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CELEBRATION FOR RETURNED MEN

A celebration for returned soldiers in the C. M. B. A. Hall, Kensington on Tuesday evening March 18th was celebrated by a large enthusiastic and appreciative audience. Mayor T. W. Bentley, presided. On the platform besides the returned soldiers, Lemuel Wood, H. Dunphy, and L. Coulson were the Town Councillors and Magistrate Proffitt and Rev. T. W. Goodwill, Rev. G. Sellars and Rev. M. Johnson.

After introductory remarks by Mayor Bentley and a chorus by the choir Mr. J. A. Ready read to the soldiers the following address:

Segeant Norman McPhee, Corporal John T. Mullin, Privates Oscar McLellan, Lemuel Wood, Ed Stewart, Peter McDonald, Wallace McLellan, H. Dunphy, Ian Darrach, Lloyd Coulson.

Yallant Patriot:—You are assembled here tonight to receive from us some measure of our appreciation.

We bid you welcome home and we assure you that we are as pleased to greet you as you are glad to be again at home.

The noble part that you played in the sublime drama was watched with gripping interest by your admiring friends and the gentlemanly behaviour that has marked your conduct since your return has demonstrated that contract with human brutality has not violated your character.

The ends that you achieved in the stupendous struggle, however obscure at this distance they may appear, are of consequences so far reaching that no human elevation is so high as to give us a prospect to the end. To future generations must be left the task properly of estimating the true worth of your achievements and ages yet unborn will recall with eloquence the sublime sacrifice paid by the allied powers for our glorious freedom.

The eyes of the world are upon you and will follow you through your course in life with critical inspection. But the lessons you have learned in the great war have taught you how to live a life consistent with the great principles for which you have successfully fought, and we rest assured that the nobility of character that you possess will sustain you in the years that are ahead.

Accept, then, the best wishes that we can shower upon you, and for you we invoke the choicest blessings that Heaven can bestow.

(Signed)

T. W. BENTLEY, Mayor
J. W. Warren, A. A. Lockhart, D. D. S., W. G. Simpson, William Gass, T. N. Donahoe, Wesley Champion, Councillors.

J. F. Proffitt, Town Clerk.
Some of the soldiers named in the address were unavoidably absent.

Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Sellar, Rev. T. W. Goodwill, Rev. M. Johnston, J. F. Proffitt, Stipendiary Magistrate.

Private Lemuel Wood, acknowledged the address and the celebration in

COL. PERCY A. GUTHRIE RETURNS HOME

FROM THE BOSTON POST.

PORTLAND, Me.—Propped up in his berth on board the hospital ship Esequibo and still suffering from wounds received in France, Col. Percy A. Guthrie, the first Canadian to volunteer for service in the war and famous throughout New England as the commander and organizer of the famous 236th overseas battalion (MacLean Kilties of America), was interviewed by the Boston Herald today. He arrived yesterday. He says the war was won by the private soldier.

This "war hero", who was at the first big push made by the Germans at Ypres and was one of four Canadian officers of the famous fighting 10th battalion to come out of the battle alive, and who was made a colonel overnight, answered the question of "Who won the war?"

"Some question," said Col. Guthrie, "but if you mean which nation, I would say no answer can be given, for what each did was necessary to achieve victory."

Privates Won War.

"If you mean which class of our joint allied citizenship won the war, I would unhesitatingly say the private soldier."

"Whenever we use the word 'victory' our imaginations must necessarily picture the grim edge of 'no man's land', with the solitary 'man of the mud' standing in his trench line home. He is the first line of defence. He it is who has withstood the brunt and has taken the hard knocks of the war. He came from the same walks of life. He was in almost every case equal in every way at home with his general. All could not be generals, all could not be on staffs, all could not do the cushy jobs behind the line, so he became the private soldier and as such 'carried on.' He lived on 'cheaper and coarser food, he wore cheaper and coarser clothes."

"He slept in the mud of the trench or in the lousy billet and he did all the hard and dirty and disagreeable work of the war; he got less pay. He saw his next-door neighbor at home swank around in an officer's uniform, clothes brushed and boots polished by a batman. In camp he saw the officers entertaining their lady friends at afternoon tea."

"There were no strong drinks sold in the canteen, same being 'no hon' for the soldier, but he knew cognic rickies and iced Scotches were served at the officers' mess. His possessions home were few."

"He learned to spring to attention at the approach of his one time neighbor, to obey every command promptly, to even meet the slightest whistles without answering back or even showing irritation on his face."

Met Danger With Smile

"In short he realized that all these things were necessary and part of the great game if we were to win. So he met the drudgery, the humiliations, the discomforts, the hard work with a smile—always a smile—once would almost think he was enjoying it."

"What made him do these things? What made him smile? Some subconscious message came to him when he enlisted from the great national mind of his country. He knew the people at home looked to him to keep the Hun back and finally win the peace."

"Generals, field marshals, might peter out and fall by the wayside or be piled on the scrapheap, but he must remain."

"It was with this feeling that he carried on, it was with this feeling he waited in the trenches for 'the day', it was with this feeling he finally went over the top, into that blinding desert of blistering hell, with his steel tipped rifle to meet face to face and deal blow for blow in that great personal conflict which is the crisis in the morale of armies."

"The glories of the war very seldom came his way. His picture and his name do not as a rule find their way into the paper. These spaces are reserved for generals—generals at home and abroad."

"He never complained and he does not complain. He stood in the mud and rain while hell seemed loose around him and ate his cold bully while he watched Fritz—and he smiled. He lay in the shell hole wounded and faint from loss of blood, he jolted over the shell-torn roads, he looked up from the operation table—and still and all the time smiled."

Wonder of World.

"In the olden days men were accounted brave. Yet in those days men could see what they fought, there were none of the unseen terrors of modern war; compared with these men of the past the soldiers of today can be called super-men. Yes—the private soldier won the war—"

God bless him—and when the people in the homelands begin to think of erecting statues to perpetuate the memories of this great world struggle for civilization—that the children of our race in future ages may know 'who did it,' let them chisel the form of a private soldier that all may know that a grateful nation knew and appreciated 'who won the war. He is the wonder of the world.'

"Now tell me about yourself, colonel," said the newspaper man.

"There isn't anything to tell," replied Col. Guthrie with a smile—the smile of a soldier. "If there is any hero in my family it is my little wife down in Fredericton, N. B. When I wanted to go to the war she gave her consent. She was brave, and now I am going home to her and my three children."

This real war hero won his promotion overnight on the battlefield at Ypres when the Germans launched their first gas attack, and of the fighting 10th battalion of 1067 men only 183 men and four officers came out alive.

He was sent back to England, blind, and started home only to be torpedoed by a German U-boat. Later he came back to Canada. When he had regained his sight he started out securing recruits for the Canadian army. He enlisted over 15,000 men. He then started to organize the now famous MacLean Kilties or the 236th battalion. This organization was recruited largely in Boston and included hundreds of New Englanders. Col. Guthrie returned to France and was made a colonel in the Imperial Black Watch.

Now he is going back to Fredericton to remove a sign which he placed on his law office door when he volunteered. That sign is famous in Canada. It reads: "Gone for the duration of the war."

BRIDES AND THRIFT STAMPS

No class of women in this wide Dominion is under such obligations to accumulate Thrift Stamps as brides. Yes, "obligations" and "accumulate" are exactly the words to use in that first sentence.

"Obligation" is the word because a bride has undertaken to manage the affairs of another as well as her own. In very many cases she enters into the obligation without having "made good" in her own case. She is utterly unacquainted with the value of a dollar beyond the fact that if enough are gathered together a coveted bit of finery or pleasure may be secured. She knows that the promise of a dollar is considered as good as the dollar itself—in some quarters and for a limited time.

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" is about all the average bride knows about keeping household accounts and making a family budget. Peter and Paul are sure to become beligerents sooner or later but neither of them succeeds in destroying the obligation. That is absolutely indestructible as long as there is a home or even its semblance. Brides cannot escape obligations.

What the bride needs is a simple course in counting pennies with the idea of making the "answer" come out right. By the time she has earned a few Thrift Stamps and exchanged them for War Savings Stamps she will realize where the pennies come from, how slowly they count up, what a surprisingly large sum they make at last and best of all, just how much she can buy with them or, perhaps, to put it the bride's way, what a myriad of things she can not buy. She knows for the first time in her life, perhaps, what thrift actually is—and how thriftless she has always been. This latter fact she will be honest enough and fine enough to acknowledge after her first Thrift Stamp book is filled.

And cheap indeed will be that lesson in how to make home the happiest and most attractive place in the world. She has started in on the Course for the Promotion of Courageous Living—learning to save first and spend last.

RECEPTION AND PRESENTATION

On the evening of Tuesday, March, 11th, a large number of the citizens of Hunter River, and the surrounding districts assembled in the Orange Hall at Hunter River, to do honor to a number of returned heroes and also to show to the parents of three of the boys who shall never return that they had not forgotten them in their sorrow.

Rev. R. H. Stavert, was the chairman for the evening. The three young soldiers in whose honor the reception was being held viz. Gordon Bagnall, John T. Devine, and Wilfred Whitlock, were then invited to a place on the platform. The audience gave three rousing cheers and "a Tiger" when the boys came to the front. Mr. Silas Wonnacott, and Mr. Hammond Bertram who had each lost a son, and besides theretalso a number of

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the other returned men were asked to sit on the platform.

The following programme was then carried out: Opening chorus, "Welcome Laddie Boy Welcome home. Remarks" by chairman, Rev. R. H. Stavert, Solo, J. H. Skinner, encore, Reading, Frank Bagnall, encore, Solo, Richard Dickson, Address, Rev. W. T. Buchanan, Solo, Miss Mabel Buchanan, encore, Reading, Lieut. W. A. McDonald, encore, Address, Dr. I. A. C. Rodquinn, Address, Rev. R. H. Stavert. The three young men were then presented with an address and a signet ring each. The address was read by Rev. R. H. Stavert, and the ring given to Gordon Bagnall was presented by Miss George Nicholson, the ring given to John T. Devine was presented by Miss Idella McPhee and the one to Wilfred Whitlock was presented by Miss Ruth Rodgerson, Mr. Stavert then spoke very feelingly to Mr. Wonnacott, and Mr. Bertram, regarding the loss of their son and asked them to realize how highly honored they were to have had the privilege of having given their sons in the interest of so great a cause. Lieut. D. A. McDonald then presented Mr. Silas Wonnacott and Mr. Hammond Bertram with a signet ring each in memory of their sons who had fallen at the front.

A signet ring was also to have been presented to Mrs. George D. McLeod, in memory of her son Elmer but as

her husband Mr. George McLeod had recently passed away, Mrs. McLeod felt that under the circumstances she could not bear up and that therefore could not be present. The presentation of Mrs. McLeod's ring was made later at her home. Rev. W. T. Buchanan then in behalf of Mr. Wonnacott and Mr. Bertram thanked the people for their kindness while John T. Devine expressed the thanks of himself and his fellow soldiers, for the kind words and gifts received. All present were then invited to partake of a dainty lunch prepared by the ladies. The rest of the evening was pleasantly spent in playing games and in music. Before breaking up all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Then after having bunched John T. Devine, Wilfred Whitlock, Rev. R. H. Stavert, and several others the meeting was closed with the National Anthem.

Ammonia and warm water poured on a grease spot on the rug will remove the spot without changing the color. Preaching in one of the state capitals, an Australian bishop noticed in his congregation a strange face. The following Sunday the same individual appeared, and later in the week the bishop met him in the street. The bishop stopped him, congratulated him upon his attendance at the cathedral, and added: "You don't live here, do you?" "No," said the stranger; "I live 'way back,' mentioning the name of the place. "Have you many Episcopalians there?" inquired the bishop. "No sir," was the reply "What we are mostly worried with is rabbits."

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Nothing is simpler to make than a suet pudding, and it can be varied with chopped fruits, nuts or dates. Lamp chimneys washed with soap are apt to crack. Steam them and wipe them clean with a soft cloth. All root vegetables should be scrubbed before peeling them, so that the peeling may be used for stock. A boiled custard can have the milk heated before putting in the eggs and

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Secure a bottle of OLIVEINE EMULSION from your Merchant or Druggist and commence using today, do not but it off, it will save suffering and big bills of expense.