

CUTICURA HEALS PAINFUL ECZEMA

Itched and Burned. Wanted to Scratch All the Time. Scarcely Any Sleep.

"When I was fifteen years old, eczema came in a rash, first on my head, then on my ears, and afterwards on my body. It was very painful and burning so I wanted to scratch all the time. I scarcely had any sleep. After I used four cakes of Cuticura Soap and six boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. R. H. Carlton, Country Creek, Sask., Feb. 6, '17.

TO HIM.

He stood alone. The cold, damp drizzle of a wintry day swept all about him. Yet I saw him smile. And saw him stay there, close beside the window full of Christmas toys. And other children came and stood and looked with eager eyes. They were pulled by hurrying hands away. Each hoping in his heart on Christmas Day that gong or drum would be upon his tree.

So, thinking thus, I gently spoke to him. "New toys," I said. He looked up with a smile. An eager, happy smile that made his face. Much pinched and drawn with cold. A welcome place for tired eyes to dwell. And then as if for love of me, he said: "These little things are just what you need. I did, while he explained with winsome boyish art. The thought which lay the nearest to his heart. "These other kids, they all must go away. But, mister, I kin stay and stay. For mother's up in Heaven, and you see, She sends the angels with these sights for me. And then he smiled again and then was gone. I wished amid the hurrying busy crowd, I started after, and again I seemed to see. That eager, happy face smile up at me. And, somehow, I saw life as it should be.

Ab, little ragged boy! Where'er you go, In this vast dream of ours, Soothe, and thus within that heart of So fond and true, My only mother's angels care for you. -Margaret Vandoe Bryan in the Canadian Magazine for January.

Minard's Liniment Cures Gargot in Cows.

THE WHALER.

All day the warship had watched steam trawlers going to and fro in this lonely region of the ocean. All day the mother ship had cruised among the horizon, her powerful lamps and keeping a close watch upon the sea. The steam trawlers moved in response to the mother ship's signals, easily read. They had made great havoc with the whales, tossing their carcasses to the larger vessels. He odor lined the air and carried conviction to the warship's crew.

The warship exchanged only customary signals with the whaler. It would have been pleasant to go away from her odorous neighborhood. But this was impossible. It was about here that the German raider might be expected on her way home from southern waters.

Night fell, a velvety darkness closing over the smooth surface of the ocean. There was at first a few twinkling stars, in particular the Southern Cross. Then, on a little gust of wind, a cloud rode over these bright specks of the crimson sky. It grew pitch dark, with rumbles of thunder. The red and green sidelights of the whaler flickered across the hidden waters. Presently soon she would be lighting great fires to try out oil.

Some time went by and a ghastly spot of flame winked and danced in the whaling ship's rigging. A corporate spirit of some poor dead sailor, skipping about aloft and yelling, as he loosed the canvas, a hoarse and cheery message to the deck below:

Buying in Toronto



You'll enjoy buying in Toronto. The big stores are so busy and attractive. And the range of merchandise is so extensive that it is certainly a great pleasure—buying in Toronto. And this pleasure is the greater because you can stay at the most comfortable of home-like hotels, THE WALKER HOUSE (The House of Plenty) where every attention is given to ladies and children travelling without escort. And your purchases may be delivered there for you and relieve you of all worry. When you come be sure you stay at

The Walker House The House of Plenty TORONTO, ONT.

"Sheet home!" And now you could not see your hand before your face. The warship, unit and moving slowly, loomed dimly in the darkness, like a great shape of fate in ambush waiting to pounce on her prey.

Then came the betrayal. Phosphorescence marked the ripples along the whaler's sides; phosphorescence, a gleaming streak of gold, charted the path of the warship; the same bright luminous magic played around certain oval shapes emerging suddenly from underseas. Whence? Never were whales like these, appearing suddenly out of the ocean depths and thronging about their hunter.

It was necessary to strike swiftly or perish. Once the mother ship established contact with her monstrous brood it would be too late. The brilliant phosphorescence limned the targets clearly. The warship brought her guns to bear instantly, there was a noise heavier than thunder and more enduring, red flames lit the night.

All three submarines were apparently sunk by the destroyer's gunfire. The mother ship, which had not dared to flee by day, was riddled and left to sink or rot in the midst of the carcasses of the whales. From papers on board her rendezvous with the raider was ascertained, and the warship, under full speed drove suddenly ahead through the night, the velvety night with gleams of phosphorescence glistening the surface of the sea.

EASIEST CORN REMEDY PAINLESS—NEVER FAILS

Just think of it—instant relief the minute you put a few drops of Putnam's Extractor on your sore corn. Putnam's makes corns dry up, makes them shrivel and peel off. It doesn't eat the good flesh, it acts on the corn alone, loosens it so you can lift it out with your fingers. Wonderful; you bet Putnam's is a marvel, and costs but a quarter in any drug store. Why pay more for something not so good as Putnam's?

MISSION OF THE SMALL NEUTRALS

Restore Human Relations and Balance

At the Close of Present Hostilities.

I have been asked why the five small neutrals do not enter the war; their quota of perhaps 1,500,000 of soldiers would be enough, some people think, to turn the scales in favor of the Allies. Yet the most elementary knowledge of military tactics should convince anyone that five small scattered units do not make an army. A large, concentrated force could crush them one by one. How, for instance, could our men be brought into the field? Denmark would be conquered before we could come to her assistance, and Sweden's long coastline would be open to the attacks of the German fleet now lying in the Baltic.

The situation in Scandinavia is so complicated that no human being can foretell what would happen if any one of the three countries should be dragged into the war, but our most likely fate would be to become another Roumania. The great duty and mission of the small states now is to keep the peace so far as it lies with them. A time will come when they will be required to tie again all the tangles of intellectual and commercial intercourse that have been broken so ruthlessly. Even after the Franco-Russian war in 1870, German and

Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation. Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

French schools, working in the same field, refused to co-operate or even to know anything about one another's progress, while Belgians who read German were looked on with disfavor in France. Yet the hatreds engendered by that war were as nothing in intensity and duration compared with what this war will surely bring in its wake.

It is the task of the neutrals to keep unbroken the chain of human development. At present every available brain in the belligerent countries is pressed into service to invent means of destruction or means to avoid destruction. Even here in the United States a vast amount of energy has already been deflected into the channels of war work and will be so more and more. I cannot conceive that this great nation, having put its hand to the sword, will turn back to a universal peace is attained, but I believe that only a few among you know the magnitude of that which lies before you. The longer you carry on the war, the more your normal life will be disturbed, and even after the war we must be prepared to see all the present belligerents ousted, for many years to come, in repairing what has been done and waste. But human development cannot be thus suddenly stopped like a clock without incalculable damage, and therefore civilization itself demands that some should remain outside the conflict that is now drawing almost the whole world into its vortex.

Baby's Own Soap



Its fragrance is pleasant but the great value of Baby's Own Soap is its creamy softening lather which cleanses and beautifies the skin

Doctors and nurses recommend Baby's Own. Albert Soper Limited, Mfrs., Montreal. Sold everywhere.

The fact that the Scandinavian nations are small does not prevent us from fulfilling this mission. England was not much larger than Norway to-day, certainly not larger than Sweden, when she produced Shakespeare, and the world owes a debt of gratitude to Holland, the Greek cities, and the Italian republics. Indeed, small states have, in some respects, an advantage over the larger. Their culture is more homogeneous.—Fridtjof Nansen, in American Scandinavian Review.

CONVEX LENS OF THE EYE.

A Burning Glass That Adjusts the Sight to Varying Distances.

One of the manifold wonders of the human eye is the convex lens with which the focal distances of sight are made instantly and without mental effort. This lens in the eye is a literal "burning glass," as may be shown by the simplest of experiments. Let the person at midday hold a straw against the face of the sun and focus his eyes on the straw. He can look at the straw, with its background of a dazzling sun, and without discomfort. But the moment he looks at the fiery ball of the sun itself subconsciously the lens of the eye comes to its proper focus, with the result that a "burning" sun spot appears on the retina of the eye, and it is said that few seconds of such looking would burn out the retina as if by fire itself.

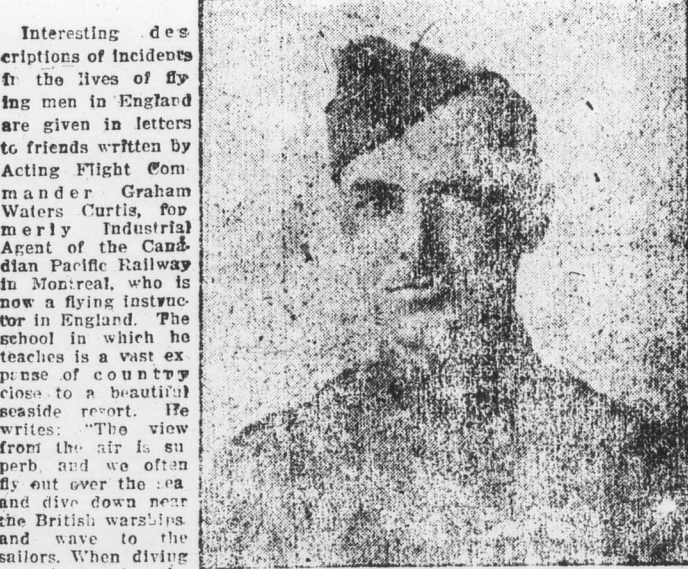
AN EXACT CLOCK.

It is the Most Accurate Time-keeper Man Has Devised.

In the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland there is a clock that holds the world's record for accurate time-keeping. Over a period of several months it showed a variation of only eight-thousandths of a second a day, which in a year's time would be less than three seconds. Ship chronometers, which are the most accurate time-measuring instruments in general use, cannot keep true time within less than three to five seconds a month. Marine observations are absolutely dependent on accurate timepieces, but ship's officers have to be satisfied if they can adjust their chronometers so that they will either gain or lose a certain amount each day. Then they add or subtract and get absolutely correct time.

Many men seem to think that they are accomplishing something if they keep their minds on business even when not at work, but they really accomplish less than nothing because they are wasting precious mental energy, the power for concentration, the vigor, the focusing of the mind, which is imperative for creating purposes.—Orison Sweet Marten.

From Industrial Agent To Flight Commander



Interesting descriptions of incidents in the lives of flying men in England are given in letters to friends written by Acting Flight Commander Graham Waters Curtis, formerly Industrial Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal, who is now a flying instructor in a flying school in England. The school in which he teaches is a vast expanse of open country to a beautiful seaside resort. He writes: "The view from the air is superb and we often fly out over the sea and dive down near the British warships and wave to the sailors. When diving we only travel at the rate of about 175 miles an hour! I am kept very busy instructing, and am turning out a lot of expert pilots. The school is connected with one in which flyers finish their course of training. A lot of chaps from Borden come to us to get final lessons, and then they are sent to France. We do all kinds of fancy performances—loop the loop, roll make spinning nose dives, side slips, and vertical turns." He describes how "little excitements" happen when one aeronaut gets into the "wash, or slipstream of air" made by a preceding navigator. The letters indicate that Acting Flight Commander Curtis is a lucky master of the high school in which he soars. He says: "We have a lot of smashes, but very few deaths, considering everything. None of my pupils has been killed yet."

Itself the temperature is adjusted by an ordinary sixteen candle power incandescent lamp that is placed on and off by another electric contact thermometer. The school strictly enforces the rule that there must never be more than two people in this inner room at one time.

The clock, which stands five feet high, has three separate dials that register the hours, minutes and seconds. It is inclosed in an airtight glass jar, inside of which are delicate instruments for measuring temperature, atmospheric pressure and moisture. A small amount of chloride of lime, which is an efficient desiccating material, is kept always in the jar to absorb the moisture.

By the aid of a set of dry batteries the clock automatically winds itself every seven minutes. The movement is adjusted slow or fast by pumping air in or out of the glass container. Observations are made from the outside through double glass windows through the separating walls and by means of a small electric lamp placed over the dials.

Not only can this wonderful piece of clock mechanism be adjusted to show less than a three second annual variation, but it is also possible to make electric connections with other similar clocks elsewhere. With this as a master clock the others can be made to keep the same accurate time.—Youth's Companion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dying Villages.

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization, a civilization that perpetually overreaches itself, only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousands of villages, frost-bitten, palsied, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life villages that have lost, if they ever possess the secret of self-perpetuation, lie scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks, villages often enough not half a century old, but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some loss of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry; like the neutral areas in an old painting where the color, incompletely mixed and of perishable quality, has evaporated with time.—Seven Arts.

Hung Up.

"Well," said the far west man to the English tourist, "I duno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here, when some of our boys got tied up in that that bankrupt telephone company, I was talkin' yer about they became mighty ornery."

"Yes; they didn't like the way the receiver was handin' the business no-how." "Indeed!" commented the earnest listener; "then, may I ask what they did?" "Sartinly; I was goin' to tell yer. They just hung up the receiver."

WINTER WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Our Canadian winters are extremely hard on the health of little ones. The weather is often so severe that the mother cannot take the little one out for an airing. The consequence is that baby is confined to over-heated, badly ventilated rooms; takes colds and becomes cross and peevish. Baby's own Tablets should be given to keep the little one healthy. They regulate the stomach and bowels and prevent or cure colds. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Brockville, Ont. Ask your druggist for it.

"AIR-POCKETS"

Trained Aviators These Days Laugh at Them.

The Royal Flying Corps instructors at the School of Military Aeronautics, declare that the "air-pockets," about which so much was said and written three years ago, have "gone out of fashion." The aviator who goes to the front from out of training camps to-day no longer dreads "air-pockets," or any other eccentricities of the upper strata. He knows his element just as the sailor learns to know the sea—with this great difference: There is nothing of the rule-of-thumb method in the aviator's training.

By scientific application to the study of aeronautics, the young aviator, strange as it may seem, quickly learns infinitely more about the air-currents and clouds than do the grey beards of science. The first fliers used to talk of "holes in the air," into which the aeroplane would fall. The cadet learns that these are really downward currents and swirls. "Air-pockets," said one instructor, "yes, the air is still swirling them, if that is what you want to call them. I know they are there—just as the man at the wheel knows when his automobile goes over the last bump in the road." Therein lies the secret of the safety of flying to-day—the trained man knows what causes air currents and knows when and where to expect them. And in any case they are no longer a menace, because the swift aeroplanes of to-day have such speed and power that it rides easily through the strongest air currents. So thorough and complete is the cadet's grounding in meteorology (one thing, for example, the cadet soon learns that running into gusts of wind is as bumpy as driving a cart over a curb), that within the short space of a few months he gains wonderful proficiency.

The U. S. house of representatives contains an immense American flag, but the largest one in the world is suspended from the top of the postoffice department building and drops 300 feet in the inner court.

ISSUE NO. 5, 1918

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—PROBATIONERS TO train for nurses. Apply, Welland Hospital, St. Catharines, Ont.

WANTED FOR WEAVE ROOM—MAN with some experience in weaving department, to assist loom fixer; good opportunity to learn fixing; steady job and good wages; immediate or early engagement. Apply, stating age, experience, etc., to Slingsby Mfg. Co., Ltd., Bradford, Ont.

MONEY ORDERS.

BUY YOUR OUT OF TOWN SUPPLIES with Dominion Express Money Orders. Five dollars costs three cents.

FOR SALE.

RIGLET CABINET AND WOODEN furniture. Assorted sizes. Never used. Will be selling at bargain. Address Canada Ready Print Co., Hamilton, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE.

BARGAIN—FOR QUICK SALE ONLY—640 acres choice level wheat land in Central Alberta; price \$25.00 acre; terms arranged. First crop should more than pay for the land; figure this out at 3 bushels per acre. J. C. Leslie & Company, Farm Lands, Calgary.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

PORTRAIT AGENTS WANTING GOOD prints; finishing a specialty; frames and everything at lowest prices; best service. United Art Co., 4 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LADIES WANTED—TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent you. Charges paid. Send stamps for particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

YOU CAN MAKE \$5 TO \$75 WEEKLY writing show cards at home. Easily learned by our simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We sell your work. Write for particulars. AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL, 801 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ARTICLES WANTED FOR CASH

Old Jewellery, Plates, Silver, Curios, Miniatures, Pictures, Needlework, Lace, Old China, Cut Glass, Ornaments, Watches, Rings, Table Ware. Write or send by Express to B. M. & T. JENKINS, LIMITED ANTIQUE GALLERIES, 28 and 30 College Street Toronto, Ont.

THE FLYING DAYS

What Are We Weaving Into Our Character?

"Thy days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

Youth doesn't realize the truth of that statement. But once a man passes thirty he begins to take note of the fleeting years, and by the time he reaches forty the quick passage of time appals him. But whether you think about it or not the truth remains that our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. And day by day we are weaving new strands into the fabric we call character. We should be careful of the workmanship so that each day as the weaving goes on no unworthy strands may be woven in to mar the beauty of the fabric.

In the art museums hang priceless tapestries, the handiwork of weavers of marvellous skill. These tapestries have become historic and hold high place among the world's art treasures. But not one of them has the value of the fabric each of us is weaving from day to day. The things made by men are less great than the men that make them. The tapestries will ultimately disintegrate. Character alone endures, therefore the character into which we are daily weaving the strands of life is the thing of supreme importance.

To appreciate the full beauty of a tapestry you must stand from it far enough to get the right perspective. And so it is if you would see what kind of a fabric you are weaving. Don't forget this. Don't be so busy that you have no time to sit down by yourself and examine your character. And further, don't be afraid to do it; that is a coward's unworthy part. Weave into your character strands of love, truth, sincerity, kindness and all those things that make for beauty, so that as you stand back and look at your work, as your friends look at it, it may be beautiful.

This tapestry of character that you weave is the only thing you can both take with you and leave behind you. It only is of supreme worth. It will endure through eternity. And remember that the days of your weaving pass swifter than a weaver's shuttle.

PAPA'S WORRY.

(Boston Transcript) "You wasn't be angry, papa, because Jack is going to take me away from you." "Angry? Certainly not! But if he ever does anything that would cause you to come back again, I'll break his neck!"

DRS. SOPER & WHITE



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