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On Wednesday, March 1st at 10 o'clock sharp.

I will sell on my premises on above date and without reserve the following:

1 mare, 15 years old; 1 horse 11 years old; 4 cows to freshen in May; 1 cow newly freshened; 2 heifers, 1 year old; 5 sheep, with lamb; 2 pigs six months old; 30 hens.

Implement: 2 driving wagons; 1 driving sleigh; 1 box sleigh; 1 wood sleigh; 1 truck wagon, pole and shaft (Bain); 1 scuffer; 1 single plow; 1 gang plow; 1 binder (Massey Harris); 1 hay mower (Frost & Wood); 1 hay rake; 1 pin harrow; 1 disc drill seeder; 1 disc harrow; 2 sets driving harness.

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Social

The North River Telephone Co. will have a Basket Social and Entertainment in Moon Hall on Monday, Feb. 27. A first class social is being provided, hot coffee, served free. Admission 25 cts. Ladies with baskets free. If night is stormy come Tuesday 28th.

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Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

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Representatives for Maritime Provinces
 21 Victoria Street, Amherst, N. S.

After Ten Years

BY MARION RUBINGAM

A WAY OUT

Chapter 83

Paul remembered that when he was a small boy, he used to stand and feel perfectly helpless before his mother. She had a serene ruthlessness that baffled him then when he could not explain it, and that baffled him equally now that he was grown and could recognize it. She had a way of going on with her original idea, following out her own plans with a calm disregard of everyone who came in her way.

Paul wanted his mother to receive Patty, and she refused. He tried to get around that by taking Patty to his friends for it they received her, as of course they would. His mother would be compelled to in the end.

Now his mother chilled his line of reasoning by not claiming these friends as her own and not allowing that made him feel that she had all the rights in the friendships, and had done a lot of wrong in front of her, as angry as helpless as when he stood before her in the nursery and met her cold rebuke for some childish fault.

"I'm going to elope with you," he told Patty the next time he saw her.

Patty turned wide gray eyes on him, surprised and then protest in their expression.

"Oh, no," she said, "decidedly you mustn't do anything like that. She would be furious, she would disown you."

"I don't care." But Patty knew he would, for his mother had an enormous influence over him.

Every girl probably had a secret desire to be run away with. An element is such a romantic thing! And for ten minutes Patty played with the idea, wishing they might, not quite daring to say so, turning to smile at Paul when he talked about it, wavering.

Had Paul been more persistent, it is quite likely she would have run off with him.

And the rest of the story would have been quite different.

But as it was, she repeated her refusal, and Paul, who really was a little in terror of his mother, did not urge her, and the plan fell through.

Then Paul went to Mrs. Grainger-Munn.

"Have you got any influence with my mother?" he asked her, after she had told him how glad she was of the engagement.

"Has anyone?" Mrs. Munn answered and laughed.

Paul laughed. "I suppose not," he agreed.

"As a matter of fact," Mrs. Munn went on, "she was here this afternoon. It's the first time I've seen her since I've been home from the sanatorium, and since this engagement of yours has taken place."

"Do you think I've worried her?" Paul asked anxiously. "She has a bad heart, sometimes. I wouldn't want to."

Mrs. Munn smiled a little at this. Paul was quite right when he said his mother had a bad heart "sometimes," the occasions when it was bad always happening at the best time for Mrs. Darlington to get her way. It was a last resort with her.

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Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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MANY IN ONE—Patents have been granted to a California invention for what apparently is a one log house, but which has other small rooms concealed within its double walls.

A PADRE IN THE GREAT WAR

Being the Reminiscences and Recollections of the Veteran Chaplain, Canon F. G. Scott

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WHEN A 17-INCH SHELL ARRIVED

The shutters were still shut and the door was open. I entered and found in the dining room that the lamp was still burning on the table. I was now about seven o'clock and Mr. Vandervyver had returned and was upstairs arranging his toilet. I went out into the garden and called to one of the sentries to tell Murdock McDonald to come to me. While I was talking to the sentry, an officer came by and warned me to get away from that corner because the Germans were likely to shell it as it was the only road in the neighborhood for the passage of troops to and from the front. When Murdock arrived, I told him I wanted to have breakfast for I had had nothing to eat since luncheon the day before and had done a lot of walking. He looked surprised and said, "Fancy having breakfast when the town is being shelled." "Well," I said, "don't you know we always read in the papers, when a man is hanged, that before he went out to the gallows he ate a hearty breakfast? There must be some philosophy in it. At any rate you might as well die on a full stomach as an empty one." So Murdock began to get breakfast ready in the kitchen where Mr. Vandervyver's maid was already preparing a meal for her master. I shaved and had a good clean up and was sitting in the dining room arranging the many letters and messages which I had received from men who asked me to write to their relatives. Breakfast had just been set when I heard the loudest bang I have ever heard in my life. A seventeen inch shell had fallen in the corner of the garden where the sentry had been standing. The windows of the house were blown in, the ceiling came down and the soot from the chimneys was scattered over everything. I suddenly found myself sitting in a sitting posture, some feet below the chair in which I had been resting. Mr. Vandervyver ran downstairs and out into the street with his toilet so disarranged that he looked as if he were going to take a swim. Murdock MacDonald disappeared and I did not see him again for several days. A poor old woman in street had been hit in the head and was being taken off by a neighbor and a man was lying in the road with a broken leg. All my papers were unfortunately lost in the debris of the ceiling. I went upstairs and got a few more of my remaining treasures and came back to the dining room. There I scraped away the dust and found two boiled eggs. I got some biscuits from the sideboard, and went and filled my waterbottle with tea in the damaged kitchen. I was just starting out of the door when another shell hit the building on the opposite side of the street.

this heart attack. Her doctor knew it was nervous indigestion, caused by fretting over opposition to plans. But it paid him better, and pleased her more to have the word heart used rather than stomach.

"I wouldn't worry," Mrs. Munn comforted him. "I thought she looked remarkably well."

"She has been paler," Paul said, he was worried a little.

"Perhaps, but that doesn't necessarily mean that her heart has been bothering her."

Mrs. Munn did not add that Paul's mother would appear just as easily as she could rely on her. Both were becoming to her. She made herself artistic no matter what role she chose to play, and all sorts of complexions can be had in delicate perfumed French jars.

"Where is Patty?" Mrs. Munn asked a little later.

Paul explained that he had asked her to meet him there, but he did not stand that tiny flat with so many people around. I can't say a word without the whole family over-hearing," he complained. "We've spent our whole time together, since we've known each other in my car, or taking walks. When she comes here, we're going to walk up the Avenue and then I'll take her home."

Patty came in then, her cheeks flushed from the sting of the air, her eyes sparkling with pleasure as she looked at these two people who made up her entire world.

Mrs. Munn watched them together. She could see the devotion under their perfectly correct and casual manner.

A certain amount of opposition was a good thing for a love affair, she decided. Then she felt sorry for them, they were so perfectly lost in the huge city. They, literally, hadn't a place to sit and talk.

"I'm off for an hour's visit," she said suddenly, getting up. "You two had better sit by the fire and talk until I come back."

She had two plans for a way out. When she left the house, she turned down the street toward Patty's home.

Tomorrow—Indecision

It had been used as a billet for some of our men. The sentry I had been talking to had disappeared and all they could find of him was his boots with his feet in them. In the building opposite, we found a poor fellow badly wounded and I got stretcher bearers to come and carry him off to the 2nd Field Ambulance in the Square nearby. Their headquarters had been moved to Vlamertinghe and they were evacuating that morning. The civilians now had got out of town. All sorts of carts and wheelbarrows had been called into requisition. There were still some wounded men in the dressing station, a sergeant was in charge. I managed to command a motor-ambulance and stow three in it. Shells were falling fast in that part of the town. It was perfectly impossible to linger any longer. A certain old inhabitant, however, would not leave. He said he would trust to the good God and stay in the cellar of his own house till the war was over. Poor man, if he did not change his mind, his body must be in the cellar still, for the last time I saw the place, which henceforth was known as "Hell Fire Corner" there was not one stone left upon another. Only a little brick wall remained to show where the garden and house of my landlord had been.

I collected the men of the Ambulance and started off with them to Vlamertinghe. On the way we added to our numbers men who had either lost their units or were being sent back from the line.

As we passed through the Grande Place, which now wore a very much more dilapidated appearance than it did three days before, we found a soldier on the pavement completely intoxicated. He was quite unconscious and could not walk. There was nothing to do but to make him as comfortable as possible till he should awake next day to the horrors of the real world. We carried him into a room of a house and laid him on a heap of straw. I undid the collar of his shirt so that he might have full scope for extra blood pressure and lect him to his fate. I heard afterwards that the house was struck and that he was wounded and taken away to a place of safety. When we got down to the bridge on the Vlamertinghe road an Imperial Signal Officer met me in great distress. His men had been pushing up telegraph wires on the other side of the canal and a shell had fallen and killed thirteen of them. He asked our men to carry the bodies back over the bridge and lay them side by side in an out-house. The men did so, and a row of poor, mutilated twisted and fixed forms was pitiful to see. The officer was very grateful to us but the bodies were probably never buried because that part of the city was soon a ruin. We went down the road towards Vlamertinghe past the big asylum, so long known as a dressing station with its wonderful and commodious cellars. It had been hit and the upstairs part was no longer used.

A PITIFUL PROCESSION

The people along the road were leaving their homes as fast as they could. One little procession will always stand out in my mind. In front one small boy about six years old was pulling a toy cart in which two younger children were packed. Behind followed the mother with a large bundle on her back. Then came the father with a still larger one. There they were trudging along, leaving their home behind with its happy memories, to go forth as penniless refugees, compelled to live on the charity of others. It was through no fault of their own, but only through the

monstrous greed and ambition of a despot crazed with feudal dreams of a by-gone age. As I looked at that little procession and at many other similar ones, the words of the Gospel kept ringing in my ears. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done unto Me." These words I felt sounded the doom of the Kaiser. Many and many a time when the war from our point of view has been going badly, and men would ask me, "How about the war, Sir?" or "Are we winning the war, Sir?" I would reply, "Boys, unless the devil has got into heaven we are going to win. If he has, the German Emperor will have a good friend there. But he hasn't, and any nation which tramples on the rights and liberties of humanity, and glories in it and makes it a matter of national boasting, and casts medals to commemorate the sinking of unprotected ships, any nation which does that is bound to lose the war, no matter how bad things may look at the present time." It was nothing but that unflinching faith in the power of right which kept our men so steadfast. Right is after all only another name for the will of God. Men who knew no theology, who professed no creed, who even pretended to great indifference about the venture of eternity, were unalterably fixed in their faith in the power of right. It gives one a great opportunity of building the higher edifice of the faith when one discovers the rock foundation in one's man's convictions.

When we reached Vlamertinghe we found that a school house had

been taken over by the 2nd Field Ambulance. There was a terrible shortage of stretchers and blankets, as most of the equipment had been lost at Ypres. All that day and night the furious battle raged and many fresh British battalions passed up to reinforce the line. As soon as it was dark the wounded began to come in, and by midnight the school house was filled to overflowing. The poor men were lying out in rows on the cold stone floor with nothing under them. Ambulances were coming and going as usual after hour followed by hour. I went among the sufferers, many of whom I knew. The sergeant would come to me and tell me where the worst cases were. He whispered to me once, "There is a dying man over here." We trod softly between the stretcher forms till we came to one poor fellow who looked up with a white face under the candle light. I saw he was dying. He belonged to one of the British Battalions that I had passed on the road. I asked him if he would like to receive the Holy Communion. He was pleased when I told him I could give it to him. He had been a chorister in England, and he felt so far from the ministrations of his church and he made his confession and I pronounced absolution. Then I gave him the Blessed Sacrament. Like

(Continued on Page 6)



For 30 YEARS the STANDARD of "Tea Deliciousness"

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BY

S. H. WARD, V. S., Secretary and Executive Officer, Minnesota Live Stock Sanitary Board, Secretary, Treasurer, United States Live Stock Sanitary Association

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