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PARIS IN WAR TIME.

No one, French or foreign, according to a correspondent to an exchange, is allowed to leave Paris without a "safe conduct," a permit obtained from the police, or a passport, and you cannot enter the platform to board a train until you have shown it. The railway line to the coast is guarded by military—a cold occupation for the solitary sentinels you see every here and there on the route. At Havre railway station permits and passports must again be produced for examination. On declaring myself to be a British subject, mine was examined by a British "Tommy," who had just had a sound rating from a disagreeable Englishman who objected to the ordeal. Again, no one, French or foreign, can leave Havre by rail or boat without a fresh permit from the police or visa on your passport. It sounds like a story of the days of the French revolution. If crossing to England, you must go to the British Consul for a visa on your passport, and state what is your ultimate destination. The trains are running well but the time-table is curtailed, and the best trains are generally in the early morning or the evening. I was ruminating on the life of a locomotive engine the other day, looking at one of those drawing a train on the Etat line. It bore the inscription "Schneider and Co., Creusot, 1864, reconstructed 1884," and was still working well. If a man's life, according to the Psalmist, consists of three score years and ten, or even four score, what is the longest life of an engine? Man can never be "reconstructed" at any age. His machinery gives out, and can never be renewed. A Belgian on the train one day, of whom I asked a question in French, claimed me as a fellow-countryman—from my accent, he said. He was a baker by trade, seeking work in his own line, and, having been unsuccessful in a village, was going on to a small town; an expatriated man, driven out of his own land by the German land robbers, but taking up his burden among strangers. The wonderful way in which the French women have taken up the work in place of the men at the front is a credit to France and to her womanhood. They are business women, our sisters across the Channel, and never before was this so well exemplified. And everywhere the Red Cross nurses are giving service in the great cause. You see them walking out with a batch of convalescent soldiers, great numbers of whom seem to suffer only from bad feet or slight wounds in the leg, and are using temporary crutches. Many of them will soon recover, and will return to the front, and meantime, they are well tended. Here, where so many families have given one two, or three relatives to the war, we are doing well; but in France I met a man who had thirty-five relations in the field.

NOTHING LOST.

O beautiful leaves of the Autumn;
Reflecting the hues of the sky,
Submitting so sweet to the earth at
your feet,
You change but you never can die;
But—sometimes—somewhere in the
infinite sweep
Of Nature's magnificent will,
In rose or in diamond your secret you
keep—
Only changed—you are part of us still.
O maiden's wandering tresses,
Bedewed by a silent tear,
O memory's harrowing pageants—
So vivid, so strange and so clear;
O quivering prayer in the darkness,
O upturned face from the cloud—
One iron link in a golden chain,
Forged, in love, on the anvil of pain—
Binding the world to God.
O sunshine traversed by shadow;
O harmony spent on the night;
O hope dissipated by sorrow;
O darkness dispersing the light—
The shadows of one wandering planet.
Are lost in the light of its source,
So Life's individual sorrows
Are spent by infinitude of course.
O cold silent form in the trenches;
O frown on the forehead of life;
O sweetheart on sleepless pillow;
O calm and courageous wife;
Somewhere in the sweet warless future
Somewhere in the great yet to be,
Somewhere in the timeless hereafter,
Smiles the hopes of Eternity.
O patriot—bleeding and dying—
O impulse, historic, sublime;
O sacrifice drinking the hemlock;
Sweet note in the tumult of time.
Down, through the sweep of ages,
And bewildering thoroughfares trod
There's nothing lost to Oblivion's
blight,
There's nothing lost in eternal night,
In the great economic of God.
—Mt. Allison, 1915.

**IN THE FIGHTING LINES
TALES TOLD BY MEN**

(Continued from page nine)

to 150 yards away. We are on quite good terms with them, and exchange a shot occasionally, just to show we are still here. Neither of us shell the other as our trenches are too near and consequently the gunners might do damage to their own side; so we are quite "comfy." Our trenches are not dug down, but breastworks of sandbags and earth, etc. We have fire going day and night, except on O. K. Sometimes we shout across to the Germans. We can easily hear them singing at night, and our men sing ragtime and hymns all day long. We cannot, of course, move about much, by day, so there is a telephone up to headquarters and to the trenches on either side of us. The telephone operators spend most of their time sending through the latest football results, and then shouting them down the trench. Having got these through yesterday, they descended to send through the news that we had sunk a German cruiser, and all the other news, but it is always the football first. So we are quite happy. Please send me some catapult elastic, as we are going to play about with them, and hope to add to our men thereby.

LUXURIES IN TRENCHES

A warrant officer in Army Service Corps writes: Not more than two or three miles from the trenches we have here a soldier's home. The building is a private house. They have a reading room, where papers (English) only a day old can be had, periodicals, magazines, etc. Nice large fires, when I visited it were blazing and soldiers were looting about on easy chairs, etc. In another room were playing all sorts of games, writing letters, etc. Nearly all were drinking the usual coffee. It was just like a soldier's home in England. The only difference was the big guns barking now and again, but the troops have got quite indifferent to that. The divisional bath house is situated in a large building, which was before the war, I think, a laundry. All the water is heated by steam, a N. C. O. and two men being continually in attendance. As we got there, a party of men, about fifty, was marching from the trenches, so we were able to watch what happened. There are about fifty large tubs in the main room, and each man filled his tub with water, hot and cold. The tubs were placed together in pairs. The men undressed and handed their clothes to an ironer, and then had their baths. In another room were a party of men detailed off as barbers. Good barbers they were, too. Men were being shaved and hair cut in the shortest possible time. Everyone was joking and merry and one could hardly credit that we were all liable at any minute to meet sudden death.

CANADIANS SERVE WITH THE BRITISH

"You should have seen the officer duck—it was laughable but serious just the same," writes Sgt. Robert Taunton, who is in the front with the 13th Highland Battalion of the First Canadian Contingent, to his brother, Mr. John Taunton, 126 Fulford Street. "The house in which we were posted was shelled and those living above the ground floor had to beat it to the lower parts. A piece of shell fell within a few feet of me and just missed a French officer. "We are in France at last, but the censor forbids the name of our town. I have not actually seen a German, but I have exchanged shots with them, for I have had two turns in the trenches in twenty-four hours each. "After leaving England, we were at sea for four days and then we were forty-eight hours on the train, cooped up in little cattle trucks, forty-four men in each. Some travelling, eh? After a nine mile march from the station to our billets we were about all in. We have been billeted in barns, stables, and so forth, but we had lots of straw, which was very welcome. We were a few days there then moved on fourteen miles or so to the town where we now are, just two miles from the firing line. Big guns go all the time, also machine guns and rifles.

VERY COLD AND WET IN TRENCHES.

"We came out of the trenches last night after twenty-four hours. We have had a few casualties, mostly wounded. One man in our company was shot through the neck and shoulder, and one was frost-bitten. We expect to take new trenches of our own soon. Up to now we have been in with British regiments, one Canadian with two British. We also take duty with the British soldiers. No Canadians are allowed to go on duty alone. We have been in our billet all day today except for a short march to keep us fit. It is very wet and cold in the trenches. One gets wet and stiff, and rheumatic.

SNIPERS NEVER STOP.

"There is continual sniping going on and the Germans send over flare shells to see what we are doing. In the daytime, we watch the aeroplanes and the Germans shooting at them with anti-aircraft guns. Then our artillery gets busy and generally manages to silence them. "We had a pretty wind storm today. It is very cold and much like Canadian weather.

ALWAYS INSURE.

Justify the term "canny" sometimes applied to the Scot, says the London Opinion. An old retired Fifehire farmer was from time to time called on and advised to insure his house against fire by an agent who was familiarly known as "Sandy." The old man, however, met the agent's advances with "Na, na!" following by what he doubtless considered a clinching argument: "My house is na likely to gang on fire, mon!" The unexpected, however, happened, and the neighbors were astonished to see the old man running up and down the village street shouting: "Whar's that insurance an insurance agent—San Francisco! So he went down stairs and found Argonaut. chap? It's terrible ye can never get a body when ye're needin' 'im!"

HIS FIRST DOLLAR

Many years ago a boy left home to seek his fortune. All that he had was tied up in a bundle which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat. "Well, William, where are you going?" asked his friend. "I don't know," William answered; "father is too poor to keep me any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself." "There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely." William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap-making and candle-making, at which he had helped his father while at home. "Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice and then I will let you go. They both knelt upon the tow-path—the path along which the horses which drew the canal boat walked. The dear old man prayed earnestly for William, and then gave him this heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn, make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a prosperous and rich man." When the boy reached the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal boat captain. He was then led to "seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," and knelt with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jewe were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said: "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And he did; and ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord. Having regular employment and being faithful and interested, he soon became a partner. After a few years his partner died, and William became the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep the rest of his promises to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew richer than he had hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever; then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths. He educated his children, settled all his plans for life, and then devoted all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever. This is the story of Mr. William Colgate, of Colgate & Co., who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

METHODS AND RATES OF PLANTING CORN

The row or drill method of planting corn is still commonly followed in Ontario and Quebec. The investigation conducted by the Seed Branch shows that 956 farmers were planting in drills at an average rate of 2.14 pecks of seed per acre and 350 planted in squares or hills at 1.17 pecks of seeds per acre. The average results of thirty-two separate tests conducted throughout Ontario for a five year period shows that the hill method gave one ton of green crop per acre more than the drills, and three eighths of this ton was in the form of freshly-husked ears. A four year average at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, shows two and three-quarter tons per acre in favor of the hill method. Hills should be three feet apart each way and contain three or four plants. Rows should be three feet apart and the plants nine inches apart in the row. men asked him eagerly. "Oh, a good two miles." A weary half hour longer of march—Three and a half feet spacing might be preferable for large growing varieties or weedy land. The hill method



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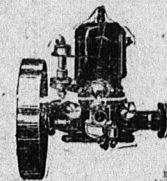
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gives a much better opportunity for cultivating the land and controlling weeds, but the corn is rather more difficult to harvest than that which is grown in drills. One bushel, 70 lbs. on the ear or 56 lbs. of shelled corn, germinating 95 per cent., should be sufficient to plant five acres by the hill method. One acre will require 60 cents worth of seed at \$3.00 per bushel. Seed corn of the same price planted at the average rate by the drill method will cost \$1.60 per acre.

"NEAREST OF KIN"

A STORY OF WAR.

(Toronto News.) A pretty, attractive, Toronto girl,

twenty-two years old, said good-bye to her sweetheart, who went away in khaki with the first contingent. He wrote regularly from Salisbury Plain. She regularly replied. Then news came that his regiment was at the front. She began to watch the newspapers with almost painful interest. He had been calling to see her regularly for over two years. One day last week she saw his name among the wounded in a casualty list. With it the "nearest of kin"—his name with "Mrs." in front of it. The girl got a telephone book and rang up. "Why certainly I'm his wife," came back the reply. "We've got two children."



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Canadian Government Railways

Prince Edward Island Railway

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JUNE 14th, 1915

Trains Outward		Atlantic Standard Time		Trains Inward				
Read Down.				Read Up.				
P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.			
3.45	12.00	7.35	Dep.	Charlottetown	Arr.	11.40	10.50	10.20
5.00	1.20	8.30		Hunter River	Arr.	10.35	9.52	9.03
5.45	2.10	9.02		Emerald Jct.	Arr.	9.59	9.21	5.45
6.32	2.55	9.27		Kensington	Arr.	9.27	8.55	5.02
7.00	3.30	9.50	Arr.	Summerside	Dep.	9.00	8.30	4.30
8.40	12.10	Dep.	Summerside	Arr.	8.45	5.30		
9.33	1.42	Dep.	Port Hill	Arr.	7.48	4.00		
10.27	3.10	Dep.	O'Leary	Arr.	7.04	2.40		
11.08	4.22	Dep.	Alberton	Arr.	6.19	1.35		
11.45	5.20	Dep.	Tignish	Arr.	5.45	12.30		
P.M.	A.M.					A.M.	P.M.	
9.25	6.00	Dep.	Emerald Jct.	Arr.	9.15	8.00		
10.00	7.00	Dep.	Cape Traverse	Arr.	8.40	7.00		
P.M.	A.M.					P.M.	A.M.	
3.00	6.50	Dep.	Charlottetown	Arr.	8.05	5.45		
4.10	8.40	Dep.	Mt. Stewart	Arr.	7.02	4.10		
4.36	9.17	Dep.	Morell	Arr.	6.33	3.27		
4.57	9.48	Dep.	St. Peter's	Arr.	6.11	2.55		
6.00	11.15	Dep.	Souris	Arr.	5.10	1.30		
7.10		Arr.	Elmira	Dep.	4.00			
4.20	8.45	Dep.	Mt. Stewart	Arr.	7.00	3.55		
5.09	9.55	Dep.	Cardigan	Arr.	6.11	2.48		
5.30	10.25	Dep.	Montague	Arr.	5.49	2.20		
6.05	11.05	Dep.	Georgetown	Arr.	5.15	1.30		

Sat. Daily only ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Sat. ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Sat. ex. Sat. & Sun.			
3.10	8.10	Dep. Charlottetown	Arr.	10.00	9.45
4.25	4.57	Dep. Vernon River	Arr.	8.23	8.31
5.55	7.00	Dep. Murray Harbor	Arr.	6.30	7.00

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