

GREAT WORK OF BRITISH MINERS

SAY A PRAYER AND BLOW UP FOE'S TRENCH.

No Slackers Allowed in the Trenches Unions Now—Nobody Need Be Idle.

Great Britain is proud of him. He believes in dynamite and the sign of the Cross. He says that he can win the war. When he has laid the one he makes the other. A button is pressed and there is a flash and an explosion. . . . A German trench is blown skywards, writes James Sherker.

The man who has done it turns away with a prayer for the repose of the departing souls; his sense of duty has not affected his fine, sympathetic nature. Until a few weeks ago his life had been spent down a coal mine not far from Birmingham, and, like most men who work in the hiding-place of Death, his thoughts are often of the hereafter. Hence the whispered prayer and the love for the enemy.

You will hear little about him, although he and his comrade comrades from the Midlands are doing wonderful work in the war. They are men of the mysterious underworld. "Eye-witness" never describes their doings, and I don't suppose he will until the struggle is ended. Then he will tell how eagerly they came forward, how valuable in trench warfare was their knowledge of drilling and blasting, how they wormed their way to the Germans as they had wormed their way to the black diamonds at home, how unerring was their sense of hearing and of locality deep down beneath the surface of the battlefield. I hope he will give us a little of the human side, a little about the collier soldier who sings in the Midland chapel at home, and who lays his wife of destruction all the better for humming a hymn; a little about the man who blesses himself as he plants his powder and who sends men to the Beyond with a prayer for their salvation. For colliers, I am told, are far from being all cursers and atheists, and out there the men who do the best work are the men who find comfort in the unseen and the unknown.

Saving Tommy Atkins.

Many a German trench has been blown up by these coal miners from the Midlands; many soldiers in the British trenches have been saved by the same men. When that strange underground rumbling is heard and Tommy Atkins turns to his pal and mutters, "Did you hear that?" and thinks hard about his wife and his kids at home, the miner from the Midlands lies down on his side with his ear to the ground. He listens. Very soon he knows where the drilling is to within a few yards. And our men are saved. Yes, a clever man is the miner from the Midlands. He looks funny in his khaki because he is not as upright as a man who works where there is plenty of space. But he is a great fighting man, and he is sorry to have to kill, but duty has called him. Success is his wriggling and his drilling and his exploding. I am proud that I gave his little terrier a bone.

The Midlands district is doing well. It has sent a large proportion of men to the front. A terribly large number have laid down their lives. Widows and orphans are in nearly every street, and a few minutes ago I witnessed the funeral of a slum hero who died here after returning from the war. Nobody is idle here. The great munition works are busy night and day, and I am assured that much of the extra money earned is being devoted to the war loan. I have been

THE ONLY CURE FOR A WEAK STOMACH

Indigestion and Similar Troubles Must be Treated Through the Blood.

Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can only be cured in one way—through the blood. Purgatives cannot cure indigestion. By main force they move on the food still indigested. That weakens the whole system, uses up the natural juices and leaves the stomach and bowels parched and sore. It is actually a cause of indigestion—not a cure. Others try pre-digested foods and peptonized drugs. But drugs which digest the food for the stomach really weaken its power and makes the trouble chronic. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it themselves. Nothing can give the stomach this power but the new, rich, red blood so abundantly supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So the reason for the success of this medicine is plain. Nothing can stimulate the glands and nothing can absorb the nourishment from the food but pure red blood. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpasses all other medicines in giving that new, rich blood. Miss B. E. Johnson, Hemford, N.S., says: "For months I was a great sufferer from indigestion; food of any kind was distasteful to me, and after eating I would suffer much. Naturally I grew weak and was but a shadow of my former self. I was taking a doctor's prescription, but it did not help me in the least. Then I read of a case similar to my own cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try this medicine. By the time I had taken six boxes the trouble had entirely disappeared, and I could eat heartily of all kinds of food. More than this I found my general health greatly improved through the use of the Pills. I can therefore strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for indigestion."

You can get these Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A CHINESE JACOB.

How Hsien Feng, winning his father's favor after the manner of Jacob, reigned in his stead and hastened the swift decline of the Manchu dynasty in China, is told by Messrs. E. Backhouse and J. O. Bland in "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking."

Toward the end of his reign, Tao Kuang, concerned as to the succession, had almost decided to confer it upon his favorite son, Prince Kung, a young man much superior in character and intelligence to him who eventually became heir to the throne. It happened, however, that the latter's father, Ts'ao Ching, knew of the emperor's predilection, and, desiring to enhance his own position, cast about for some means of inducing the sovereign to change his mind and confer the succession upon his pupil.

The emperor, following the dynastic tradition, had given orders one day that his sons should go hunting in the southern park. Etiquette required that a prince who had not completed his studies should ask his tutor for permission to absent himself for the day. Hsien Feng therefore attended at the lecture room in the palace and found his tutor there alone. The prince went up, and making the bow that ceremony requires, asked for leave.

Never Given.

"Pa," said Johnny, who is a persistent knowledge-seeker, "what is a law-giver?" "There ain't any such thing, Johnny," replied the old gentleman, who had been involved in considerable litigation in his time. "But this book says that somebody was a great law-giver," persisted the youngster. "Then it's a mistake," rejoined the father. "Law is never given. It's retailed in mighty small quantities at mighty big figures."

The Speaker in the British House of Commons may only vote upon an equal division.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc. A man is out of spirits when there isn't a drop in the house.

MAKING PUNS OF PROPER NAMES

THE ANGUISH OF THE FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL.

Examples From Literature of Some of the Crimes Which Are Perpetrated.

If the men who would make a pun would pick a pocket, what are we to say of the abandoned creature who makes jokes upon proper names? He may not know it, but he is ripe for penal servitude, says the London Globe. Everybody with a name upon which punning is possible remembers the anguish of the first days at school when, trembling wretch, he had to disclose his unfortunate cognomen to inquisitorial bigger boys, and watched with apprehension as the possibilities of the name for word play brought a delighted grin to the questioner. And the sorrowful crown of sorrow was that every punnier humorist made exactly the same pun; so that to the indignity of having one's name made the subject of jest and mirth was added the intense ennui produced by listening to the same not brilliant jeu d'esprit over and over again. Schoolboys are very tenacious of anything that appeals to their crude sense of humor, and the unhappy new boy was never allowed to hear the last of the exquisite joke.

There are certain formulae about name jokes in the ranks of our regular army. Every recruit called Murphy is immediately rechristened "Spud"—the derivation is obvious. Also, in the same way a Lee becomes "Gypsy," his comrades feigning to believe that he must of necessity belong to the famous Romany family. All Clarks (or Clarkes) are "Nobby," but the applicability of this nickname is a mystery.

In the Days of Theodore Hook and his merry friends jokes upon proper names were quite the thing; and while the auditors grinned, the victim bore the infliction with as much dignity as he could summon up. As a specimen of Hookian wit of this kind the following may serve: "A humorist of this epoch (I am not quite sure whether it was the sprightly Theodore himself) invited to the house of a Mr. Pepper, greeted his host with the words: 'How happy you must be, Mr. Pepper, to see your friends all mustered!'" A better instance, perhaps, is Hook's impromptu when a tax collector called Winter was seen to be at the door:

Here comes Mr. Winter collector of taxes, I advise you to pay him whatever he asks. You had much better pay him without any hummer. Though Winter's his name his proceedings are summary.

This form of pun is no new one, indeed. Even in the seventeenth century it rankly flourished. During the proterocretaceous of the late king's adherents, drinking together, would follow a crum of bread with a draught of wine, and then utter the pious wish: "God Send This Crumb Well Down!" No follower of Oliver could possibly object to such an innocent wish.

Even the solemnity of our law courts has been disturbed by the name of a barrister whose elocution was not always of the clearest, especially as regards his aspiration. His name was Channell. Arguing a case in the Admiralty Division, he left the bench in some doubt whether a certain vessel he mentioned was the Helen or the Ellen. "Is there an 'h' in the name?" the Judge at last inquired. "Yes, my Lord," broke in his learned friend on the other side, "but it has been lost in the chops of the Channell. The most fearsome and complete pun of this kind was made by an examiner who had to tell a certain undergraduate the result of his viva voce. The undergraduate's name was Field Flowers Goe, and he subsequently attained some eminence in the church. The verdict was, "The Field is ploughed, the Flowers are plucked, and you, sir, can Go!"

There is a variety of the pun upon a name, however, that one is almost inclined to forgive, or at least to regard with a certain leniency. It is when some familiar quotation is given an apt twist which brings in the cognomen of the victim. One of the best of this kind is attributed to Sir William Harcourt. Listening to a long descended baronet named Knightley descending on the antiquity of his family, the politician was heard to misquote a well-known hymn as follows:

And Knightley to the listening earth Recounts the story of his birth. From the United States comes the story of an unwilling auditor of Senator Lodge, who, as the Senatorial eloquence showed no signs of ceasing, muttered to his neighbor: "Oh, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!" James Payn, the novelist and editor, was notoriously averse to physical exertion, and a gentle stroll from the Cornhill offices in Waterloo Place to the Reform Club was the limit of his pedestrianism. So it was not strange that he showed signs of acute discomfort on a country ramble. As the party climbed a steep acclivity in the course of the walk one of them, noticing the novelist's distress, whispered to another: "The labor we delight in physics Payn."

After the members of the royal family, the Archbishop of Canterbury is the first peer of the realm.

He (addressing the little sister of his betrothed)—"Don't you know me, little one? Who am I, then?" Little One (brightly)—"I know. You're my sister's last chance."

How to Awake Fresh as a Daisy Constipation Gone!

Empire Gowns Hold Their Own.

Empire dresses of very simple cut are extremely fashionable and will be welcomed by the woman who does her own dressmaking, because they are so easy to make. A pattern that has the smartest of the Empire features is Ladies' Home Journal Pattern No. 8959. This has a simple waist with removable chemise with high neck or square outline. The collar is

PAPER CARTRIDGES.

Britain Imports Yearly 200,000,000 of Wheat. A new application of extreme interest at the present time in England of M. U. Schoop's metal sprinkling process consists of the manufacture of cartridge cases from metallized paper in lieu of brass or copper. The advantages of such a process are apparent even to the layman. A certain independence of the large quantities of brass and copper hitherto required is obtained. In addition to this there is a saving in weight of three grams in each cartridge, as a result of which the soldier can carry a considerably larger number than before. In the Schoop process the liquid metal is crushed by means of compressed air and is then inflated by an unknown method into extremely fine particles. Metallized cardboard or paper can in this way be provided with small effort and expense.

The saving counts, for England has a great army to feed. England's breadbasket in peace times needs refilling every ninety days. In war times the period is shortened somewhat. To fill the breadbaskets of 44,000,000 people when the agricultural area is limited, it is clear that other sources of supply than the domestic one must be looked to. There is, moreover, the fact that the English people want wheat bread. Germans may thrive on rye bread, but with the Britons at home eating wheat bread has become so much a habit that it may be classed with other British institutions, such as parliament and the limitation of the King's prerogatives. In peace times all the world is open to the United Kingdom to draw wheat and flour from. There are the British possessions overseas, all Europe itself, the United States, Canada and South America. These sources of supply are ample to insure the average quantity of bread, since a world-wide failure of the wheat crop never happens.

In ordinary years it takes about 100,000,000 hundredweight, or about 200,000,000 bushels, of imported wheat to fill the bread basket of the United Kingdom, in addition to the domestic supply. In 1913 the importations were approximately 106,000,000 hundredweight, or about 200,000,000 bushels. Part of this wheat came from countries which are now allies of England in the world war. Comparatively little of it was from countries with which England is at war. Russia has been a bountiful source of supply, but now it is a different story.

Scot Killed by a Lion. A communication has been received by Mr. George Sinclair of Knowes Mill, Prestonkirk, Scotland, from the British South Africa Company, giving particulars of the death of his son, Norman, who was killed by a lioness while acting as a scout on the north-west border of Northern Rhodesia. While riding ahead of a party of native carriers, Mr. Sinclair sighted six lions devouring a dead man. He fired three times at a lioness; the lions made off, and he immediately followed them. Coming upon the wounded lioness he dismounted from his horse, but before he could fire the lioness charged, and seized him by the left arm. His rifle fell to the ground, but he got out his knife and stabbed the animal repeatedly in the neck. His left arm was broken, and the lioness struck him on the left side round to the spine before succumbing to her own wounds. Mr. Sinclair's injuries were so severe that he died the following morning.

Force of Habit.

We gazed pityingly on the listless drug store clerk leaning against the soda counter. "Haven't you any ambition?" we queried, kindly and all that. "No," he replied, with brightening intelligence; "but I have something just as good."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc. If wishes were horses, beggars would want airships.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. If wishes were horses, beggars would want airships.

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107 Acres, \$1,900! Easy Terms.

Beautiful home, money-making farm, borders lake 1 mile, fishing, boating, 1 mile to village, R.R. station, high school, machine-worked fields, cut 20 tons hay, other good crops, 60 acres lake and brook-watered pasture, 17 acres wood, variety fruit, a room house, one shade, charming view, big barn, other buildings, seed over must, etc., etc., bargain for some one at \$1,900, easy terms, full details and full particulars to see this and other farms, many with livestock and tools included, page 13, "Street's Farm Catalogue '15." Write to-day for your free copy. B. A. Street Farm Agency, Station 9417, University Block, Syracuse, N.Y.

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The Peer and the Parrot.

The Late Lord Selborne, who was of a very pious turn and read prayers regularly at home, had a favorite parrot which was kept in one of the sitting-rooms. This bird escaped one day and was reported to be at the top of one of the trees at the end of Portland Place, where they lived. Selborne and his daughter hastened to try and recover the treasure. When they came to the place "Pretty Poll, pretty Poll, come then," cries Miss Palmer persuasively; but Poll does the matter up. "Stay," says he; "let me try; he knows my voice better." So, in a deep voice he says, "Pretty Poll, Poll, Poll, come, pretty Poll!" "Let us pray!" says pretty Poll from the tree-top, but does not move.

Helping a Lady.

"Jack, I wish you'd come to see me occasionally." "Why, Vanessa, I thought you were engaged to Algernon Wombat?" "No; but I think I could be if I get up a little brisk competition."

St. Isidore, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1894.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited, Gentlemen—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant. Yours truly, DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

How She Played.

Mary—Mrs. Delaney says her little girl has learned to play the piano in no time. Alice—Yes, I heard her playing just that way the other day.



AN ICE CREAM BRICK

Solves the Difficulty.

CITY DAIRY ICE CREAM put up in attractive boxes is as popular with the guest as it is convenient for the hostess. It is the ideal summer dessert.

For sale by discriminating shopkeepers every where.

TORONTO.

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No. 8959. circular and the sewed-in sleeves can be made full length or shorter as preferred. The four-gore skirt finishes at the top with an upstanding frill. The pattern cuts in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure, requiring in size 36, 7 1/2 yards 27-inch, 6 1/2 yards 36-inch or 5 1/2 yards 42-inch material with 3/4 yard 12-inch net for chemise and 1 yard ribbon for belt.

Patterns, 15 cents each, may be obtained at your local dealers or at the Home Pattern Company, 183-A George Street, Toronto, Ontario.

GASES IN WARFARE.

Are the Most Virulent and Irritant of Poisons.

That the Germans were determined to break the agreement of the Hague Convention by which the powers promised to abstain from the use of all asphyxiating gases is evident from the fact that Krupp's patented a gun for throwing poisonous gas bombs some years before the war. The specifications show that it would throw a 150-pound bomb a distance of 400 yards, causing the death of everybody within a radius of 400 feet.

The use of asphyxiating gases in the form of bombs and other contrivances is really a revival of the ancient methods of warfare applied to modern conditions. The gas bomb is a modernized "stink-pot," which the Chinese have employed from time immemorial; but whereas the old Chinese "stink-pot" merely rendered men unconscious, poisonous gases employed to-day are the most virulent and irritant of poisons, and few men recover from the effects after they have inhaled the gas to any extent.

Sore Absolutely Painless

Corns No cutting, no plasters or pads to press the sore spot. Putnam's Extractor makes the corn go without pain. Takes out the sting over-night. Never fails—leaves no scar. Get a 25c. bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor to-day.

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