

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1917

JUST FOR TO-NIGHT

Backward, turn backward, Oh! in time of thy  
dignity, I will confess, just for to-night.  
Far, far away from the noise of war,  
Where machine guns rattle and big guns roar;  
Back where it's peaceful, quiet and serene,  
Away from the trenches and all that it means;  
Back where instead of the shrill of a shell  
We can hear voices and know all is well.  
The memory of home is in my mind now,  
As I sit dreaming, I oft think of how my mother cared for me and called me her boy.  
What does she now think of her own pride  
And joy?  
He's fighting for freedom, for home and right,  
And the Kaiser is fighting against him for might.  
That's why I wish, while through trenches I climb,  
That I could reverse the great hand of fate.  
And while I am writing these lines that I might  
Return to thee, Canada, just for to-night.  
Just to be home, just for one peaceful night.  
Away from the worries and trials of this life.  
Away from the Kultur, away from the crime.  
Away from the trenches, shell holes and silence;  
Must I keep dreaming and longing to vain  
To strike the path with my sweet mate.  
And once more to love and be loved as of  
yours.  
Oh, God! isn't that what you gave us life  
Could I but to-night, while the big guns roar,  
Knock at your welcome at mother's front door.  
Be kissed once again by those dear lips so rare,  
And come again, finding the new silver  
Dale.  
Sad dad on the doorstep enjoying the breeze;  
With two kiddies claiming the use of his knee.  
Then would I flee from this ghastly sight  
And their return to thee, Canada, just for to-night.  
No brother's gained on the battlefield  
Can compare with the love of the ones we hold dear.  
Their true love embodying all that is best;  
Take a last, father time, to my home in the West.  
From the land that is barren and cursed,  
Where old and lust bring out in a man  
all that is worse than death.  
Oh! I had for one night to be back home again.  
Where peace on earth and good will to men.  
Oh! God, who is watching over Canada's home.  
Fighting, dying and lying at rest.  
Until it is courage to fight the good fight.  
And at length know the triumphs of right.  
And as I pass this way poor pone, I wonder if I'll like an aerie high up there.  
Will ever turn back in its merciless flight.  
And take me to Canada, just for to-night.

**SHARP PAINS  
SHOT  
THROUGH HEART.**

Thousands of people go about their daily work on the verge of death and yet don't know it.

Every once in a while a pain will shoot through the heart—but little attention is paid to this trouble, and it is only when a violent shock occurs that the weakness of the heart is apparent.

There is only one cure for the weak heart and that is Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. H. A. Young, 83 Bayster St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "I used to have sharp pains shoot through my heart, often from shortness of breath, and was so weak I could not sleep at night. A friend advised me to take Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I found great relief. Three boxes completely cured me."

Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are \$6. per box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

LIQUOR AND LABOR

To the Editor:—

Defenders of the liquor industry have always professed anxiety concerning the great army of workmen that would be thrown out of employment upon the adoption of National Prohibition.

Such is said about the enormous amount of capital that is invested in the liquor industry, and yet for every \$1,000,000 invested in the liquor industry, practically six times as many workers are employed in the liquor business.

Take a few leading Canadian industries and compare them with the liquor business. For every \$100,000 invested in each of these industries the following number of wage-earners are employed: Liquors 9; Agricultural Implements, 22; Boots and Shoes, 80; Butter and Cheese, 76; Bread, 65; House Building, 80; Clothing, 145; Furniture, 60. These figures show that the number of wage-earners in the liquor business is comparatively small compared with other industries.

The relaxed conditions following the adoption of National Prohibition does not mean that the public go about or care a damn. Some adjustment will be necessary. The constantly changing situation in the Industrial world often compels men to change their occupations, and many have to learn new trades.

It is an acknowledged fact that more men lose their jobs because of the liquor trade than would be the case if the trade were destroyed. Someone has said: "When liquor puts a man out of a job it finds him another job." Who doesn't put a better job out of a job it makes him a wealth-producing workman. It is better that the bartender would lose his job and get a better one than that the patrons should lose their job and be forced for any job."—J. H. Helewood, Social Services Department.

**Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blanching with out pain.

Too often the hero worshiper is his own hero.

The man who tries to buy popularity gets stung.

The boy who cannot keep his grip on the ball will never score a touch-down.

Every mother knows that her son should marry a princess.

**THE BOYHOOD OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN**

Hans Andersen was born in the little town of Odense, on the Island of Funen, Denmark. His parents were poor; and when he was yet a small lad, he was left fatherless.

During his boyhood Hans did not amuse himself as other boys did. He loved dolls and made them out into stories and plays which his father read to him. He learned by heart many poems, stories, and songs, with which he used to amuse his mother and their friends.

When Hans Andersen reached the age of fourteen, it became necessary for him to leave school. But the lad did not want to leave school; he loved books and one of his greatest ambitions was to become a writer. He promised his mother that if she would only give her consent to his going to Copenhagen he would make a great fortune and return home renowned.

Mrs. Andersen was much distressed because her son did not want to work, and also tried to laugh him out of his foolish notions. But he was so persistent that finally she agreed to let her lad go. With a little money in his pocket, Hans started on his journey. When Copenhagen was reached he tried to make some money by singing, but his shoes and clothes were so shabby that he attracted a bad cold, and homesickness ruined his voice. Whereupon he began to write short stories in the hope of selling them. But when the stories were written his publisher was so indignant that no one would buy them.

As time passed, the poor, homeless lad made some good friends who offered to help him pay for his instruction. Hans was delighted and gladly accepted their offer. Though now almost a young man, he was obliged to enter a class with the smaller boys in the school. He determined to learn to become a good speller.

After many months of painful plodding, Hans again tried to write fairy tales.

It was not long before people began to read what he wrote and to comment very favorably upon his writings.

In time the children of many lands came to know and to love Hans Christian Andersen through the exquisite tales he wrote for them. Very often he had to hunt out little sick children and make their hearts glad by reading or telling his stories to them. Kings and princes and men of renown welcomed him to their homes and loved to have him read and tell stories quite as well as did their children. Thorvaldsen, the famous sculptor, was one of his best friends.

After Hans Andersen's death, in 1875, the people of Denmark erected a handsome statue in his honor. It is a plot of exquisite flowers with a statue of a swan and a favorite playground of the children.

This statue in Copenhagen is of bronze and represents the writer seated with a book in his hand. He looks as if he were just going to tell a story. On the left side of the pedestal is a story and the words "In Memory of the Wonder Story-Teller." Upon the opposite side is the group of the "Ugly Duckling" and the words "Erected by the Danish People, 1900."

The figure on the statue reminds us of Hans' own most famous story, "The Ugly Duckling." He said it was like the story of his own life. At first he met with only sorrow and disappointment, but finally everything came out right.

**I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE**

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mira Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was twenty I suffered each month so much I had to stay in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would double over monthly. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not know what was the matter. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinckham's Vegetable Compound and I took it and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regaining my strength."—Mrs. Harry Hamilton, 222 South St.

**HAD A VERY BAD COLD and COUGH**

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HER.

Mrs. C. Draper, Bayfield, Ont., writes:—I want to tell you of the benefit I got from your medicine.

One winter I had a very bad cold and cough. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I think it is about one of the best cough syrups that I know of. I always keep a bottle of it in my house so I can have it when I want it.

The other week I took an old lady about "Dr. Wood's." She had been sick for three weeks with bronchitis, and was getting medicine from the doctor, but nothing seemed to help much better. She got one bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and she says it has been going on than all the doctor's medicine she has been taking."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is rich in the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, and this makes it the best remedy for cough and colds.

The genuine is packed in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.; manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**ORGANIC AND INORGANIC**

**LIQUOR AND LABOR**

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**Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

For infants and children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears  
the signature of  
Dr. Fletcher

When you get worrying, stop and think of the unnecessary things you worried about yesterday.

Many a woman spoils a romance by trying to make it last forever.

Too many people mistake a wish for an ambition.

Unseen lies the head that wears a frown.

Pulling weeds is lost pastoral that planting flowers, but quite as necessary.

Nothing pleases an ignorant man so much as a chance to hand over information.

There is a vast difference between getting well done and allowing bad tobacco worse by a wash of firmeras at the outset.

4. Too often the hero worshiper is his own hero.

The man who tries to buy popularity gets stung.

The boy who cannot keep his grip on the ball will never score a touch-down.

Every mother knows that her son should marry a princess.

**ROYAL YEAST CAKES**

HAS BEEN CANADA'S FAVORITE YEAST FOR MORE THAN 30 YEARS

MAKE PERFECT BREAD

MADE IN CANADA

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

THE FLETON COMPANY LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO

**NEWS TOPICS OF THE WEEK**

WEDNESDAY.

1617 is due to be held in India.

The trial of four German plotters

against India was begun in Chicago.

Over 1,000 cattle and hogs were

lost in the Kansas City stock yards.

A Distinguished Conduct Medal

was awarded Serjt. Munus of To-

ronto.

A large gathering paid a last trib-

ute to late Rev. Dr. W. G. Griff-

ith, of St. Hilda's Church.

Cabinet has good "timber" in it, but

he is not aware of the need of co-

alition.

Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Osborne

was appointed Military Secretary to the

new Minister of Militia, Hon. H. C. Mowbray.

Mr. H. C. Osborne has been chosen

to represent the company on the Board

of Arbitration to validate the Cana-

dian Northern Railway.

John R. Scott, of Toronto, was

electrocuted while reading a lan-

guish.

What berry is used for decorat-

ion?

What berry do animals like to lis-

ten to?

What berry does one drink? Tea-

berry?

What berry is a kind of cloth? Mul-

berry?

What berry is red? Cranberry?

What berry is white? Blueberry?

What berry is yellow? Lemon-

berry?

What berry is purple? Black-

berry?

What berry is green? Avocado?

What berry is orange? Persimmon?

What berry is pink? Rose-

berry?

What berry is brown? Chestnut?

What berry is black? Black-

berry?

What berry is red? Tomato?

What berry is blue? Blue-

berry?

What berry is red? Tomato?

What berry is yellow? Pine-

apple?

What berry is purple? Purple?

What berry is red