



Music in the Home

The Music of War. With all fitting respect to the pipes, the drum and the fife, the music of war to-day is produced by—the gramophone bands may bray gloriously in back areas; you hear "sonorous metal blowing martial sounds" in the neighborhood of rest billets, but in the dug-out under fire it is the gramophone that uplifts its intrepid voice.

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war was at its best. It recalls breakfast by candle-light before going to an O.P.—porridge and tinned milk, with my back to a blazing wood fire; the mess waiter hovering near to see when I was going to be ready for my eggs and bacon. Such a breakfast, I found, went very well to that song, and the record was regularly on duty for me.

But there are records with less happy associations. We used to endure with jeers poor old Jimmy's favorite "Every little white", but poor old Jimmy was killed at Messines, and now, if one of the new subalterns, unknowing, puts on that record, it seems to the old members of the mess that they hear again Jimmy's cheerful and discordant accompaniment.

Superior people may "crab" the gramophone, but it has proved its worth at the front, and fears no rival here.

W. H. K.

"Tommy Atkins" Likes Music. A well-known concert party recently completed its fourth month in France with a record of ninety concerts to its credit—three-quarters of a concert a day, on the average, for a hundred and twenty days. Despite the fatigue incident to unceasing activity, the work was so delightful and so exhilarating that the artists considered their concertless days scarcely worth living. Nineteen of the concerts were given in British camps. There is nothing slow about "Tommy Atkins" when he goes to a concert. He is there to be amused and, give him half a chance, he will get the maximum of enjoyment out of it. He sees all the jokes promptly; he enjoys the sentimental songs and laughs at the comic ones; he joins lustily in the chorus when you ask him to do so.

"Indeed we can imagine no more responsive audience than those we meet in the British camps. The American army and anybody who represents it are mighty welcome in France nowadays, and we found "Tommy" especially enthusiastic over our programme," said a member of this party.

There are many contrasts between the British and American soldiers, but, considered merely as concert audiences, there is not much difference to note. Both of them like poems of homely sentiment set to simple, straightforward music; both of them enjoy a story, song or sketch, with a comic or melodramatic character with a bit of action added to the interpretation.

A Serious Mistake.

Concerning the value of music in maintaining morale, this episode is recorded as having taken place at the United States War College in Washington.

A Canadian staff officer appeared before the distinguished American commanders of forces.

"For God's sake, gentlemen," he pleaded, "don't repeat Canada's mistake! We permitted our bayonets to enter the battle as stretcher-bearers. You know what happened. Our regiments were cut up and we lost most of our musicians. You can't imagine the desolation of our men without their music; it was a serious matter, gentlemen."

VERY INTERESTING STORY

HUNS WERE UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE TO THIS SOLDIER.

Private Wood, Now in Hospital Here, Bears Scar of Bayonet Wound on His Left Arm.

Men in the trenches all have wonderful experiences to relate, but it is not every returned soldier that has a story like Pte. Walter Wood. It took a good deal of questioning and persuasion to get Pte. Wood, who is now a patient at Cogswell street military hospital, to tell how he received the scar which he bears on his left arm. When he said that it was a bayonet wound, it meant that a German must have been uncomfortably close, and finally, bit by bit, the way it happened was extracted. With the modesty characteristic of a returned Canadian soldier, Pte. Wood, of Kingston, Ontario, told the following story as if the part he played was scarcely worth speaking about.

When out on patrol one night, Wood and another soldier were at a listening post up in No Man's Land. Just as Fritz's patrolmen were coming right toward where the listening post was, Wood's partner became nervous and jumped out of the shell hole in which they were concealed, uncovering their location to the enemy. Wood's patrol party had reported just ten minutes before, so that he was left all alone with no help in sight. When he turned round, Fritz's men were only forty or fifty yards away and he was out in No Man's Land alone. He picked up his bombs and rifle and started for another shell hole, but before going far he fired a Mills bomb, and wounded eight out of thirteen of the attacking party. Two out of the remaining five started after him, while the others went to attend their wounded. They came so near that he had to manoeuvre to keep out of their way. He succeeded in killing one, and the other attacked him with his bayonet, giving him a slight cut, the scar of which he still bears on his arm. Just then his own patrolmen came up, and he didn't remember anything more until he came to in a dugout.

"I was always lucky," Wood said. "I wasn't out of the line this time at all, and another time, while at Lens in June, 1917, I was hit with a piece of shell casing right between the eyes, but I wasn't off duty. The scar which he bears between the eyes makes one feel that he was truly lucky, indeed.

Some time after his experience with the German patrol, he had a letter from his partner, thanking him for giving him "Eighty." "When I saw him turn and run I sent a bullet after him, and it was either my bullet or a shot from one of the German patrolmen that got

"I BELIEVE IT SAVED MY LIFE," SHE SAYS

Former Trained Nurse, Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, Gained 25 Pounds Taking Tanlac.

One of the most interesting of the many remarkable statements yet made in connection with Tanlac was given by Mrs. Marie J. Howard, who resides at 402 Westlake Ave., North, Seattle, Wash., recently. Mrs. Howard has been a resident of Seattle for the past eighteen years, and before her marriage, was a trained nurse and a graduate of Bellevue Hospital, New York. When asked if she would be willing for her statement to be published, she said, "Yes indeed, and you may start it by saying I believe Tanlac saved my life."

I have suffered from stomach trouble and disordered liver and kidneys for five years and had gotten in such a bad condition that I honestly felt like I was going to die. Everything I would eat fomented in my stomach and the gas formed by it would cause my heart to palpitate so my breath would almost stop. There were intense pains all through my back about my liver and kidneys and I can't begin to tell how I suffer. I had fearful headaches and was so nervous I hardly knew what sleep was. I was often down in bed for a week at a time, hardly able to raise my hand. Then I would manage to stay up for two or three days, but would have to give up and take to my bed again. I would often go for two or three days without eating a morsel of anything. I lost weight right along and am telling the positive truth when I say I was in such an awful condition that I thought I was going to die.

"After reading and hearing so much about Tanlac I bought a bottle, thinking if it did others so much good, perhaps it might help me, too. Well, it has not only helped me, but I have actually gained twenty-five pounds since I began taking it and have never felt better in my life. My appetite is good and my stomach in such a splendid condition that I can hardly eat enough and I don't suffer a particle afterwards. All my pain and misery is gone, my kidneys and liver are acting splendidly and my nerves are perfectly strong and normal. I sleep every night like a child, and don't know what it is to have a headache. My husband has also taken Tanlac with wonderful results. In fact, I think it has done him as much good as it has me, and we both consider it the finest medicine made."

Tanlac is sold in Kingston by A. P. Chown, in Plevna by Gilbert Oatley, in Battersea by G. S. Clark, in Fernleigh by Ervin Martin, in Ardooch by M. J. Scullion, in Sharbot Lake by W. Y. Cannon.

—ADVT.

him, for I saw him fall," Wood said. "If I had reported him he would have been shot as a deserter." "After seeing seven months' active service in France, Wood came down the line sick last October. He was out in a trench for three days with nothing to eat. Communication trenches had not been completed from behind and the constant enemy fire made it impossible to get food across to the men in reserve. During these days of starvation he was also gassed and the two proved too much.

After spending several months in a sanatorium in England, he was recently invalided back to Canada. While at present at Cogswell Street Military Hospital he hopes to go to Ontario soon, so that he will be near his home. He enlisted in Kingston in the 146th Battalion in July, 1916, and trained at Valcartier Camp.

During his months in the hospital in England he was taught the art of embroidering. The Red Cross there furnishes material for the boys to work with. Every second cushion they make they are entitled to keep, and the others are auctioned off in "the interests of the Red Cross. Besides making cushions Pte. Wood also made slippers and knitting bags. He says the men find work of this nature a great pastime in the hospitals over there.

At a meeting of the Renfrew Board of Trade it was decided to petition the C. P. R. officials to have what is known locally as the K. P. train, running between Renfrew and Sharbot Lake, restored to the status of a passenger train.

That man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

It's Easy Enough

to keep the liver right if you use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally.

The liver gets lazy at times and when it does digestion is interfered with and the kidneys fail to act.

You soon know, if when the liver is awakened by this treatment, for headache, biliousness and stomach troubles disappear and you feel fine. This is an easy prescription for health and happiness.

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AT REASONABLE PRICES

Men's tweed and worsted suits in fine summer weight materials, in dark grey, brown and fancy mixtures; styles are pinch back and semi-fitting models, will be specially priced for Saturday, ranging from \$12.50 to \$22.50.

Boys' Tweed and Worsted Suits

In Norfolk and pinch back styles, in greys, browns and blues; specially priced for Saturday from \$5.50 to \$10.00.

Men's and Boys' Raincoats

In grey worsted and tweed finished materials; also in fawn colors; all sizes. Prices from \$6.75 up.

The Clearance Price of \$2.75

Is still in force on the balance of our ladies' white canvas high shoes.

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Shirts in plain white and stripes. Reg. \$1.50 and \$1.75 for 99c. Special bargains in men's neckwear.

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