

SOME OF CANADA'S FIGHTING MEN ON THE RECENT WESTERN FRONT



Above is shown Major R. Colshaw talking to Capt. H. T. Wheatley. Alongside is a group of Canadian officers with their machines in a long line. The oval is Lt-Col. W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., etc., the Empire's most distinguished aviator, and alongside a Boche single-seater that had landed in the Canadian lines. Below is a squadron of the Royal Air Force, who did such good work in the last days of the war.

KING AND ADMIRALS HAPPY OVER SURRENDER



While this photograph was being taken in the North Sea on board the flagship of the British Grand Fleet the German fleet was surrendering to the Allies. As a naval officer King George could not help but show his feeling of jubilation as he stood with Admiral Beatty, commander of the navy that had kept the Germans bottled up during the war, and the American Admirals Sims and Rodman. With them is the Prince of Wales.

What Has England Done?

Strange, that in this great hour, when Righteousness Has won her war upon Hypocrisy, That some there be who, lost in littleness, And mindful of an ancient grudge, can ask: "Now, what has England done to win this war?" We think we see her smile that English smile, And shrug a lazy shoulder, and—just smile. I were so little worth her while to pause In her stupendous task to make reply.

Her transports plied the waters ceaselessly! You ask what she has done? Have you forgot That 'neath the burning suns of Palestine, She fought and bled, nor wearied of the fight Till from that land where walked the Nazarene She drove the foul and pestilential Turk? Ah, what has England done! No need to ask! Upon the fields of Flanders and of France A million crosses mark a million graves; Upon each cross a well-loved English name.

Behind unlovely walls, amid the din, Seven times a million noble women toll— With tender, unaccustomed fingers toil— Nor dream that they have played a hero's part. Great-hearted England, we have fought the fight Together, and our mingled blood has flowed. Full well we know that underneath that mask Of cool indifference there beats a heart, Grim as your own gaunt ships when duty calls, Yet warm and gentle as your summer skies: A Nation's heart that beats throughout a land.

What has she done? When with her great, grey ships, Lithe, lean destroyers, grim, invincible, She swept the prowling Prussian from the seas; And, heedless of the slinking submarine, she mine, the man-tracheries,

Where in the hawthorn hedges thrushes sang, And meadow-larks made gay the scented air, Now blackened chimneys rear their grimy heads, Smoke-belching, and the frightened birds have fled, across the shudder of the whirling wheels,

Where kings may be beloved, and Monarchy Can teach Republics how they may be free. Ah! what has England done? When came the call, She counted not the cost, but gave her all! Vilda Sauvage Owens in New York Times.

**Young Girl's Tragic End.** Wilson, Dec. 12.—The tragic death occurred here of Martha Thompson, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thompson, of Miller, on Tuesday. Deceased's death was caused by the accidental discharge of a twenty-two calibre rifle in the hands of her seven-year-old brother. Deceased was 13 years and 4 months of age and she was a girl of exceptionally bright and happy disposition, thoughtful more of others than of herself, always obedient to her parents and came. Though her years were few

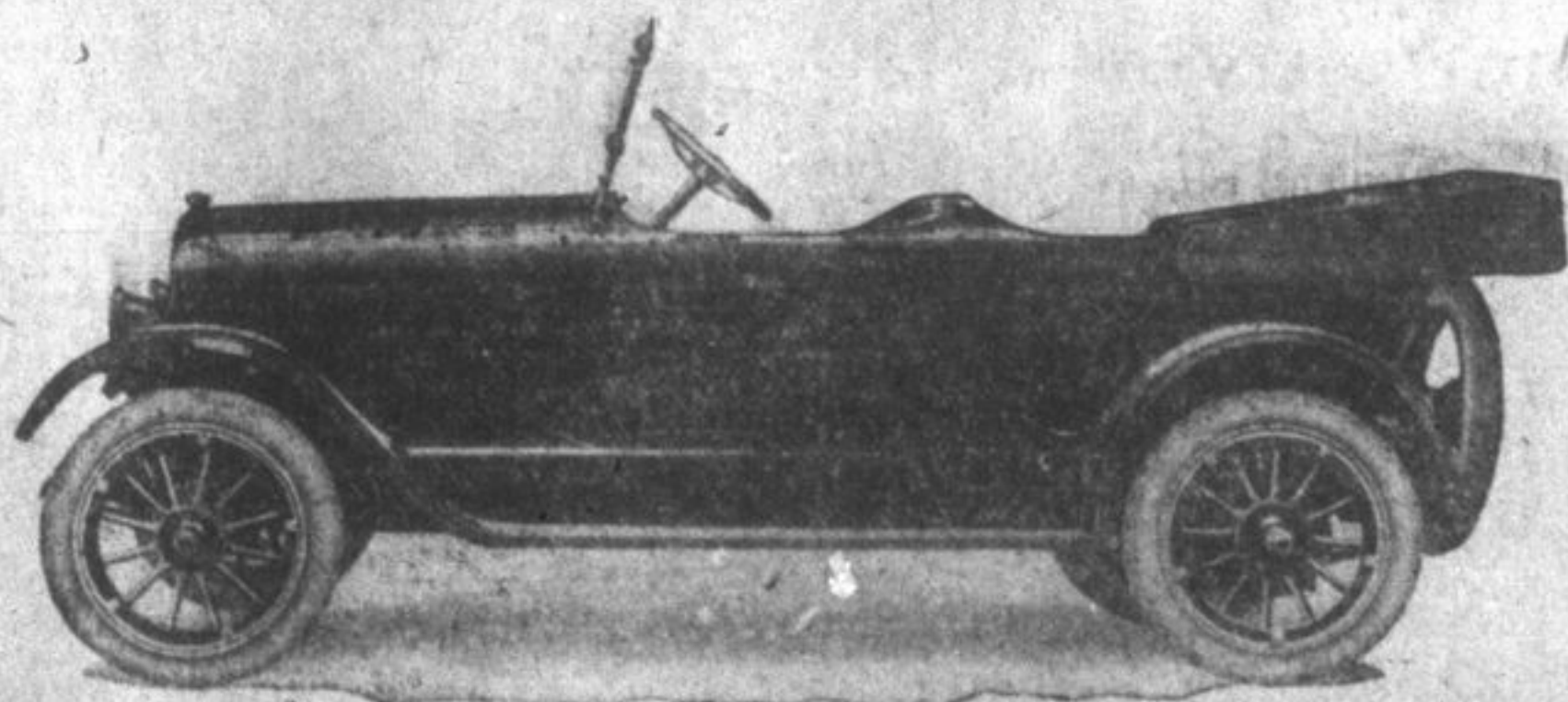
her life was woven with golden threads of kindness and unselfishness, which won for her fast friends among old and young and added commensurately to the pain of the fond parents in the parting which comes with death. To them and to the family public sympathy goes out in a large measure, a fact evidenced by the large cortege of friends that followed the remains to their last resting place. The funeral took place Saturday, Dec. 7th, at 1 p.m. Rev. James Thompson officiated. The pallbearers were William Thompson, Archibald Mc-

Pherson, Marshall Strong and Richard Thompson. **News of Picton.** Picton, Dec. 10.—The auction sale at W. Helferty's, Greenbush, on Monday was very largely attended, and good prices were realized. Mr. Helferty has purchased a mill near Erinville and intends moving to that part of the country. "Jerry" Kenney has returned from a trip to Kingston. The Greenbush Red Cross Club held an evening social on the 5th at S. Anderson's. There were 500 chocolates, Mr. Duetta being the

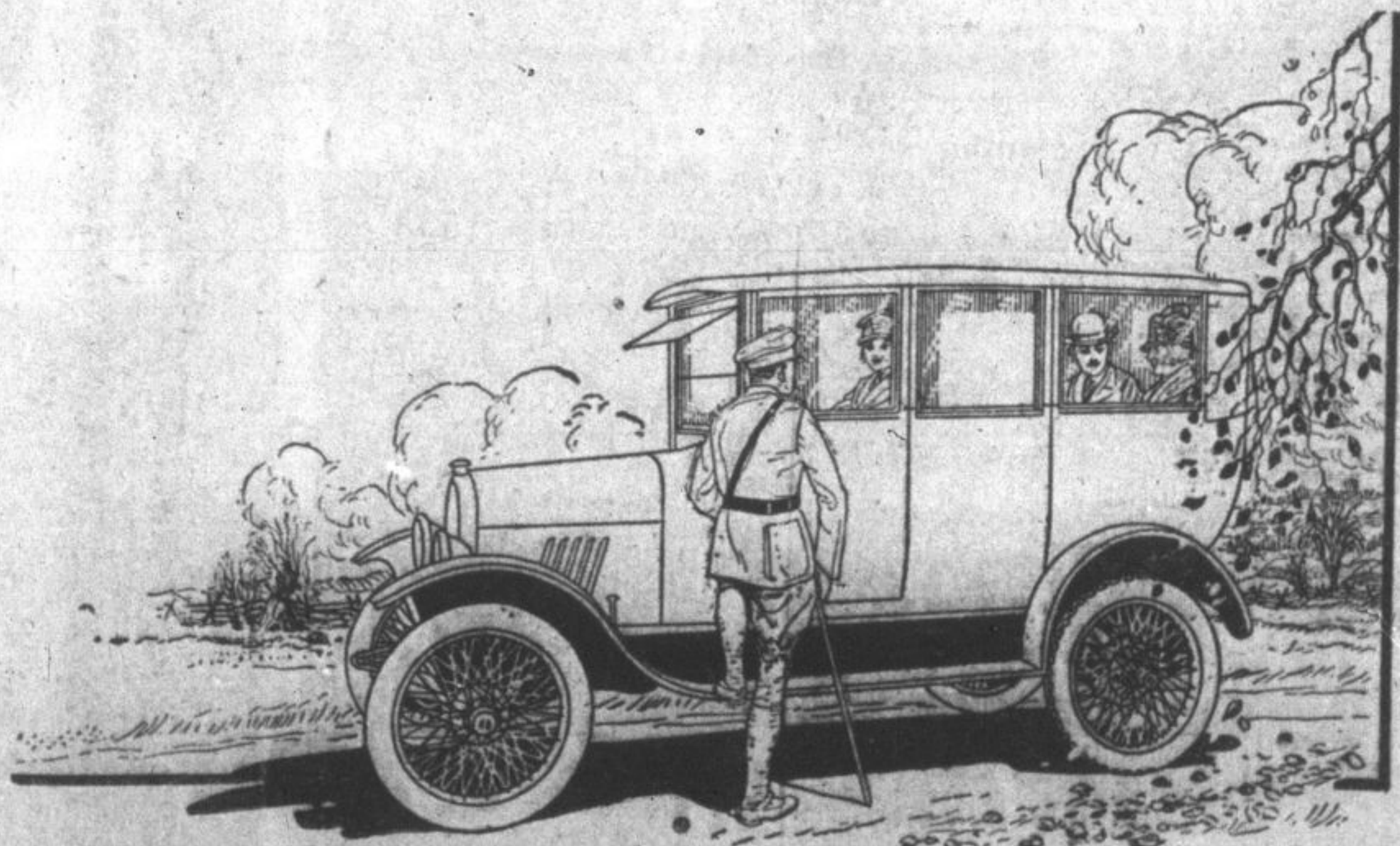
lucky one. Miss M. MacDonald, teacher No. 2 Hallowell, intends leaving at Christmas to take a course as a trained nurse. Mrs. S. McCoy and daughter, Miss Bertha were visitors at Maple Dell Farm recently. Harold Head, who has been sick with the "flu," and under the doctor's care, is improving, but Mrs. Head and Ma are now ill. Mr. and Mrs. C. Fox and Miss Cassie Fox were town visitors on Saturday. Herbert Johnston's sale takes place this week. Miss Norma Collier clerk at Woodstock's store of chocolates, Mr. Duetta being the

# BRISCOE CAR

## The Car With the Half Million Dollar Motor



BRISCOE LIMOUSINE



This car has passed the experimental stage in Kingston and vicinity. Proving itself to be the most economical car on gas and oil. Ask the 100 users. See our Special Briscoe, upholstered in real leather, and many other improvements in the equipment.

- Price regular, 5 Passenger Touring . . . . . \$1,225
- Roadster . . . . . \$1,205
- Special 5 Passenger . . . . . \$1,325

EVERYREADY SERVICE STATION

# ANGLIN BROS.

BATTERY CHARGING AND STORAGE

GARAGE

35-37 MONTREAL STREET