

THE AUTOMOBILE

Do Not Tamper With Carburetor.
When it comes to tampering with the carburetor on a car, the best advice is "don't." So says an experienced automobile man.

"Many motorists want to change the adjustment of the carburetor with every decided change of weather," he continues. "They seem to think the carburetor ought to be adjusted one way when the day is dry, another when it is wet, still another when it is hot, and again when it is cold."

"Sometimes the owner himself tries to make the adjustment, and at other times he turns the job over to a garage man. What he should do instead is either to consult the dealer for the car, or else the local representative of the carburetor company, if there is one in his town."

"Now, it is true that the mixture should be rich or lean, according to the kind of weather. But adjustment of the carburetor is the wrong way to secure the proper mixture. This is rightly and easily done by the attachment for the purpose located on the dash. Make the mixture richer when the motor is cold. When it warms up gradually make the mixture leaner, but keep an eye on it till your engine is hitting evenly."

"What happens when the carbure-

tor has been tampered with to secure a rich mixture is that gasoline is wasted and the condition in general invites the formation of carbon deposits. That means loss of power, and incidentally it militates against economy, aside from the likelihood of getting the carburetor mechanism out of adjustment. So my advice is to leave the carburetor alone.

"Troubles are likely to occur from a continual improper mixture of gas and air due to a wrong adjustment of the carburetor. If the owner forgets the existence of his carburetor adjustment, let it alone to perform its functions he is likely to secure the most satisfactory results from his car. He will get better performance, greater economy and longer service without the necessity of giving attention to the mechanism."

"After some automobile owners have had their cars three or four months, and have pretty well mastered the art of driving, they begin to get a desire to tinker with the mechanism. The carburetor generally troubles first, because it seems so accessible. It is right there before them as they lift the hood, and they try their hand at making adjustments, although an expert repair man never does a thing unnecessarily to a carburetor."

FAMINE PRICES IN BELGIUM

GERMANS STEAL FOOD WHICH PEOPLE SHOULD EAT.

The Belgians Suffer a Great Deal, But Their Spirit is Yet Unbroken.

Now that the pinch is becoming more severe in Germany, living in Belgium is more difficult, says the London News. The Belgians are suffering because Germany is making a heavy levy on the food produced in that country.

The French and Belgian women who are arriving in this country either to join their husbands or here in Paris tell terrible stories of misery since the German occupation. Though the people have to exist on small quantities of food for which they have to pay very high prices, they are bearing their hardships cheerfully. They are, in fact, fighting their German oppressors with a weapon against which the Governor-General of Brussels and the host of German officials in the country can do nothing. Without wilfully disobeying the German orders—scarcely a week elapses without a number of "verboten" signs—they have adopted an attitude which is more gallant to the Germans than actual disobedience. They mock their masters. And the Germans, unable to take action for "Amtsbeleidigung," can only fume and threaten.

Life in Brussels.

Mme. Bonot, who has arrived in London with her family of eight children, gave to a representative of The Daily News some particulars of life in Brussels under the German yoke. "Ah, monsieur," she said, "we have suffered much, but the Germans have not been able to break our spirit, though God knows how they have tried. And we await the day with perfect tranquility and confidence when they will be hunted out of our country. Our faith in an allied vic-

tory has never been shaken, though we have been kept in ignorance of the real course of the military operations.

"For example, we never knew of the British and French advance on the Somme until the news was conveyed to us by British and French aviators. How we cheered! How we shouted: 'Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre!' The Germans were alarmed. Something had to be done. And what do you think the Governor-General did by way of punishing us? He issued a decree ordering us to go to bed at 7 o'clock!"

Famine Prices.
We hear of high food prices in Germany, but they cannot be higher than those which the Belgians have in the past had to pay for ordinary articles of food. Mme. Bonot gave the following prices per kilo, which is a little over 2 lbs.: Beef, 10s; pork, 7s 6d; bacon, 7s 6d; ham, 12s 6d; and butter, 8s 4d.

Two kilos of bread at 7d a kilo were allowed to a family of 10 persons per day. Butter, meat and potatoes cannot be had now. Germany has to be served first from the Belgian supplies. What is left is distributed by the Food Committee among the people. It is "miserable la-bas," said Mme. Bonot.

"Are the Germans treating us harshly? Well, no. We think their minds are occupied with serious thoughts just now. They know they are in a bad way. There are very few soldiers in Brussels. The Belgian garrisons have been demoted in order to make good the losses on the Somme. There are no German wounded to be seen in Brussels, but it is known that all the hotels at Spa are full of wounded men."

Right They Were.

"Now, boys, I want to see if any of you can make a complete sentence out of two words both having the same sound to the ear." First Boy—"I can, Miss Smith." Teacher—"Very well, Robert. Let us hear your sentence." First Boy—"Wright Second Boy—"Say, Miss Smith, I can beat that. I can make three words of it—Wright, write right." Third Boy (excitedly)—"Hear this—Wright, write rite right."

THE FARMER AND LIFE INSURANCE.

The farmer of Canada is rightly said to be the backbone of the country, but we wonder if he is taking advantage of the many opportunities to better himself. Year after year there is being perfected labor-saving devices and machinery which ultimately cause not only a saving of expense in the management of his farm and the husbanding of his crops, but also makes life easier and more pleasurable.

It has been said the farmer does not take advantage of new inventions as quickly as a manufacturer, and there may be a good reason for this. In the first place, if a manufacturer sees some invention which may be of advantage to him in his business, and has not the ready cash, he can often go to his banker and ask for additional credit, explaining what he needs the money for.

The farmer, on the other hand, who has truly made his money by the sweat of his brow, does not as a rule, know much about banking except as a place to deposit his savings in. He seldom asks for credit, and as a result often goes without things which in place of being a luxury are a real necessity. His great aim has been to build up not only a competence for his old age, but also to lay aside something for his wife and family.

Should he be one of our progressive farmers, he is forced to have good buildings not only for himself and family, but it is equally necessary to have good barns and stables for his stock. This often necessitates a considerable capital expenditure, and the usual source of getting this (if he has not the capital himself), is by placing a mortgage on his property. Should you live, and should the years prove profitable, you will not doubt pay off the mortgage. On the other hand, should there be a succession of bad crops and should you die, what is to come of your wife and family?

If you are a modern and progressive farmer you should give this the same consideration as a modern business man. To-day you are the brains of the farm, matters run smoothly under your guidance; should you be taken off who is to assume your responsibilities and pay off the mortgage? Is your wife or children capable of taking your place at once, or must someone be hired to take it? If so, this means an additional outlay. The Good Book tells us that "a contented mind is better than riches," and no doubt your mortgages or other outstanding obligations are a source of worry to you, but modern business methods has found a way to meet just such worries as yours, and few, if any, of our modern business men have failed to take advantage of it.

Every person recognizes the uncertainty of life, so if this is one of your worries in accumulating a fortune, why not make provision against it? It can be done by taking out a policy in one of our Canadian Life Insurance Companies. The moment you pay your first premium you have created an estate to the full value of your policy. A life policy is nothing more than a savings account, with protection added. Should you die after the first payment your estate will receive the full value of your policy, and there will be no delay in payment. So soon as your death claim papers are received, a check will at once be sent.

Sickness and death entail heavy expense, and ready cash is often hard to secure, but the prompt payment of a life insurance company means ready cash, which will enable your estate to pay your debts, lift your mortgage, and, if your policy is large enough, give them something to go on with. While it will not soften their grief at your loss, it may make you more kindly remembered and it will certainly make their path through life smoother.



SAFETY FOR PASSENGERS

It is a fine travel call to say that passengers are safely removed before being destroyed by Prussian submarines. The above gives an idea of the safety that most passengers are accorded in mid-ocean.—New York Telegram.

DIED ON FIELD SIDE BY SIDE

SAD SCENE WITNESSED IN A FRENCH CEMETERY.

Soil of France Covers the Bodies of Two Brave Irish Lads.

It is in a cemetery in France, one of those cemeteries which have sprung up during the war, and where the graves are quite new. All around the little crosses bear the names of men belonging to many British regiments, and here and there are French names, under which are inscribed the words, "Mort pour la France." Two graves were open, waiting to receive the dead, and close by a group of officers stand, while the men who have made the graves are in the background, leaning on their spades. A little way off an old man and some women were busy saving a field of corn, and the whirring noise of a reaping machine sounds drowsily on the air.

From a greater distance comes the dull roar of guns, and overhead an aeroplane circles like some giant bird. The group of officers by the graveside includes two chaplains, one of the Church of England, and one a Catholic priest. They have come to bury two young officers, both Irish, but of a different faith. Presently a little procession arrives—a motor wagon, looking strangely incongruous in the cemetery, and behind it marching a number of the men belonging to the regiment of the dead officers. They stand around the opened earth like statues, their faces set in an expression of pain. Some of their eyes are filled with tears, for they knew well and loved their leaders—young, indeed, they were—merely boys.

As in life. Reverently the bodies are lifted to the grave—there are no coffins here. The remains are swathed in the ordinary brown army blankets, and so are lowered into the grave. Just as in life the boys had lain in their rude shelter in the trenches for many a day and many a night. The chaplains read their respective burial services. "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust." The soil of France is shoveled into the graves, and soon the little group of mourners melts away.

As the men of the dead officers' regiment march off they gaze up reverently as they pass by the great crucifix in the centre of the cemetery. It is to them not alone a symbol of the hope of salvation, but a symbol of the glory and majesty of death when it is suffered for the sake of others. And so the soldiers pass along, more reconciled to the loss of their two young leaders, for they certainly did suffer death bravely and most willingly for the sake of others—for the sake of those at home in the country they loved.

Left Careers for War.

One of these gallant young officers was twenty-two, the other but twenty-one. They left Ireland with hearts overflowing with the joy of life, and with that glorious spirit of youth which fills the world with a seemingly never-fading beauty and happiness. One boy left his university, and the other the threshold of a great profession, and they went to the trenches of France, and they met death absolutely without fear.

One Case in Thousands. And thus are thousands of all ranks dying every month! In the cemetery, where the writer stood by the graves of these two boys, he counted in one tiny corner alone eleven white crosses newly erected. Each of these crosses bore the name of a young Irish officer, and in but one instance alone was the recorded age more than twenty-five years. These young men came from the North of Ireland and from the South with the famous Irish regiments, the Connaught Rangers, the Dublin Fusiliers, the Inniskillings, or the Royal Irish. They professed different creeds. They held different views on politics and public affairs, but they were knit into a welded unit by a common cause. They fought side by side for their country; they died side by side, and in this little French cemetery, with the great cross, they lie side by side in their last long sleep.

And so to-day do Irishmen rest by the fields in the long-stretched battle-lines of Europe. Would that all those who still may harbor bitterness

THE TRUE STORY OF "BILL."

We will call him "Bill," but that isn't his real name. We will say his story ends on a farm near Acton, but it really ends somewhere else. Bill's is a typical story; such lives are found by the hundred in Toronto. There should be hundreds of stories like Bill's, ending on the farms in Ontario.

While Bill was yet a baby his father died. Two years ago his mother died. It was very sudden, this death of Bill's mother. There were burns looking suspiciously like carbolic acid on her lips, but nobody told Bill what they meant. The next day a distant relative came and took Bill away. She had received a note from his mother and did not inquire about the cause of her death.

In his new home Bill found himself regretted as an intruder. His unwilling foster mother had a brood of her own that was already too large for her to manage, and the family income left much to be desired, even before Bill was added to the load.

Poor Bill felt the situation keenly, but he could see no way to fix it. His only other relatives were two brothers who had gone to France with the Princess Pats and disappeared from his life. Bill felt dimly that, if they only knew, these hero brothers of his would help him, but he didn't know how to find them, and no one else seemed to care.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Bill made his real home on the streets. There was real life. There was adventure. An empty coal bin in an alley made a dandy pirate den, and any of the gang could swipe cookies from home and so keep the larder supplied.

Bill's membership in the gang was the only bright spot in his life, but it involved a great difficulty. He didn't feel at liberty to swipe cookies at home. With the other boys it was different. Their homes were their own, and swiping what your own mother baked for you isn't much of an offense; but when you are living in another fellow's home, and the other fellow's mother doesn't love you and doesn't want you there, you don't feel at liberty to swipe their cookies. Bill explained the matter to the gang, and they generously agreed to overlook it, but Bill felt himself under a constant and growing obligation.

Now, if you go in back of Dago Tony's fruit store, you will find a little window in the back wall close to the ground. If you look into that window you will find that Dago Tony has his cellar hung full of bunches of banana bananas. When he wants them to ripen he hangs them in the sun in front of his store, but when he wants them to stay green he keeps them down cellar, and that cellar window is unlocked. Bill thought there would be nothing easier than to swipe a bunch of bananas and hang up in the den, and thus at one stroke pay his debts, and thus at one stroke pay his debts, and thus at one stroke pay his debts.

When a boy is twelve years old he doesn't spend much time on reflection. When a thing needs doing, he does it. And so the morning after Bill found his window unlocked; there was a large bunch of green bananas hanging in the den, and Bill found himself the hero of the gang.

The fellows had always supposed that the location of the den was a profound secret. Knockers (police men), however, have a habit of poking their noses into places where they are not expected, and one of them occasionally looked into the den when he knew it was vacant. When he found the bananas, and put the littlest member of the gang through the third degree, he readily learned what had happened. So Bill and the "knocker," and Bill's foster mother had a session with Judge Boyd of the Juvenile Court.

Bill's relative, thinking she could thus get rid of him, pointed his character in lurid colors and demanded that he be sent to the reform school. But she found the Juvenile Court to be a different sort of place than she had expected. Judge Boyd remembers well when he was a boy, and he has had many years of experience since. He knew that Bill was not really bad. His soul is too recently from the hands of his Maker to be very much contaminated. If Bill appears bad it is his environment, and not Bill himself. And so the woman found from the trend of the Judge's questions that the tables had been turned. Instead of being prosecutor she was the defendant. As the guiding influence in Bill's environment she had failed. There was no penalty, though for her failures, and for Bill's sake it was decided that, if possible, he should have another home.

The Big Brother Movement is a group of big-hearted men, each one of whom agrees to look after a fellow like Bill. Their secretary, Mr. Jack Maughan, attends the Court sessions. It is his particular business as a friend for boys who need them.

There is one of "nature's noblemen" living with his wife on a farm near Acton. Their children have grown up and moved away, and so, as they put it, the home is "rather going to waste." They believe in the religion of love and helpfulness and wanted to put it into practice. They realize, too, that in this time of national sacrifice it is especially important that the boyhood of the country should be saved. These good people, therefore, wrote Mr. Maughan to learn if they could be of service, and thus Bill found his new home.

Bill is making good at Acton. The same enterprising nature that led him to steal the bananas leads him also to take a most lively interest and active boy's part in everything connected with the farm. His new parents find that in him they are living their youth over again.

Only those who have watched the development of boy lives in the city can appreciate what is being done for Bill. Had he been left with the "gang" and with no friend to guide him, a jail sentence within ten years would be a reasonable probability. As it is, he will develop into a useful and respected citizen. Bill's new parents are taking the raw material of a criminal and diverting it to an honorable and saving Bill's soul.

There are many boys, and girls, too, in Toronto, whose story, starting like Bill's, have not found such a propitious ending. Anyone who will write Mr. J. H. Maughan, Social, Toronto, will be told specifically where their help is most needed.

Small Pigs.
In travelling through the country at this time of year a great many pigs weighing not more than 50 to 70 pounds are seen in the feed lots and pastures.

To be marketed at a price anywhere near the top, these pigs must be carried through the winter, at least until January or February. When one considers the additional cost of gains made through the winter months when no green feed is available, one is led to wonder whether it would not be more profitable to have these pigs larger at this time of year, at least in most cases, is proven by the fact that the most successful hog raisers see to it that their spring pigs weigh at least 110 to 135 pounds by the end of September. Show the one under take to criticize a man with 60 pound pigs and tell him that his pigs should be larger, an argument immediately follows. The average farmer knows that his pigs should be larger at this time of year to get the larger profit. Wherever small pigs are found at this time of year, they are the result of a management error. The first is that inferior, undersized breeding stock has been used, the second is that the pigs were farrowed late in the spring, and the third is that they have gone through the summer on pasture, but with too limited a grain ration. The first essential in raising big, grower pigs that can be marketed in the month of November at a weight of 175 to 200 pounds, is that big, heavy-boned breeding stock must be used. For some reason or other a pig farrowed in March or early in April always seems to grow faster than one farrowed in May or June. The second essential to rapid growth of the pigs is that they be barrowed early. March is the month selected as the most successful farrowing month by the best hog growers. It is true that it takes something of a building and a little care to farrow the pig crop in March, but it pays. In order that pigs may make a rapid growth through the summer months they must have a combination of good pasture and a suitable grain ration. It has been proven a good many times that pigs will make rapid growth when running on good pasture and getting their grain from a self-feeder. However, this has not always proved the most economical method of making gains. In the work at this Station covering several years, good gains have been made when growing pigs were pastured on alfalfa and receiving a grain ration of 3 pounds per day, 100 pounds live weight of pigs.—W. H. Peters, North Dakota Experiment Station.

Swiftest Dog in the World.
The swiftest dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show 75 feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than 80 feet a second, which would give it a speed of 4,800 feet a minute if the pace could be kept up.

CANADIANS WANTED FOR THE ROYAL NAVY

Two thousand Canadians are wanted for the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve towards manning the new ships of the Imperial Royal Navy. Immediate overseas service. Only men of good character and good physique accepted.

Pay \$1.10 Minimum per Day—Free Kit
\$20.00 per Month Separation Allowance

Apply to the nearest Naval Recruiting Station, or to the Dept. of the Naval Service OTTAWA

Hints for the Home

With Eggs.
Egg Sausages.—Sliced sausages, four eggs, three table-spoons of milk, one table-spoon (level) of butter, salt and pepper to taste. The sliced sausages are warmed in a saucepan and the extra fat poured off. Then pour over the butter, eggs and milk that have been beaten together. Stir until cooked like an ordinary omelet.

Tomato Omelet.—Two cupsful of tomato sauce, two table-spoons of chopped onion, one table-spoon of butter, six eggs, salt and pepper. Warm tomato sauce and onion and seasoning together, then strain and boil in a saucepan. Add the eggs, slightly beaten and stir until cooked with ly beaten and stir until cooked with the butter. As soon as the omelet is done, the cheese is thoroughly melted, the slightly beaten eggs are poured in. As soon as the mixture thickens it is poured on toast points and served hot.

Egg Cream on Toast.—Four eggs, four table-spoons of cream, four table-spoons of stock, salt, pepper, thick whipped cream, one table-spoon of powdered sugar, three table-spoons of apple jelly, one table-spoon of butter, one table-spoon of warm water. The eggs are beaten until it reaches a jelly-like consistency. Then season and pour on toast.

A Sweet Omelet.—Six eggs, six stale macarons, one table-spoon of thick whipped cream, one table-spoon of powdered sugar, three table-spoons of apple jelly, one table-spoon of warm water. The eggs are beaten, then warm water and sugar added. The macarons are crumbled and mixed with the cream and sugar. Pour the eggs into a hot buttered pan, stir for ordinary omelet and just before folding pour the sweet macaron mixture in the center. The omelet is then folded over and served hot, dusted with powdered sugar. If desired, whipped cream may be served with it.

Things Worth Remembering.
Always brush a carpet with the pile not against it.
Batters of all kinds require one scant quart of milk to one quart of flour.
A thorough whitewashing should be given every cellar at least once a year.
Sandwiches should always be made as short a time as possible before being used.
In using a high stepladder on a polish floor, put sand paper under the ladder's feet.
Eggs are more easily digested when the whites and yolks are thoroughly mixed before cooking.
Left over chicken is delicious chopped fine, cracked and enriched with two hard boiled eggs, chopped not too fine.
A spoonful means that the flour, etc., should lie as much above the edge of the spoon as the bowl lies below it.
On ironing day when the top of the stove must not be spattered with the cooking of the midday meal may be done in the oven.
When kitchen towels wear thin lay two of the same size one upon the other, machine the edges together, and stitch diagonally across.

Five Roses Flour.
FOR BREADS—CAKES—PUDDINGS—PASTRIES

PAINS AFTER EATING

WIND IN THE STOMACH—ACIDITY, HEADACHES—CONSTIPATION

ARE SIGNS OF INDIGESTION.

Indigestion—the complete or partial failure of the digestive processes—frequently throws out of gear the whole machinery of the body and causes the vigor and vitality of good health unless your stomach, liver and bowels do their work regularly and efficiently.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup is esteemed in tens of thousands of homes wherever the English language is spoken. If you suffer much of little from disorders of the stomach, liver or bowels, try the effect of taking 15 to 30 drops of this famous remedy in water, after meals for a few days and note its beneficial effects.

ASSISTS DIGESTION

The small 20c bottle contains three times as much as the 10c bottle sold at 20c per bottle.