

Mills

ports
Corn Chop
Chicken Corn
Oats for Horses
Wheat Chop
op
olefgrains
d in Quantities
rated
d lay in a quan-
g and Summer
s, Calves, Etc.
prime condition
that it's fed to;
ash. All kinds

WAN
(or Day)

ry Spice
Producer

Oyster Shell
House Killer 25c.
No. 1 25 & 50
25 & 50
e's Vermin
on cattle. Never
application suffi-
25c. a package.
CELSIOR CONDI-
DWER
ing better for put-
an animal in condi-
25c.

Store
RE
Save the Coupons

nolas
ords
it Any
achine
G"
will gladly
Little cash
terms.

NE CO.
L."
nt."

Durham

MURAD CIGARETTES



The blending is exceptional

Everywhere Why? Finest Quality

FIFTEEN CENTS

Physical Standard Lowered for Ry. Construction Batt.

An entirely new opportunity for men all through this district to join in the most attractive branch of military service has been created by the department of militia in the authorization of the 257th Railway Construction Battalion and the lowering of the physical standard for this unit to such an extent that hundreds of men already rejected will now be able to do their bit for the country. It will doubtless be welcome news to the thousands of men throughout Ontario who have been turned down for the stiffer branches of the service owing to some slight physical defect, to learn that the 257th is not only a non-fighting unit, but on the day the battalion opened its recruiting campaign the militia department lowered the physical requirements for units of this nature to such an extent that a man with but one eye, with hearing in but one ear, or with moderately flat feet, or with several fingers or toes missing, who is at least four feet, eleven inches in height and under 48 years of age, can become a member of the 257th Battalion.

As a matter of fact, the standard has become so low for the

257th that public men all through the country are calling upon those already rejected to offer themselves again. The call came a few days ago from no less a public figure than the Hon. W. D. McPherson, the new provincial secretary, a man who has given four sons to the service, and who is entitled to point out to the public the pathway of duty. Mr. McPherson declared that it is the place of every reject to try again with the 257th, while Capt. Joe Lawson of the 204th Battalion, one of the most famous recruiters that Ontario has ever produced, has made the public statement that no rejected man is really entitled to his A.R. button until he has offered his services to this new unit, under its lower medical test.

Perhaps the outstanding feature which should attract men is the fact that the 257th is not a fighting unit. Its slogan is, "We want men to work, not to fight." As a matter of fact, men who join the 257th are assured that it will never be turned into an infantry unit, since, in the opinion of the military men who have to do with training, the physical standard has become so low that it would be impossible to utilize such a battalion for fighting. The battalion expects to go overseas shortly, and judging from the rate men are enlisting its hopes will be realized. At Toronto, the best recruiting centre in the province,

the 257th jumped into first place in recruiting on the third of its call for men, thus showing that if any man wants to make sure of catching a place on this battalion he should act at once.

The work will consist of building railway lines behind the battle front, in constructing the railways which have already been sent over from Canada to help keep the boys at the front well supplied with food and munitions. The work is just as essential and honorable as fighting, if the Empire is to be saved. The man who has been put in charge of the battalion is Lieut.-Colonel L. T. Martin of Renfrew, one of the most widely-experienced railway construction contractors in the province, a man who is surrounded himself with many Ontario officers, who are also experienced railway workers. To Toronto and district has fallen the honor of raising one company of 250 men, while other companies will be raised at North Bay, Montreal, and Quebec. Naturally, Toronto and Old Ontario wants to win out in the race for men, so the appeal has gone out for the men of Ontario to fall into line. Depots will shortly be opened at various points in the province, but in the meantime recruits are asked to write or apply at 105 Queen St. West, Toronto, to Capt. V.G. Davis, who has been placed in charge of the Ontario company.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE REQUESTS THE PEOPLE OF CANADA TO BEGIN NOW TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE NEXT WAR LOAN

JAN. 9, 1917 DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE OTTAWA

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500 OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF.

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.
Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

FIRE'S GOOD WORK

How a Great Forest Conflagration Proved a Blessing in Disguise.

BY JAMES HARRISON.

Elmer held Watson guiltless of his innumerable offenses against him because of Watson's wife. In the southwest, where men are quick to avenge insult, Watson dwelled unharmed, mouthing imprecations against Elmer, holding him up to the scorn of the township. No one was braver than Watson when chatting with his cronies in front of the Westwood hotel and boasting what he would do when he next met Elmer face to face. But Elmer only laughed at Watson's threats.

The men were neighbors. Elmer owned five hundred acres and herded his cattle upon the government ranges. Watson was a sheep man, and that would have been enough to cause a quarrel, had not the long feud been settled by a line drawn clear across the state, separating the spheres of the two antagonists. Elmer, on his arrival at Westwood, had gone to call upon his neighbor to talk over their boundaries. But he found Watson in a drink stupor and a sad-eyed girl of twenty-two cooking upon the cheap oil stove in the wretched cabin.

"Mrs. Watson?" asked Elmer, doffing his hat. "I am Elmer; I have taken the neighboring range. I came to talk over—" Then he paused in embarrassment and saw the wounded pride on her face.

"Mr. Watson shall see you tomorrow," said the girl quietly, and Elmer withdrew, wondering and dismayed that such a girl should be bound to such a man.

He halted at the back of the cabin to fix his boot. Watson, thinking that he had gone, sat up on the couch.

"You—" he yelled, uttering a vile oath. "I've trapped you at last. You thought I was sleeping, didn't you, and that you could bring that man into my home! I know that you've been meeting him while I was tending sheep on the range. I'll—" He staggered across the cabin toward the girl. Elmer heard the cheap tinware clatter upon the stove and strode back into the cabin. Watson



A Thin Column of Smoke Was Rising.

was standing over his wife in an attitude of impending assault. Elmer took him by the shoulders and ran him back across the room.

"I don't believe in interfering between a man and his wife—ordinarily," he said. "But if you ever lay a finger upon this lady I'll shake your teeth down your rum-soaked throat, you hound. Savvee?"

Watson fell back with a groan and Elmer, releasing him, departed with sudden realization of the folly of his quixotic action. It would go hard with Mrs. Watson now. He dared not look at her as he passed out of the door.

The next time he met her was when his cattle had strayed near Watson's boundary. She was seated upon the ground in the lush grasses, almost hidden by them. Elmer's keen ears had heard her sobs before he saw her.

He dismounted from his horse and went toward her awkwardly, and stood looking down at her. She sprang to her feet and faced him; her face was scarlet and the tears were still upon her cheeks.

Elmer stretched out his hands and grasped hers closely. "Mrs. Watson—forgive me," he said. "It just makes my blood boil. If ever I can help you—"

"No, you cannot help me," she said, turning her face away.

"But you are only a girl," he exclaimed. "You cannot have been married long. You have all your life before you; you cannot endure to be haled in this hideous way for years. You—"

"You must not say any more," Mrs. Elmer, she answered coldly. "My troubles are of my own creating. I must bear them alone. I—"

She paused and her face blanched. She looked round and Elmer's eyes followed hers. Ten yards distant Watson was lying in the grass, regarding them, a sneer on his face. Elmer hesitated a moment, and then strode away.

townspeople. Emmeline Watson had been married to her husband six months before they moved west from St. Louis. She was the orphan daughter of a famous architect who had killed himself in shame at his impending bankruptcy. Ignorant of the world, she had fallen a victim to the coarse, good-looking traveling man who had told her he loved her. They were married; six weeks later she learned that Watson was a drunkard and an ex-convict. She had prevailed on him to go west, to make a new start. For a time he had tried to reform, but his evil nature had proved dominant and he had shamefully abused and ill-treated her. Yet she seemed to cling to him all the more because of it.

Watson spread the story of his wife's encounter with Elmer through Westwood. Some day, he boasted, he would kill him. But when the men met Watson skulked past, or turned down a side street, pretending not to have seen him. Meanwhile Elmer was deliberating. If he interfered again he would take some irrevocable step. But he knew that Watson's insinuations were true; he loved Emmeline Watson, and in the few short encounters which they had had he had discerned in her own heart an answering inclination toward him. But he knew, also, that so long as Watson lived she would be true to him.

He had controlled his rising passion though it went hard with him. At night, lying in his lonely cabin, the thought of Emmeline's beautiful face and clear eyes, the knowledge of her truth and honor maddened him. She was the one woman for him; so long as he lived his love for her would be an integral part of his being. His passion drove him forth to mount his horse and gallop furiously across the ranges under the stars, returning exhausted, his horse sweating and foaming, when the sun appeared over the eastern hills.

On one such night he had had a harder battle than ever before. Evil thoughts came to him. He would kill Watson. Everyone knew that Watson had threatened to take his life; he could not be convicted, or even tried. Why should he not relieve her from this fearful chain she wore? Perhaps she was suffering now; perhaps Watson was abusing her, striking her, even. He turned his horse toward Watson's cabin and then, irresolute, reined in upon the top of an acclivity.

In the south a thin column of smoke was rising. It was the first onset of a forest fire. The sight banished his thoughts from Elmer's mind. He galloped hastily toward the place. The sun rose as he rode, and long before he reached the spot the smoke had become a hell of flame. The trees, dried by a two months' drought, were roaring columns of fire.

The flames were spreading all round the clearing which Watson held, along the stretch of national forest which ringed the ranges and thence stretched away north and west as far as the eye could see. They would rush through the long, dry pastures like the wind and consume the cabin, sheep, everything in their path. Already the tree-tops were leaping wires of flame when Elmer drew bridle at Watson's home.

It was empty. Elmer shouted with joy. Doubtless the fugitives had been warned in time. They must have fled north along the open range toward Westwood. And by this path, if he should hasten, he could still escape also. He turned his tired nag's head and spurred him relentlessly.

The animal sniffed the breeze, laden with smoke and flying sparks, and galloped madly for safety. Horse and rider were as one now in their desire. But presently a cloud of smoke rolled down on them; a banner of flame drifted across their path. The road was blocked. They were trapped, ringed about with flame.

Then out of the blind smoke came a cry—such a crying as he had heard that day in the long grasses of the range. It was Emmeline's voice. It seemed to come out of the smoke wrack like the cry of a child that seeks its mother—desperate, hopeless, and weary. He shouted.

"Emmeline! Emmeline!" The low cry wailed, but not in answer. She seemed to be overcome with some impersonal grief which reeked nothing of her own safety. Elmer broke through the stinging smoke mist, plunging madly among the low shrubs that fringed the burning forests, calling to her. And instinct had guided him aright, for though she did not call in answer, he found her.

She was bending over a flame-blackened thing that lay in a little hollow among the pastures. Elmer saw at once that Watson was dead. He learned afterward that as he ran for safety, oblivious of his wife, a veering gust had sent the flames toward him and encircled him with fire before the conflagration resumed its unopposed march through the trees again.

Emmeline Watson looked up. She seemed to come to her senses.

"My husband is dead," she said slowly. "It is judgment. He tried to get fire to your cabin last night and burn you to death. He fired the cabin and the forests. But God saved you." Suddenly the smoke wrack lifted.

A changing wind held back the flames. Now, before him, Elmer could see a narrow path, as yet uncrossed, that led to the safety of the open range.

He ran back for his horse and led it to where Emmeline stood. He swung her to the horse's withers and mounted behind her. A few minutes later and they had left the flames behind them. Elmer bent over Emmeline.

PREPARING OPIUM IN LONDON'S FILTHY DENS

How the Deadly Drug is Prepared—Dreams of Blue Butterflies Amid Sordid Quarters

The interior of an actual opium den in London, Eng., is by no means an exhilarating sight. It is smelly and semi-dark. The odor is of the paraffin lamp and the nauseous smell of the burned drug. Frowzy mattresses upon the floor or low couches are about the room, and the light is from lamps covered with oiled paper shades, generally orange or red. The recumbent figures of coolies, lascar, and others look in their death-like sleep as if they were figures of dirty wax that had been made to run, and the grin of the imbecile is upon the expressionless features of the figures.

Like Black Honey

The Chinaman who prepares the pipe, which in the East End costs fewer shillings than it does pounds in the West, squats down before a spirit lamp, upon a little bamboo table, on which are also the pipes and the little dish of opium. The latter is a thick, sticky substance like honey, blackened. The end of a long thin wire is plunged into this filthy mass and a small portion of it taken up and twirled rapidly round and round until it adheres to the wire in the shape of a ball. This is held in the flame of the spirit lamp and still twirled and twirled while it is roasted, and this is a very necessary and delicate part of the operation and needs the careful watching of the Chinaman.

Then the Pipe!

It is soon done to a turn, and then the opium pipe is picked up and loaded with it. The pipe consists of a long reed stem terminating in a small metal bowl, and the roasted ball of opium is pushed well into the latter. It is enough to last but a little while and may need several renewals before the narcotic state of somnolence and of utter forgetfulness is reached.

The votary takes slow and deliberate whiffs from the pipe, and all energy evaporates by degrees from him, lethargy supervenes, and at last he lies like a log and dreams his dreams—of paradise. It is said by some that one of the most frequent of the dreams is to see clouds upon clouds of brilliant blue butterflies flitting joyously above blue flowers and under a still bluer sky.

"SAFETY FIRST" PIONEER

N. S. Dunlop Introduced Novelties Into Canadian Railroad Life

Mr. N. S. Dunlop, tax and insurance commissioner of the C.P.R., who decided to take a prolonged rest upon the advice of his physician, had been in the service of the company for 29 years. He joined in 1888 at Toronto. The year afterward he was appointed tax and insurance commissioner and claims adjuster. In these capacities Mr. Dunlop did excellent work.

Mr. Dunlop may be said to be the father of Safety First on the Canadian railways; and into this work he threw himself with splendid enthusiasm—doing much to popularize the movement. As far as the outside public is concerned, he is best known as the creator of the floral department of the C.P.R. He began in 1889 to save flower seeds from his own garden; and conceived the idea of spreading the cult of flowers over the system. He was a flower, nature and book lover; and the work was congenial to him. He sent out seeds and bulbs to the agents and others along the system; and soon, from ocean to ocean, the plots in front of hundreds of stations were ablaze with flowers. He gave prizes; and labored in every way to make this feature notable. In this he succeeded abundantly.

Mr. Dunlop is a member of the New York State Stenographic Association, one of the oldest and largest associations of shorthand in the world; but his brochure, "What the Flowers Tell Us," and his work of love in adorning a big railway system with floral beauty, will be Mr. Dunlop's best recognition in connection with his long service with the C.P.R.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Pawnbrokers may possibly see the silver lining of your cloud.

Necessity is the mother of invention; promotion is the step-father.

When ambition crawls in at the window contentment flies out at the door. Many a man on the road to fortune doesn't know at what station to get off. A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When they went a-courting I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open. Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them fast shut."

The "Sneeze-Wood" Tree

Among its many other peculiarities South Africa includes the "sneeze-wood" tree, which takes its name from the fact that one cannot cut it with a saw without sneezing. Even in planing the wood it will sometimes have the same effect. No insect or worm will touch it; it is very bitter to the taste, and its specific gravity is heavier than water. The color is light brown, the grain running very close and hard; it is, too, a nice looking wood, and takes a good polish. For dock work, piers, or jetties it is a most useful timber, keeping sound a long while under water.

Get a New Valve

It is not advisable to attempt straighten a valve stem on an automobile. While the stem may be straightened and used temporarily to good advantage, nevertheless it is best to replace the valve with a new one. This is not done a leaky valve is bound to result. It is more economical and more satisfactory to install a new valve as soon as possible.

Tumblers for cold drinks that are made of ice and provided with paper holders have been invented by a German.

Hinged ribs that permit it to be folded to half its length feature a new fan that can be carried in a hand bag.