

FLESHERTON.
The Spring Hill Red Cross held a very successful pie social in No. 3 school house on Friday evening. The receipts, which included the proceeds of three quilts sold, amounted to \$35. Mr. Jos Blakely occupied the chair and a varied and very pleasing program was rendered, in which Miss Wilson's pupils took part. A short play was well given by the Red Cross workers. Misses Agnes and Muriel Henderson of this village assisted on the program.

The town hall was filled with interested spectators on Friday evening to hear a liquor case aired before Magistrates McMullen and McTavish. Nick Povenick of Ceylon, upon whose premises Inspector Halbert and Constable Cook found some "wet goods," was charged with keeping for sale, but the evidence was not sufficient upon which to make a conviction and the magistrates dismissed the case. Mr. Henry of Markdale was counsel for the prosecution and Mr. Tucker of Owen Sound for the defendant.

There was a fine display made at the spring millinery openings here last week. The show rooms were quite attractive with artistically arranged goods and there were many new and stylish designs in headwear shown.

Mrs. Geo. Magee had a sale of household goods on Monday, preparatory to leaving for Hamilton, where Mr. Magee has a good position.

Auctioneer Kaiting wielded the hammer in a lively manner. Miss Amanda Stewart gave a birthday party to about twenty of her young lady and gentlemen friends on Friday evening.

Born.—At Toronto, on March 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt J. Blackburn a son.

Mrs. (Dr.) Murray, who has been an invalid for a number of years, and has borne her affliction with great patience, is at present in a very weak condition, her vitality having been depleted lately by la grippe. Mrs. Murray's numerous friends deeply sympathize with her in her increased weakness and suffering.

The friends here of Mr. W. H. Bunt of Owen Sound are sorry to learn of the misfortune which has befallen his 15-year-old daughter, Florence, who, on Saturday last, while with others selling patriotic papers at the fire hall fell down stairs and sustained a bad fracture of the hip bone at the socket. She was taken to the hospital, where the injury was attended to, and where she will be confined for several weeks. Miss Florence was a clever student at the high school here and was pursuing her studies at the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute for the coming exam. Mr. Bunt expected to move here this week, but may now be delayed.

Rev. and Mrs. Dudgeon's congregation and friends deeply sympathize with them in continued affliction in their home. Their little

daughter, Marjory, who has been very ill for five months, remains but little improved and their older daughter, Gladys, is now ill with tonsillitis.

Mrs. (Dr.) Carter entertained a few friends at an enjoyable tea on Friday evening. Mrs. Carter's friends are pleased to see her recovered from illness which confined her to her home the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Thompson were down from Markdale on Monday visiting the latter's brother, Mr. Samuel Irwin, who is laid up with sciatica.

The U. and D. club held a sale of home-made baking in their club room on Saturday.

Mr. Jos. Cornfield of Toronto, recently injured in an auto and street car collision, is yet confined to his home with a badly sprained foot but, we are pleased to learn, is improving.

Ivan, the six-year-old son of Dr. R. H. Henderson of Toronto, had a narrow escape from death last week when struck by an automobile on his way home from school. The injuries were chiefly a nasty cut in the face and a badly bruised foot. The brave little chap, or nephew, is reported improving.

Prof. Lane of Victoria College, Toronto, preached a very thoughtful sermon in the Methodist church on Sunday morning in the interests of the educational work of the church. Dr. Fred Murray of Toronto, sang with his usual pleasing effect at both morning and evening services.

At the recent meeting of Orangeville Presbytery, Rev. Mr. McVicar, pastor of Chalmers church, here, was appointed one of the commissioners to the general assembly, which meets at Winnipeg in June.

Birthday greetings to Mrs. M. E. Pye, mother of Mrs. (Dr.) Carter, who celebrated her 57th birthday on Sunday. The esteemed old lady, who is at present visiting her son at Clarksburg, is in possession of all her faculties and enjoying remarkably good health for her advanced years.

Mrs. (Rev.) McVicar gave a good address at the Methodist Young People's meeting on Monday evening.

Miss Jamieson, nurse, left on Monday for Porcupine, where she was called to a patient.

Dr. Fred Murray of Toronto spent from Thursday till Monday with his brother here.

Ptes. Fred McTavish and Everett Henry were home from Owen Sound over the week-end.

Mrs. Vandusen has returned from three months' visit at Chesley and Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt McGruther of Markdale were in town on Monday and called on some of their old friends.

Mr. W. A. Armstrong was at Hamilton and Toronto over the week-end.

Mr. Robt. Best, who has been ill for five months with heart trouble is, we are pleased to learn, slightly improved.

Miss Maud Richardson has returned from five weeks' visit with her brother, Major Richardson, and sister, in Toronto.

Rev. Mr. Dudgeon made a short visit to the city last week.

We are pleased to feel the warm sun of spring, to see the snow nearly gone and the streets drying rapidly.

PENROD

From the Land of the Sphinx

Continued from page 6.

She did not reply. He began plaintively. "Margaret, you don't!"

"I've never seen papa and mamma so upset about anything," she said rather primly.

"You mean they're upset about me?"

"We are all very much upset," returned Margaret, more starch in her tone as she remembered not only Penrod's sufferings, but a duty she had vowed herself to perform.

"Margaret! You don't!"

"Robert," she said firmly and, also, with a rhetorical complexity which breeds a suspicion of rehearsal; "Robert, for the present I can only look at it in one way—when you gave that money to Penrod you put into the hands of an unthinking little child a weapon which might be, and, indeed, was, the means of his undoing. Boys are not reason!"

"But you saw me give him the dollar, and you didn't!"

"Robert!" she checked him with increasing severity. "I am only a woman and not accustomed to thinking everything out on the spur of the moment. But I cannot change my mind—not now, at least."

"And you think I'd better not come in tonight?"

"Tonight!" she gasped. "Not for weeks! Papa would!"

"But Margaret," he urged plaintively, "how can you blame me for—"

"I have not used the word 'blame,'" she interrupted. "But I must insist that for your carelessness—to wreak such havoc—cannot fail to lessen my confidence in your powers of judgment. I cannot change my convictions in this matter—not tonight—and I cannot remain here another instant. The poor child may need me. Robert, good night."

We received a letter a few days ago from Pte. Geo. Pilgrim, who is now in Alexandria, Egypt, and waiting for orders to take a more active part in the great European conflict. He is one of the Bentinck boys who answered his country's call in the earlier stages of the recruiting, and has been overseas for some time. This is the third of his letters that appeared in our columns, the last a few weeks ago, having been written from the island of Lemnos. Though we met Pte. Pilgrim before the war, our remembrance of him is very indistinct, and we can claim no acquaintance. He is well spoken of by those who know him and from the general tone of his letters we consider him a young man of good morals, and evidently a good observer of the things he sees around him. The following is the gist of his letter from Alexandria:

"I take much pleasure in writing to let you know where we are located at present. Well, we are in the land of milk and honey, and pyramids, and sphinx. It is a wonderful country, a country under proper rule that will develop very fast. You would be surprised to know that I have seen some of the most magnificent buildings, large tenement or apartment houses, ranging from three to seven stories, mostly of French design and architecture. There are very beautiful and there is also an excellent electric railway system, it is a double track system, and good connections at transfer points. The street cars are double-decked. It seems strange to have to go on top of the cars, but it is very nice on top as you get all the breeze, and it is a great treat to get fresh air, even at this season, which is very warm. You can ride about seven miles for one-half piastre in Egyptian coin, it amounts to a little more than two cents in our money. It requires a good many conductors to run the system, and then they don't get all the fares, as they are very slow. It is a good job. Tommies are for some of our British. Tommies are more often without money than with it. They only draw two dollars a month and that is very little in a country like this where you can spend so much in souvvenirs and so on.

Alexandria consists of a very mixed population, almost every nationality is represented, right down to a Chinese laundry, and a Jew peddler who goes around the streets trying to beat some fellow and get twice as much for his stuff as it is worth. I don't think that the customs of the lower class of the Egyptian race have changed one iota since the time of Christ. They still wear the long skirts and turban, and their ride donkeys, the same as 2,000 years ago. They also sit in the market places with their goods for sale and you also see the money changers, who are always ready to change your money for you, and always cunning enough to do you out of a few pieces if you don't watch them. I can tell you these Gypos need watching, or they would take your gold teeth while you are looking at them. But take the Egyptians right through, they are not bad fellows to get along with. They believe there's none like the British, and realize that the British are able to defend their country against all comers. They are very sociable, always eager to learn our language and our sports. It is very comical to watch a group of Gyppo school children playing football in their bare feet, and it's wonderful how some of them can kick the ball as far as they do. They use the side of their feet, so they won't hurt their toes. As to the policing of the city, they might have better rules and regulations. At present, this city is under martial law, which is necessary on account of the tumult of soldiers that are massed here in case of the invasion of the Suez Canal. The pickets walk the streets in large squads, headed by an officer, who is responsible for the conduct of the soldiers who visit the city in the evenings, and take charge of all men after 9:30 p.m. who have not a pass from their commanding officer to allow them to stay out till 11:30 p.m. As to sanitation, it is very badly in need of a good sanitary officer. It is so unsanitary that I would not mention some of its conditions. After six months on the Island of Lemnos, where I last wrote from, and after the evacuation of the Dardanelles, when our Dardanelles wounded were all discharged from our hospitals, we were ordered to pack up and proceed to Alexandria, and I am very glad that we came to this historic Bible city, and to see and study the people of this country for a little while.

write you another story soon, hoping that some more of our Canadians will join the colors and lend a helping hand to overthrow the cowardly Hun."

Life in the Trenches

The following extracts from a letter to Inspector Campbell from Corp. Jack Wilson, who taught before the war at Vickers and was one of the first to enlist, will be interesting to many readers. He has had a wide experience and a number of close calls. He took part in the battles at Langemarck, Festubert and St. Julien, at the latter of which he was wounded.

"We, out here, are sick of the war. What humane man or woman isn't? But we are determined not to stop till we have permanently put an end to the Kaiser's dream of a place in the sun.

"And now for some items of our experiences here. We generally do six days in divisional reserve billets and six days in the trenches, followed by twelve days in rest billets. This is a very good arrangement and the boys like it better than any they have had yet. And of the six days in the trenches one-half company spend three days in the front line and the other three in support trenches, from where working parties are supplied nightly. These working parties may be employed in filling and laying sand bags, fixing up trenches, building new dugouts, making communication trenches, fixing the barbed wire entanglements; there is always plenty of work to be done, under the direction of, and in accordance with the scheme laid down by the Engineers.

"I have been on several working parties in front of our trenches. It is not nearly so risky as it sounds, as our trenches are 300 to 400 yards apart, though where we were working would be about 200 yards from the enemy. The enemy put up 'star' shells or 'flashes,' which light up quite a large area and show up 'no man's land' distinctly. At such moments we remain stationary. If we are discovered a machine gun opens fire and rifles add to the rattle, but so far we have not suffered much. There have been some casualties.

The 'listening posts' are another feature of trench work. I was in charge of one the last three nights we were in the trenches. The listening post was a hole six feet long, three feet wide and about two feet deep, with a low parapet of sand bags. Anything conspicuous would arouse Fritz's curiosity and would receive a few 'whizzbangs,' which would upset the post. In this luxurious excavation a sentry group of three men keep a look-out, and they are on duty for two hours and off for four, when they come back to the trench. Then another spell on and four hours of complete the night's work. There is no 'listening post' during the day, of course. I was on duty with another corporal and we did two hours on and two off, alternately, for the night. We took our sentries out and relieved the old groups at the proper times. We spent our two hours of duty at a barrier some 30 yards from the listening post and 150 or so in front of the trenches. There we were in reach of the sentries if they needed us. It is not a particularly attractive duty and the lot of a sentry on a cold night, with snow falling and a sharp wind blowing is not to be envied. We got hot cocoa twice and rum was issued a couple of times, though I didn't bother with the latter.

"Just now we are in billets on a farm. I am in a pig-stye, but of course it is clean. We band our heads against the roof often, as there is hardly room to stand erect. I have my washing on the brazier at present. I have been smoked out a couple of times, but just now the smoke is bearable. Each of us carry two anti-gas helmets and a pair of goggles and it is amusing to see some one wearing the goggles while he's lighting a fire of damp wood. The goggles are for use against 'weeping' shells.

"Selkirk is well and was very pleased to be included in your good wishes. He desires to be remembered to you. It was a most agreeable surprise to us to learn that Willie, my younger brother, is in billets with the Engineers, not far from us. I saw him last week frequently, though we are not just so convenient this week. He looks very well and likes his work.

"I haven't as much time for writing as I could employ, but this evening I am free. I shall probably be on a working party to-night. A six-inch howitzer battery quite near is firing and it is shaking the earth and all the buildings in this vicinity. It does make a noise. I spent the other week at a grenade school and enjoyed the course very much."

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They're Off

The following letter from Corporal Stedman, who enlisted from this office last October, will be of interest to his many friends. He is evidently in good spirits, and the feeling he shows is only an index, we presume, to the general spirit of the whole battalion. Stedman is an Englishman, and as he is going home before going further, the next few months will be full of pleasant experiences. Here is what he says:

"It is a most lovely day, on the 30th of March, and we are speeding away towards Halifax, and thence to somewhere in England. Ravages of R. One large railway system of more than eight miles daily, due solely of rust. Thus far, the preventive is to keep the face always covered with paint. Some idea of the cost of this remedy, however, may be had from the fact that it costs \$6,000 annually to paint the railway bridge alone. A of this kind is the Forth which a corps of painters employed, as the structure necessary before have reached the bot"

BILLY SUNDAY'S

subject: "Positive and Negative Religion."

There have been through centuries two ideas of good, the positive and the negative. The positive idea has been that to be good a man must run the world. The positive idea that in order to be not good for something, a man must run the world.

I want to write an indictment of the idea of running away from the world in order to be good. Indictment there shall be.

The first is that running away from the world in order to be good is a religion a matter of plain fact.

There is in this country a man who seems to think religion is summed up in a lot of special things, attending church, singing, saying prayers, etc., and to think that religion is one day in the week and other six are the legitimate secular.

But as I have said so before, religion does not do a lot of special things, though those special things, but religion consists all things in a special way.

Secondly, running away from the world in order to be good, as he says that religion is only a private affair with nothing labeled for external home consumption only.

This idea of religion is men whose private lives are whose public lives are safe in your own, but who year drive hundreds of people over the line into the pressure of starvation as they pay.

Thirdly, running away from the world in order to be good, morality negative.

You have seen men whose religion was summed up in a logue of "don'ts" up to the world.

It is significant, however, Jesus said "thou shalt not." He said "thou shalt not." He did that because He knew the best way to avoid doing was to be everlastingly good things.

Lastly, running away from the world in order to be good, Christian.

Jesus mingled freely with the rough and tumble of life. He rubbed elbows with the rough and tumble of life. He rubbed elbows with the rough and tumble of life.

But when He left them, He left them as He left them, and said test of your own religion you follow it directly into the world.

Your sole thought should be to keep the man by your side, dragging you to hell, but thought should be to lead to Heaven.

For those four reasons, I find that to be a Christian demand running away from the world in order to save so much as it does get the world in order to save the world.

The sentence has been in the centuries. "What shall a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But a man's soul has been a good thing for him to shall it profit a man if own soul, but the who lost?"

(By Billy Sunday)

Often people ask me how of becoming a Christian. There is work for them in Jesus. And then I read a beautiful poem by the author, the negro poet, who said:

The Lord had a job for me so much to do. I said: "You get some work to do." I wait till I get through. I don't know how to do it, but he seemed to get it. But I felt kind of ashamed. One day I needed the Lord, myself—needed him away—

And he never answered. I could hear him say: "Down in my accusin' me, I've got too much to do. You get somebody else to get through."

Now when the Lord has for me, I never think of drops what I have on. I'm glad the Lord's work and my affairs can run till I get through. Nobody else can do that. Marked out for you.

COMFORT SOAP


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Your rooms with Wall Paper. Come and see us show you how cheaply it can be done.

New Designs, New Colorings, Low Prices, Large Selection.

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How About that Straw Hat?

Do you want to clean it or color it?

No need to buy a new one when you can make your old hat look as good as ever.

Rexall Straw Hat Cleaner 10c.

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Our idea of true faith is that of a man who advertises for the return of a lost umbrella.

It is believed by some that the time will come when an honest man will command respect.

If wives would continue to be sweethearts most husbands would forget to pay their club dues.

Tell a girl that she is "as pretty as a picture" and she forgets that comic valentines come under the head of pictures.

MAKING HEADWAY.

Making any progress toward getting acquainted with those fashionable people next door?

Just a little. Their cat invited our cat over to a musicale last night.—About Town.

He threw his invalid's airs to the winds and hastened after her.

"Marjorie," he pleaded, "what's the matter? Are you mad? Honest, that day you said to come back next morning and you'd be on the corner. I was sick. Honest, I was awful sick, Marjorie! I had to have the doctor!"

"Doctor!" She whirled upon him, her lovely eyes blazing. "I guess we've had to have the doctor enough at our house, thanks to you, Mister Penrod Schofield. Papa says you haven't got near sense enough to come in out of the rain after what you did to poor little Mitchy-Mitch!"

"What?"

"Yes, and he's sick in bed yet!" Marjorie went on with unabated fury. "And papa says if he ever catches you in this part of town!"

"What'd I do to Mitchy-Mitch?" gasped Penrod.

"You know well enough what you did to Mitchy-Mitch!" she cried. "You gave him that great, big, nasty two cent piece!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Mitchy-Mitch swallowed it!"

"What!"

"And papa says if he ever just lays eyes on you once in this neighborhood!"

But Penrod had started for home. In his embittered heart there was increasing a critical disapproval of the Creator's methods. When he made pretty girls, thought Penrod, why couldn't he have left out their little brothers!

Continued next week

CATCHING ON TO DAD

Eddie—Let's sneak round behind the barn and smoke a cigarette.

Sammy—Too likely to get caught Ever since dad swore off New Year's Day he's been sneaking behind there to smoke his own—Judge.