

YOUNG FOLKS

A Birthday Town.

One day, about three years ago, Dick and Dorothy paused at the railway crossing while on their way home from downtown. Old Uncle Hiram, the gateman, whom everyone in Belton knew and loved, was sitting at the door of his little house as they came along.

"My," said Uncle Hiram, "what big parcels for little folks to be carrying!"

"Well, you see," Dick explained, "we have been shopping for the birthday party."

"What birthday party?" asked Uncle Hiram as he looked up and down the track.

"The baby's," spoke up Dorothy. "Our little Billy, you know. He's three to-morrow, and we're going to give him the finest birthday party that ever was."

"Yes," said Dick, "we have a lot of toys, and there's going to be a big frosted cake with three candles."

"Think of that, now!" cried Uncle Hiram, "slapping his knee. "It makes me wish I could have a birthday party myself."

"Why can't you have one?" asked Dorothy. "Everyone in town would love to come, I know."

"Yes," added Dick, "of course everyone would. Don't old folks—I mean, don't grown-up folks have birthdays?"

"Oh, yes, we old folks have lots of birthdays," chuckled Uncle Hiram. "We have them much more often than you young folks, too; but somehow we get out of the habit of having parties."

"That's too bad," said Dorothy. "What fun you miss! Now, if you will just tell us when your next birthday comes, we'll plan a real party for you."

Uncle Hiram did not laugh this time, but looked down hard at the bright eyes raised to his.

"I can think of something better than that," he said at last. "Do you know Aunt Lizzie Wheeler, who lives almost out to the North Road schoolhouse, with only a housekeeper for company? Well, she will be eighty years old next Monday. She has been to lame for years to get out of the house. If you want to make an old person happy with a birthday party, just take her up some flowers or a cake, or any little thing, to show her that some one remembers and cares."

"We'll do it!" cried Dorothy. "And I know that Bessie Fuller and her brother Joe, and Madge Bowman, and Ted Rust and a lot of others will go with us."

Then she and Dick hurried home, so full of the idea of a birthday surprise for Aunt Lizzie Wheeler that they almost forgot the morrow's party for little Billy.

That was how it began. Dick and Dorothy and a dozen of their young friends promptly formed a sort of birthday club, and their parents have gladly helped them in their plans.

Uncle Hiram seems to know, or to have ways of finding out, every time any old person or sick person in the village is going to have a birthday, and no one can measure the happiness of the bright days that the birthday club has brought into the lives of such persons in the past three years.

That is how Belton came to be known as "a birthday town."

NEW BURGLAR ALARM.

How You May Scare a Hold-up Man Out of His Wits.

"Hands up!"

"Bang! Bang! Dong! Dong-dong-ong!"

This is the principle of a new burglar alarm devised by an inventor to rout bank robbers and holdup men. It's all a little, inconspicuous box holding a small fire gun and five 38-caliber cartridges.

Mr. Robber comes into the store or bank. Hands go up all around, but somebody leans against a desk or steps on a loose board and the noise bombardment lets loose. The cartridges are fired at intervals of ten seconds.

Any number of small wires lead from the burglar alarm with push buttons to the buttons are concealed beneath a rug under a window for the house thief or behind a panel or back of a drawer in a desk in a store or office.

The robber steps on the rug or the merchant leans against the false drawer. Noise is infinitely more annoying to him than bullets, so he may well wish himself in a Verdun trench when the alarm is released.

The principle of the alarm is psychological. It is a well-known scientific fact that a robber, keyed up to a high nerve tension, is thrown off his mental balance by any unusual happening. This is true of the house hold robber and doubly true of the holdup man, who conducts his campaigns of crime face to face with the victim.

In your home the discharge of five shots and the ringing of an alarm bell would send the robber helter-skelter for cover. He would flee ignominiously in place to get away from the dreaded noise.

Should he hold up a bank, however, and in the midst of his robbery hear the shots and the bell it is extremely likely that he would be paralyzed with fear and stand rooted to the spot for a moment or two. This would be time enough for the bank officials, who habitually are armed, to draw their own weapons and make the robber surrender.

Luck must be feminine because it is so uncertain.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Use Harsh Purgatives—A Tonic Is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That is the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches, and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble.

Do not dose yourself with purgatives, as so many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What you need in spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine surely. Every dose of this medicine makes new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite and makes tired, depressed, men, women and children bright, active and strong.

L. R. Whitman, Harmony Mills, N.S., says: "As a tonic and strength builder, I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills wonderful. My whole system was badly run down, and although I faithfully took a tonic given me by my doctor I could not see improvement. Then I began Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was soon restored to my old time health. I can most heartily endorse this medicine."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LONDON PRICES SOARING.

Necessities Show Rise During War of 15 to 50 Per cent.

While a very great deal has been heard of the enormous rise in the price of food and other necessities that has taken place in Germany and other enemy countries little attention has been paid to the very great increase in the cost of living in London, England.

The following list of prices has been specially compiled in a locality where the population is thick and the competition especially keen. Even a cursory glance at them shows that every-day necessities like bread, onions, firewood, coal, cheese, milk, soda, soap, and matches all show an increase of from 15 to 50 per cent.

Article Price per unit

Firewood, 6 bundles \$.06

Onions, 4 pounds \$.08

Wheat, quart \$.08

Flour, 5 pounds \$.12

Bread, loaf \$.08

Coal, cwt. \$.44

Gas, 1,000 cubic feet \$.60

Gas mantles, each \$.04

Bacon, pound \$.16

Meat (lamb), pound \$.11

Cheese, pound \$.28

Butter, pound \$.20

Milk, quart \$.06

Ten, pound \$.36

Sugar (brown), pound \$.04

Jam, 2 pounds \$.20

Currants, pound \$.08

Fruites, pound \$.08

Mineral bottle \$.02

Cotton, reel \$.05

Soda (washing), 4 pounds \$.08

Soap, pound \$.06

Matches, dozen boxes \$.03

Per pound.

EXPERIMENTS.

Teach Things of Value.

Where one has never made the experiment of leaving off tea or coffee and drinking Postum, it is still easy to learn something about it by reading the experiences of others.

Drinking Postum is a pleasant way out of tea or coffee troubles. A man writes:

"My wife was a victim of nervousness, weak stomach and loss of appetite for years, and although we resorted to numerous methods for relief, one of which was a change from coffee to tea, it was all to no purpose." (Both tea and coffee are injurious to many persons, because they contain the subtle, poisonous drug, caffeine.)

"We knew coffee was causing the trouble, but could not find anything to take its place until we tried Postum. Within two weeks after she started on Postum and began using Postum almost all of her troubles had disappeared as if by magic. It was truly wonderful. Her nervousness was gone, stomach trouble relieved, appetite improved, and, above all, a night's rest was complete and refreshing."

"This sounds like an exaggeration, as it had happened so quickly. Each day there was improvement, for the Postum was undoubtedly strengthening her. Every particle of this good work was due to drinking Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. pks.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c. and 50c. tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. Sold by Grocers.

VERDUN FIREMEN ARE REAL HEROES

REMAINED IN TOWN TO SAVE IT FROM FLAMES.

They Worked Daily Under Fire and Hid in Cellar During Bombardment.

This is the story of the heroes of Verdun; it will not abound in detail. Little is known as yet. But France knows that some old men lived there—and died—as bravely as any men in all the history of France.

Senator Humbert told the story when he returned to Paris from Verdun the other day. Because he is a Senator he had been enabled to visit the beleaguered city. What he told has been dovetailed in with what others have heard. Little news has leaked through the military lines in the many weeks of the battle. In the intense interest felt by all in the major event the old men who merely lived on there, doing their duty, were forgotten.

The heroes—the real heroes—of Verdun are the town firemen. Two civilians have figured in previous stories. It is not positively known how this pair managed to remain behind when every other man and woman and child was forced by the soldiers to flee from the rain of German shells. One of them has some ill-defined occupation which has been recognized by the soldiers. The other owned a home in Verdun. When visitors come to the city now he waits, smiling, as though in propitiation, until he can gain their attention.

"Come with me," he begs. So the visitors go with him. By-and-by they come to the shattered wall, which is all that remains of what was once a handsome house. The man who once owned it stands on the pile of stone which mark what was once a doorway, and beckons to the visitors.

"Come in," he says. "I bid you welcome. This is my home."

But the civilian's home, have not the appeal to him that the old firemen have. When the war began the younger men of the Fire Department were mobilized. Some were not needed then, but as months passed by they found their way into the army. Manifestly the town could not be left without protection from fire. So men who had served in former years in the Fire Department and had been superannuated volunteered their services.

Little by little old men joined, until at last there were enough for a full company.

Then the Germans attacked Verdun. Old firemen remained.

The civilians—man, woman and child—were ordered out. The old firemen would not go. They were in the service of the State just as much as any man who festers in a trench or runs forward cheering against the white flashes of the mitrailleuse.

Most of them had sons at the front. Some had lost sons in the war. Life was as sweet to these old men as it is to any man in the security of Paris. But they stayed. Their duty lay plain before them. It was to guard the town.

There are gendarmes there, it is true. They see to it that no one touches property in Verdun that belongs to another. Every window is closed and shuttered, and every door is locked. Now and then a 380 shell comes hurtling through the air with that gurgling scream it favors—sounds somehow like a locomotive being strangled to death in a tunnel—and falls upon a house. Then that house ceases to be. The gendarmes walk to the scene in their theatrical blue capes and caps, or bicycle to it if the street approach is sufficiently free of masses of stone and brick. They solemnly write out their report, that in some future time the city archives shall bear witness to the fact that on a day of February, 1916, Alphonse Picot's home was destroyed by a German shell.

Always they find the old firemen there. The gendarmes are not pressured for time, you comprehend. If they do not make their report to-day, they may well be made to-morrow. But the old firemen must hurry. Fire is fire to them, an enemy to be fought whether it has its origin in a stuffed shoe or is carried over fifteen kilometers by a German gun. The property of their townsmen must be saved. They fight the flames wherever they spring up and save what property they can, and in their turn make their report. Then they go back to the cellar that serves them for headquarters and wait for the next alarm.

Few Fires in Verdun.

Oddly enough, there have been very few fires in Verdun. A French town is solidly built, for one thing. The roofs are tile and the walls are stone and the floors are hardwood that would hardly burn until it had been split with an axe. Also a descending shell produces such a havoc of mortar that any incipient flame may be quenched in the stifling dust. But the old firemen do their duty as they see it. Sometimes they trundle an hose apparatus through the choked streets. More often a bucket and a wet cloth will serve the moment's need.

Humbert found the old men crouching in their cellar. Perfectly composed they were, as though they were

used to cities collapsing over them, and a crash came, and a cloud of mortar dust arose. They plodded out methodically to look at the damage—these old ones, as one says in the tender French way—and cautioned Humbert to keep under cover until they returned. By-and-by they came back and threw off the shrapnel helmets that they wear in going about where the air may at a moment fall with cutting slivers of white-hot metal, and told Humbert what had happened, and settled down to wait for the next shell.

They need not have served, these men. Some of them, I am told, have been killed. One expects courage of a soldier and of young men.

These men were old.

BIRDS AND GLASS.

Sometimes Fly Through Windows of Country Houses.

It has been frequently noticed that no wild bird can understand the properties of glass, and great numbers, ranging in size from a pheasant to a titmouse, are killed by flying against the windows of country houses.

If a room possesses a large mirror reflecting the view seen through an open window birds are particularly liable to be deceived, and especially if frightened, into thinking that they can fly through it.

Sparrow hawks will sometimes chase their intended victims into strange places. Some years ago a member of this species pursued a small bird through the open window of a railway carriage in motion. In its blinded determination to secure the fugitive it entangled its claws in the meshes of the hat rack and was ignominiously slain by an astonished passenger with an umbrella.

She Did Not Heed the Danger Signals

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER DIABETES.

Mrs. McDonald Might Have Saved Herself Months of Pain, Sleeplessness and Anxiety by Using Dodd's Kidney Pills Earlier.

Grand Narrows, Victoria Co., N.S., May 1st.—(Special.)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure kidney disease in its worst form is evidenced by the case of Mrs. Roderick McDonald, an estimable resident of this place. Mrs. McDonald suffered from diabetes for two years, and found her first relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I am sure I would be in my grave to-day but for Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mrs. McDonald states. "The doctor attended me for five months for diabetes, but I was worse when I stopped taking his medicine than when I started. I could not get a wink of sleep. As soon as I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I fell in a solid sleep for one hour, and soon I got so that I could sleep fine."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done so much for me that I feel like recommending them to everybody."

Mrs. McDonald states that her earlier symptoms were shortness of breath, dizziness, backache and a bitter taste in her mouth in the morning. All these are symptoms of kidney trouble—danger signals that no one can afford to neglect. Had she heeded them and taken Dodd's Kidney Pills she would have saved herself months of pain and anxiety.

PERMANENT BAN ON RUM.

Bill Has Been Introduced Into the Russian Duma.

A bill has been introduced into the Russian Duma to put into effect the government's promise that the war prohibition of alcoholic drinks shall continue in force after the war. The bill, as summarized by the Novoye Vremya, provides:

"It is forbidden to produce alcohol for the purposes of manufacture of vodka. Equally prohibited is the import of alcohol from foreign countries and from the Grand Duchy of Finland. The production of alcohol by private institutions and persons, either for sale or for their own consumption or for household purposes, is also prohibited.

"The production of alcohol for technical or medical purposes is to be carried on by the government directly or through contractors. The government has the sole right to sell spirits for these purposes.

"The sale of light wines is only allowed in towns. In provinces and districts which grow grapes the sale of wine—not on draught—is allowed. The limit of alcohol for different kinds of wines is to be fixed by the government.

"The sale of beer is allowed only in towns. The government is also to fix for beer the limit of alcohol. Town councils have the right to issue regulations limiting or prohibiting altogether the sale of beer or light wines."

"The government's position in the matter was thus outlined by Mr. Bark, Minister of Finance, in his budget speech:—"Among the factors which have helped to keep our budget balanced it is impossible to overestimate the new factor in the economic life of our country—the total abstinence from alcoholic drinks. The success of this measure, which cannot be completely realized, is such that I am bound to state most emphatically that the prohibition is not to be abolished after the war."

What Does Your Food Cost? You could easily spend two dollars for a meal and not get as much real, body-building, nutriment as you get in two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, the food that contains all the muscle-making material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream will make a complete, perfect meal at a cost of not over five cents. A food for youngsters and grown-ups. Eat it for breakfast with milk or cream; eat it for luncheon with fresh berries or other fruits; a perfect meal for the Spring days.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

We live merely on the crust or rind of things.—Froude.

Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears.—Haliburton.

All philosophy lies in two words—"sustain" and "abstain."—Epictetus.

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying off debts.—Sir Philip Sydney.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Fuller.

People do not talk for the sake of expressing opinions, but to maintain an opinion for the sake of talking.—Hazlit.

Good intentions do not pave the road to hell; they are the stepping-stones that lift men every now and then out of the mire of common life, and there is hope for everyone save he who climbs on them no more.—J. E. Buckrose.

There are few of us that are not rather ashamed of our sins and follies as we look out on the blessed morning sunlight, which comes to us like a bright-winged angel beckoning us to quit the old path of vanity that stretches its dreary length behind us.—George Eliot.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

A film version of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" has been prepared and will shortly be presented in London.

"Potato bread" is to be introduced in the local workhouse by the Crodon Board of Guardians as a war economy.

A motion in favor of disallowing Sunday cinematograph entertainments has been defeated by the London County Council.

Work on London's new reservoir near Staines, has been stopped by the Ministry of Munitions which wants the plant and labor.

At the Parkhurst Convict Prison, Isle of Wight, convalescent convicts in the infirmary are knitting woolen scarves for soldiers.

The Northumberland coal owners have renewed their offer to give miners an advance in wages in lieu of free houses and coal.

The British Board of Agriculture has announced that 12,000 to 14,000 women have gone to work on the land since the outbreak of the war.

The ladies' committee of the Norfolk War Agriculture Committee have secured promise from over 3,000 women to work on the land when called on.

The War Office has asked the Metropolitan Asylum Board to provide another hospital, with 800 or more beds for wounded soldiers.

The death has taken place at Newton Abbot, Devon, of Lady Baker, widow of Sir Samuel White Baker, the Central African explorer who died in 1893.

During February the supplies of fish at Billingsgate market amounted to 9,516 tons. In the corresponding month last year 12,473 tons were received.

Official intimation has been received that Warwick Prison will shortly be closed owing to the large decrease of prisoners and the pressing need of economy.

Mrs. Pleasant Lowman, who has lived at Eversley, Hants, aged 82, died of heart failure in the scattered districts of Bramshill and Eversley for 42 years.

Hundreds of shopkeepers in Manchester and suburbs, owing to the lighting restrictions, are to close before it is necessary to light up, excepting on Fridays and Saturdays.

Erected at a cost of nearly \$250,000, delay is being experienced in starting a new spinning mill and a new weaving mill at Walkden, near Manchester, owing to the scarcity of labor.

The death has occurred of the Rev. T. Rustin, 50 years Congregational minister of Long Buckley, Rugby, who had been congratulated by the King on having six soldier sons, one of whom was recently awarded a commission.

Mr. William E. Cain, chairman of the Mersey Brewery, Liverpool, has offered to the Government his residence, Wilton Grange, West Kirby, Cheshire, as a home for totally and permanently disabled soldiers. It was built only a few years ago at a cost of \$125,000.

Putting Him Wise.

Traveler—How's your train service here?

Small Town Native—Wal, they advertise one train a day, but you and me know them advertisements exaggerated!

HAVE YOU A BAD SORE?

If so, remember these facts—Zam-Buk is by far the most widely used balm in Canada! Why has it become so popular? Because it heals sores, cures skin diseases, and does what is claimed for it. Why not let it heal your sores?

Remember that Zam-Buk is altogether different to the ordinary ointments. Most of these consist of animal fats. Zam-Buk contains no trace of any animal fat, or any mineral matter. It is absolutely herbal.

Remember that Zam-Buk is, at the same time, healing, soothing, and antiseptic. Kills poison instantly, and all harmful germs. It is suitable alike for recent injuries and diseases, and for chronic sores, ulcers, etc. Test how different and superior Zam-Buk really is. All druggists and stores at 50c. box. Use also Zam-Buk Soap. Relieves sunburn and prevents freckles. Best for baby's bath. 25c. tablet.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

The best yeast in the world. Makes perfect bread.

Visible and Strong.

"Goodness!" exclaimed a gentleman coming into a restaurant, and even then holding on to his hat from habit because of the gale blowing outside. "I never saw such a wind in my life."

"Never saw such a wind?" said another. "What a stupid remark! Who ever saw a wind? Pray what is it like?"

"Like to have blown my hat off."

Ask for Minard's and take no other Simple.

"Those twin boys of yours are so much alike that I don't see how you can tell them apart."

"That's easy enough. When they're on their good behavior they answer to their own names, and when they've been in mischief each one answers to the name of the other."

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SEED POTATOES. IRISH COBBLERS, Delaware, Carman. Order at once. Supply limited. Write for quotations. H. W. Dawson, Brampton.

FOR SALE. 50 ACRES NICE HOME, BRICK house, 2 barns, all cultivated, just outside City, Dover Township, John Bachelder, Chatham, Ont.

SEWING MACHINE SUPPLIES—18 Superior Needles 25c, Shuttles 75c, Bobbins 5c, Belts 25c, for any Machine. Superior Supplies Co., Hamilton, Ont.

HELP WANTED. FIRST-CLASS COATMAKER—Steady job, over 10 man. Waters and Bodell, Pembroke, Ont.

BOX RIPPERS WANTED IMMEDIATELY, good wages, for good men. Firstbrook Bros., Penetang, Ont.

MACHINISTS, FITTERS, TOOLMAKERS, steam men, also operators experienced on shells. Phone 1000. Write to Bell & Son Company, Ltd., St. George, Ont.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE. PROFIT-MAKING NEWS AND JOB Offices for sale in good Ontario town. The news business is a sure thing. No risk and interesting. Full information on application to Wilson Publishing Company, 33 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS. LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home, who are spare time, good pay, work sent any distance. Charges paid. Send stamp particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC. Internal and external cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES And How to Feed Mailed free to any address by America's Dog Remedy. H. CLAY CLOVER, V. S., 118 West 34th Street, New York.

SELDOM SEE ABSORBINE will clean it off without laying up the horse. No blister, no half gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. 25c. bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 8 free. ABSORBINE, JR., the all-scientific treatment for man, horse, and dog. Entailed Canada, Vene, Brazil, Varior, Vene, all other countries. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Made in the U.S.A. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 518 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

SPECIALLY MADE FARM FOOTWEAR DELIVERED TO YOU \$325

Here is a light weight, durable and comfortable working shoe, specially suitable for farmers, woodsmen, millmen, trackmen, laborers—all who require extra strong, extra good wearing, splendidly-tanned, Skowhegan water-proofed leather that has made Palmer's "Moose Head Brand" famous for almost forty years. No need to suffer with tired, sore, aching, burning feet. Get a pair of these and find ease and comfort. If your dealer doesn't carry them, send us his name enclosing \$2.25, and we will ship you a pair, all charges paid, to any address in Canada, all 12.50. Remit (stating size) by postal or express order. Same style as shown. 3 eyelets high, \$