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McCarty Breaks the News

His Was the Stout Heart That Forgot Self for Another.
By D. H. TALMADGE.

There is a fast train which at the close of each day rushes through the village of Typica. But it does not rush so rapidly that an alert mail clerk fails to toss a small pouch of mail to the station platform. This pouch of mail is picked up by the station agent, who hurries with it across the square to the post office, where it is being waited for.

Other mails come to Typica on other trains in the course of an average day, but none are so eagerly waited for by certain of the villagers as this, for it brings the daily newspapers from the city a hundred miles down the line. And a mighty battle is being waged across the sea, and there are Typica boys over there who may be in the thick of it.

Wherefore the news must be scanned daily and so closely that not a line may escape. Sooner or later it will be the familiar name of the boy killed in action or severely wounded or missing—our boys or yours—nobody knows. We can only wait and watch.

And so certain of the Typica folk gather at eventide in the lobby of the little post office, and when the papers are forthcoming resolve themselves into groups and eagerly scan the printed pages.

Old Henry Bronson draws to himself the most numerous group. He has a bass voice has Henry, and he reads the news rapidly and in a way clearly to be understood. If there is news to be had news, Henry Bronson's listeners want it out and over with.

Another group, the more timid ones, forms about Jason Cloud. Jason scatters a bit, now reading out a headline, now a joke, but ever getting back to the fatal list of names.

And still another in local parlance the "roughnecks" gathers about Dan McCarty. Old Dan is the man who said to his son on the day the boys left for the training camp, "I see in the papers now and then, me son, a story as a Canadian bringing in a Hun prisoner. Don't never let me hear of your doin' that—damn 'em!"

This sentiment did not meet with general favor in Typica, openly at any rate. It was somewhat extreme to fit well with the gentle, easy-going spirit of the village, and yet it was a story told and retold during the weeks of the great battle, and as time went on it nestled nearer the inner heart of Dan's neighbors.

"After all, you are never in doubt as to where Dan stands," said these good people. "He likes and he hates with equal intensity. He is a rough man but he has a heart of gold and a tongue that stings like a scorpion or soothes like a summer breeze."

Dan's reading of the news was jerky and explosive. There were times when he had gotten barely started on the list of names when the sigh of relief gave notice that the others had finished. At these times Dan's wrinkled face lighted and he hastily put the paper in his pocket, glad that the strain was over, although he was brave.

The day came at last, Henry Bronson read the name first, then repeated it.

"Killed in action—James Thomson—nearest relative Mrs. Sarah Thomson, Typica."

"Jimmy Thomson—"

The name was whispered here and there in the lobby, and hands clenched involuntarily and opened again. Then suddenly talk broke forth in a torrent. And then—

"Who will tell Mrs. Thomson? She should be told. Poor woman! Her only son! And she a widow! Mary McCarty, too. Jimmy's sweet-heart—old Dan would attend to that all right—but the widow—who?"

The gathering centred its eyes upon Dan, who was slowly unfolding and unfolding his paper, a crease of pain newly showing upon his forehead. They had relied on Dan before this.

"Kilt in action—Jimmy—"

Old Dan half whispered the words as if his breathing were difficult. For a moment he looked in a daze, as if at his paper, then put it in his pocket and passed his hand across his forehead. "Yes, 'twould have been him—yes, yes."

Then something like a sob shook him and he turned away from the others and walked with a wavering step towards the door.

"Dan," it was Henry Bronson who spoke.

Old Dan stopped. "Yes?" he said.

"Somebody must tell his mother. 'Meanin' me, Henry?"

"Yes, Dan."

"All right, Henry. There's worse things than that kilt in action. Old Dan wiped his eyes and blew his nose. Then his eyes rested upon a flag draped above the delivery window, and his shoulders straightened and he whipped off his hat.

"I'm a manakin' old fool," he muttered. "Me, the father as Danny McCarty! We'll all do our duty to the flag. In the Jimmy's mother, and this I'll tell me girl. Good night, friends."

About the House

The Rest-Room at Beverly.

"Are you going to town this afternoon, Bert?" said Anne Walton to her husband, who was leaving the dinner table rather hurriedly.

"Yes; want to fix up the children and come along?"

"I'm not eager to go but I ought to. How soon must we be ready?"

"Oh, in half an hour or so."

A merry scramble with the children ensued, and forty minutes later the family was tucked away in the old sleigh, and Prince and Kate were making the slippery journey to town. The winter wind was raw and chill, and by the time they reached Beverly the children's faces were purple with the cold.

"Can't we go some place to get warm, mother?" begged Bobby.

"There's no place to go but the store. We can wait there while daddy goes to the bank and to the blacksmith shop."

Anne and the youngsters undressed at the general store and Bert drove off to look after his own errands. The store was crowded with farmers, and tobacco smoke, Bobby and Bertha wriggled their way to the big red stove, while Anne waited at the counter with the butter and eggs she had brought to trade. A half-dozen other women were similarly waiting.

"How do you do, Mrs. Walton. I seldom see you any more; where have you been keeping yourself?" said one of the women.

"Oh, the roads have been so bad we haven't been anywhere and I dread coming to town. The children get so cold and tired and it takes so long when Bert has business to attend to. Sometimes I think I'd rather stay at home. How much are eggs worth to-day?"

"I heard some one tell Mrs. Tompkins they were thirty-eight cents," volunteered a woman who stood at the edge of the circle. "H'm; my cousin in the city writes that they're paying sixty cents in the city right along," contributed another. "We'd better save up a lot and carry them to the city. I'd like to walk through one of the big stores right now! I hate the mirrors, though—those long ones that let you see how your skirt sags and how shabby your shoes are, and Mrs. Saylor edged behind Anne at the thought.

"Well, I don't want to see anything or walk anywhere," remarked Mrs. Lane. "My feet are ready to drop off. I don't see why they can't have a few more chairs in this store where there is no other place for us to wait for the men folks. I've had my trading done for an hour and Sam's getting the horses shod; no one can tell when he'll be through."

"That's just it! Why haven't we somewhere else to wait? Over in Stevestville they have a regular restaurant in the City Hall, with chairs and couches and little beds for babies, and magazines to read and desks to write on!" Mrs. Saylor forgot her temporary embarrassment and stepped out from behind with a swing of the hands that suggested all the comforts that were lacking.

"Yes, but Stevestville isn't Beverly," said Mrs. Lane with the infection of a fatalist.

"But why couldn't we have such a room to use on Saturday? Maybe Beverly could do more than it does if we women could make it up. Since Mrs. Price's store has closed I don't see why we couldn't fix that up. I'll bring a couple of rockers and a rag rug." Mrs. Tompkins had caught fire from Mrs. Saylor.

"Who'd pay the rent?" This was a poser; the enthusiastic ones knit their brows.

"Why," replied Anne, "Bert owns an interest in that building, and he said the other day it would just stand empty this winter. I know we could have the use of it. There's a stove in it already."

"Well, I'll come in one Saturday out of the month and build the fire, if the rest of you will take turns," Mrs. Earham's quiet voice put confidence in the group.

"I'll come, too!" chorused several others.

"Well, let's tear off a little of this wrapping paper and write down what we've got to start with," and Mrs. Tompkins took over the secretarial work.

"Round the group she bustled, and before the tardy husbands appeared plans had been made.

"We ought to have a couple of tables," suggested Mrs. Brownell. "Each of us could bring a few magazines to place on a reading table; and I think one table ought to be fixed up for a writing table. Half the time I don't have as many minutes to myself all the week as I spend in fidgeting where they had been waiting his companion bowed back and walked on either side of him down the street.

"Dan, old friend, we didn't know we didn't find Danny's name in the list with Jimmy's until after you had gone. We—"

"I saw it," said old Dan wearily. "This one of the fortunes as was O, Danny, Danny me boy!"

He staggered and would have fallen but they held him up and gently helped him home, the bravest heart among them all.

ing around this store on a Saturday afternoon.

"Could we have some picture books and toys for the kiddies?"

"We'll have to have such things, Mrs. Teasdale. That's one thing it's for—to keep the children from getting so tired and cross."

"We'll try it out this way for a month or two and I believe after we get it furnished and folks see what a help it is the town council may provide for it by by-law in time for next winter. Think there's any hope?" Mrs. Tompkins looked up.

"Sure there's hope," The indomitable Mrs. Saylor shook hands with everybody and carried Anne off to find Bert and confer with him about the room.

Throughout the week Beverly wondered who was moving into Mrs. Price's shop. On Saturday morning it displayed a sign which read "Beverly Rest-Room—Come In," and during the afternoon and evening people came in, a little shy at first, but finding friends and neighbors they stayed to chat and rest.

Mrs. Brownell luxuriously wrote five postal cards. Mrs. Lane knitted while she rested the feet that had been ready to drop off the week before. Tommy Teasdale and Richard Saylor built block houses; Bobby and Bertha looked at wonderful pictures and drew others yet more wonderful. Mrs. Tompkins thought of a dozen improvements for the rest-room, and Mrs. Earham read two stories and copied a recipe.

"I like going to town lots better now, don't you, mother?" whispered Bertha, as Anne tucked her and Bobby into bed that night. "I'm tired but I don't feel so cross as I used to neither does brother."

Child Welfare in the West.

Child welfare is occupying a large share of attention in British Columbia and Alberta. Early in December there was held at Vancouver the first annual convention of the Child Welfare Association of British Columbia. The program included discussions on educational reforms, juvenile delinquency, child mortality and diseases of children. Vocational training was urged in order that children might become helpful factors in the community. The schools of Vancouver were mentioned particularly on account of the special classes for the backward children and the Association put itself on record as favoring institutions for the feeble-minded.

The Chief Diagnostician of the Juvenile Court of Seattle, Washington, addressed the Association on juvenile delinquency and its dependence on the status of home training. A low ebb of parental responsibility results in juvenile delinquency. It was recommended that mothers' pensions should be established because motherhood should be recognized as the highest service to the State.

In Alberta the study of Child Welfare is concerned with the preparation and serving of hot lunches to rural school children. The Department of Education for the province has issued a booklet containing a number of recipes and practical suggestions whereby the old lunch will be wholly or partially abolished. It is estimated that more than three-fifths of the school children attending rural schools in Alberta are dependent on cold lunches and that these are eaten at irregular intervals and under conditions not beneficial. The idea of the Department of Education is that trustees and teachers shall make it possible to serve at least one hot dish each day at noon; well balanced cold lunches are also suggested to mothers.

Saved Many Vessels.

"Often the shock transmitted through the water was so strongly felt on board other ships that people rushed on deck imagining their own vessel had been struck. Two particular cases will live in our memory: One in which seven vessels in twenty-eight hours were sunk, beached, or towed disabled away from one point and another when six were destroyed or seriously damaged at one spot within a few minutes. When one knows, as we do, the different escapes we have nearly all had, generally through being too close alongside the submarine, and that we have had so very few accidents with nearly 2,000,000 miles covered in the hostess of the danger zone, surely it may be taken as proven that our being there has materially assisted to keep down the number of casualties to vessels.

"It is quite impossible," the report continues, "to single out any men for special mention, for it is impossible to get like conditions for different men. Luck enters very largely into it. Some have done first-rate work in getting their damaged vessels in, others with very big mileage, and many close shaves, have escaped altogether, probably largely through luck, though, on the other hand, the escape may be sometimes due to efficient lookout, zigzagging and a gift of doing the unexpected instead of the obvious thing at danger points. It becomes a pretty problem as to whether a man who has been torpedoed and

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LORD KITCHENER'S LOVE STORY

LADY PUT HER DUTY TO HER OLD AUNTS' FIRST

Great Soldier's Romantic Attachment to Scottish Lady Who Warned Him Against Fatal Voyage.

Far from being the woman-hater which people supposed him, was Lord Kitchener. A romantic love story was woven about the life of the great soldier, who hard and stern as he appeared to the world, cherished an ardent and lasting affection for a Scottish lady who died less than a year after he was lost on the Hampshire. The lady was a Miss Hutchison, daughter of a gentleman of independent means who lived near Peterhead, Scotland, an owner of quarries, pillars of whose polished red granite adorned the entrance of St. Andrew's Church and other buildings in Toronto.

Kitchener and his lady loved met in early youth, when she was a bewitching Scots girl with brown eyes and hair and an out-of-doors complexion, and the future field marshal a stripling of seventeen, not yet entered the army as an ensign.

Why She Refused Him.

Kitchener later sought the lady's hand in marriage, but meantime two of her aunts had become invalids. She was the sole one whose ministrations they would accept, and the last one to shirk her duty, and she felt that she could not then accede to the soldier's offers.

Hundreds of letters passed between Kitchener and Miss Hutchison during their lifetimes, but at the request of Kitchener most of them were destroyed. A passage from one of the few that were saved reveals the reason that this Scottish lady refused to become the bride of her soldier lover. It reads: "I must devote myself to the duty that has been laid upon me," wrote Miss Hutchison, referring to her invalid aunts, "but there is another reason why I cannot be. I have become accustomed to a small life. For you there is a great future, and you must have as your wife a woman accustomed to a lofty station and to presiding over great establishments. But always to remain one of your best friends is the dearest wish of my heart."

Fatal Russian Voyage.

During the rest of his life Kitchener, called by the Germans the Silent Earl, the man whom the world regarded as relying upon no human being, went to Miss Hutchison with his triumphs and also when he needed counsel, consolation and sympathy. Wherever he was he wrote her constantly telling her all that was in his heart and mind.

She had attempted to dissuade Kitchener from going on the fatal voyage to Russia in May, 1916. But Kitchener was inflexible in her pleadings. "You have always been one," he said, "to be most loyal in putting duty first. You must try not to dissuade me now. The Czar himself has asked me to go to Russia, and go I must."

EDINBURGH CASTLE

Was Long the Recognized Stronghold of "Bonnie Scotland."

Edinburgh is the heart of Scotland and Edinburgh Castle is the heart of Edinburgh. A truly wonderful cluster of stone towers on a stone foundation, it is no wonder that the castle was so long the recognized stronghold of Scotland, in which everything precious to the state, from the crown jewels to an undesirable heir to the throne, could be hidden away and forgotten until wanted.

It was a fine place for a desperate king to retire and defy anybody to come and get him, and it was a counterpart of the Tower of London, in that anyone with the mediæval equivalent of political pull could have his or her choicest enemy absent-mindedly locked somewhere in the castle—by an oversight, of course.

The one room in which an ordinary citizen visiting Edinburgh Castle lingers longest is the crown room, which contains the "Honors of Scotland"—that is, the ancient sceptre, sword, and the crown worn by the famous Scottish kings and queens from Robert Bruce to Mary Queen of Scots. The crown of Scotland is the ideal crown of royalty—solid gold, banked with precious stones of many colors.

The "Honors of Scotland" had an eventful history rivaling that of the kings who wore them. They were held by Cromwell, when he captured the castle and were stolen away for Scotland by a minister's wife, who with her maid and several baskets of lint for spinning, came with permission of the governor of the castle to visit a friend there. When she left in full sight of the governor she carried the Scottish crown concealed in the folds of her riding habit, and the sword and sceptre were embedded in her head of lint. Her husband buried them in the floor of his church until Scotland could claim them openly, and then, when they were finally dug up, they were locked in a chest and never seen again for 110 years.

Domines is said to be the national game of the Esquimaux.

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