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BARNYARD PROFIT.

While taking lunch in an Ontario city the other week the editor of The Times fell in with a prosperous farmer, who hailed from the Muskoka district. After talking generalities for a time, the tiller of the soil asked of "if we ever heard of a farmer making a hundred dollars a month out of a barnyard?" The oddity of the question made us curious at once and we sought further information. The facts are that up in Falkenburg, Ontario, there lives a prosperous farmer with the good Scotch name of Campbell, who believes in getting all he can, honestly of course. Some years ago the idea struck him that he could grow bigger and more beautiful flowers, and that he could sell these flowers in Toronto at a good price. He tried it, and he tried it with asters. The soil was so fertile that the biggest bloom that florists had ever seen was produced. A few samples sent to Toronto gave him eager customers for all he could grow, and a photograph shown us gave a description of a one-time disagreeable-looking barnyard, turned into a bower of beauty and profit. During the month of flowers, Mr. Campbell branched into the varieties which come in first, to those which come in last, and as a result he has averaged \$100 a month. Our object in writing this is not to boast of this man's success, but to show how one man has turned a waste piece of ground into profit.—Port Elgin Times.

"WAR"

Continued from page 6

workers had been ruthlessly scattered, crushed, and killed—only a few were unhurt. In the case of the ants, would it seem reasonable and just to imagine those few remaining ones would send up prayers of gratitude to the housekeeper?

However great was our joy of reunion, I could not unload the burden of sorrow and suffering I had seen. Though I could not help and nurse and endure like those other courageous women, yet I felt a compassion toward my brother man that I could never drown in selfish contentment again. I would settle this account with the world some day.

Yet, though I could not feel triumphant and grateful, I could love with a hundred-fold more tenderness than ever before. "Oh, Frederick, Frederick," I would repeat with tears and caresses, "have I found you at last?"

"Yes, and you rushed off to find me and nurse me—was that not heroic and foolish of you, Martha?"

"Foolish, I agree. I imagined I heard you call. But heroic, no! If you only could know how cowardly I was in the face of misery! If you had been lying there I could have been brave. Such horrors as I have seen I shall never forget. Oh, this world is so beautiful, and how can men make it so terrible? A world in which we two can find such happiness and fill with such unchanging love, how can any one spoil it by stirring up such flames of hate to bring death and agony?"

"I have seen horrible things too, Martha—one thing I shall never forget. Who do you suppose sprang at me during our cavalry engagement at Sadowa? Gottfried von Tesson?"

"Aunt Cornelia's son?"

"Yes; he recognized me in time, and dropped his sword, which he held ready to sink into my skull."

"Where was his duty? How could he spare his King's and country's enemy? How dare he think first of friend or cousin?"

"The poor boy! His arm dropped, and suddenly a sabre swung from the officer next to me, who wished to defend my life," and Frederick covered his face with his hands.

"Killed," I asked, shuddering. He nodded.

"Mamma, mamma," came from the next room, and Lilli appeared with my little Rudolf. I rushed to him, and eagerly pressed him to me. "Ah, poor, poor Aunt Cornelia."

It looked as though the war was practically over. The quarrel with France and Italy ceased when Austria abandoned Venice. Prussia offered liberal terms, and our emperor was anxious lest Vienna, his capital, should be besieged. Prussia's other German victories, and the entry into Frankfurt, awoke a certain admiration which success always brings, and imbued the Austrians with the feeling that Prussia might be destined to perform a certain historical mission in her victories.

The words "truce" and "peace" became contagious, and one could almost count upon their coming true, in the same way as war threats gave rise to war. My father admitted that the needle-gun had exhausted our ranks. He did not wish to contemplate a march on Vienna, which meant the destruction of his estate in Grumitz. That would have been too much for even his bellicose spirit. His confidence in Austria's invincibility was sadly shaken, and in common with the rest of mortals he felt it was best to put a stop to the run of luck, for no doubt some day the tide would turn with an opportunity for vengeance. Vengeance follows vengeance! Every war leaves one side defeated with the belief that the next war will give them satisfaction! And so one struggle invites and demands the next—where will it end? How can justice ever be established if in punishing an old wrong another is committed? Can one obliterate ink-stains with ink, or oil-spots with oil? Yet they say nothing but blood can wash out blood.

At Grumitz a gloom settled over every one. The villagers prepared for the coming of the Prussians, hiding their possessions. Even our family silver was secreted. We read and talked of nothing but the war. Lilli had heard nothing from Conrad for days. My father's patriotism was deeply wounded, and though Frederick and I were blissfully happy in our reunion, yet the unhappiness of the rest affected us painfully. Over a letter from Aunt Cornelia we shed bitter tears for she had not yet learned of her only son's death.

As we sat all together in the evening there was no music or cheerful chatter, no jokes or games, only the repetition of stories of woe and death. Any possibility of the prolongation of the war filled my brother Otto with enthusiasm, for in that event the seniors of the military academy had been promised to be called into the service. He longed for the privilege—straight from the military school into the battle-field. Just as a girl graduate longs for her first ball, for which she has been taught to dance, and the light and music, so the young cadet welcomes his first engagement in the great artillery dance for which he has been learning to shoot.

Frederick and I had decided that upon the declaration of Peace he would resign from the army and that under no circumstances would our son be educated at school where the whole

education was bent upon arming the boys the thirst for military glory. I questioned my brother Otto, and found that in the schools they taught that war was a necessary evil (at least acknowledging, in the spirit of the age, that it is an evil), at the same time the chief incentive to all the noblest manly virtues—courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice. Through war comes the highest glory to men and the greatest progress to civilization. Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, conquerors and empire builders, were to be regarded as the supreme types of human exaltation. War's successes and benefits were described in high colors, but its wretched results were piously ignored. There was complete silence as to the barbarity, degeneration, and ruin which it brought.

I remembered my own girlish enthusiasm for war, and could hardly blame my brother that he looked upon a possible call to battle with impatience.

I offered one day to read the report of a retreat of our army, and Otto impatiently said, "I would rather not hear it. If it were the enemy retreating that would be different."

"Retreats are generally passed over in silence," remarked Frederick.

But my father hastily added, "A well-ordered retreat is not a flight. Why, in '49—"

But I knew the old story of '49, and headed it off by beginning to read:

About four o'clock our troops began to retreat. We surgeons were caring for several hundred wounded, when suddenly the cavalry broke in on us. A general rush brought on tremendous confusion of artillery, cavalry, infantry, and baggage, all joining in the fight. Men, horses and wagons were mingled together. We were swept from our work. They shouted to us, "Save yourselves!" as the shell burst overhead. We were carried forward by the surging mass, we knew not whither—

"Enough! enough!" cried the two girls.

"The censor of the press should stop such stuff from appearing," exclaimed my father angrily. "It takes away all pride in the profession of war."

"Yes, if they should destroy all joy in war it would be such a pity," I said in an undertone.

"At least," continued my father, "those who take part in a fight ought to be quiet about it—it is no honor. The rascal who shouted 'Save yourselves!' ought to be shot. A coward raises a yell and thousands of brave men are demoralized and run with him."

"And in the same way," responded Frederick, "when some brave fellow shouts 'Forward!' a thousand cowards sweep after him, inspired with his courage. Men cannot be called either cowardly or brave, for every one has his moments of strength and weakness. When crowded together we move as a herd, dependent upon the mind of our fellows. One man rushes, shouting, 'Hurrah!' and the rest do the same. Another drops his gun and runs and the rest follow. In each case it is the same impulse, yet in the one case they are praised for courage and in the other blamed for cowardice. Bravery and fear are not fixed qualities, neither are joy and sorrow; they are merely different states of mind. In my first campaign I was drawn into such a wild confusion of flight. The official reports called it a well-ordered retreat, but it was, in fact, a complete riot. We rushed madly on, without orders, panting and shrieking with despair, the enemy goading us with bullets. This is one of the most horrible phases of war, when men are no longer gallant soldiers but beasts, and hunt each other as prey; the pursuer becomes a blood-drunk savage and the pursued is filled with the delirium of terror like a poor animal at bay. All the sentiments of patriotism, ambition, and noble deeds with which he has been educated for the battle are forgotten—he is merely possessed with the instinct for self-preservation and filled with the wildest paroxysms of terror."

Frederick's recovery progressed, even as the feverishness of the outer world lessened, and daily we heard more of peace. The Prussians advanced without obstacle, and surely and slowly approached Vienna, passing through the City of Brunn, where they had already been given the keys. But their march was more like a military promenade than an activity of war, and by July 26 the preliminaries of peace were announced.

Another political event of the day was that Austria had, at last, joined the Geneva Convention of the Red Cross.

"Does that satisfy you?" asked my father as he read the news aloud.

"You call war barbarism, but you see it also progresses with civilization and becomes more humane. I am in favor of all these efforts to relieve the wounded. Even from the standpoint of statesmanship it is wiser, for it is well that the sick should be made fit for service again."

"You are right, papa. The important thing is that they be made useful material for future battles. But no Red Cross can alleviate the agonies I have witnessed. With multiplied men and means they could not conjure away the results of one battle—"

"Not conjure it away, but mitigate it—what we cannot prevent we should seek to mitigate."

"For what I have seen there is no mitigation. We should turn the rule about: what we cannot mitigate we ought to prevent."

That war must cease was daily becoming a fixed idea with me—and that every human being should work to this end. The scenes I had witnessed after the great battle haunted me, especially at night, when I would awake with the most terrible oppres-

Continued next week.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—First Quarter, For March 7, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. ix, 17, to x, 1. Memory Verse, x, 1—Golden Text, I Pet. ii, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

These three chapters, in which we find today's lesson (viii to x), tell a sad yet beautiful and wonderful story, the sad part being Israel's rejection of God as their king and their desire to be like other nations; the wonderful part, His most gracious dealings with them and, the beautiful part, the way He overruled ordinary events to bring to Samuel the right man. It seems strange that Samuel, knowing so well Eli's failure to govern his sons, should have failed himself in the same way (chapter viii, 1-5), but perhaps some who may read this are not qualified to throw any stones. The desire of the people for a visible king, like all other nations, hurt Samuel, for he was now an old man and had all his life judged them righteously; but, knowing that he was only the Lord's representative, he told Him all about it, as we should always do in all things. The Lord reminded Samuel that he was not the rejected one, but that the people had rejected Him and that Samuel was only sharing His rejection (chapter viii, 6-9). It is so still, for our Lord Jesus counts all treatment of His messengers as done to Himself (Matt. x, 24, 25, 40).

The Lord told Samuel to heed their request, but to protest and show them what manner of man the king would be. This he did in the six times "He will take" of chapter viii, 10-18. Notwithstanding the warning the people insisted that they must have a king. Samuel told the Lord their decision, and He told Samuel to make them a king (chapter viii, 19-22).

Whether it be in answer to our right or our wrong requests, it is often His way to do beyond our desires, and so He selected for them the finest looking man in all Israel—a choice young man, none godlier and head and shoulders taller than any other (chapter ix, 1, 2; x, 23). Samuel did not need to look for him nor to have any anxiety as to finding the right man, for the Lord told him in his ear one day, "Tomorrow about this time I will send thee a man out of the land of Benjamin" (chapter ix, 15, 16). I like that expression "told him in his ear," for it is a great thing to have an ear for God, an anointed ear to hear His voice. His only. The commonplace events which the Lord used to bring the unsuspecting man to Samuel are fully told in chapter ix, 8-14, and, if He thus wrought for an unbelieving man and a rebellious people, how much more will He work on behalf of His own, who truly desire to please Him! (Rom. viii, 32; Isa. xlvi, 17.)

The special lesson portion assigned us today begins with Saul approaching Samuel by the direction of the young maidens whom he met going out to draw water. How many Bible incidents there are associated with women drawing water, and how these maidens must have rejoiced a few days or weeks later that they had been used to direct the king to Samuel! There is a lot of comfort in the assurance that God worketh all things after the counsel of His own will and a whole lot more when we are willing to have Him work in and through us the good works He has prepared for us (Eph. i, 11; II, 10). As Saul drew near to Samuel again the anointed ear heard the Lord's whisper: "Behold the man whom I spake to thee of! This same shall reign over my people" (verse 17). The words "Behold the man!" make us think of Zech. vi, 12, and Job ix, 5, 24, the God-man, the King who shall rule over all Israel and over all nations forever. As the maidens were used to direct Saul to Samuel, so may we all be used to direct many "who-soevers" to Him who is ready to save them and share His kingdom with them.

Now we find Saul in the kind hands of Samuel at a surprise party, where he hears wonderful things which he never expected to hear and which all came to pass. He is the most honored guest. Samuel, knowing that God would do as He had said, had made every preparation and had invited these thirty people to meet him. After the feast Samuel communed with Saul, then cared for him overnight, in the morning again communed with him alone. The servant, having passed on, showed him the word of God, kissed him and anointed him captain over the Lord's inheritance. Saul's humility (verse 21) reminds us of that of Gideon (Judg. vi, 15), and well would it have been for him if he had continued thus humble. Note also his wise conduct toward his enemies in chapter x, 27, "He held his peace," or, as in the margin, "He was as though he had been deaf." Compare Ps. xxxviii, 13.

Chapter x, 7, is one of the most restful verses I ever found, "Do as occasion serve thee, for God is with thee." And the context teaches me that each morning, as I start the day, the Lord knows every one I shall meet and all that shall come my way. He orders all the circumstances, and I have only to fit in, not counting my own will or pleasure, but seeing His hand in everything and saying a hearty "Even so, Lord," aim to glorify Him by patience and long suffering with joyfulness. As Joseph was able to say to those cruel brethren, "Not you, but God," so may we by His grace (Gen. xlv, 8).

Continued next week.

CORNER CONCERNS.

Mr. Noble McCallum is over from the west on his usual biennial visit, and as he looks younger every trip we imagine he will be able to keep it up for a long time. He spent a few days last week with the Tucker family. Mrs. Wm. Weir of Edge Hill accompanied him and spent a pleasant day. Mr. and Mrs. Cook of Zion spent the latter part of the week with their daughter, Mrs. W. McFadden.

Miss Martha Sharp of Toronto is spending a few weeks with her mother and brother here.

Mrs. John McNally of Traverston visited last week with her brother, Mr. Joe Lennox, and also called on a number of old acquaintances.

As Mr. Arthur Lee is moving to his new home across the concession this Tuesday, the neighbors called at his home on Thursday evening and presented his mother, sister Bella and himself, with presents and expressions of good wishes for the future. They have been excellent neighbors, and the best of citizens.

Messrs. Robt. Mead and Thos. Tucker are erecting poles, to have the phone installed in their homes.

Mr. Jas. Eden has taken the contract of building two barns this coming summer, and thinks the building prospects will be all right. One is for Mr. Alex. Grierson, size 66'x108'; the other for Mrs. J. Bell.

Mrs. Thos. B. Tucker visited Hanover and Elmwood friends last week, in company with her mother, Mrs. Aljoe.

Although some of our citizens were able to avail themselves of the pleasure of attending the Jamieson reception, many others, for various reasons were unable to be present. Yet all have the same goodwill and good wishes for the doctor and his esteemed life partner. In fact, we have never heard anyone speak ill of them.

There seems quite an effort on the part of newspapermen to get farmers to say that this is a very prosperous year for them, as there was a good yield of grain, and now extremely high prices. But a year ago speakers spoke and writers wrote about the meat famine that was inevitable in another year, and farmers held all cattle and other stock possible to meet it. They bought lots of feed, owing to the scarce year to carry them through. Of course, prices were reasonable, and now they have stock to eat every bushel grown and more, and they are low in price. About the only way to figure out a cheerful report is to follow the example of the man who bought peas at a low price to feed to some hogs he had bought when pork was soaring high—for speculation. But while doing so, peas raised in price to almost double, while hogs lowered, until, when the feed ran out, he sold them for a little less money than he at first gave, and when asked how he came out of the speculation replied that he had made well on the peas, but lost a little on the pork.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McMeeken gave a very pleasant party to a number of friends since we last wrote. Mrs. McMeeken's father, Mr. Jas. Reid, who has become an expert violinist, and who has been spending the winter with her, supplied good music.

Mr. Palmer Patterson will finish the winter with a handsome new cutter, purchased from Mr. Robt. Ewen.

The marriage of Mr. Reuben Watson to Miss Etikel Morrison Wednesday was a very pleasant event. They are a handsome young couple, likely to have a bright future, and it is the wish of their host of friends in this part that they may have a long, happy life. Only immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. Rev. Mr. Morris tied the knot, Martha and Agnes, the little twin daughters of G. Lawrence, and niece of the bride, were much noted as flower girls. We have no further particulars.

Mr. Geo. Lawrence, who is sorry to report is on the sick list at present with sciatica, and suffers a good deal, but we hope soon to see him around again. It is a pity such men as he ever get laid off work, as he is a hustler and ever ready to lend a hand.

The prayer-meeting Rev. Mr. Morris was to have held last Wednesday evening at Mr. W. J. McFadden's, has been postponed until this Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, owing to the condition of the roads.

According to a despatch from Berlin the German authorities have decided upon a considerable decrease in the bread ration for the army.

British officials are now persuaded, they state, that several ships which at first were reported as having been destroyed by mines were the victims of submarines.

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