The Quiet Observer

SERVICE OR DIVIDENDS.

If anything was needed to assure the success of the Hydro Radials the scarcity of houses within cities, the high cost of building, and the cost of land and taxes would be sufficient. More and more is it evident that without rapid transit to country districts it will be impossible for the cities to contain the population that is more and more congesting them. Landlords and real estate men admire conditions of congestion and among them are to be found some of the strongest opponents of Hydro-Radials. But the interest of the whole people is to be considered before that of a section. No nation can thrive which is put in under constricting conditions, especially as arise out of congested urban conditions A high state of civilization requires a large proposition of rural population, and this is impossible without the rapid transit that electric roads provide. The testimony of the Hydro Commission officials showed considerable profit on the estimated business. If it be suggested that these are only estimates it is to be remembered that in fifteen years the Hydro estimates have invariably proved reliable with results always more favorable than anticipated. Nor should it be forgotten that the Radials aim at providing service at cost, and not to make profits, a fact that those who view everything from a profit-making basis find it difficult to appreciate, as they forget that a service that will pay for itself is all the people desire, and is quite possible where a service intended to produce dividends would fail.

CANALIZING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Experts on the St. Lawrence Canal proposals have been telling the Waterways Commission what they know and what they suppose of the conditions. What they know is undoubtedly governed by the degree of interest they take in the subject, and the special angle from which they approach it. The Montreal man with large local interests in that city will have different views from the Hamilton man who wants his British goods delivered by steamer at the Hamilton wharf ,and the railway man who wants to carry freight by rail is not anxious to see it going by water. But all private interests must yield to the public welfare, and as water freight is by far the cheapest mode of transport, and as the advantage of carrying on a Canadian inland port is incalculable the deepening of the St. Lawrence Canal is bound to come. How long it may be delayed depends largely on the strength of the opposing interests, but when the people are aware of the facts they will demand the canal. Some declare that even greater than the carriage of freights is the creation of vast waterpowers by the necessary raising of the river levels where needed. This power is estimated as equal to 20,000,000 tons of bituminous coal for Ontario. As. Mr. Homer Smith said, the cost is not a factor. If it cost $100,000,000 the value of the power in coal units would far outstep this outlay, gigantic as it seems, in one year. And as we have no coal in Ontario the value of power to us is greater than coal values, just as the value of food in famine is higher than in periods of abundance.

CANADIAN AIR MEN.

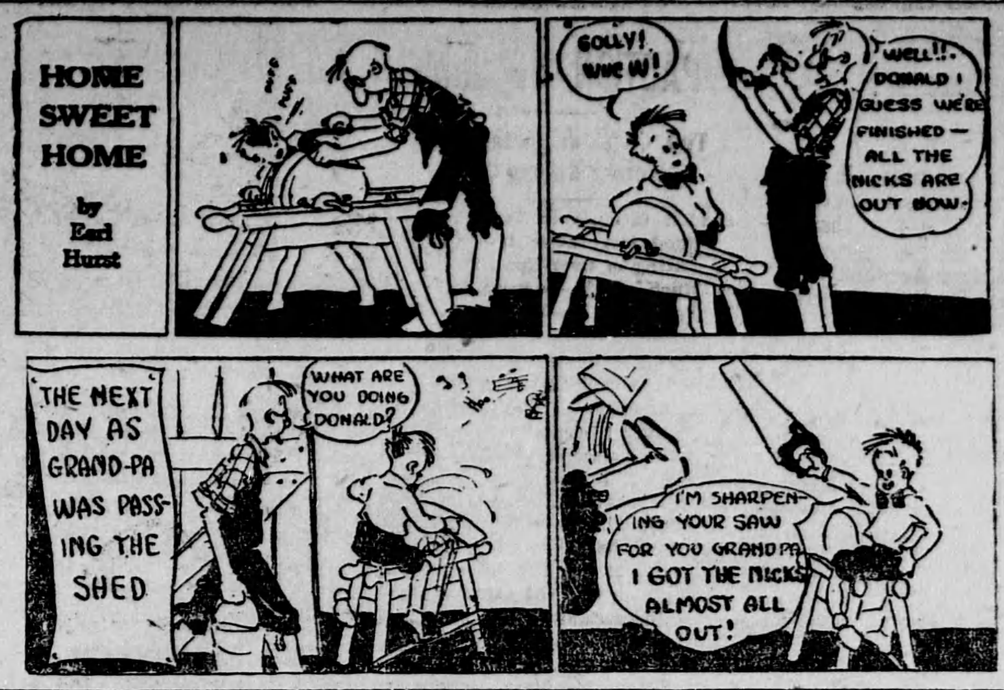
Amid all the distinction won in the war in Canada the service of the Royal Air Force stands out above everything else accomplished by Canadians. It is fitting that something should be done to perpetuate the name and fame of the famous body which did so much to give supremacy to Britain in the air in the critical days of 1918. An arrangement has been made which it is hoped will work out satisfactorily ,and as it depends for its success on the widest co-operation from the public, no doubt the details of the plan will be of interest. The Dominion Government has given $800,000 a year to be divided among the provinces, pro rata, for the purposes of what is called the Canadian Air Board. Each province has an association under this board, and the Ontario Committee, which looks after recruiting promotion and all the interests of the volunteering pilots and the mechanical men who make up the force, consists of Mr. Lloyd Harris, Chairman, Major Douglas Hallam, Vice-Chairman; Sir John Aird, R. W. Leonard, Major D. Joy and Major Hember, with the Lieutenant-Governor as General Convener. The Air Board consists of three branches, the operatives. department, the inspection department, which includes all the licensing and technical forces, and the Canadian Air Force, proper comprising the pilots and consisting entirely of volunteers. The first two branches make up the permanent staff ,and the volunteer branch of the pilots hopes to train 2,000 pilots every four years. In the mechanical department it is expected that 3,600 mechanics will be trained in the same time. A supply of machines and equipment has been obtained free from England. Mechanics are taken on for one month's training every two years, and receive pay at the rate of from $7 to $14.35 a week with board, quarters, clothing, etc. If a mechanic wishes to join the permanent staff and passes his qualification tests he can be taken on for a period not longer than a year at double pay, with either a separation allowance, or with quarters for his wife and family. Training consists of practical work on the machines on the field, in the engine shops and with technical lectures, and there are chances for the men to have experience of air flights. The first training camp is now open at Camp Borden and will continue all winter. There are two divisions of the mechanics' branch, the fitters and the riggers. The fitters handle the engines and everything connected with the metal trades. The riggers are carpenters, tailors, instrument makers, jewelers, and handle anything connected with the fabric or frame of the machine, every trade being represented. Mechanics may write to 34 Yonge street, Toronto, for information about this branch. A separate section has also been established for aerial photography. Pilots are given one months' training, with uniform, pay, travelling expenses, etc. The technical schools in the province are taking up the subject ,and more pupils than can be accommodated are applying for the courses. The university also is takng up the matters and two men are engaged on research work. The call for men trained in aeronautics is increasing, and no commercial company can operate unless they have riggers and fitters who have passed the Government station test.

TAKKE CARE OF ITS TREES.

The Hydro-Electric Commission and the Parks Department of the City of St. Thomas have placed the trimming of the trees on the streets where hydro wires are strung under the superintendency of the Horticultural Society. The St. Thomas Horticultural Society have as their chief plantsman, Mr. R. V. Smith, formerly superintendent of Parks of London, who is an expert along this line. The trimming is being done in a sane manner. That part of the work on the tree that it is necessary to remove to protect the wires is paid for by the Hydro Commission, and the balance of the work to make the tree symmetrical is paid for by the City Council. The spirit exhibited by these two municipal bodies is commendable.

HOT WATER ICE MORE COMPACT.

The United States Bureau of Standards says that the common notion that hot water freezes quicker than cold water when both are subjected to the same temperature is untrue. Water when heated loses most of its dissolved air, and if frozen later forms much more compact ice than water which contains air. As a result hot water pipes, if allowed to freeze, are much more likely to burst than are cold water pipes



Be Your Own Doctor.

When you meet with an accident—a cut, a burn, a scald or a bruise—don't spend money needlessly in doctor's bills, but apply Zam-Buk at once. This herbal balm will end the pain, stop the bleeding, prevent festering and heal quickly. Keep a box handy.

For skin troubles Zam-Buk is equally invaluable. A skin disease cured by Zam-Buk does not break out again, because Zam-Buk cures from the "root" up.

Zam-Buk is best for eczema, boils, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

Talbot laughed quietly, and walked back into the sitting-room.

"Well, she gives you good advice," he said. "I should follow it. Let her have a day or two to herself—a day or two of liberty. She'll come back at the end all the better for it."

Stephen followed him into the firelight. His face was the color of wood ash, and his eyes looked haggard and terrified. With all his faults he really loved his wife, even in his own narrow, limited, selfish way, intensely.

"Oh, Talbot, to think she's gone back to it all! How awful!"

Talbot gave a gesture of impatience. He understood the girl so much better than Stephen ever had that his methods seemed unreasonably foolish to him. And now he was excessively tired and cold and hungry, and his supper seemed of more importance than a world of injured husbands.

"You can't wonder at it, old man," he said. "This life must be intolerable for a girl like that."

"Why? How?" questioned Stephen, blankly.

"Oh, so quiet. No excitement."

"But women ought to like quiet, and excitement's sinful," returned Stephen, hotly, becoming the Low Church missionary school-teacher at once.

Talbot merely laughed and shrugged his shoulders, but his laugh was not friendly, and there was an angry light in his eyes.

"What am I to do?" asked Stephen, mechanically, still standing, the pallor and the horror of his face growing each minute.

"I've told you. Let her have the few days' enjoyment she asks for; then her heart will reproach her, and she will come back to you."

"But she might think me indifferent," murmured Stephen, his voice almost choked in his throat.

"I shouldn't leave her long. If she does not return the day after to-morrow, then you might go; but if you go now and attempt to force her back, you'll probably make a mess of it."

"But think—my wife—"

"That's all right," returned Talbot, looking at him and understanding what he was thinking of. "In one way, at least, you know she's a good girl. She will only gamble a little and drink and get very jolly, and she will come back to you in a day or two no harm done. What are you doing?" he broke off suddenly, as Stephen began to tear off his slippers and socks and get his thick wet boots on.

"I'm going after her," he said, sullenly, in a thick voice, "to bring her back home here—alive or dead."

"It will be dead probably, and you'll be exceedingly sorry," returned Talbot in a cutting tone.

Stephen made no answer, but continued fastening his boots.

"You'd better have your supper before you go out again," remarked Talbot, sarcastically.

Stephen made no reply. When he had his boots on he put an extra comforter inside his fur collar, put his cap on, and walked over to the door. Then he hesitated and looked back. Talbot sat unmoved by the fire, his profile to the door. Stephen stood for an instant, then came back to the hearth.

"Talbot," he said, standing in front of him.

The other looked up.

"Well?"

"Come with me. Help me to find her and bring her back."

Talbot compressed his lips.

"Aren't you capable of managing your own wife yourself?" he asked.

"You have so much influence with her," said Stephen, pleadingly.

"I suppose I only have that influence because I am not quite a fool," returned Talbot, angrily, commencing to pull off his slippers.

He was angry with Stephen, and feeling excessively wearied and disinclined for further efforts. He hated to turn out again, and his whole physical system was craving for food and rest. But he was not the man to resist an appeal in which he saw another's whole soul was thrown; and angrey and annoyed as he was with Stephen, he still disliked the idea of lettinf his friend go out alone in the Arctic night on such an errand. It seemed to him supremely ridiculous for Stephen to have to call in another man's aid in these personal matters but then he was more than twice Stephen's age, and had got into the habit of making excuses for him. So, tired and exhausted though he was, he dragged on his frozen boots again, and prepared to accompany Stephen.

"You had better have some of this first," he said, pouring out a cup of the coffee he had made, which stood ready on the stove.

They each took a cup standing, and and then turned out of the cabin, locking the door behind them. The atmosphere and aspect, the whole face of the night, had changed since the girl started. The fog had lifted itself and rolled away somewhere in the darkness. The air was now clear and keen as the edge of steel. The stars were of piercing brilliance, and all along the black horizon flickered nad leaped a faint rosy light. The two men, stiff, tired and aching, took much longer to accomplish the distance than the girl had done with her light, eager feet, and when they got down to the town the night was well on its way. At the bottom of Good Luck Row, which is, as explained already, one of the first streets you come to on the edge of the town, they halted and took counsel as to where they would be most likely to find the object of their search.

"Perhaps she's gone to the Pistol Shot," suggested Stephen. "We'd better go up to old Poniatovsky."

"She hasn't come down to see her father, I should imagine," remarked Talbot in his dryest tone.

But Stephen persisted she might be there, and so they tramped straight across toward the main street and turned into the Pistol Shot. They pushed their way unheeded through the idle, lounging, gossiping crowd within, found their way behind the bar, and asked for Poniatovsky. The little Pole came out of their story, his long pipe in one hand, his mouth open, and his own vile whiskey obscuring and clouding his brain.

"Wot! She haf run away?" he exclaimed, as Stephen paused. "And who is de cause? Is it this shentleman here?" and he stared up at Talbot's slight, tall figure, imposing in its furs, and at the finely cut, determined features that presented such a contrast to Stephen's weak, boyish face.

"No, no," the latter said, angrily; "she hasn't run away at all. She has only come down here for an hour or so. I thought she might have come down here to see you."

"No, replied the Pole, deprecatingly, shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his hands, "I haf not seen her. If she come here, I shut the door upon her. I say 'I vill haf no runaway wives here.' My fren, before you vos marrit did not I say, a truant daughter make a truant wife? She haf left me first, now she haf left you."

He had taken Stephen by the front of his coat and was pushing in his words by the aid of a dirty forefinger.

Talbot abandoned Stephen to argue the matter out with his drunken father-in-law, and strolled back through the passage, through the barroom, and then stood, with his gloved hands deep in his fur-lined pockets at the saloon door, looking up and down the street. Presently one of the wrecks of the night came drifting by, a girl of nineteen or so, with her cheeks blue and pinched in the terrible cold under their coat of coarse paint. He signaled to her, and she drifted across to him, and stood, with her hands thrust up her sleeves, in the light from the Pistol Shot.

"I expect you've seen the inside of most of the drink-houses to-night," he said, speaking in a kind voice—for the pitiful, cold face of the girl touched him—"have you seen anything of Katrine Poniatovsky—a girl who used to live here?"

"Wot's she like?" the girl asked, sullenly. She was so hoarse that she could hardly make the words audible.

"A tall girl, dark, and very handsome."

"Yes, I seed her, no more'n an hour ago, in the Cockpit. She's a-makin' more money in there than I can make if I walk all night. Curse her! She sits there, and the devil sits behind her, a-playin' for her, I know; but she'd better look out—you don't play with that partner long."

"The Cock-pit. That's on the other side, isn't it, away from the river?" Talbot's heart sank as he recognized the name of the worst den for gambling in the whole town.

"Go down here, and turn to your left. Any one will tell you where the Cock-pit is," said the girl, with a hollow laugh.

Then she lingered in the light, and looked at Talbot wistfully. He put some money into her hand. "Go into the warmth," he said, kindly, "and get yourself something."

Then he turned back into the saloon to find Stephen. He met him, having broken away at last from the fatherly advice of the Pole, and, brushing the front of his coat down with his hand. He was very flushed and angry.

"You'd better waste no more time," remarked Talbot calmly. "She is down at the Cock-pit, playing."

Stephen gasped.

"How did you find out that?" he asked.

"I've just been told by one of the habitues. Come along at once."

Both the men went out, and Talbot, following the girl's directions, marched on decidedly, scarcely noticing Stephen's questions, which he could not answer.

"I don't know," he said, for the fiftieth time, to Stephen's last absurd query as to how long she had been there.

The houses became poorer and shabbier as they walked. Even in log-cabins there is a great difference marked between the respectable and the disreputable. And the figures that passed them from time to time, though more rarely here in this quarter, looked of the toughest, most cutthroat class.

(To be continued.)

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

THE WORLD NO WORSE.

(New York Sun.)

The world at present is undergoing startling changes. The grim hand of war has laid in ruins much which came to use out of the past, has speeded up the evolution of new institutions and customs and practices. But this does not mean that the world is on the road to destruction, that hu-

SINCE 1870 SHILOH 30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

DEMISE THREATENED.

(Boston Transcript.)

"Can I Get off this afternoon?" asked the office boy.

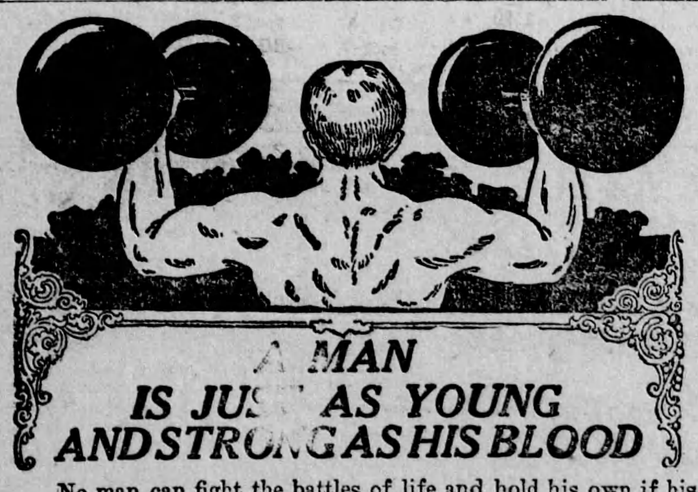
"Somebody dead in your family I suppose," rejoined his sarcastic employer.

"No sir, but I'm just dyin' ter see the ball game."

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

The attendance last year at the Normal School of New Brunswick of teachers in training was 275, of whom 253 were young women.



A MAN IS JUST AS YOUNG AND STRONG AS HIS BLOOD

No man can fight the battles of life and hold his own if his blood is not pure, for rich red blood is what strength is based upon. When you see a strong, vigorous man, who never knows when he is licked, you may wager that such a man has coursing through his veins rich, red blood. Many people have thin, pale blood. They are weak, tire easily, become discouraged quickly, and sometimes feel like giving up the struggle. Such folks need Dr. Pierce's Golden Discovery, which is prepared in Dr. Pierce's branch Laboratory, Bridgeburg, Ont. Sold by druggists. Liquid or Tablets.

It adds vigor to the heart beats and tones up the nerves in a wonderful way. This "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's is made from Blood root, Oregon Grape root, Stone root, contains no alcohol—yet tones up the stomach, stimulates the liver and puts the blood making glands in the best of condition. Many people write Dr. Pierce at the Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., as follows:

CHATHAM, ONT.—"For many years I suffered with stomach trouble. I tried many remedies but they seemed to be a failure—my stomach seemed to be getting worse instead of better. One day I came in possession of a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and took it. My stomach seemed completely cured. I have great faith in this medicine, and hope any sufferer that reads this will give the 'Discovery' a trial. Once tried, never without it."—C. TITUS, JR., 28 Duke Street.

STANFIELD'S Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR

For warmth, comfort and years of wear, there is no underwear to compare with Stanfield's. Made of the finest wool and rendered unshrinkable by the wonderful Stanfield process this underwear is a comfortable necessity for winter wear.

Made in Combinations and Two-Piece Suits, in full length, knee and elbow length, and sleeveless, for Men and Women.

Stanfield's Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers for growing Children (Patented).

Write for free sample book.

STANFIELD'S LIMITED
Truro, N.S.

34