forests, pleasant glades, flower-clad vales and plains, rushing and placid rivers, roaring waterfalls and babbling streams could not do better than to select the Laurentian Mountains reached by the Canadian Pacific, as their holiday resort. So prettily situated are all the spots where the holiday-makers make their headquarters that it is embarrassing to choose the one that might be best suited to the taste of the individual. But all are enchanting, from Shawbridge—the first of them—to Mount Laurier—the last. Within easy reach of any of the resorts there is excellent trout and bass fishing to be had. The rivers and lakes are clear and sand-bottomed generally, and are well suited to the requirements of the swimmer and bather. Row boating, motor boating, and canoeing are favorite pastimes, and on a fine calm evening it is exhilarating to sit by the waters and listen to the laughter and merry chat of the parties who are on the waters. Golfing can be had at Ste. Agathe, Ste. Margarete and Val Morin. Tennis courts are attached to some of the better class hotels. Those who love mountain climbing can have a variety of spheres for this form of activity to select from and the expense of a holiday in the Laurentians is comparatively small.

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ately.

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ED. 4. ISSUE 37—16

They found it on the parlor rug.
And later irate dad
On his dress suit found traces of
The jam that Mary had.

If girls went on parade in break-
fast attire there would be fewer hasty
marriages.

Mary's Jam.
Mary had a little jam
Upon a piece of bread,
And everywhere that Mary went
She left some, be it said.

DODD'S
KIDNEY
PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
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